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# The Argonaut.

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## A LEGAL SYMPOSIUM.

The Views of Two Leading Lawyers on Judge Allen's Decision.

PRO.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I observe that the decision of Judge Allen, in the case of the *Bulletin* proprietors against the proprietors of the *Chronicle*, for libel, has excited considerable comment, and the more pretentious newspapers are denouncing it as bad in law, and false in morals. As a lawyer, I profess to have some knowledge of legal science. As a citizen, with some degree of public spirit, I claim to have some conception of what constitutes public morality. I have determined, in the interest of both, to review this decision, and expose the sophisms of those who condemn it.

If I understand that case, it was an action brought by the *Bulletin* proprietors against the *Chronicle* proprietors for libel, the charge being that the proprietors of the *Bulletin* were in the employ of the Central Pacific Railroad, and were exercising their influence for pay, and using their columns in its interests. It was claimed that this was a libel on the character of the *Bulletin* proprietors, that it impeached their honesty, integrity, and reputation, and exposed them to public contempt and ridicule. The defense interposed a demurrer on the ground that the words employed were not libelous, and Judge Allen sustained the demurrer in the following language:

"The publisher of a newspaper has the same duties as an individual in the support or advocacy of any matter, with, perhaps, an increase of moral responsibility, because of his means of addressing a larger number. Is it morally or legally wrong for a person to advocate a project, matter, or claim, for a pecuniary or any valuable consideration? If it is, then is the article libelous, otherwise not. The lawyer advocates the cause of his client for a fee, the minister of the gospel receives at least part of his reward in his salary, and the parliamentary advocate or counsel advocates before the committees of Parliament, or the committees of Congress, or before the committees of the legislature, his client's projects, claim, or matter, for a pecuniary compensation; yet no one can say that the lawyer, the minister, or the advocate, by so doing, is guilty of an immoral or illegal act. The right of a person to advocate another's claim, project, or matter, for a valuable consideration, before a legislative body or its committees, and the legality of such act, has been settled by a number of decisions, directly and indirectly. A person may, without doubt, be employed to conduct an application to the legislature as well as to conduct a lawsuit, and may contract for and receive pay for his services in preparing and presenting a petition or other documents, in collecting evidence, or making a statement or exposition of facts, or in preparing and making an oral or written argument. Whatever is said before the legislature in writing, or spoken openly or publicly in its presence, may be refuted. And so of the writings of the publisher. (*Powers vs. Skinner*, 24th, 26th, and cases cited; *Frost vs. The Inhabitants of Belmont*, 6 Allen, 161; *Lyon vs. Mitchell*, 36 N. Y., 240.) The law requires advocacy of his merchandise as the claim of a candidate for a political office, or a project before the legislature, to do so from patriotic or public motives, and not from those altogether mercenary or selfish, and to publish his own views untrammelled by the hope or expectation of such claim for a pecuniary compensation, provided the person does not such duty imposed upon the editor or publisher and every one. Talent is as much the capital of the advocate, the lawyer, and the editor, as merchandise is of the merchant; he has as much right to sell his talents as the merchant his merchandise. The lawyer, the minister, the parliamentary advocate, the lecturer, the author, sells his talent, and he is not less respected for so doing. The greater his learning, industry, eloquence, and the esteem in which he is held, the greater his pecuniary compensation. It seems to me that it is no more libelous to accuse one of selling for gain the support and advocacy of his newspaper than it would be to accuse the merchant of selling for gain his merchandise."

The *Call*, in its feeble way, implies that the doctrine of this decision may be correctly applied to journals like the *Chronicle*, but that it is not applicable to a paper so exalted in virtue and respectability as the *Call*. The *Bulletin* contents itself with quoting the criticisms of other newspapers. The *Sacramento Daily Record-Union* declares that Judge Allen's argument is illogical; that his decision must be regarded as bad law, and worse reason. The *Examiner* criticizes it in the same vein, and concludes the article thus:

"But in the interest of the press we do feel concerned that it shall not go forth with the force of an undisputed legal decision, that it is not a libel to say that a newspaper has sold its editorial columns for coin. If it once comes to be believed that it is not wrong to say it, it will soon be thought not wrong to do it; and if it ever does, then good-bye to the boasted influence of the fourth estate."

I find the chief recommendation of the decision in question in the closing words of the *Examiner*, thus quoted. I believe it will be a matter of congratulation to the public when the boasted influence of the so-called fourth estate is destroyed, or materially impaired, and I think that the decision in question, by stripping from the face of journalism the hypocritical mask so often worn, will do much to effect the desired result. I claim that this influence has more often been used for evil than for good. And when I say this, I distinguish between the general increase of intelligence and knowledge caused by the dissemination of news, and the influence which is exercised through the publication of the personal views of newspaper proprietors, the latter generally tending to the increase of strife, dissension, hatred, envy, and all uncharitableness in a community. I claim that newspapers have done more to debauch the public sense than any other cause. Our own community has been kicked like a football between the DeYongs on one side and Pickering & Fitch on the other, and these men, in the course of their miserable quarrels, have brought us to the verge of anarchy and bankruptcy, and subjected us to the contempt of the country.

Now, I ask, what is there that is illogical in this decision? It certainly would not be a libel to say that Mr. Towne sells his services to the railroad company for pay, or to charge any one of the employees of that company with being in its employ, or a minister with preaching for five hundred dollars a month, or a lawyer with undertaking a case for a retainer of five thousand dollars. What is there in journalism which lifts those engaged in it above the ordinary atmosphere that

is breathed by mortals, and takes them out of the general struggle which every man engaged in any enterprise has to make for a living? Is there anything in law or in morals which prevents a newspaper proprietor from advocating, for pay, enterprises or interests which are not immoral? Is there anything immoral in being in the employ of the Central Pacific Railroad? Then how is it that it is regarded as disreputable for a newspaper proprietor to enter into the employ of a railroad company? How is it that the proprietors of a newspaper are held to a higher standard of excellence, integrity, and disinterestedness than any other class of people in the community? I assert that it is because journalists themselves, in their efforts to increase their influence and power, have raised for themselves a false and hypocritical standard of excellence, which can not be maintained, and which they do not maintain, and because, through the constant assertions of the journals themselves, it has come to be believed by the community in general, and particularly that class of it who have no great knowledge of affairs or of human nature, and who are not brought directly in contact with newspaper men, that journalism is a profession above and beyond that of the bar, the pulpit, medicine, and every other calling; that of all men in the world newspaper men are alone disinterested, that they alone work without pay, that they alone have in their guardianship the public interest and welfare, and that to them alone the people can look for disinterested advice and guidance.

And yet, according to these newspaper publishers, although journalism, in the abstract, is a pure and elevated thing, every journalist—other than the one who is writing—is a venal wretch. I undertake to say that it is a generally conceded thing among newspaper men that all journals, except that particular journal which is the property of the journalist who happens for the time to be giving his views, are for sale; that newspapers are conducted as business enterprises, and their proprietors can be employed to advance any interest or enterprise which is not injurious to public morals or dangerous to the community, and that many of them can be induced, for pay, to advance enterprises which even are not free from the above objections. Here, then, we have the affectation of disinterestedness on the one hand, and the general practice on the other—theory against facts.

I am glad to see that the decision in question has stripped journalism of its hypocritical pretensions, and that it has relegated newspaper men to the position occupied by ordinary mortals who work for a living, and who apply their brains and hands for pay in any lawful occupation. What man of reflection or discernment believes that journalism is as disinterested as it professes to be; that private business enterprises, conducted not by philanthropists, but by men desirous of making money, are governed by the high and impossible standard asserted? I assert that the declaration made by Judge Allen is unanswerable, that "publishers of newspapers have the same duties to perform as individuals in the support or advocacy of any matter, no more and no less." They occupy no position of public trust, they have no high mission, and they are to be judged by the rules which govern mankind generally. What intelligent man in San Francisco believes that Fitch, Pickering, and De Young are controlled by disinterested motives, that they publish their journals only for the public benefit, and that they have only in view the public good, and that they are not controlled by selfish considerations. What intelligent man does not know that the *Sacramento Record-Union*, after the decease of the old *Sacramento Union*, was built up with the money of the railroad, and that its present proprietor—a most respectable and talented gentleman, and one who has done as much as any other in California to raise the character of journalism—will not undertake to write against or criticize the railroad company or its policy, and that his course in this respect is controlled by considerations of self-interest, and by the fact that he has either gained an advantage in the past, or will in the future, by reason of the friendship of the railroad magnates. What is there wrong in this? It is creditable to a man to feel the weight of a past obligation; and is Mr. Mills to be condemned because he is friendly to those who have befriended and aided him in his enterprise?

This decision will open the eyes of the unthinking public to the real nature of journalism. It will put men on their guard, make them scrutinize the articles which appear in a newspaper, and compel them to read the other side, and to form judgments based upon the presentation of both sides of the case, instead of, as at present, blindly following the opinions of the journals whose constantly repeated assertions as to disinterestedness and virtue they believe.

Of course I do not mean to say that it would not be libelous to charge a newspaper with selling the use of its columns to advance an enterprise prejudicial to public morals. Such a charge stands on an entirely different basis. As I understand it, the only question in this case was, whether it was libelous to charge the proprietors of this newspaper with being in the employ of a railroad company, which employment certainly is not immoral in its nature. The discredit which is attached to a newspaper, charged with being in the employ of any particular interest, is not because of the fact of employment so much as the pretensions of the newspaper men themselves, who, while asserting disinterestedness, are receiving the reward of their advocacy.

I look forward to the time when journalism will be a

recognized profession; when educational qualifications will be required of its members; when it shall be deprived of its impersonality; when journalists will be compelled to sign their names to their articles; and when such articles will have an influence and effect only proportioned to the ability and known character of the writers, instead of, as at present, to the degree of pretension and hypocrisy assumed by the newspaper proprietor.

The profession of journalism ought to be as high in its standard as the profession of the law, and no higher. Let the journalist receive his pay from what he publishes, either in his newspaper or editorial columns, but let him be as careful in his collation of facts, in his argument upon them, and in his deductions and inferences therefrom, as the reputable lawyer. If it becomes understood that journalists, like lawyers, are working for pay, a time will come when there will be grades in journalism as there are in the law, and when those journalists who pervert the facts, who draw false deductions and inferences from them, will be relegated to that obscurity and that degree of impecuniosity which distinguish pettifogging lawyers. But so long as journalists endeavor to maintain their present assumptions, they will only incur the dislike and the contempt of all thinking men.

I have addressed this letter to your paper because I recognize the fact that the *Argonaut* has been engaged more actively than any other agency in the exposure of shams, and particularly journalistic shams. I believe that you have done the community great service in teaching men to think for themselves, unaffected by what Fitch, Pickering, and De Young think. I believe the time has gone by when journals in this city can, on any subject, arouse public sentiment, aggregate it, and then wield it to their own pecuniary advantage. The boasted influence of the so-called independent journals is being undermined, and when their real nature as money-making enterprises, run for the pecuniary advantage of their proprietors, and reflecting only their personal views, passions, prejudices, and interests, is generally understood and asserted, we shall be a better and happier people.

LEX.

CONTRA.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The decision of Judge Allen of the Superior Court, to the effect that it is not libelous to accuse a newspaper of selling its editorial columns for coin, is the most startling legal incident of the year. The judge gravely tells us, in substance, that the advocate and the preacher of the gospel, with respect to their opinions, stand in precisely the same position as the merchant with respect to his goods—the one sells his wares, the other sells his talents; that it is not discreditable for a preacher to take any side of a question in theology, if he is paid for it, or for a lawyer to defend or prosecute any case, irrespective of its justice or injustice, provided he gets a satisfactory fee; and that it follows that a newspaper is not bound to publish the actual opinions of its editors, but that opinion which will bring the best price.

If I understand Judge Allen correctly, he holds that this is a commercial age, and we are a commercial people; that trade has at last achieved that crowning position toward which it has for two centuries been tending, and is now supreme; that everything is for sale, and coin is the only standard of merit. What has always been the legitimate measure of value, as to lands and tenements, as to chattels of all kinds, as to goods in store, as to horses, hogs, and horned cattle, as to property useful and ornamental, and to property æsthetic and sentimental, has at last been extended to the broader field of morals, and embraces human thought and actions, and even to the impulses, the sentiments, and emotions themselves; that anything, whether actual and tangible, or incorporeal and existing merely in the mind, is still worth its price in money, and that only.

If Judge Allen is right, and it is not for us to question the correctness of his views, it follows that whatever a man or woman possesses they may lawfully sell, whether it be goods and chattels, works of art, talents, aptness, learning, opinions, convictions, affections, emotions, prejudices, sentiments, or religion. A man's honor is his own. Its value is reduced to the new standard, and is worth what it will fetch in a fair and open market. The law will not presume that people in this enlightened age have anything they will not part with for a price. What has always been thought a slander upon the fair name of a woman, under Judge Allen's view of the law can no longer be so regarded. To accuse one of selling that which the law allows him to sell is not disreputable to the person so accused. A woman's virtue belongs to herself, unless she has divided with another by taking a husband, in which case they become joint tenants of a valuable property. If she—or, if married, they—decline to sell at what seems a reasonable price—the current rate of female virtue for the day—the law presumes they are holding for a rise, that they look for an upward movement in their commodity, and are holding back to take advantage of it.

A man's reputation for truthfulness, like everything else, is presumed by the law to be for sale whenever it reaches a point which will satisfy the owner to part with it. In the meantime, if he goes on building up that reputation by studiously avoiding mendacity, he is merely increasing and adding to his property against the best time to sell, so that he may obtain the highest market rate for it. In the language of Judge Allen paraphrased, a man tells



## THE SIEGE OF BERLIN.

Translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet.

lies for hire is simply selling his truth as a merchant sells his goods, or a preacher or lawyer their talents. It is no injury to a minister of the Gospel to accuse him of hypocrisy in preaching what he does not believe, for the law does not presume any man to believe what he pretends to believe if there is any money to be gained by the contrary course. The man who, at heart an atheist, enters the church and preaches Christianity, is only selling his talents. The physician who prescribes a course of medicine to a patient which will not cure him, but render him worse, provided he gets a better price for letting the man die than he possibly could to cure him, is, after all, only selling his talents for the best price.

In former times, and before commerce had obtained a proper recognition, such conduct would have gone by another name. Now everything is for sale. I do not suppose for a moment that Judge Allen would have us understand that, in the universal sale of opinions and talents, judicial opinions are included. That there is to be a market place at which a judge may lawfully sell his judgments and decrees, just as the editor of a newspaper, a lawyer, or a minister may sell their opinions, I believe Judge Allen does not hold. But I may suggest to him that the logic of the thing does tend sharply in that direction.

In a word, if he does not so hold, he is either illogical or lacks the courage of his convictions, for that is where the doctrine of this decision inevitably tends. I am not finding fault with this tendency. Perhaps, in this commercial age, the time is not far off when justice, like everything else, will be for sale. And if it is only open and above board, recognized by the courts, sanctioned by the law—as in the case just decided, as to editors, lawyers, and preachers, by Judge Allen—why not have the clerk of the court at eleven o'clock of each day offer for sale at open public auction, to the highest bidder, the decision in each case as it comes up? What is there wrong about that? If anybody does not wish for a case to be decided in a particular way, let him bid up. He has his chance. It is merely a commercial transaction. If the sale is conducted fairly, the longest purse wins the victory. If a lawyer, editor, or preacher, may sell his talents, why not a judge?

I do not think Judge Allen treats his ermined brethren rightly when he excludes them from the advantages of the open market with their commodity. Give everybody a chance. But it is not likely he is sufficiently advanced in his views to consent to all the results that flow from the doctrine of the sale of talents, as he so naively puts it in his able and learned opinion. But the doctrine once thoroughly settled, I do not see where we are to stop in the sale of anything a man or woman has that will bring money. It is a mere question of finding a purchaser. N. Y. Z.

The professors of journalism, says the *Toronto Mail*, have failed to notice a comparatively modern and a very important feature of the newspaper, namely, the head-lines. This is a department of the paper which has stealthily conquered for itself an influence which every newspaper manager sometimes inadequately recognizes. It often happens that the ingenious artist in this department is really editing the paper. He can convey an impression which the writers of ponderous leaders are endeavoring to avoid. He can create a doubt or awaken suspicion by a single artfully chosen word, or sow broadcast an opinion which it may take columns of writing to show is unfounded. Suggestions that are buried in the body of articles may attract no attention; but the flaming head-line takes the eye at once, and its diagnosis of the matter which it criticises may be very wide of the mark without the average reader applying any corrective.

A London Tory paper says: "The irony of destiny has never made itself more apparent than in the career of John Bright. One illustration may suffice to substantiate this statement. No man has so energetically denounced the existence of sinecure offices. He designated them as jobs, founded for the sole purpose of affording outdoor relief to the aristocracy. This, however, was before he had attained his fiftieth year or worn the queen's livery. Since then we find him holding one of the most lucrative sinecure offices under the crown—that of chancellor to the Duchy of Lancaster. Beyond the signing of tickets giving admission to fashionable marriages at the Savoy Chapel, Mr. Bright has really nothing else to do than to draw his salary of £2,000."

*Harper's Weekly* thus comments on a late début: "The best practical test of Mrs. Langtry's success and talent for the stage is that a London manager has offered her one hundred guineas for every representation of 'A Fair Encounter' which she will consent to give at matinees at his theatre." Mr. Lahouchère, in *London Truth*, says: "It is far more easy to find actresses who can rampage in tragedy than who are able to act in comedy as though to the manner born. This Mrs. Langtry, to judge by her début at Twickenham, seems exceedingly well able to do."

Apocryphal of the bombardment of Sarah Bernhardt at Odessa with a handful of pickled cucumbers, some one recently asked Lafontaine whether it was true that in the good old days the gods at Montmartre used to pelt the actors with apples, crusts, bologna sausages, etc. "Aye, me dear boy," he replied, "and I mind me that many a time and oft we swallowed the insult with a certain pleasure."

"Mademoiselle," said a witty and gallant septuagenarian, making his demands for the hand of a young lady still in her teens, "I am seventy and you are seventeen. Will you do me the honor of becoming my widow?"

"What is this talk about Queen Victoria wishing to marry the Princess Beatrice to some distinguished American? My address is Gramercy Square, New York."—S. J. Tilden.

A Chicago *Tribune* head-line: THE ASSASIN—Epistle of Saint Charles Julius Giteau to the Americans—As a Matter of Spiritology He Is Ready for Crucifixion.

Advice to wives.—Man is very much like an egg; keep him hot water and he is bound to become hardened.

We were strolling up the avenue of the Champs-Élysées with our friend, the doctor, asking of the boules torn by shells, and of the sidewalks ploughed up by grapeshot, the history of Paris besieged, when just before reaching the triumphal arch the doctor stopped, and, pointing to one of those stately corner bouses grouped around the square, he said to me:

"Do you see those four windows with the blinds closed on that balcony up there? In the first days of August last, that terrible month of August, full of storms and disasters, I was called there for a case of apoplexy. They were the rooms of Colonel Jouve, a cuirassier of the first empire, stubborn on the subjects of glory and patriotism, who, as soon as the war broke out, moved to the Champs-Élysées into an apartment with a balcony—guess what for? To be able to witness the triumphant return of our troops. Poor old man! The news of Weissenbourg reached him as he was leaving the dinner table, and when he read the name of Napoleon at the foot of the bulletin of defeat, the apoplectic stroke fell upon him like a thunderbolt."

"I found the old cuirassier stretched on the carpet, with blood on his face, and motionless, as if he had received a blow from a heavy club on his head. Standing erect he must have been very tall; lying there he seemed of immense size. With his handsome features, his beautiful teeth, and his curly, snow-white hair, his eighty years seemed scarcely sixty. Kneeling at his side, and weeping bitterly, was his granddaughter. She looked like him, and the two heads there, close together, seemed like two fine Greek medals struck from the same die, the one a little worn and effaced, the other clear and bright, with all the blush of its fresh imprint on it."

"The grief of the girl touched me deeply; daughter and granddaughter of soldiers, her father was away serving on MacMahon's staff, and the tall form of the venerable man lying before her was calling up in her mind another picture, not less terrible. I did my best to reassure her, although I had little hope, for at eighty years one hardly recovers from such things. For three days my patient remained in the same motionless and comatose state, and thereupon came the news of Reischaffen. You remember how strangely it came. Until evening we all thought a great victory had been achieved, twenty thousand Prussians killed, the prince royal taken prisoner. I cannot say by what miracle, by what magnetic current, a sort of echo of the national joy reached the poor sufferer through the torpor of his paralysis. But that evening, as I drew near his bedside, I found him another man; his eyes were almost bright, his speech almost clear; he smiled, and twice stammered:

"'Victory!'"

"'Yes, colonel, a great victory!'" and as I gave him the details of MacMahon's splendid success I could see his features relax and his eyes light up. As I went out, I found the young girl standing across the door, pale as death and sobbing."

"'But he is saved!'" I exclaimed, taking her hands.

"The poor child had scarcely strength enough to reply. The true history of Reischaffen had just been posted; MacMahon retreating, the entire army crushed. We looked at one another in despair. She was thinking of her father, and I trembled for the poor old man I had just left. He could not resist this second shock, and yet what could be done? Leave him his joy and the illusions which had brought him back to life? But for this the truth must not be told."

"I will not tell the truth, then," said the heroic girl, simply, as she rapidly wiped away her tears, and then, with a smile upon her face, she silently reentered her grandfather's room."

"It was a hard task she undertook, poor child! At first it worked pretty well. The old gentleman's head was weak, and he could be deceived like a child. But as his health improved his ideas became clearer. We had to keep him posted on the movements of the army, and compose military bulletins. It was pitiful to see that lovely girl bending day and night over the map of Germany, sticking in little flags, and trying to plan out a glorious campaign. Bazaine marching on Berlin, Froissart in Bavaria, MacMahon on the Baltic. She would ask my advice, and I helped her as best I could, but the grandfather himself aided us most of all in this imaginary vision. He had conquered Germany so many times under the first empire! He knew every movement in advance! 'They will go there now; this will be done next,' and his prophecies always came true, and he was very proud of them."

"Unfortunately, rapidly as we gained battles and captured cities, we never went fast enough for him. The old man was insatiable. Each day when I arrived I learned some new feat of arms."

"Doctor, we have taken Mayence," the poor girl would hurriedly say to me with a piteous smile, and through the half-open door I could hear a joyous voice call out:

"It is all right; all right; in a week we will enter Berlin!"

"Just then the Prussians were but a week's march away from Paris. We thought of taking him into the country, but the condition of France would at once have revealed all, and I knew him to be too weak and too benumbed by the recent shock to hear the truth. So we decided to remain."

"The first day of the investment—how well it comes back to me—I went to their rooms. I was moved, as we all were then, with the heart-pain which came from the thought that the gates of Paris were closed, that the battle was under our walls, and that our suburbs had become our frontiers. I found the old man seated on his bed, jubilant and proud."

"'Well,' he exclaimed, 'it has begun at last—that siege!'"

"I looked at him in surprise."

"'How, colonel, do you know?'"

"The young girl turned toward me:

"'Oh, yes, doctor—great news—the siege of Berlin has commenced!'"

"And as she spoke she drew her needle through the stuff, so calmly, so quietly! How could any one have doubted? He could not hear the guns on the forts. He could not see the unfortunate city, so defiant and so disturbed. All he could see from his bed was a corner of the triumphal arch,

and around him in his room all the *bric-à-brac* of the first empire, well calculated to sustain his illusions."

"Portraits of marshals of France, engravings of battles, the king of Rome in his baby dress and stiff sideboards, with brass trophies, loaded with imperial relics, medals, bronzes, and a rock of St. Helena under glass, and many miniatures of a blue-eyed woman in full costume, with a yellow dress and puffed sleeves. And the sideboards, the king of Rome, the marshals, the yellow ladies, seemed all high-girdled and short-waisted, with that quaint stiffness which was graceful in 1806. Poor, brave colonel! It was this atmosphere of victories and conquest, much more than all we could tell him, which made him believe so sincerely in the siege of Berlin."

"From that day our military operations became more simple. To take Berlin was only an affair of time and patience. Occasionally, when the hours hung heavily for the old man, we read him a letter from his son—an imaginary one, of course, for nothing entered Paris now; and since Sedan the marshal's aid-de-camp had been imprisoned in a German fortress. Can you fancy that poor child's despair, as, without news from her father, knowing him to be a prisoner, and perhaps an invalid, she had to make him speak in joyous letters, a trifle short, such as a soldier in the field might write as he advanced steadily into the enemy's country? Sometimes her strength would break down, and then we were weeks without news. The old colonel would then be anxious and wakeful. Then quickly came a letter from Germany, which she would gladly read at his bedside, while she coked back her tears. He would listen religiously, smile in a knowing way, approve, and criticise, and explain to us the passages that were a little obscure. But where he came out best of all was in the answers he would send to his son: 'Never forget that you are a Frenchman,' he would say, 'and be generous to those poor people!'"

"All this time the siege was progressing—not that of Berlin, alas! We had to pass through intense frosts, bombardments, epidemics, and then famine. But thanks to our efforts and care, and the indefatigable and tender attentions which his grandchild multiplied around him, the old man was not for a moment troubled. To the end I was able to procure a little fresh meat and white bread for him—but only enough for him; and you can not imagine anything more touching than those grandfather's breakfasts, so innocently selfish—the old colonel on his bed, smiling and cared for, with his napkin tied under his chin, and near him his grandchild, the pallor of privation on her cheeks, guiding his hands, giving him drink, helping him to eat all the good, forbidden fruit. And then, strengthened and animated by his repast in the comfort of his warm room, with the wild winter wind outside, and the snow driving against his windows, the old cuirassier would relate his campaign in the north. And for the hundredth time he would tell us of that sinister retreat from Russia, when there was only frozen biscuit and borse-flesh to eat."

"Can you realize that, little girl? We absolutely used to eat horseflesh!"

"You can imagine if she realized it! For two months the poor child had been eating nothing else."

"But from day to day, as he became convalescent, our task at the invalid's bedside became harder and harder. The torpor of his limbs and of his senses, which had served us so well, commenced to pass away. Two or three times already the furious charges from the Porte Maillot had caused him to start and listen like a hound on the scent. We had to invent a last victory of Bazaine's under the walls of Berlin, and salvos of artillery discharged from the Invalides to celebrate it."

"One day, when we had drawn his bed to the window—I think it was the Thursday of Buzenval—he saw clearly enough some volunteers massed on the avenue of the Grand Army."

"'What can those troops be?'" he asked, and we heard him grumbling between his teeth: 'Poor form! very poor form!'"

"Nothing further came of it; but we realized that we must take great precautions. Unfortunately we were not cautious enough."

"One evening, as I arrived, the girl met me, much distressed. 'They are to enter to-morrow,' she said. Was her grandfather's door open? Thinking it over since, I can recall that he had a strange expression on his countenance that night. He had probably overheard us. Only we were speaking of the Prussians, and the old man was thinking of the French, and of that triumphant entry for which he had so long been waiting—MacMahon riding down the avenue amid flowers and music, with his son by the marshal's side, and he, the old colonel, on his balcony, in full uniform, as at Lutten, saluting the battle-torn standards and eagles blackened by powder."

"Poor old colonel! He fancied, no doubt, that we wished to prevent him from witnessing the display of our troops, to save him from too great emotion. And so he spoke of it to no one. But the next day, at the very hour when the Prussian battalions cautiously entered the long stretch which leads from the Porte Maillot to the Tuileries, that window up there was softly opened, and the colonel appeared upon the balcony with his helmet on, and his long sword, and all the time-stained uniform of an old cuirassier. I still wonder at the power of will and strength of life which enabled him thus to rise and put on his harness. But it is certain that there he stood, erect behind the railing, wondering to see the wide avenue so deserted, so silent, the blinds all drawn, Paris as dumb as a great pest-house, flags everywhere, but such strange ones, white with a red cross, and no one there to welcome our soldiers."

"For a moment he believed himself mistaken."

"But no! Over there, behind the triumphal arch, there was a confused noise, a black line advancing into the dawn. And then by degrees the spikes on the helmets glistened, the little drums of Jena rattled, and under the arch, marked by the heavy tread of the sections and the clank of the sabres, burst forth Schübert's triumphal march. Then amid the mournful silence of the square one terrible cry was heard: 'To arms! to arms! the Prussians!' and the four Uhlands of the advance guard saw up there, on that balcony, a tall, white-haired figure sway backward, stretch out its arms, and fall suddenly."

"This time the old colonel was dead."—*Le Figaro*.



## EDITORS AND EDITING.

Our newspapers are overwhelmed with material that is of no importance. The obvious remedy for this would be more intelligent direction in the collection of news, and more careful sifting and supervision of it when gathered. It becomes every day more apparent to every manager that such discrimination is more necessary. There is no limit to the various intelligence and gossip that our complex life offers; no paper is big enough to contain it; no reader has time enough to read it. And the journal must cease to be a sort of waste-basket at the end of a telegraph wire, into which any reporter, telegraph operator, or gossip-monger can dump whatever he pleases. We must get rid of the superstition that value is given to an unimportant "item" by sending it a thousand miles over a telegraph wire. Perhaps the most striking feature of the American newspaper, especially of the country weekly, is its enormous development of local and neighborhood news. It is of a recent date. Horace Greeley used to advise the country editors to give small space to the general news of the world, but to cultivate assiduously the home field, to glean every possible detail of private life in the circuit of the country, and print it. And this brings me to speak of the mania in this age, and especially in America, for notoriety in social life as well as in politics. The newspapers are the vehicle of it, sometimes the occasion, but not the cause. The newspaper may have fostered—it has not created—this hunger for publicity. Almost everybody talks about the violation of decency and the sanctity of private life by the newspaper in the publication of personalities and the gossip of society; and the very people who make these strictures are often those who regard the paper as without enterprise and dull, if it does not report in detail their weddings, their balls, and parties, the distinguished persons present, the dresses of the ladies, the sumptuousness of the entertainment, if it does not celebrate their church services and festivities, their social meetings, their new house, their distinguished arrivals at this or that watering-place. I believe every newspaper manager will bear me out in saying that there is a constant pressure on him to print much more of such private matter than his judgment and taste permit or approve, and that the gossip which is brought to his notice, with the hope that he will violate the sensitiveness of social life by printing it, is far away larger in amount than all that he publishes.—*"The American Newspaper," by Charles Dudley Warner.*

It is not only unnecessary to state to an editor the personal circumstances of the author, but it is prejudicial to the chance of acceptance of his manuscript. A profile cut by scissors held in the toes, the armless Mr. Elderkin cut them, or a picture painted with a brush held in the teeth, as poor paralyzed Carter held it, may be marvels of dexterity, but they are chiefly interesting as *tours de force*. A picture would not command the best place because it was painted with the foot; and a poem or an essay is not recommended to an editor by the fact that the author has chronic rheumatism, or is obliged to work for a living. The manuscripts sent by faithful daughters who have aged and infirm mothers to support, and who beg the editor to remember that afflicting fact before he rejects the offering, are merely petitions for alms, for charity, and are worthy of the most careful attention as such. But fancy Sam Johnson forwarding to a publisher the manuscript of "Rasselas," and begging attention to it as the work of a gentleman with an unfortunate tendency to scrofula! It is not the health, or the pecuniary, or family circumstances of the writer with which the editor is concerned, but the character of his manuscript. If, indeed, it be a record of travel or adventure, he naturally wishes evidence of authenticity; but again we say information in regard to headaches and gout is wholly superfluous and impertinent. There is another tendency of him or her who offers communications to a periodical that are not accepted which is equally to be avoided. It is the expression of wonder why his or her ode to a mole does not find favor, when that elegy on a late lamented dormouse was published last month. "Far be it from me to insinuate," writes Asterisk, or Leo, or Sappho, or X, or the Bard of Dollyvalley, "that I can justly aspire to the laurel wreath of a poet, or touch the lyre to numbers that will arrest the heedless throng; but surely the poor lines that I ventured to in-close to you are not more devoid of the true poetic affluence than those which I find upon the twenty-seventh page of your last number, or than others which I constantly find upon your pages." Let us invite Asterisk, or X, or Sappho to reflect a moment. The same day that brought his poor lines brought fifty more copies of equally poor lines from others; and the next day and all days repeat the wondrous tale. If all should be accepted, only the thousandth part could ever be published. Why, then, accept? Should Asterisk nimbly retort, "But why, then, accept any?—or why not mine as well as those of Timotheus?" he must understand that it is he, and not the editor, who says that his lines are as good as those which were published last month; and that if a selection is to be made among the equally poor, his has no superior claims to any of the others, and must take the chance. Somebody must decide, and that somebody is the editor. He must seem, indeed, totally devoid of taste and insight to those whose offerings are not "rejected," for no such harsh word is known in the editorial vocabulary, but—not found available for our purpose. What collocation of words could more delicately sigh, in a whisper, as of the dying west wind, "thank you, no"? But this is a severity of judgment which the editor must endure as he can. Yet with as much experience of the heartless, and ignorant, and prejudiced, and cruel class known as editors as most of those whose poems and sketches are not found available for our purpose, and whose eyes are therefore opened to the real character of editors, the "Easy Chair" has always found that there are still lingering traces of our common humanity to be observed in them, and that they betray no fiendish joy even in discovering that McFlecnoc's lay is—not available for our purpose. It may be hard for McFlecnoc to understand, but the editor prefers to accept an article rather than to decline it. He fondly hopes that each new manuscript will be that clear, and wise, and interesting, that bright and pleasant paper for which he is constantly looking. And with Charles Lamb, upon another occasion, he relucts at the inevitable course of destiny that baffles his expectation.—*Curtis's Easy Chair.*

## OLD FAVORITES.

## El Matador.

Hushed is the din of tongues; on gallant steeds,  
With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-poised lance,  
Four cavaliers prepare for venturesome deeds,  
And, lowly bending, to the lists advance;  
Rich are their scarfs, their chargers fealty prance;  
If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,  
The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance,  
Best prize of better acts, they hear away,  
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak arrayed,  
But all aloof, the light-limbed matador  
Stands in the centre, eager to invade,  
The lord of lowing herds; but not before  
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed;  
His arms, a dart, he fights aloof, nor more  
Can man achieve without the friendly steed—  
Alas! too oft condemned for him to hear and heed.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,  
The den expands, and expectation mute  
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.  
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,  
And wildly staring, spurns with sounding foot  
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe;  
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit  
His first attack, wide waving to and fro  
His angry tail; red rolls his eyes' dilated glow.

Sudden he stops; his eye is fixed; away,  
Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear;  
Now is thy time to perish, or display  
The skill that yet may check his mad career.  
With well-timed croupe the nimble coursers veer;  
On foams the hull, but not unseated he goes;  
Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear;  
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes;  
Dart follows dart; lance, lance; loud hellowings speak his woes.

Again he comes; nor dart nor lance avail,  
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse;  
Though man and man's avenging arms assail,  
Vain are his weapons, vain is his force.  
One gallant steed is stretched a mangled corse;  
Another—hideous sight! unseamed appears,  
His gory chest unveils life's panting source;  
Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears;  
Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharmed he bears.

Foiled, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,  
Full in the centre stands the hull at bay,  
Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,  
And foes disabled in the brutal fray.  
And now the matadors around him play,  
Shake the red cloak and poise the ready brand;  
Once more through all he hursts his thundering way—  
Vain rage! the mantle quits the cunning hand,  
Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand!

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,  
Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies;  
He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline;  
Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,  
Without a groan, without a struggle, dies.  
The decorated car appears; on high  
The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—  
Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,  
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.  
—Lord Byron.

## The Bull-Fight of Gazul.

King Almanzor, of Granada, he hath hid the trumpet sound,  
He hath summoned all the Moorish lords from the hills and plains  
around;  
From Vega and Sierra, from Betis and Xenil,  
They have come with helm and cuirass of gold and twisted steel.  
'Tis the holy Baptist's feast they hold in royalty and state,  
And they have closed the spacious lists, beside the Alhambra's gate;  
In gowns of black with silver laced, within the tented ring,  
Eight Moors to fight the bull are placed in presence of the king.  
Eight Moorish lords, of valor tried, with stalwart arm and true,  
The onset of the heasts abide, as they come rushing through;  
The deeds they've done, the spoils they've won, fill all with hope  
and trust;  
Yet, ere high in heaven appears the sun, they all have hit the dust.  
Then sounds the trumpet clearly, then clangs the loud tambour;  
Make room, make room for Gazul!—throw wide, throw wide the door!  
Blow, blow the trumpet clearer still! more loudly strike the drum!  
The alcaide of Algava to fight the hull doth come.  
And first before the king he passed, with reverence stooping low;  
And next he bowed him to the queen, and the infantas all a-row;  
Then to his lady's grace he turned, and she to him did throw  
A scarf from out her balcony—'twas whiter than the snow.  
With the life-blood of the slaughtered lords all slippery is the sand,  
Yet proudly in the centre hath Gazul ta'en his stand;  
And ladies look with heaving breast, and lords with anxious eye;  
But firmly he extends his arm—his look is calm and high.  
Three bulls against the knight are loosed, and two come roaring on;  
He rises high in stirrup, forth stretching his *rejon*;  
Each furious heast upon the breast he deals him such a blow,  
He blindly totters and gives back across the sand to go.  
"Turn, Gazul, turn!"—the people cry; the third comes up behind;  
Low to the sand his head holds he, his nostrils snuff the wind;  
The mountaineers that lead the steers without stand whispering low,  
"Now thinks this proud alcaide to stun Harpado so?"  
From Guadiana comes he not, he comes not from Xenil,  
From Guadalarif of the plain, or Barves of the hill;  
Beneath the oak-trees where he nursed—this proud and stately steer.  
Dark is his hide on either side, but the blood within doth boil,  
And the dun hide glows, as if on fire, as he paws to the turmoil;  
His eyes are jet, and they are set in crystal rings of snow;  
But now they stare with one red glare of brass upon the foe.  
Upon the forehead of the hull the horns stand close and near—  
From out the broad and wrinkled skull like daggers they appear;  
His neck is massy like the trunk of some old, knotted tree,  
Whereon the monster's shaggy mane, like billows curled, yee see.  
His legs are short, his hams are thick, his hoofs are black as night;  
Like a strong fall he holds his tail in fierceness of his might;  
Like something molten out of iron, or hewn from forth the rock,  
Harpado of Xarama stands to bide the alcaide's shock.  
Now stops the drum; close, close they come; thrice meet, and thrice  
give back;  
The white foam of Harpado lies on the charger's breast of black—  
The white foam of the charger on Harpado's front of dun;  
Once more advance upon his lance—once more, thou fearless one!  
Once more, once more!—in dust and gore to ruin must thou reel!  
In vain, in vain, thou testest the sand with furious heel!  
In vain, in vain, thou noble beast!—I see, I see thee stagger!  
Now keen and cold thy neck must hold the stern alcaide's dagger!  
They have slipped a noose around his feet, six horses are brought in,  
And away they drag Harpado with a loud and joyful din.  
Now stop thee, lady, from thy stand, and the ring of price hestow  
Upon Gazul of Algava that hath laid Harpado low.  
—John Gibson Lockhart.

## PARIS UNDERGROUND AND OVERHEAD.

By a Roving Californian.

The great Cosmopolitan Exhibition of Electricity, held in this city, has come to a close. The Parisians are fortunate in having ready at hand such a commodious building, and so very pleasantly located, as is the Palais de l'Industrie on the Champs-Elysées. The magnificent and well-named edifice, so favorably situated on that wide and unrivaled space, was quite filled with the various exhibits—Belgian, British, French, American, etc.—which jointly made up this grand exposition of electricity. Outside of the main entrance to the building, a powerful Brush electric light was wont to glare out defiantly upon the bilious gas-lamps, and dazzled the eyes and lighted the footsteps of the visitor who might be resolutely running the gauntlet of cabs, and striving to enter the exhibition. If he had been successful in both of these endeavors, and happened to have the exact change at the door, he might soon find himself in the interior of the building, and would as soon dream that he had reached a new age and a new world—electric power and electric light everywhere. The latter especially and particularly, from a miniature revolving light-house in the centre, which dispensed a gleam that might have been seen, in favorable circumstances, twenty miles away. Smaller luminaries beamed and blazed, and blinded the visitor on all sides as he proceeded. It is remarkable—at least one thinks so after viewing the rival systems of electric lighting—that at about the same time so many different inventors should have perfected what, to the ordinary eye, seems substantially the same thing. It seems immaterial whether carbon points are placed parallel, or at right angles, or opposite to each other, or whether an incandescent, infinitesimal bit of charcoal in a vacuum is in the shape of a horse-shoe, or of a pig's tail, or of the more dignified letter W. These several hints will serve to indicate the different families, or at least some of the various forms of the electric lights, great and small, which were upon exhibition.

Not many days ago we paid an interesting visit to the Paris catacombs. On the day of our visit the *déjeuner* was announced for eleven instead of twelve, as the card received from the Préfet by our estimable friend M. l'Abbé M—d of St. Roch, mentioned that all who were to visit the catacombs must be at the entrance by a quarter to one. The same invaluable document also stated that each person must be supplied with a *bougie*, or candle, obviously for the purpose of guiding his footsteps in the darkness of the subterranean passages, and incidentally to singe and to anoint, by turns, the garments of those in immediate proximity. Accordingly, furnished with breakfast and *bougie*, we were promptly at our places at the place of descent. The descent was by a narrow, straight passage, which very quickly converted itself into a cork-screw pattern, and engulfed our two hundred in the contortions of its cavernous throat, slowly and painfully. An abundance of bad French and excellent candle-grease ascended and descended meanwhile, and several tedious pauses tried the patience of the explorers, while also affording such as dared to disobey the special instruction to that effect an opportunity to inscribe their names on the stone-walls on either hand. Once down we had a walk of what seemed a mile before we reached the gate of the catacombs proper. It was kindly so ordered as, in the interval, we had somewhat fortified our minds for the ghastly sights which we anticipated. These deserted quarries—for such they are—which date back to the Romans, and out of which living Paris is largely constructed, have, with poetical justice, received dead Paris, or, at least, the human relics of several dismantled cemeteries. Poor humanity has been robbed, however, in the process, and the entail broken which guaranteed the respectable but narrow house—two by six or thereabout. Here the pitiful holding is reduced to inches, and individualism indeed lost in a buddled communism of death. But we are at the portal. A pause and a bushy murmur, during which thoughts of the last trump and images of indefinite terror come thick and fast. Will not the creaking of the iron gate be answered by groans and wails? No. All is silent, and, advancing, the pale glimmer of our candles shows the peaceful occupants of this strange cemetery as strangely resting. We tread, as we advance, a narrow passage between walls built up of human bones, the larger bones of the arms and legs forming the main body of the wall, while the heads crown the summit in some piteous semblance of the perished humor of life. Again we find the entire face of the wall composed of skulls, whose empty, eyeless sockets, and grinning, toothless mouths gape on us. Again the traditionary skull and cross-bones have a place artistically in the centre of a parallelogram of thigh-bones closely packed. Smaller and less tractable bones are cast in behind the mural façade. Occasionally we observe a poor skull perforated in a small round orifice, suggesting the bullet of war or the assassin. And so we wind in and out through this strange city of the dead, each having his own thoughts, and each taking in sights that must haunt him for ever. In general, the ceiling is not above seven feet high, but occasionally there is an exception, when it rises to a height of twenty, or in one dome-shaped chapel even forty feet. In several places massive buttresses, or pillars, support the superincumbent rock. Certain gaping cracks over our heads, suggestive of the possibility of a wholesale and rapid snuffing out, both of our *bougies* and ourselves, detracted somewhat from my own enjoyment of the promenade. The fertile ingenuity of literary men has been taxed to adorn mural tablets here and there with inscriptions from Holy Writ, as also from the poets of ancient and modern times; with what success, each observer must judge for himself. It is such a singular mixture of quotations that it is difficult to say whether the sum of it all is reverential or the reverse. It may be a matter of consolation to him who may visit the place "in search of a father," or other relative, to know that the product of each of the several cemeteries is to be found by itself. On the whole, the sight of the Catacombs of Paris is a curiously hideous one, and I confess I turn from it with a weakened prejudice against cremation.

PARIS, November 10, 1881.

RICHARD (E).



## SOCIETY.

## The New Year Receptions.

The first of January ought to have come in like a lamb in this latitude ; and, maybe, it did ; but if it did it had on the meanest pattern of wolves' clothing. However, if there was a rarity of sunshine without, there was a plenitude of warmth and light beneath many a hospitable roof, and the leaden sky above and the muddy thoroughfares below did not deter even those whose means would not permit them to indulge in carriages at New Year's rates from making their delightful rounds, and the day was pretty generally and very pleasantly observed. I have noticed all my life, wherever I have been about this time, that pleasant weather on the last day of a departing and the first day of an incoming year is an exception ; and I have concluded that the old year dies hard, and that Jupiter often lets drop half-frozen tears, either from joy at the old fellow's demise or from sorrow at the birth of the new child. Nevertheless, the baby 1882 was everywhere warmly welcomed, despite the unsatisfactory way in which Old Time did wrap it up.

One of the pleasantest houses in San Francisco was that of Mrs. R. C. Hooker, who was assisted by Mrs. ex-Senator Stewart, Mrs. Fox, and fascinating Mrs. Coit. Mrs. Charles Lux was assisted by her nieces, the Misses Sheldon ; Miss Carrie Green, Miss Emma Wiggins, and Miss Kate Laidley, were the recipients of many calls from their gentleman friends. Mrs. Colonel J. P. Jackson was supported in her efforts by a staff of lovely aids, among whom were Miss Ella Jennings, Miss Annie Wright, Miss Laura C. Pike, and Miss Annie Laurie Jackson, of San Francisco, and Miss Susie Carr and Miss Mamie Alexander, of Oakland ; and her residence presented an animated scene until late in the evening, as may be imagined. Mrs. H. L. Van Wyck, who has lately taken possession of her new residence, on Van Ness Avenue, assisted by her sisters, Miss Susie W. and Miss Annie Le Gay Boyd, took possession, also, of a host of callers, and entertained them regally. The many friends of Mrs. David Brown, who was assisted in receiving by Mrs. H. L. Dodge and her vivacious niece, Miss Mollie Dodge, Mrs. F. L. Unger, and Miss M. Woodward, were entertained most hospitably, as is ever the case at the Brown mansion. It is hardly necessary to state that the callers upon Mrs. ex-Senator William M. Gwin were numerous. Mrs. Gwin was assisted by Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mrs. W. Coleman, Miss Carrie Gwin, and Miss Mary Meares. The hostess, who is the wife of one whom we sometimes term a gentleman of the old school, distinguished no less for his fine, commanding appearance than charming manner, was unsurpassed in all respects, and that would be an assembly worth seeing, but rarely seen, where, being present, Mrs. William M. Gwin would not attract attention and compel admiration. The friends of Mrs. Judge W. T. Wallace and Miss Wallace, her daughter, who live in elegance on Van Ness Avenue, did themselves the honor to call upon the two above-named estimable ladies in great numbers. The attractive Miss Ryland, of San José, came up from the Garden City to assist Miss J. M. Burnett and her daughter, Miss Burnett. Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson received many calls. It was natural that the California-Street mansion of Mrs. John McMullin should have been overwhelmed with callers, graced as it was. Mrs. McMullin was assisted by three of her charming daughters, the Misses Rebecca and Bettie, and Mrs. John Hay, of Arizona, Mrs. General Kautz, Mrs. J. W. Oates, of Santa Rosa, formerly Miss Mattie Solomon, a well-known society belle, Miss Nellie Trowbridge, Miss Jennie Sullivan, Miss Nellie Marshall, and some transplanted rosebuds from Stockton—nearly a score of fair ones in all. Amid this throng of beauty, and fashion, and rich and tasteful toilettes the hostess and her daughters were conspicuous. The callers at the McMullin mansion numbered several hundred.

Among others who were "at home," may be mentioned Mrs. C. J. Hutchinson, assisted by Mrs. Scott Wilson, Mrs. William Fletcher and Mrs. H. S. Tatum ; Mrs. Colonel Stevenson, assisted by the Misses Stevenson, Mrs. Captain Bailey, and Miss Sheda Torbert ; Mrs. J. D. Staples and her daughter, Kitty Staples ; Mrs. H. H. Bancroft, assisted by her mother and sister ; Mrs. W. J. Adams and the Misses Adams, and Miss Annie Ladd ; Mrs. B. B. Cutter, assisted by her daughters, the Misses Tott and Sophie Cutter ; Miss May Perkins, of Chicago, and Mrs. H. H. Watson, of Oakland ; Mrs. James A. Johnson, assisted by Mrs. Edward C. Marshall and Miss Marshall ; Mrs. John Taylor, assisted by her daughters, the Misses Clara and Gusie Taylor ; Mrs. F. Vassault and the Misses Vassault ; Mrs. H. N. Cook, assisted by her sister ; Mrs. L. S. Adams, assisted by the Misses Eldridge ; Mrs. George S. Evans and daughters ; Mrs. William Freeborn, assisted by her sister, Mrs. Kate L. Fisher ; Mrs. Horace Hawes, assisted by the Misses Chipman ; Mrs. Irving M. Scott, assisted by Mrs. Burgess and Miss Effie Brown ; Mrs. C. L. Taylor, assisted by her daughter and Mrs. F. W. Curtis ; Mrs. W. Bradford, assisted by her daughter ; Mrs. Dr. McNulty ; Mrs. Norris ; Mrs. M. Godley ; Mrs. Gordon Blanding, assisted by Mrs. William Blanding, the Misses Blanding, Mrs. Hamilton Smith and Miss Smith ; Mrs. R. C. Harrison ; Mrs. Mark Hopkins, assisted by Miss Jennie Flood of Menlo ; Mrs. Goad, assisted by her niece, Miss Sue Wilkins, of Colusa, Mrs. Fletcher and Miss Wall, of Oakland ; Mrs. J. W. Boon, assisted by Mrs. Dr. Whitney. Quite a number of our well-known society ladies did not receive, and a great many are away in the East and elsewhere. Miss Calla Crooks, who received last year, celebrated the day at Monterey. So did the Misses McLane, the Misses Griffith, and others.

Quite a number of the ladies at the Palace received, among whom were Mrs. Charles Sontag, Mrs. Newton, Mrs. Schmiedell, Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, and others. Mrs. Harrington, of the Palace, and her sister, Mrs. Beach, had many callers, among whom were several officers of the army and navy. Mrs. A. N. Towne and her daughter, Mrs. C. N. Shaw, were "at home" to a very large number of their friends ; these ladies were assisted by Mrs. Regua, of Piedmont, Mrs. George H. Rice and Miss Hattie Rice. Mrs. George H. Kimball, of the Lick, received many calls. Mrs. George E. Dickson, also of the Lick, received many calls, assisted by her sister, Miss Broughton. At the

Baldwin, Mrs. H. Applegate received many calls. Mrs. Fred Layman received in her well-known pleasant way at the Grand, assisted by her mother and sister, and by Miss Elam and Miss Melliss, the latter formerly of New York, but now a resigned San Franciscan ; also, Mrs. J. P. Robinson, of the Grand.

## Mrs. Hopkins's Reception.

That magnificent architectural pile on California Street, known as the Hopkins mansion, was brilliantly illuminated on Thursday evening last. The air within palpitated with delicious melody ; the brilliant gathering moved to and fro along spacious promenades ; incomparable Wiltons kissed the sandals of merry maidens ; exquisite floral decorations and devices enlivened balustrade, fret-work, and hall ; diamonds flashed like stars in a sapphire sky ; or, in other words, Mrs. Mark Hopkins invited a large number of her friends to meet Lord Beaumont, at the residence on the evening of the 4th instant.

At least three hundred people responded to the four hundred invitations sent out. At half-past nine Lord Beaumont arrived, and was introduced by Miss May Crittenden, who assisted Mrs. Hopkins in receiving. Shortly after, dancing commenced, and was kept up until a late hour. Lord Beaumont and Miss Crittenden led off in the "Lancers."

The music was by Ballenberg's full band, seated in the gallery at the east end of the hall, in which all the dancing took place. The house was illuminated with electric lights.

All in all, it was probably as handsome an affair as ever was seen on the continent, and merits a more elaborate description than we have the space to give. Among those who were present were :

General and Mrs. McDowell, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Booth, Mrs. John Hemphill, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. McMullin and Miss Rebecca McMullin, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sibley Severance, Miss Jennie Flood, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Miss May Crittenden, Moses Hopkins, Timothy Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, Miss Hattie Rice, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Goodman, W. E. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott, Major Rathburn, Colonel Batchelder, Mr. and Mrs. Will Babcock, Messrs. Hussey, Belden, Casey, Dick Pease Jr., Chas. Wilder, Donohoe, Mr. and Mrs. C. Knox, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Crocker, Miss Lizzie Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs and Miss Nettie Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. J. Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Donahoe, Miss Bessie Sedgwick, Mr. and Mrs. B. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. J. Redding, General and Mrs. Houghton and Miss Fannie Houghton, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. J. Swift, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Blanding and the Misses Blanding, Mrs. Cutter and Miss Cutter, Mrs. Ashe and Miss Ashe, General and the Misses Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Colonel Fred Crocker and wife, George Crocker and Miss Hattie Crocker, Mrs. Easton, Mrs. Buford, Mrs. Lucy Arnold and her son, of Sacramento, William M. Gwin and Miss Carrie Gwin, Mr. and Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Flood, and others.

## The Calico Hop at the Grand Hotel.

One of the most delightful affairs of the winter, if not, indeed, the most delightful, was the calico hop given at the Grand Hotel on Wednesday evening last under the auspices of the ladies of both the Palace and Grand. All of the billiard and side tables had been removed the morning previous, the floor had been waxed, and the spacious apartment otherwise placed in excellent condition. The Misses Trowbridge, Dearborn, Hatch, and Robinson constituted a general committee, and Mrs. General Stoneman, Mrs. Colonel Creed Hammond, Mrs. Lucien Herman, Mrs. Francis Berton, Mrs. T. H. Goodman, Mrs. W. H. Smith, Mrs. M. J. Burke, Mrs. Colonel C. S. Weller, Mrs. F. O. Layman, Madame De Soto, Madame Duenas, Mrs. J. P. Robinson, Mrs. W. P. Harrington, Mrs. Albert Jenks, Mrs. General A. J. Hatch, Mrs. Muloch, Mrs. John McNeil, Mrs. H. P. Stanwood, Mrs. J. D. LaMotte, Mrs. Charles Sontag, Mrs. Briggs, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. H. Coit, Mrs. A. G. Kinsey, Mrs. Robert Pixley, Mrs. Lieutenant T. Dix Bolles, Mrs. George Waters, Miss Felton, and Miss Mamie Woodward ensured its success as subscribers.

At half-past eight o'clock the ball-room was filled to its utmost, the gentlemen being arrayed in full evening dress and the ladies in costumes largely of calico, but elaborately made and trimmed. It was a very novel as well as a very beautiful spectacle. Among the invited guests who were present there were Major and Mrs. Darling, and Major Eakin, U. S. A. ; also Lieutenant and Mrs. H. W. Hubbell, Lieutenant and Mrs. E. K. Russell, Lieutenant L. A. Chamberlain, Lieutenant Fred Marsh and Lieutenant W. P. Van Ness, of the First Artillery.

Among the costumes particularly noticeable for their neatness or elegance there may be selected the following : Miss Mary Brown, in white silk skirt, brocade costume overdress trimmed with antique lace, corsage low ; Mrs. Major Darling, in lavender and white striped calico, trimmed with Spanish lace, and ornamented with scarlet poppies ; Mrs. Wilshire, in black and old gold calico, trimmed with Spanish lace sleeves—very pretty ; Mrs. A. G. Kinsey wore a novel short costume of cretonne embroidered with fans, point lace, pink embroidered silk hose—a very unique costume ; Madame Berton was attired in a magnificent costume of cerulean blue and scarlet, with a rich flounce of duchesse lace ; Madame De Soto appeared in a black toilet with purple pampies and flounces of Chantilly lace ; Mrs. John McMullin in black organdie, which contrasted well with the elegant costumes of her daughter and Miss White, of Stockton ; Mrs. Alexander Forbes, in a dark costume ; Miss Forbes, in mauve and scarlet, Marie Antoinette collar ; Miss Ada Johnson, in a very simple and pretty toilet of white muslin ; the Misses Chamberlain, in white ; Mrs. General George Stoneman was dressed in an elegant costume of rich brocade moire pattern in pink, trimmed with lace ; Mrs. Lieutenant T. Dix Bolles was effective in a toilet of blue, corsage cut low ; Miss Fannie Johnson, daughter of J. C. Johnson, attracted much attention in a combination costume, trimmed with rich lace ; Mrs. L. F. Thorne, in an æsthetic dress of black and crimson, trimmed with sunflowers, set off with sunflower jewelry—an indescribable costume ; Miss Lily Harris in a combination suit of scarlet and blue, (a re-

markably stylish short wateau costume,) scarlet and blue silk hose ; Mrs. W. P. Harrington, in a costume of Marie Louise blue, trimmed with Chantilly lace ; Mrs. Charles N. Shaw in white Swiss, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and embroidery ; Miss Hattie Rice, in dotted Swiss muslin, trimmed with blue satin ; Mrs. McFarland, of Boston, in a rich black costume ; Mrs. T. H. Goodman, in gray and black, a very rich and effective toilet ; Madame Duenas, in an elegant costume of black and gold, trimmed with lace ; Miss Dearborn, in a pretty costume of pink ; Miss Hatch and Miss Trowbridge, in peasants' dresses of scarlet and black bodice and flowing sleeves ; Mrs. F. O. Layman, in an embroidered white dress with sash of striped calico ; Mrs. Colonel C. L. Weller, in black ; Miss Weller, in embroidered Swiss ; Miss Nellie Taylor, in white mull ; Mrs. Marx, in a (too too) costume, trimmed with sunflowers ; Miss Regensberger, in a skirt of (too too superlatively too) calico, *très bouffant* ; Miss Nellie Hopps, in white muslin ; Miss Tot Cutter looked "too too excessively beyond—too soulful," so to speak, as a Quakeress ; Mrs. Mathy attracted much attention in an indescribably beautiful costume ; Mrs. McNeil, however, divided the attention with Mrs. M. ; the Misses Bolton were dressed in crimson calico costumes ; the Misses Woodward in white muslins.

## Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. John W. Shaw, who came out from New York a few weeks ago, to be present at the wedding of her nephew and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, departed for her home on Saturday last. General and Mrs. Stoneman have been at the Palace during the week. Hon. William M. Gwin has returned from Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. William E. Dargie (*née* Miss Erminia Peralta) have taken up their permanent residence at 938 Filbert Street, Oakland ; Mrs. D. receives on Thursdays in January. Hon. J. W. Shanklin is rambling in Southern California. C. T. Mills, of Mills Seminary, has been recreating among the orange groves of Los Angeles County. Mrs. Brewster and daughter, of Oakland, have taken up their winter residence at the Lick. J. R. Hardenburgh, of Oakland, returned from the East a few days ago. Hon. Henry Edgerton, who has been stopping at the Grand for a week or more, has returned to Sacramento. Miss Lizzie Crocker spent the holidays in Sacramento, and received with Miss Jennie Lindley on New Year's day in that city. Miss Ethel Sperry, an accomplished young lady of Stockton, has been spending the holidays with Miss Fannie Hubbard, at Sacramento. Mrs. E. Murray, Miss Lizzie Murray, and Miss Maria Dunn, of Sacramento, have been spending the holidays in San Francisco, and returned home a few days ago. Mrs. W. M. Buffum, of Prescott, A. T., is spending the holidays in Los Angeles. Hon. Joseph Brown, ex-Mayor of St. Louis, arrived in San Francisco on Sunday last. Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Fox, and Miss Minnie Fox, of Oakland, returned from the East on Saturday last. Mrs. McMullin and her three unmarried daughters contemplate an extended Eastern and European tour, which will create an absence of nearly two years ; they will leave San Francisco early next spring, and go direct to Kentucky, where they will remain until summer, when they will visit several important eastern watering places. In the autumn they will sail for Europe, and will remain abroad a year. The party composed of Charles Crocker and his sons, Fred and George, General McDowell, Colonel Gray, and Lord Beaumont, returned from Texas on Tuesday afternoon last. Louis Janin arrived in New York on Monday last. Miss May Fargo is in Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker have been making a tour of Arizona and Southern California. Miss Minnie Fox, of Oakland, is engaged to be married to William Moser Jr., of New York, the wedding to take place some time next summer. The Misses Bell and Maggie Eyre left San Francisco on Monday last for Washington, where they will spend the balance of the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Merrifield have left for Europe. Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Coleman have returned from Sierra Madre Villa. Miss Ella Crofton, of Stockton, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Sullivan, in this city. Consul and Mrs. Vauvert de Méan, who have been spending the holidays at Monterey, have returned to the Palace. Mrs. Lieutenant Greeley, wife of the Arctic explorer, is spending the winter at San José. Mrs. B. B. Redding, Mrs. J. D. Redding, and Miss Lottie Cowles go to the Sierra Madre Villa in a week or two, to remain a month. Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Goodman have returned to Napa from Monterey. Colonel Sanford, U. S. A., has returned to Camp Halleck, Nevada. Ansel M. Easton is in New York. Senator Miller has taken the handsome gray brick house on K street in Washington recently occupied by Senator Pendleton, and once the residence of Señor Mantilla, the Spanish Minister. P. B. Cook, H. O. Davids, and Lieutenant T. S. Phelps Jr., U. S. N., spent New Year's in this city. Mr. and Mrs. H. Barroilhet, of Menlo, are at the Palace. H. B. Smith Jr., late assistant overland ticket agent of the Central Pacific Railroad, resigned that position a few weeks ago to accept that of general agent of the Grand Trunk Railway for the Pacific coast, and leaves for Montreal in a day or two to confer with his superior officers. Charles Goodall and wife are at the St. James, New York. Mrs. Senator Jones, of Nevada, accompanied by Miss Hattie Stein, spent the holidays in New York, but returned to Washington on Tuesday last. Mrs. Senator Miller, of California, assisted at the New Year's reception by the President. Miss Lizzie Hawkins has been the guest of Miss Dora Miller during the holidays in Washington. Miss Kate Grimm is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. Dr. Arthur Cobell, U. S. N., arrived in this city from the East on Sunday last. Ex-Senator Booth has been at the Grand for several days. Louis McLane has been spending a few days at Monterey. Judge Crittenden, of New York, is sojourning in southern California. General P. E. Conner has been at the Grand for several days. J. M. Allen, judge of the Superior Court of San Francisco, (department four,) was married very quietly on the 29th ultimo to Miss Ida Davis, of San José. Hon. William R. Steele, of Wyoming, is at the Palace. J. P. Pierce and wife and Miss Carrie Pierce, of Santa Clara, have been spending a portion of the week in this city. J. L. Chamberlin and H. W. Hubbell, U. S. A., are at the Palace. General and Mrs. A. V. Kautz, of Angel Island, have been in the city several days.



## ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE.

"What is the reason," said Sibylla to me the other day, "what is the reason that young men are so fond of the society of married ladies?"

Sibylla is a young lady who is a sort of pet of Zulana's. She is of mine, too, to speak truth, but I always adopt a tone of gentle depreciation in speaking of her to Zulana. I find this adds to the warmth of Zulana's friendship.

"My dear Sibylla," said I, (I always do the heavy paternal with young girls. I am very fond of their society, and they are more confiding, I find, when you adopt that tone.) "My dear Sibylla, your question is a very simple one, but the answer to it is complex. There are many ramifications to it."

Sibylla opened her eyes widely. Had she been ugly, I would have said she stared. But Sibylla has very pretty brown eyes, and it was not a stare.

"You see," I went on, "in the first place, married ladies know a great deal more than do young girls. I mean, than young girls are supposed to know. Conversation with them, therefore, is not so hedged in and hampered as it is with demoiselles."

Sibylla looked horrified.

"Do not misunderstand me," said I, "*honni soit*, etc. You will understand me, Sibylla, when you marry. Possess your soul in patience until then. In the second place, a young man may be the intimate friend of a married lady, dance with her, talk with her, etc., without any fear of its degenerating into tenderness. Tenderness young men avoid. It brings in its train assiduity, carriage-hire, theatre-tickets, flowers, gloves, matrimony, and all sorts of dreadful things."

"Do you call matrimony a dreadful thing?" said Sibylla, solemnly.

"Heavens, no! my child," said I, testily; "but they do—the young men—don't you understand?"

She looked as if she didn't, but I went on, nevertheless:

"In the third place, young men rather cultivate married ladies because as a rule they are hostesses. They give dinners, kettle-drums, balls, *et tout ça*. They are valuable from a practical point of view."

"You make young men out to be selfish, odious creatures," cried Sibylla, hotly.

"True," said I, reflectively, "but they must be better than the girls, or the dear little creatures would not look up to and fall in love with them. However, to resume. In the fourth place, young men affect the society of married ladies because they think it is superior to do so, and the average young man is a conceited puppy. A man doesn't begin to have good sense until he is forty. In the fifth place, I think they affect married ladies because they really do like them."

"Why, you put that last of all!" exclaimed Sibylla.

"Yes, my dear," said I, "but so do the young men."

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I learn by a letter from a New York friend that on Tuesday of this week my revered chief, Frank Pixley, was to have been dined at the Union League Club. The dinner was tendered him by Whitelaw Reid, George William Curtis, Chauncey Depew, Collector Robinson, Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, General McCook, member of Congress from New York, and a number of others. I hope Frank had a good appetite, and that they gave him sweet champagne. The stain upon his otherwise spotless soul is that he likes it sweet. I can forgive him for that. But I can not forgive him for insinuating that I am un-American and affected because I like it dry.

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I think the leg crop is very bad this year. I am sorry for it. For I have heard it remarked by physicians—the only men who have any right to know—that California beats the world on legs, and San Francisco beats California. Let no woman be shocked, and stop reading this paragraph. It is not time yet. For, so far, I have said nothing as to the variety of leg. I may mean men's. And I am not referring to the unprofessional leg, of which glimpses may be seen upon our slushy streets. No; I simply mean the annual leg-show of the Christmas pieces.

They are not good this year. The best are at the California; but even there they are *comme ci, comme ça*—and more *comme ça* than *comme ci*. At the Bush Street, Jennie Lee's are the only pair one can contemplate complacently. The others fill one with horror. And at the Tivoli and Winter Garden, the underpinnings presented are such that I cannot but fear for the future stability of California.

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I saw a number of men on Monday wearing steel-pen coats. I am aware that this is a custom which has prevailed here. But it is infinitely more honored in the breach than in the observance. In the day-time the swallow-tail is sacred to servants. He who endorses himself therein before dark or dinner flaunts his coat-tails in the face of the most solemn canons of fashion. Only Frenchmen wear them then, and Gauls are not sound on social usage. They are loud. They wear gigantic lapels, hats with too much bell to the crown and too much curl to the brim, and they kiss each other. Ugh!

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At one of the clubs in this city there is a dinner mess which has resolved itself into a Society for the Suppression of Story-Telling. The thing began through a perfectly laudable desire to discountenance ancient stories. So when a man told a yarn which every one at table knew by heart, he would receive a delicate intimation to that effect by the entire mess roaring the first four lines of "Auld Lang Syne." If the story was very old, the chorus was also sung.

So far, so good. The most hardened sinner wilted before this dreadful blast of song. Men on whom the German fashion of pointing a knife on top of a glass would have proved as naught—such men, even, yielded to the song. And old stories were heard no more at the mess table.

But there is a certain unholy pleasure in the discomfiture of one's friends. The mess began to take a fierce joy in the exercise of their vocal powers. They encouraged the telling of stories. They would throw out enticing baits. The conversation would persistently roll upon topics in which certain members were known to be interested. These members would forget themselves, would tell a story—with fiendish glee the conspirators would sing their dreadful song.

At last they were guilty of this shameful deed—they sung "Auld Lang Syne" on a man for telling a story only twenty-four hours old. After this, as may be imagined, nothing needs be said. They have cast aside all shame. They sit watching each other ceaselessly, and scarcely dare to open their mouths. But when an innocent stranger haps among them, then the whole pack falls upon him.

The guest who comes within their gates, heaven help that guest, say I.

For—pardon the sickening story—they sung "Auld Lang Syne" on me!

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To the lady who writes over the signature "R. R." I present my compliments. Her six saccharine sheets were read by me with the keenest of interest. The man who wears of taffy is not of woman born.

But she is wrong in thinking that I am not Crushed. I am. The editor—a cold and cruel man—relentlessly sits upon me. So does Zulana. But never mind. Zulano, crushed to earth, will rise again. At not infrequent periods.

"R. R." is wrong again in supposing that Zulana, Fulano, and Zulano are one and the same. They are not. Zulana is a young lady of beauty and wit. Fulano is a young gentleman with a blonde moustache, a *blasé* air, and he has not doubled the Cape of Thirty Years—in short, a howling swell. While I, Zulano, am old, fat, bald, grouchy, conceited, and disagreeable. At least Zulana sometimes tells me so.

I shall be delighted to see "R. R.'s" pen-portrait of me, and I do not for a moment suspect that her epistle "is a love-letter." The allusion to my "baiting for compliments" convinces me of that.

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"There," said Zulana, on Monday morning, "I think you'll do now."

And she buttoned the top-button of my coat awry, put my scarf-pin askew, poked and patted me as a final feminine disarrangement, and then retreated three paces to gaze upon the wreck.

"But," said I, piteously, gazing at the list she had prepared, "must I go to all these places?"

"Every one," said Zulana, firmly.

"But I don't like the Jones's," I moaned, "and I don't want to go to the Robinson's. I like the Smith's and the Brown's, but as for the rest of them—"

"As for the rest of them," said she, decisively, "you must not miss a single one. I'm sure it is not much to require of you that you pay a formal call on New Year's Day. Heaven knows I never can get you to do so any other time."

There was a storm brewing. Better the wintry street than the stormy home. Better a dinner of herbs, etc.—it's in the Bible, I believe. So I got into my coupé.

"Where shall I drive to first, sir?" asked the driver.

"Drive to Mrs. Jones's, on Van Ness Avenue," I said, in a loud tone of voice. Zulana was at the door. When we got around the corner I stuck my head out of the window, and murmured:

"I think you had better drive to the club first. I will stay there a little while."

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I did. I stayed there a little while. In fact, I stayed there a good while. To tell the truth, I stayed there most of the while. To be perfectly candid, the only calls I made were on the Smiths and Browns.

At nine o'clock in the evening a dreadful thought confronted me. Zulana's face rose, spectre-like, before me. What could I do? How lie out of it? Happy thought! I would counterfeit intoxication.

When I told the fellows at the club about my plan they seemed much more amused than I thought the jest warranted. When I suggested taking another drink, they unanimously informed me that they thought I would succeed better "cold sober." And then they howled. It is odd what stupid jests men will roar at.

One of them said he would see me to my coupé, although I told him it was unnecessary. And he put my hat on for me. I verily believe the fellow thought I was tipsy.

When I reached home the driver seemed to labor under the impression that I was asleep. However, I got out and dismissed him, and when I reached the door, found that I had lost my key. I was obliged to ring the bell, and the girl came to the door.

Sarah is really a very pretty girl, and I cannot make Zulana believe that I was doing it for effect.

I expected to have Zulana catch me kissing her. I had planned it. But when Sarah screamed, I did not expect to have the door open and see four great hulking fellows—I believe they were intoxicated—pour out into the hall, and chuckle and grin. Confound them! They wished me a Happy New Year. I wished them—well, never mind where.

I am sorry now I tried that plan, for Zulana is foolish enough to believe that I was really intoxicated, and that I was really kissing Sarah. Besides that, I had a dreadful headache Tuesday.

It must have been the egg-nogg.

ZULANO.

The greatest achievement of the slave-holders' rebellion was the emancipation of the young men of the South from the thralldom and chains of slavery prejudices. It gave them freedom to think and act for themselves. It made it honorable and possible for them to labor. It brought their brains and hands into active use. It enabled them to borrow money and enterprise from the North. It destroyed all the sham pride that grew out of the ownership of "niggers." The result is more cotton, wheat, sugar, and tobacco; more miles of railroad; more mills, factories, and furnaces; more prosperity and more wealth; less nonsense and more patriotism.

The London Times makes fun of Americans for calling luggage baggage. It is not luggage, and should not be luggage. It is not bagged, and should not be bagged. Trunkage is the right word—trunkage and smashage.

## THE BRIGANDS OF GOTHAM.

"F. M. P." Becomes Pessimistic, and Tells About Extortion.

One can endure and even enjoy a rainy day in San Francisco, when he considers that each drenching hour adds cents to our wheat crop, and contributes to the general prosperity of our State. To be cooped up in a seven-by-nine room, fourth floor of a New York hotel, price twelve dollars per day, looking down upon a back alley and listening to the roar of omnibuses, is an altogether different proposition. It has done nothing but rain since my arrival. Between showers I have visited the Park, seen Cleopatra's granite needle with its hieroglyphics—transplanted to Persepolis some six years after the amorous queen embraced the asp, moved from Persepolis to Alexandria, thence to New York by steamer, and is now standing in Central Park, certifying that granite is more indestructible than dynasties; that nationalities are perishable, and the fame of great men or monarchs rarely enduring. The most impressive monument in Central Park is that of Daniel Webster—life size, in bronze, upon a granite pedestal—impressive because it is a faithful representation of one of the few Americans whom I believe to have been truly great.

A more shapely shaft, and one upon which I can look with more pleasure, is that in Union Square, to one of the heroes of our Mexican War. Near by it is the statue of William Henry Seward. Such works of monumental art as these—memorials of men who served America in legislative halls and on the battle-field—are more to me than the hieroglyphics carved on Egyptian granite, and brought to America with costly labor, to perpetuate the nasty memory of a harlot queen, whom our poets delight to embalm in erotic verse. But then, this is my country, and I am lacking in veneration for anything that is only ancient. By far the grandest work in New York—so it strikes me—is the bridge over the East River, with its massive towers from which, pendant from wires, a great highway is carried over the mast-tops of sailing ships. It more nearly than anything I have ever seen realizes my conception of the Colossus at Rhodes. If Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty could have stretched its huge legs from pier to pier, upholding its flaming torch of bronze, it would typify America's progress not only in the establishment of free government, but in the development of the arts and commerce that grow up under the protection of liberal institutions. This bridge is, I believe, a useless thing, and costly away up into the extravagant millions; but I rejoice at the extravagance, and take quiet comfort in the enormous steel. I am beginning to enjoy the fact that New York is robbed. Why should it not be? Its citizens are robbers, from little to big; from the villainous cigar-dealer, at villainous prices, along by Jay Gould, and the Erie Railroad, and Cyrus Field, and the Manhattan Elevated Railroad, up, away up to the hotel-keeper, who is the colossal bandit of the age. A hotel in New York is an organized conspiracy, perfect in all its details, audacious beyond any conception of mediæval baron or Highland cattle-thief. Robin Hood and his merry foresters were gentlemen compared with the New York inn-keeper and his associates of clerks with diamond breast-pins, his extortionate hackmen, his boots, and porters, and obsequious waiters; his exacting charges for bad rooms and poor board; his extras for fires, and meals, and lunches; his charges for things sent by mistake to the wrong room. I stop at the Rochester. It is not so grand as the Windsor, but it is spacious. It is not so elegant as the Brunswick, but it is comfortable. It is not on Fifth Avenue, but it is not far away. My room is seventeen by twelve, with a bed-room as large as a dry-goods box. We look down upon an uninteresting alley from a fourth-story back-window. I pay twelve dollars per day for two of us. Governor Stanford pays fifty dollars at the Windsor. William M. Lent pays thirty dollars at the Brunswick. Our meals are not so good as the mid-day free-lunch at the Pantheon. Had a canvas-back duck yesterday, by special order. It was done brown—dry as a chip; stuffed with herbs, and a made gravy. Extra, two dollars. Extra, because it was not on the bill of fare. The cards called for red-heads and tame ducks. A lunch, with oysters and a cup of coffee, can be obtained in New York for twenty cents. I took a pair of friends into the lunch-room at the Rochester, after having been to hear "Patience." Extra on the week's bill, three dollars. To get waited on at the table demands a retainer, paid in advance. To get a newspaper served in bed requires a *douceur* to the black boy; a tariff of fifty per cent. is added for your boots being returned from a shine. The hasty wisp of the broom-corn costs more than the price of the brush. On every side, from chambermaid—African—the grasping palm is extended, and you are made to feel how much more "blessed it is to give than to receive." The Rochester is not one of the largest hotels. It is not, by any means, one of the most expensive. It contains four hundred rooms, of which the ones we occupy are not more than of average desirability. Our rooms are twelve dollars per day. Let us allow four dollars for board and eight dollars for rent. First, divide four hundred by two, and this gives two hundred apartments at eight dollars. This is sixteen hundred dollars a day for rent; thirty days in the month, forty-eight thousand dollars; twelve months in the year, five hundred and seventy-six thousand dollars income from use of rooms. Add one-third for board of guests, one hundred and ninety-two thousand, and you have seven hundred and sixty-eight thousand dollars per annum. Let the reader add stealings from the bar, the cigar-stand and the other ceteras, and then apologize if he has ever regarded Greek brigands, Algerian pirates, and Texas cow-boys as distinguished by especial enterprise in their line of industry.

F. M. P.

NEW YORK, December 28, 1881.

Extracts from Pierre Véron's "Masquerade of History," a volume recently published: *Americus Vesputius*—A god-father who tried to pass himself off for the parent, contrary to the usual custom here nowadays. *Attila*—Called "The scourge of God" all by himself. Rank injustice. *Molière*—Man in whose time it is XIV. was called "the Great."



## VANITY FAIR.

A novel illumination took place the other day in Rome on the occasion of the Queen of Italy's birthday. When their majesties appeared on the balcony, every one struck a match and held it in the air! The effect was quite pretty. It seemed as if the air were filled with fire-flies. The reason for this novel kind of illumination was that all the gas of the town was turned off, on account of a tremendous fire that had burst out in a palace near the gas-works.

A "ladies' four" has lately been seen on the river at Oxford, England, rowed by girl students of the High School. Among this fair crew is the daughter of the professor.

The Duchess d'Uzes is one of the most loyal of French royalists, and in her château gathers about her all the representatives of the ancient nobles who have held their own under the republic. The scions of the powerful barons who went to the wars with Turenne may be found distributed over the whole world. Some are out in Africa serving in the Zouaves, others have remained at home, and a marquis has been found under the oil-stained garb of an engine-driver, while a duke has not been too proud to carry the wicker basket of a rag-picker. The Duchess d'Uzes lives a retired life. Her great passion is riding, and she followed the whole of last autumn's manœuvres on horseback, camping out, and bearing the hard life of the ordinary trooper.

The Rome correspondent of the New York *Commercial Advertiser* says that the visit of Miss Blaine, the daughter of the Hon. James G. Blaine, to Europe is creating a great sensation in Italy, because she is unaccompanied by any responsible person of her own family. She is looked upon as belonging to American nobility, so to speak, and hence her independence is the more noticed and commented upon. An Italian woman who is unmarried can not cross the street to buy a yard of ribbon alone, to say nothing of going to another city.

The New York *Hour* states that the Italians seem determined to be *plus Anglais que les Anglais*, and, not contented with having their clothes made in London, their four-in-hands in Long Acre, and their horses, foxhounds, and harriers exported from Leicestershire and Yorkshire, they are now going in for walking so many miles in so many hours. They don't walk on the cinders in any barn of a building, but keep going through some mountain path or along some country road. At the present moment an Italian officer is hacking himself to do two hundred English miles in seven days—a feat which Weston or Blower Brown would not consider anything too wonderful—and keeps himself up on raw eggs, half-cooked meat, and weak brandy and water.

The perennial school for scandal at Washington is gloating over what it deems a tit-bit at the British Embassy. It is, however, but a small mouse which the mountain has produced for the edification of the *quidnuncs* of the capital. When a gay young *attaché*, the present British Minister was, like many men before and since, so much captivated by the charms of a lady connected with the dramatic profession as to make her his wife. The marriage, as may readily be imagined, was not one which commended itself to his family, and, probably on account of his residence abroad, it never reached the ears of the compiler of peerages. Hence it is very naturally assumed by most persons that the minister was a hachelor. He is now, we understand, a widower, his wife having died some years ago, and his eldest daughter by his marriage with the lady referred to will be presented to the queen at her next drawing-room, and is likely, after that event, to preside at his excellency's table.

As if the ordinary expenses of a fancy-dress ball were not sufficient, certain ladies now frequently appear at the same fancy ball in two different characters, retiring to change their dress before supper, and reappearing in a different costume. At a recent festival of this nature, the Countess of Bective appeared first as Mary Queen of Scots, and later as a shower of gold. Mrs. Cornwallis West, on the same occasion, appeared in two consecutive characters, the Comtesse Panada, from "La Mascotte," and the Princess in the "Forty Thieves."

As is well known, solitaire diamond rings are not the fashion for engagement rings. The "utter" style in New York and Paris is a rare sapphire between two diamonds. But the New York *Sun* tells of a new and unique idea: "Solitaire diamonds in ordinary nineteenth century settings have already become monotonous as pledges of love and fidelity from a lover to his betrothed. The latest novelty in engagement rings is one that has recently been presented to Miss Annette Wetmore, of this city, by her fiancé. The jewel is a diamond of rare brilliancy and of the purest water, and is said to have once belonged to the crown jewels of Austria. The setting is antique, and the ring, exactly as it now is, is declared to be over three hundred years old. It would be curious and most interesting to the lady who owns this ancient bauble to trace back its history to the heroines and princesses whose fair hands it probably once adorned, and to the gallant lovers, now dust and ashes, who placed it, with vows of undying love, on the fingers of their betrothed."

The empress of Austria is not a woman who is accused of aspiring to lead the fashions. She would doubtless invent a new style of riding-habit, a new whip-handle, a convenient hat to wear in the chase, or a proper and comfortable riding-glove; but more than this would not be to her taste. Not that she is not a woman of judgment, or that she is indifferent to fine clothes, but her *grande passion* is for the field, and for her noble horses. It is said, however, in foreign journals that she has introduced a coiffure which is likely to create a considerable sensation this winter. She wears her hair falling in wavy folds upon her shoulders, *à la grecque*, or bars of pearls. The expression, fastened to the head, would seem to imply that the hair is not her own, which is unfair, as the empress has magnificent hair, beautiful as can be imagined, with its reflections of "gold and deep blue as of topaz brûlés." Following the illustrious

example of their sovereign and the archduchess Charles Louis, the Viennese ladies are all allowing their hair to fall down upon their shoulders. "It is to be most sincerely hoped," observes Andrew's *Queen*, "that this fashion will not be copied in this country, as there can be limits set to any fashion, and when one that is particularly unsuitable to the working classes is introduced it is certain to become the rage among them. We suffered indescribably when our Bridgetts wore immense hoops, but if they take to letting their tresses 'flow unconfined,' our last state will be worse than the first."

## San Francisco Fashions.

It is surprising to note the ascendancy that flowers have gained as ornamentation on costumes, especially those for evening wear. They are now seen on every portion of the dress, from the small brooch bouquet to the very end of the train. They are also seen gracing the coiffure, and even the satin slippers. So much study is devoted to them, that they are now very decidedly classified. For example, those of a young lady's toilet are selected from small flowers, such as buttercups, daisies, forget-me-nots, pansies, small roses and rose buds, lilies-of-the-valley, violets, clover, mignonette, tube-roses, and apple-blossom, which latter is a great favorite. Bridal flowers are no longer confined to orange-blossoms, but are considered more elegant when mixed with white rose-buds, white jasmine, ivy, and myrtle. Young married ladies wear full-blown roses, heliotrope, honeysuckle, lilac, both white and purple, magnolias, marigolds, camellias, and morning-glories. Ladies who are in the forties choose dahlias, chrysanthemums, large crush roses, tulips, hyacinth, etc. The æsthetic sunflower, all excepting brides are permitted to wear. These various flowers are placed upon the costume in every imaginable way. It is the fashion to border drapery and flounces with yards and yards of the small flowers, and even entire tabliers are formed of them. The smallest sleeves or arm-caps are composed of nothing but flowers. Frequently an immense garland is seen starting from the shoulder, falling over the front of the bodice, and winding down and around the train, and up the other side of the robe. Often they appear in bunches, as though they had been dropped promiscuously upon the costume. Occasionally natural flowers are used instead of artificial ones; but they are apt to lose their fresh look when in a ball-room over an hour. There has been lately no very marked change in the styles of costumes. A new and handsome style of sleeve for *demi-soir* costume of striped moire silk is of demilength, with a ruffle of Nemours lace passing down just above the outer seam in shallow scallops, and two lace ruffles finishing the bottom, with small bows of satin ribbon set on the outside seam, and a large bow on the outside at the bottom. A sleeve for an evening dress as, for instance, a rose-colored brocade, is trimmed with a pleating of plain satin at the bottom, with a shell of Spanish lace and a how of satin ribbon. A sleeve for a dinner costume should be of two-thirds length, and if composed of olive-colored watered silk, can be trimmed with pleatings of plain olive satin. Another handsome style, recently shown me, was of wine-colored satin merveilleux, trimmed at the bottom with narrow shirred ruffles, and filled in with a *plisse de crêpe lisse*. Another was of myrtle green Pompadour brocade, cut in points at the top, slashed with plain green satin, and finished at the bottom with satin plaiting, beaded by a cuff of the brocade. A sleeve for a carriage costume was nearly full length, and of bourette in mixed colors, finished with a cuff and several rows of red satin shirring. Another sleeve of Limousin cloth, in Algerian colors, intended for the street, was made long to the waist, finishing with shirring, which terminated in narrow plaitings, headed by a bias cuff. For making a pair of sleeves of full length, one and a quarter yards of material, twenty-four inches wide, is required. A very neat sleeve for the street belonged to a suit of shepherd's plaid. It was cut away in the outside seam at the bottom, edged with a piping, and worn with a linen cuff. Children's costumes have become so elaborate that there is as much time and consideration spent on them as on the toilets of elders. Regarding furs for the little folks, there is a great variety, except for infants and children not over four years of age, who are only permitted to wear white cony and silvery-clipped hare. For those a few years older, and, in fact, up to twelve or fourteen years old, may be found chinchilla, black persianer, natural plucked beaver, brown plucked beaver, colored clipped mink, in imitation of sealskin, veritable sealskin, silver cony, and Siberian squirrel, of which sometimes whole sacsques are made, but most generally to order. Nothing is so charming for the little ones as a sacsque, a tiny muff, and turban of pure white cony. Although they are easily soiled, they are as easily cleaned. When furs are not worn, a double-breasted sacsque coat is the most serviceable for a little girl of about six years old. It may be made of gray diagonal cloth, and trimmed with steel-blue plush, the collar, cuffs, and trimmings for the pockets being also of the plush. If desired, a pelerine cape, finished to correspond, may be added. The amount of material required to make this garment is one and a fourth yards of cloth, fifty-four inches wide, and three quarter yards of plush, twenty-two inches wide. The plush buttons accompanying it are of medium size. One dozen are required. A handsome dress for a child of five years may be made of French cashmere in pale écar, garnished with cardinal-red velvet—the skirt to be trimmed with narrow pleatings, headed by a gathered flounce, short panier drapery, divided in the centre of the front by a *plastron* of the velvet, and a sash of wide cardinal-red velvet ribbon to ornament the back. The short sleeves are finished with pleatings. A pelerine cape of the velvet, trimmed with pleatings, and finished with a narrow collar of the cashmere, may be added, especially when the dress is to be worn in the street. Two and a quarter yards of the cashmere, forty-five inches wide, and one yard of twenty-inch wide velvet, are required. The "Mother Hubbard" cloak, however, is the most in vogue for children, even as young as two years. I was shown one last week of écar fancy French cloth, the sleeves cut in one with the back, and finished with a deep shirred puff of écar satin, a pointed shirred *plastron* passing down the centre of the back, terminating under a deep *flot* of écar satin ribbon. A satin ruffle finished the neck, and a *flot* of ribbon confined the cloak at the throat.

HELENA.

## LITERARY NOTES.

A sensible little book on athletics is a "Hand-book of Light Gymnastics," by Lucy R. Hunt, instructor in gymnastics at Smith College, Massachusetts. It is a simplified form of the best works on this art, and will prove convenient for home and school use. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Doxey & Co., 691 Market Street.

"A Little Mountain Princess," by Ella Sterling Cummins, is a bright, fresh little California story. Its heroine, "Murielle Knight," grows up in the mountains like a wild flower. The story turns upon the various vicissitudes through which she passes previous to her marriage with a man whose divorced wife is still living. Notwithstanding this difficulty the plot is skillfully carried out, with an entire freedom from anything objectionable. Published by Loring, Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

We have received "California As It Is," by seventy of the leading authors and editors of the State. It gives excellent information concerning every county in the State, written by a local representative of each. Besides these subjects are many other articles relating to the natural and statistical features of our different manufactures and productions. The information given is reliable, and in no place that we could find overdrawn. A handsome and correctly executed map accompanies the volume. Published by the San Francisco Call Company, 325 Montgomery Street.

"Shakespeare for the Young Folks," edited by Professor R. R. Raymond, is a new method of making the great bard's dramas attractive to children. Three plays—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," "As You Like It," and "Julius Cæsar"—are published in this book. The most interesting portions of the text are given in their entirety, while the lacking passages are told in a graphic manner by the editor. We do not altogether fancy this style of popularizing the classics. The method of Charles Lamb's "Tales" was excellent, since they sent their reader directly to the original. This work is liable to cause the juvenile reader to rest satisfied in the belief that he has obtained the meat, whereas he has only gotten the shells. Published by Fords, Howard & Hurlbut, New York; for sale at Bancroft's.

Charles Darwin, the scientist, is continually startling the world with the results of his observations of nature. Some years ago, when, in a short paper, he broached the fact that the so-called vegetable mould is really the castings of worms, brought from the earth to the surface, he was made the object of ridicule. He went no further at that time, being then engaged in another scheme, but he has lately developed the results of various examinations, and presented them to the public under the title of "The Fountain of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms." It is written in Mr. Darwin's clear and conclusive style, and will prove very interesting to the scientific world. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street; price, \$1.50.

In a pecuniary view, the novels of two young women have achieved a higher rank than any other works published this season. The two novels are Miss McLean's "Cape Cod Folks," and a novel just come to hand, Miss Blanche Howard's "Aunt Serena." Of this latter work several editions have been exhausted, one New York publisher sending the other day for two thousand copies in a lump. When Miss Howard published "One Summer," some years ago, she was admitted to the ranks of the story-writers. She has written since then nothing particularly worthy of note, save a little volume of travels, partly owing to the fact that she has been making a tour of Europe. She lately returned, however, with this novel ready for publication, and it was at once issued. It is a brightly written love-story, which works up the continental boarding-house in a delightful manner. There is the usual amount of flirtations, complications, and misunderstandings, but everything comes out well, although, with much lachrymose sentimentality. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

In 1831, Madame Dudevant, having virtually separated from her husband, entered into a literary partnership with Jules Sandeau. The two were peculiarly embarrassed, and so she wrote a novel, "Rose et Blanche." It was signed "Jules Sand," and brought them eighty dollars. The publishers requested another. Madame Dudevant wrote by herself "Indiana," but wished to append to it the name of Sandeau with her own. Sandeau stoutly refused to take advantage of her generosity. At a loss for a pseudonym, the author and publishers selected the calendar name of that day—"St. George"—and the book went forth to the public signed "George Sand." It brought its author twenty-five hundred dollars; but more than that—literary renown. "Indiana" has been translated into English, and is now presented to the American public, not, however, we think, for the first time; for an English edition has been for many years extant. It is called an "Ideal Romance," and well deserves its name; for, although not the best work of the greatest authoress of modern times, it ranks with its best contemporaries. Published by Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

Monsieur Zola has finished a new novel, to be called "Pot-Bouille," for which he is said to have received the sum of thirty thousand francs, merely for the right of first publication as a *feuilleton*.—The editors of *St. Nicholas* state that the regular edition in England consists of eight thousand, but that ten thousand of the Christmas number are being sold by the London agency.—Canon B. F. Westcott, the English clerical infidel, promises shortly a new work entitled "The Risen Christ."—A new weekly paper is to be started in Philadelphia about the first of January, under the editorship of Judge Albion W. Tourgee. The name will be *Our Continent*. It will be devoted to literature and politics. Mr. H. H. Boyesen has written a short story for the first number. The trade-mark of the publisher is an owl looking at a clown's head—a device familiar to the readers of "A Fool's Errand."—Professor Nordenskjöld's "Voyage of the Vega" will be published by Macmillan & Co., in London, this month.—"H. H." left New York on December 10th for a six months' visit to California. He is coming to write about Southern California for the *Century Magazine*. Among her papers will be one on "The Industries of Southern California." Mr. Birch will illustrate these writings. Mr. W. D. Bishop is writing about the same region for *Harper's Magazine*. His articles will appear a year before those of "H. H." They are already in the publishers' hands, and the illustrations are being engraved.—As a frontispiece, the January number of the *Electric* has an excellent steel engraving entitled, "The First Call." The literary contents comprise: "Naseby at Yorktown," by Professor Goldwin Smith; "Our Astronomers Royal," by Richard A. Proctor; "Despair: a Dramatic Monologue," by Alfred Tennyson; "German Student Life," by A. H. Baynes; "Io Victis," by W. W. Story; "City Life in the United States," by a Non-Resident American; "Country Life in Italy"; "Village Bells"; "On the Formation of the Tails of Comets," by M. Faye; "The Geysers of the Yellowstone," by Professor Archibald Geikie; and "Iocosa Lyra," by Austin Dobson.—One hundred and fifty thousand copies of "Helen's Babies," have already been sold, and the demand for it continues lively. It has been republished by Peterson of Philadelphia.—Mr. Longfellow is particularly fond of Thackeray's works. "He was so great—so honest a writer," the old poet says. He has a favorite saint, too—St. Francis of Assisi. He has written a poem called "Hermes Trismegistus," which will fill two pages in the February or midwinter number of *The Century*. Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson will contribute to the same number an essay on "Superlatives."—Liddell & Scott, who got up the Greek-English Lexicon which for the last twenty-five years or more has been the standard lexicon of our colleges, have been lately renewing charges against the school called Ashburnham House, on the ground that it is neglected by the dean and chapter of Westminster, and is not by any means what it should be.



## A BLIGHTED ROSE.

Being a Reminiscence from the Memoirs of Mme. Virginie Duprés.

BY JULIA H. S. BUGEIA.

## II.

"Il est des jours que j'ai jamais je n'oublie,  
Des jours tout pleins de vie et de soleil;  
Je cherche encor leur image affaibli,  
Dans les rêves de mon sommeil."

Prudent La Plume, the notary, was an old landmark; the last fine specimen of a once noble family, that had been growing weaker and less wise for several generations. He had known Chamby in its days of glory; he had been intimate with all the grand spirits of that chivalric time. He had the fine courtesy of those old days, with a face and form still noble and handsome. Having led a pure and simple life, his years sat lightly upon him. Long ago his wife and child had died; one grave beneath the old church held them both. Since that time he had given up society; his profession, his hooks, his garden, for the most part, filled his time; now and then a little supper with Père Michel, or a dinner with the *seigneur*, or a game of chess with the old doctor, enlivened the quiet routine. He had been present at the *examen*, when Aline had so electrified the village with her singing. In common with his compatriots, he was an intense lover of music and things dramatic. Aline had aroused his admiration to a degree that had surprised him. Her voice, her bright and piquant face, her whole demeanor, so different from that of her companions, trained by the nuns into such a demure sameness of manner, added to the impression. "Can that possibly be," he thought, "the little Aline who used to come and coax me for flowers in such a droll way? Well, well, how quickly these little ones blossom into young women, young wives, and mothers!" And then, with a sigh, he recalled those faces hidden away in the dark crypt; and, in some way, from seeing her so often about the street, or in church, where she sang divinely, her face came between that other face and him, or else the two were blended—how was it? It made a new study for the old man. Silly? No; he was not to be judged quite like other men; like those who have grown old with their silver-haired wives beside them. Love for him had always been young and fair. After all, Monsieur La Plume had no thought—then, at least—of making love to Aline. He was only interested in her; fond of her, as he might have been of a daughter. He never shocked her by sentimental speeches. Always courteous, always dignified, his gallantry seemed admirable. She thought him a fine old man. She pitied his loneliness, and was always ready to amuse him with her songs or with her droll conversation. She read to him Remé's descriptions of California. She was so proud of those letters, and the distinction of having such a famous lover—so brave—such a traveler! And when, at last, the letters ceased, it seemed the most natural thing in the world still to confide in her sympathetic old friend. He, too, she thought, had known grief and despair; and was she not growing old in heart? Each month of her life, since Remé went away, had been like a year.

What sweet flattery this was to him, this gentle companionship. His heart yearned with pity for the poor child, then with deeper tenderness, until upon his lips trembled the long unspoken words:

"Oh, my little one, I love thee! Even I, a poor, lonely old man, have dared to dream of comforting thee. Ah, come into the refuge of a heart that knows not age, that loves, and honors, and adores thee, thou poor little storm-beaten rose!"

But Aline answers, half in despair: "Alas, *mon ami*, even your friendship fails me! No, monsieur, your pity carries you too far. I implore you, never repeat those words. I could not so dishonor my Remé as to take another's hand in marriage, or hear another's name than his. Continue to be my friend, honored and revered."

And so Monsieur La Plume, kissing her hand with the old-time grace, said humbly:

"Dear little friend, pardon and forget the old man's foolish words."

Next day came Mademoiselle Demers to pay Aline a visit. "Ah, poor Aline!" she said, with her soft voice and a tone that trembled with sympathy, "I pray thee pardon me for all my ill-natured speeches. It was only envy. But thy sorrowful face and thy sweet patience have filled me with shame. Forgive me, Aline."

Aline, with gentle dignity, forgave; and Valérie, touching her thin lips to Aline's cheek, sealed a new bond—of treachery. She came again and often; and each time she wounded Aline's heart anew with the repeated gossip of the village; what comments this one and that one had made upon Monsieur St. Fidèle's silence, till Aline cried out:

"Can it be that these people I have so loved and trusted all my life can utter such cruel thoughts, such mean and slanderous words? Valérie, cease! Tell me no more. I can not hear it."

But on the morrow she came again, and with her a poor, wild-eyed, hunted-looking woman, who stood abashed and nervous before Aline's look of wonder.

"Aline," said Valérie, in her softest tones, "I pray thee prepare thyself for most cruel news. This woman is one of our neighbors. Her husband—she has a letter from him—he is in California."

Aline started, and lifted her great eyes searchingly to Valérie's face, then slowly turning to the woman, said sweetly:

"Eh bien, madame, what have you to tell me?"

Instead of *madame*, Valérie would have said *ma bonne femme*, but Aline was courteous alike to rich and poor, to noble and peasant, and it was just this gentle womanliness that endeared her to all. The woman clasped and unclasped her thin hands nervously, and cast an appealing look at Valérie, who said coldly:

"I hope Délima, you have not forgotten your letter?"

"No, mamselle, I have it here." And drawing from her bosom a paper, soiled and coarse, and written over in an awkward hand, she presented it to Aline. "If mamselle would read it, there is an item that might interest her."

Aline's glance ran rapidly over the badly-written and worse-spelled lines, until they rested on a passage, which was, in effect, as follows:

"There is here a young man named St. Fidèle, from near our place. They say he is soon going to marry a very handsome young lady in St. Francisco—very rich also. He is a handsome fellow, and a great aristocrat, but good, too, and he is sure to treat me at his wedding to a bottle of good wine, in honor of the old country."

Aline read it over and over again, her face growing pitifully white.

"Your husband wrote this from California?" she said, looking steadily at the woman.

"Yes, mamselle," she faltered. "I am afraid it will make you unhappy. I am sorry I brought it, but Mamselle Valérie said you ought to know."

"You did quite right," said Aline, gently. "I thank you for your trouble—Mademoiselle Demers also; but pardon me if I ask you to leave me now. I am not well. I—ah!"

"*Mon Dieu!* we have killed her!" cried the woman, as she caught the fainting girl. "God will punish us for this. Remember what I say. Ah, pauvre petite!"

"*Tais-toi, folle bête!*" said Valérie, through her teeth. "She has only fainted. Go! I will attend to her."

The woman turned away, and as she passed through the door, looked back at Aline, weeping and crossing herself. Valérie summoned Madame La Fleur, and in the confusion that followed, took her leave.

The next day a few lines from Aline brought Monsieur La Plume to the cottage, wondering.

"Well, my little friend, what wouldst thou?"

"Does monsieur still wish to marry me?" she asked, looking at a flower that lay in her hand.

"Aline, can it be possible! *Mais oui, ma bien aimée*. I have never ceased to desire it, only I feared to vex thee by speaking of it again. Ah, tell me, wilt thou at last come to me, dear child?"

"Yes, I will come. But monsieur understands that my heart can not change. I have no love to give but that of a friend; yet I will be a faithful wife."

"So let it be, my little Aline," he answered, tenderly, and gently kissed her cheek. The ghost of a dead love seemed to hover about her white lips, and say: "Not here; I guard this sacred ground."

Once more the village was electrified when, on the following Sunday, Père Michel published the bans of marriage between Aline La Fleur and Prudent La Plume, *Notaire*. And early on the Monday following the third "calling" they were married, with Virginie as bridesmaid, and the young Doctor Duprés as best man. Virginie's tears fell like pearls adown her white dress, but Aline, calm and smiling, carried herself proudly through the gazing crowd, that none might read her soul. And so they came out of the church, in face of the lake, that lay dull and cold, like Aline's heart; not a ray of sunshine fell from the sullen sky; a little steamer was leaving the wharf, and with its smoke wreaths two black spectral rings rose and floated across the lake. As they passed down between the great elms that stood on either side of the church, and entered their carriage, Prudent said, smiling:

"Now we will go home; I have a surprise for thee, little wife."

Aline, scarcely hearing the words, took no thought of the way they went, and when the carriage stopped, stepping mechanically from the door and taking her husband's arm, she saw—the great house in the Lovers' Walk!

"*Mon Dieu!*" she cried, starting back, "why have you brought me here?"

"It is thy home, little one," said the notary, proudly. "See how I have fitted it out. Thinkst thou I could shut my singing bird in such a little cage as my old cottage? Here thou wilt be grand as a countess, and entertain thy friends nobly."

"O Mother of Sorrow, Mother of Pity; help me to hear this cross!" she cried in her tortured soul, as she set her lips tight to keep back the cry from ringing through the great trees that dipped their dark boughs and sighed above the head of this desolate young bride.

Obedient to her husband's wish, Aline bravely played her rôle of grand lady, driving, dancing, fêting—always smiling, always sweet and graceful. The country applauded, and said that Aline had married wisely and well. But each day at twilight she walked alone among the sighing trees, and let her heart have its way. There, one evening, she started back in affright as Délima suddenly appeared before her, with frightened eyes, and holding out trembling hands of entreaty.

"Oh, madame," she said, "I have come to confess to you my great sin, because, otherwise, I can have no rest, no absolution. That was a lie, that letter; my husband never wrote it, though it is true he is in California; but *she*, that wicked Valérie Demers, she made me do it."

"You see, madame," she continued, as Aline spoke not and made no sign, "we are in debt for our home to Valérie's father, and she told me she would have him turn me and my little ones into the street unless I did her bidding. I am not strong enough to work for them, and their father is toiling far away. God knows if he will ever return. And so I trembled and listened, instead of saying: 'Go, thou wicked one! The good God will protect me.' And then she brought that black-hroved nun to tell me that it was my duty to do Mademoiselle Valérie's bidding in all things, for the sake of my children. But oh! madame, as God sees my heart, I rest not night or day for remorse. Have pity, then, and tell me I have not ruined your life—you who are kind and sweet as an angel."

"Yes," said Aline, faintly, "I forgive you. Go—go!"

And there, at the foot of the tree, they found her, with the night dew heavy upon her dark hair, and her garments drenched with it. From that time she began to droop; it was the cold she took there, they said; it had settled upon her lungs.

"Now, I am almost happy," she said to Virginie, who alone knew all her story, "for it will soon be over. Nay, weep not, sweetest friend, but he glad that at last my poor heart will rest, and in that other world, perhaps, I may find my Remé. Ah, what joy to know that he was not faithless! And if perchance he comes again when I am gone, tell him all—how I fell into the cruel snare that ruined both of our lives to appease the malice of two vain, wicked women. But come, *riens, ma belle*, and let us practice our Christmas music. Once more let us fill the old church with our voices. Come, now—*Adeste Fideles!*"

The holidays ran gaily on till New Year's Day—that fête of fêtes. It was glorious weather. The air was keen and clear; the sky hung like a dome of turquoise above the white and glistening earth. The evergreens about the notary's house had all their branches dipped in crystal, and shone like an enchanted forest in the bright sunshine. Aline, restless and brilliant, with those fateful roses on her cheeks, and Virginie, who was soon to be a bride, were receiving their friends together. Monsieur La Plume had gone, according to his custom for many years, to spend the day with an old friend at Longueville. Hither and thither dashed the gay sleighs to the music of the bells and the ringing of talk and laughter.

"What ails thee, Virginie?" said Aline, teasingly. "Thou knowest a doctor is never to be depended on. I dare say now he is miles away, dealing out powders for some dyspeptic who has had too much holiday cheer; but, courage, and—*tiens, le voilà!* See how the little brown mare flies over the snow! She understands it all. Ah, on arrive! But who is with him? That great blonde heard is not of Chamby. It is English or angel, for only they are so fair. Hush, here they come."

"Ah, *monsieur le docteur*, all precious things come late, they say," and then she turned, smiling, to his companion. A stillness as of death fell upon the room, the whole universe seemed to centre in that gaze, the throbbing pulse of ages to heat within her breast, the joy and the despair of eternity to break from her white lips in that cry:

"Remé!"

"*Pauvre Aline!*" was whispered through the village, "she is going to die; she has had hemorrhage of the lungs; it happened on New Year's Day. And now here is Remé St. Fidèle come home, rich as a lord, they say. If only she had waited! But after all, what matters it, since she must die so soon, poor little heart! There is Valérie Demers now, making sweet eyes at Monsieur St. Fidèle; but they say his heart is breaking for Aline. Poor Monsieur La Plume, too, it is a pity to see him so howled with grief. Ah, he leans heavily upon his cane at last. Why could he not have stayed at home and been content, that foolish youth!"

Aline still lingered. Life was strong within her.

"I must see the honeysuckle and the roses on the old porch once more, and the blue waters of the lake; I must bid farewell to my loves," she said, smiling. And so one day they brought her to the old home. The roses were heavy with fragrance, the bees came humming about the honeysuckle, and the swallows flew in and out among vines that wreathed their nests.

"See," said Aline, looking out upon the lake, "how the water flashes. I should like once more to take my canoe, and cross to the other shore. What is that shining thing? It must be the cross on the church of St. Mathias. *Mon ami*, I should like once more to see Remé."

"Thou shalt see him, dear child."

And when he came, and sitting beside her couch, took her hand in his, poor old Prudent leaned his white head upon his hands, and the tears trickled through his fingers.

"Oh, my children!" he said, brokenly, "would that it might please *le bon Dieu* to take my worn-out, useless life, and leave you, young and beautiful, the happiness of which I have robbed you!"

"Hush, *mon ami*, thou art wrong to take the blame upon thyself. Hast thou forgotten," she added, with one of her old bright smiles, "that it was I who asked thee to marry me? Ah! I was not strong enough to hear the disgrace of being deserted by my lover. Perhaps God was trying my soul, and I failed to endure. But up there all will be well. Thou, Prudent, wilt have thy sweet young wife and child; and I—" she paused, but her look of love unutterable was upon Remé. "See!" she continued, "the sun is setting; the cross gleams like silver against the purple mountain, and how the waves heat upon the shore! I feel like singing. I believe my voice is coming back again. Listen!" and half-rising, leaning forward, and looking far out upon the lake, she sang Carrimé's last chant,

"*Déjà la nuit s'avance.*"

Clear, and rich, and sweet, her voice floated out, until, with the closing notes of the song, she sank, smiling, upon her couch, and turned to press her lips to her mother's hand that smoothed her pillow.

"I am so happy now. Pluck me a rose, Remé—thou knowest the tree I like best. There, dear love," she whispered, as he bent above her, "let it lie upon my heart. I am a little weary now. I believe I must sleep. Good-night, dear friend," she said, sweetly, to Prudent, giving him the hand that bore his ring. "And thou, my dearest! Ah! Can this be death? So sweet!"

"She is dying!" they cried. "Run—fly—for the priest!" But Remé, stooping, laid upon her sighing lips the seal of love's last sacrament.

*Puck* has three editors—Mr. H. C. Bunner, who does clever literary work for the *Century* and other leading publications; Mr. R. K. Munkittrick, and Mr. Valentine. Keppeler's cartoons have done for the paper what other humorous journals needed, and, lacking, died. *Puck* doesn't announce its circulation. Said one of the proprietors to a *Republic* correspondent the other day: "We don't say anything about our circulation, because if we did no one would believe us. We have printed as many as one hundred and twenty-five thousand in a single edition, but that is considerably larger than the regular issue. There has been no time since the second year that our circulation has not been upwards of fifty thousand weekly for the English edition alone, and it is nearer one hundred thousand now than the public suppose. The German edition is necessarily limited, but you once get a German subscriber and you have him till he dies." Mr. Bunner, editor of *Puck*, is also the editor of *Fiction*, which was a success from the first number.

General George A. Sheridan, of Louisiana, was once asked by a lot of horticultural chaps to whom he was introduced, if "they raised pears in Louisiana." "Do they raise pears?" echoed the general; "oh, yes; but not unless they hold three of a kind." The joke of it was, that the horticulturists went away convinced that Sheridan might know a deal about cavalry manoeuvres, but as for horticulture, he was as ignorant as an Esquimaux.



PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.



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THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1882.

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Horace Hawes died in the faith that the Consolidation Act was sufficient to render him famous, and he caused it to be put on his tomb-stone. But that Horace Hawes was crazy, was determined by a jury of his countrymen, and is therefore incontestable. The Consolidation Act was very good for the times when it was made. But those times have passed away. The Act went into force in 1856. Municipal politics were then in their infancy. Our modern politicians are too smart for the Consolidation Act. The Jim Caseys, Billy Mulligans, and the Hamp Norths of that time were babies in swaddling clothes when compared to the Higgins Gannons, and Chutes, the Jim Greens, the Dan Bigleys, and other worthies of the milk brigade who, in our day, dictate candidates and control the policy of this city. The leading politicians of 1856 were mere shoulder-hitters and muscular blackguards. They went to the polls with arms in their hands, knocked down the police, carried off the ballot-boxes and openly stuffed them in the broad light of day. They had none of that delicate finesse, that apparent yielding to legal forms when actually breaking down all law that characterize the distinguished gentlemen who condescend to govern us in 1882. Who ever heard of a milk-man stuffing a ballot-box? Far be it from us to suggest such a thing. Those boxes in the outer rows might, in a moment of abstraction, get under the pump, for milkmen are human, and the force of habit is strong with the best of us. But a little water does not hurt paper of good quality, and that furnished by the Secretary of State is above the average. The milkman carries into politics the same gentle methods that so distinguish his manipulation of the fluid he distributes to his customers. No shoulder-hitting, no ballot-box stuffing, no violence or hawling on election day for these bland quasi-bucolics. They are as mild as their own milk. The Consolidation Act was never designed for such as these. If it had been, its failure would have been immediate and final. Horace Hawes would never have thought of putting it on his head-stone, and very likely the jury would have found a different verdict when they came to pass on his sanity. The great work of the statesman of San Mateo delivered us from rough politics and the muscular methods of ballot-box stuffers. It starved out and drove away such shoulder-hitters as the Vigilance Committee left among us. And when that was accomplished its work was finished, and it ought to have been repealed. What San Francisco wants is a new charter—one that will provide checks and guards, not against open violence and daylight johhery, but against the more refined and subtle methods that have grown up in late years, since Tweed has so distinguished himself in New York. We want two boards of councillors to pass distinctively and independently on each measure before it shall become a law; and one of these boards should represent those who pay the taxes. Just how this can be brought about we have no plan to suggest, but until it is done, we shall have no genuine safety to property in this city. Property pays the taxes, and until those who tax it have at least a vote on expenditures, property can never be considered safe. No matter how careful Messrs. Gannon & Company, and Bigley & Green, and other numerous confederates may be in selecting our office-

holders for us, the result will in the end be the same. Weak men will get into place like Stuart, who, during the absence of Mr. David McClure, did many things which he has since regretted. Supervisors like our late board will come into power, and money raised for one purpose will be paid out for another, as in the case of the fund collected under the Bayly ordinance. The Board of Health, so called, is an expensive and cumbersome method of accomplishing an end that could be better done in almost any other way. It is an independent government within the true city system, and we doubt much if it could hear a careful and thorough investigation. But such investigation it is not likely to have as matters now are carried on. Whenever our city matters are looked into, if such a thing is ever done, it will be found that the biggest leak, the greatest expenditure in proportion to what is accomplished, will have been in that utterly anomalous body, the Board of Health. Our fire department is the pride of the city, so we hear it said on all sides. But with some experience in such matters we state distinctly that it has been our observation that all American cities pride themselves on having the model fire department until a great fire comes—and come it always does—when they awake to the fact that they have been, parrot-like, echoing the boasting of the department itself, and that they really never knew anything about whether they had a good fire department or not. And our general public don't know to-day anything about how good or how bad the department is. It is able to be so powerful a political influence that no city official dares to make the commonest inquiry about it. Whether it is good luck and low winds that has kept off a conflagration, or the vigilance of the fire department, nobody ever can know, for nobody inquires till the fire comes, and then it is too late. But this much can be learned without inquiry or examination, for it is matter of public notoriety, namely, that we are paying a fire department to run our city politics, and to put its favorites in office. This, at least, could and ought to be stopped. The fire department should be driven out of politics or out of existence, and a new one made to take its place. This, Horace Hawes did not provide for. And inasmuch as his famous Act has outlived its day and purpose, we trust that Mayor Blake and his colleagues in the Election Commission, will speedily call an election for fifteen freeholders to draft a charter. We think the time and the people are ready.

Our new Board of Supervisors have held a meeting avowedly for the purpose of distributing offices. Though the meeting was called a caucus, all the members were present, and the proceedings were not secret, but open and above board. They have resolved to make a clean sweep. Everybody that can be turned out of place is to be turned out. The two Democratic supervisors being present, it is to be presumed they are to share in the spoliation. The method of dividing the spoils agreed upon bears a strong resemblance to that in use among fishermen in the Southern States. The number of men engaged in drawing the seine is taken, and an equal number of piles of fish made. If a big fish goes to a particular pile, it must have small ones to equalize it with the others. Our supervisors have agreed that places are to be filled by them in regular turns. But in order that perfect fairness may be the rule, the amount of salary is taken into consideration. A supervisor who gets a friend into a specially fat place must not expect to have as many appointments as the one who gets only the offices with lower salary. One of the papers informs us that each supervisor is to have four offices, except in the case where they have a high salary, when they will not have so many. It is said there is always honor among thieves, then why not among supervisors? We trust they will divide the fat and lean things with such regard to each other's rights as will render the board a truly happy family. Above all, let there be no wrangling or unseemly contentions between gentlemen who should be like a band of brothers. But does it ever occur to our city fathers that if they can lawfully agree upon and divide up their votes for one measure, why not upon another, and upon all others? There are other fat things capable of division and distribution as well as offices, janitorships, and large and small places. There will certainly in the next two years be as many as twelve franchises come up for action. Why not divide these up according to their coin value? The same with contracts. Let each supervisor have the right to call for the passage of such ordinance as he shall please to introduce, in its order, according to turn. Let the franchise for street railroad No. 1 be passed for the benefit of the friends of the supervisor from the First Ward; street railroad No. 2 for the gentleman from the Second, and so on till all have a railroad, or till twelve franchises have been granted. Then commence with the First Ward again. The same with all other measures to the end of the chapter. We confess we can see no difference between the plan of rotation, whether applied to one official act or to another. If supervisors are to have their turns, it follows that instead of a majority of the board making each appointment, they are all made by one-twelfth of the body. And if one-twelfth of the board can fill the offices, why not let the same number pass the ordinances? Do

not our new supervisors see that they are involving themselves in a most absurd and thoroughly unlawful proceeding?—that they are violating the law and their oaths of office when they agree to any such plan?—and that this is a had way for a reform government to start out in its administration. We are glad to learn that Judge Blake refuses positively to lend himself to any such methods. This is precisely what was to be expected of him. The judge believes that office is a public trust, and not a mere perquisite attached to the individual citizen, to be turned to his personal benefit.

We have the utmost respect for Thurlow Weed, and if we wish he would die—which we do most heartily—it is solely in his own interest, and not from any dislike of the veteran printer and statesman. Mr. Weed ought to have shuffled off this mortal coil a good ten years ago. It would have been better for him and better for the public. Better for Mr. Weed, for he would have saved himself much worry from the reporters; and better for the public, as it would have escaped reading dreary reminiscences that would be dull enough if true, and which grow less and less accurate as the aged gentleman advances in years and garrulity. The tendency of all men to exaggerate the importance of the events in which they have figured is always considerable. Mr. Weed has come to believe that he was the active and moving impulse in almost every leading event of this century, during his time. It is physically impossible for any man to have been present and active in all the various scenes with which he from time to time breaks out upon the public. It must be that he has reached that stage of senility where men confound what they have seen with what they have heard or read, and he gives for personal observation what was only told to him by those who were present. This disposition is not always confined to very old men, but is more often observed in them. And it is most remarked in those who are fond of stating personal recollections. Few successful relators of such stories are capable of maintaining the necessary distinction between fact and fancy. The late John W. Forney was singularly fortunate in his death taking place before this habit had become too fixed, for the fate of Mr. Weed was surely coming upon him. Only a few months ago he published, or allowed to be published, what purported to be the reason for the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. It was highly colored and sensational. The substance of the story was that Booth had obtained Lincoln's promise to pardon a friend under sentence of death for some military offense, and that the promise was broken. The statement took the old form of personal reminiscence. Mr. Forney tells that he was present at the interview between the President and the man, who finally became his assassin, and describes it with much vividness and dramatic incident. He tells how he saw Booth on his knees embracing Lincoln's feet, and both of them shedding floods of tears, and that after all this Lincoln, through some accident, did not keep his word, and Booth's friend was executed. Now, anybody who wants to believe this story is welcome to do so. We don't. That Booth may have gone and begged for his friend's life, and that Lincoln may have told him he would pardon the culprit, and even that Forney may have chanced to be present, is not improbable, and we are willing to accept it all as authentic. But that Abraham Lincoln allowed the petitioner to prostrate himself at his feet, bathe them with tears, while he sat with dripping eyes and sniffling nose, is too much for us. It sounds too little like the habits of the man, or the custom of the age in which he lived. And it is all in the way of the newspaper story-maker—the modern journalist, who writes wholly with an eye to the circulation of the paper. To tell a thing precisely as it occurs, is to render it tame and commonplace. It must be dressed up and embellished to the point of being sensational. Mr. Weed's propensity, as he grows old, does not seem to lead him to sensational writing, but rather to imagining himself not only knowing all about every important event that has taken place in his time—in which he is most likely correct—but actually, personally, and corporeally present and participating—things by no means so likely. Only last year he gave a long account of the affair of William Morgan, the exposé of the secrets of Free Masonry, in which, it seems, that he knew Morgan personally, and knew and saw with his own eyes pretty much everything connected with his singular career, disappearance, and death. We doubt the accuracy of Mr. Weed's recollection. That he knew much that was going on we do not question, but like the knowledge of every man that knows much, it must have been told him by others. The man who only knows what he sees or experiences by personal observation will know but little in this life. It is too short. We do not question the general good faith of the veteran editors—either Mr. Weed or Colonel Forney—but we fear they exaggerate and embellish, and especially that they give direct testimony where they should give only hearsay. If Mr. Weed lives ten years longer there is danger that he will be relating incidents of the voyage over in the *Mayflower*, and of friendly chats between himself and Admiral Columbus in the cabin of the *Pinta*.



## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

By the Way and from New York.

A STUDY OF MORMONISM—NEW YORK POLITICAL GOSSIP—SOME CALIFORNIANS IN GOTHAM—JUDGE FIELD'S PRESIDENTIAL ASPIRATIONS—SARGENT'S SUPPORTERS—WOMAN'S RIGHTS—THE NEW YORK CLUBS—THE CRANK OR STALWART WING OF THE PARTY—WHAT IS THE STRENGTH OF THE FACTIONS?

On the Train, Tuesday, December 20.—As I pass through the rich and fertile States of Illinois and Iowa I can but wonder how anybody could go by them to the country further west. I am sure nothing but the enthusiasm of youth, the love of adventure, and the greed of gold could have carried the emigration of 1849 across these fruitful, and then almost unoccupied plains, further west. I should like to own Illinois, retaining its present population for peasantry. Or, perhaps, it would be better to have the State Mormon, and he its prophet, and collect its tithes. In regard to the Mormon question, I have found, as a fellow passenger, a highly intelligent person, who some ten years ago married into a Mormon family, himself a Gentile. Losing his fortune, and being temporarily absent from the Territory, he returned to find himself divorced by one of the common tricks of a Mormon court and Mormon policy. Living very much within the influence of Mormonism, he seems to possess a thorough knowledge of its mysterious and inner workings. I write from my memorandum of his conversation, reminding my readers that I am but acting in this instance as reporter, and my informant is hostile in his feelings and keen in his resentments. He says of the Mormons, that they possess the virtues of industry and economy; that they are mostly gathered from the ignorant of England, Wales, Denmark, and Scandinavia; that the inducements to emigration are the hopes of bettering their condition; that the beauties of Deseret are pictured to them in glowing terms; that of the religion, they know and care but little; that of polygamy they hear nothing till they arrive; that the leaders are shrewd, intelligent, cunning, avaricious, and grasping—mostly all Americans, and largely from New England; that all the leaders are polygamists; that polygamy is encouraged; that only ten per cent. of the population practice polygamy, but this ten per cent. has the brains and the wealth of the entire community; that to polygamists almost exclusively are entrusted the offices and the honors of the church; that only polygamous Mormons are elected to territorial or local offices; that every effort is made to entangle the most promising of the young men in this relation; that the home of the many-wived is, almost without exception, a hell; that the polygamous wives have almost invariably taught their daughters to desire to become the only wife; that the Mormons are deeply hostile and utterly disloyal to the Government of the United States; that, in remembrance of what they please to call their persecutions at Nauvoo, and the death of their prophet, Joe Smith, they have a great ceremony in the Endowment House, in which an oath of hostility is taken against the Government; that the Indians are Lamanites, unjustly deprived of their hunting grounds by the present possessors, and believe that the Mormons were sent by God to be their avengers, and to restore their lands; that the Utes, Shoshones, Snakes, and many of the tribes of Arizona, are largely Mormonized, and their chiefs many-squawed; that there are in Salt Lake City some thirty thousand people—less than four thousand Gentiles; that the Gentiles pay one-quarter of the taxes; that most of the good buildings are erected by them; that Mormons, as a rule, do not mine; that Brigham Young died worth three or four millions; that Taylor, the present President, is accumulating wealth rapidly through the tithing system; that the high churchmen pay no taxes.

My informant further told me that Brigham Young left seventeen wives and some forty children, while John D. Lee, the leader of the Danites, who was executed for the Mountain Meadows massacre, had, at the time of his death, nineteen wives and fifty children. President Taylor has five wives, and now—a very old man—has just married a new and young one. When Cannon first went to Congress he had three wives. When he went to Washington he took one along, and divorced the other two till he returned, and married them again, and again divorced them at his second term. He now avows himself a polygamist, and acknowledges his three wives. Bishop Rich died with sixteen wives. In addition to the plural wives, with whom open cohabitation is permissible, there are "sealed" wives, with whom cohabitation is practiced if the husband dies or is sent out as a missionary. The sealing business grows out of the idea that—as told by Milton in "Paradise Lost"—when the wicked angels revolted, numberless souls were exiled and still wander; into every quickened babe comes one of these souls, who, being a good Mormon, is restored after death to heaven; that it is honorable for women to bear children, the greater number the greater godliness; that in the next world they will be lifted up by their husbands. To be sealed to one of God's favored saints is to take high position. Women are often sealed without the knowledge of their husbands. All the land is

secured by the Mormons. To acquire or occupy a farm is very difficult for a Gentile. His house and fences are burned; his crops are destroyed; he is boycotted, made uncomfortable, and driven out. Important members of the church have apostatized. Walker brothers, Godhee, Henry Mills, and Henry Lawrence are mentioned as men who have settled honorably with plural wives, and justly divided with them their property. The Walkers were moonogamists. The officers of the Mormon Church are President and Council of Two; Apostles, twelve; a quorum of seventy, with bishops and teachers. My acquaintance tells this story: Brigham Young determined to punish adultery. He said to the quorum of seventy that reports were in circulation reflecting upon their practices. He demanded all who were guilty to rise and be counted. All but two stood up, and Brigham determined not to cast a stone. About one-fifth part of all adult Mormons hold some office, either in church or municipal government. Brigham Young, Joe Smith, and Heber C. Kimball were Masons at Nauvoo. The State of Iowa took away the charter of the Mormon lodge. The Endowment mysteries and the Endowment House are institutions of a Masonic lodge and its mysteries. It is known as God's Lodge on Earth. The grips, signs, penalties, and oaths are taken from Masonry. It is in this lodge that the oath of revenge is taken against the Government of the United States. This ceremony of the Endowment relieves from the penalties of purgatory, when incurred in swearing against Gentiles and in favor of the Mormons or the Mormon Church. Innumerable crimes go unpunished, in recognition of the impossibility of conviction. Murderers walk abroad unarrested. Six hundred and forty-one murders occurred between the years 1871 and 1874. Under the Poland bill the clerk of the Circuit Court selects seventy-five names for the jury-box; the police judge chooses seventy-five; and thus, when chosen by lot, the jury is equally composed of Mormons and Gentiles. Under the secret oaths of Mormons, all Mormon crimes go unpunished. Several of the daughters of Brigham Young, Daniel Wells, and Mayor Little have married Gentiles. Brigham Young Jr. has three wives. John W. Young had three. A wife married to him in Philadelphia has been divorced. This one he has replaced by Miss Lulu Cobb. He is a bad egg. Bishop Sharp, one of the Twelve, is a Scotchman by birth, has half a million of property, and four wives. He has just taken out new naturalization papers, and it is said G. Q. Cannon has done the same—secretly—and they will be sprung upon the congressional committee. One of Bishop Sharp's daughters has married Parley Williams, a promising young Gentile lawyer. It is said that all the more cultivated and intelligent young ladies prefer to wed with gentlemen outside of Mormonism, and that they will not, as a rule, submit to polygamy. There are very few Irish Catholics that become Mormons. My informant only knew of three Jews—one a peddler, one a butcher, and one a storekeeper and preacher.

Thus have I hastily sketched a stranger's story of Mormon affairs. I do not vouch for its truth. I do not indorse it. I do not deny it. In conversation with another gentleman, also a stranger, who has had business connections at Salt Lake, when I asked him about the Mormons, he replied: "Mormons are like other people." He further said: "All there is bad in Mormonism grows out of polygamy. If polygamy can be abolished, all that embarrasses the solution of the Mormon problem will pass away. It is passing away now. It is building up a theocracy, an aristocracy in the church." The majority are monogamists, and, as the minority of polygamists are monopolizing the wealth of the community, and all the honors and offices of church and civil government, it is creating great dissatisfaction, and there is growing and wide-spread discontent. There is an anti-polygamy society at Salt Lake. Its most active members are women, and it is doing a great deal of good in the way of informing the more ignorant of their rights. The Methodist and other Protestant churches are working in the same direction. Apostasy is going on among the more intelligent. There is a Joe Smith branch of the Mormon church that does not accept Brigham Young's revelation of a plurality of wives. There is, says my informant, another interest at work against polygamy, more powerful than all others. The young men and young women now growing up are beginning to actively espouse the quarrels and to advocate the rights of their mothers. They resent the conduct of a father who, in her advancing years, abandons or neglects their mother for a young and handsome wife. They are beginning to see the evils and to feel the shame of their condition. As intelligence increases they see that polygamy is not elsewhere regarded as respectable; that it is not in harmony with the civilization of the age, and that it can not survive the press, the school-house, and the population that is crowding around them; that polygamy is by intelligent Mormons regarded as a mistake, by conscientious ones as a crime, and that it is only upheld as a criminal relation in the interest of an intriguing and avaricious hierarchy; that the women are against it, except the ignorant and the fanatical; that all the intelligent, ambitious, and respectable of the rising generation are against it. When polygamy ceases to be respectable in the

estimation of Mormons, it will be discarded. He thinks that, with the introduction of fashions and a better style of living, it is fast becoming expensive. So my informant concludes polygamy will soon disappear, and with it the only evil that makes Mormonism objectionable.

New York, December 23.—Items hastily gathered and observations made while flying through a country can be of little worth. One catches the gossip of strangers and chance acquaintances, and has no opportunity to verify their statements, and hence what I write now may be taken with many grains of salt, each reader finding his own salt. In the hour of transit at Chicago, from the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy depot to the Michigan Central, I was informed by a friend who came to help us across the city—one intelligent and prominent in the politics of Illinois—that John A. Logan is shaping himself to be the presidential candidate for the succession to Arthur, and that he seemingly has at his command the patronage in that State. All the appointments, so far, are from the Cranks. No man who favored Garfield, or was in the contest against Grant, has received any recognition. My friend says that the anti-Grant Republicans of Illinois will not give to Logan a delegation without a bitter fight; and that, under the rule of district representation, Mr. Logan can not expect a united delegation from Illinois. He also says that among the rank and file—those who are not professional office-seekers—Blaine is more popular than ever.

On my way, somewhere on the Susquehanna, Harry Courtaine came upon the train. He had been playing a Western and traveling engagement; looking well, doing well, and prospering, as he says of himself, and as others say of him. John McCullough seems to be on the coming wave, playing Shakespearean parts to large audiences, and the subject of friendly and adverse criticism in all the leading journals. The actor's station, capacity, and power is, I take it, like that of all other men, largely indicated by the fact that he is criticised. The obscure player upon life's stage may pass through his seven ages, from puling infancy to the "sans everything" period. He is not criticised, scored, praised, or hated, simply because there is nothing of him. He creates no envy, hatred, or jealousy. He arouses no antagonisms. He goes floating down the stream of time with the chips, and apples, and other things, content to remain with the drift and debris of the floating scum. The man of mind, who asserts himself, who thinks, originates, and independently acts; who renders the character of Hamlet, or Macbeth, or Othello as he conceives it, challenges criticism, and gets it. The man in any rank of life who thinks and acts for himself, challenges combat, and he gets it. Which, I wonder, is the successful man?—which the happy man?—the complacent, cautious, noncommittal, who will play his part as the part has been played before, as the audience likes it, as is easy and conventional; who follows the broad and beaten track along the highway of life; the man who never differs, never offends, is always accommodating, and always amiable; who has no enemies; who, blowing himself up with the wind of his own vanity, rises to the top and floats; or the independent, aggressive, self-assertive individual, who, in his attempt to stem the stream and breast the current and the wave, finds himself stranded, tossed high and dry on the bank? The success that comes from independent exertion, that wins no point by concession of pride or principle, that achieves a triumph, is the true prize. Failure, with an honest effort, is the second prize. The lesser packages in the grab-bag of fate are not worth considering.

I met Henry Edwards under an umbrella on Broadway, looking rosy and happy. He made me a guest of the "Lambs." The "Lambs" is a club something, as I understand, after the model of the Bohemian. By the way, the Bohemian Club is gaining a national reputation. It is the "High Jinks" business. I am inquired of every day concerning the club by some one who has been its guest at musical or other festivals. If the Bohemians will continue to gather pictures, to be jolly, and keep rich men out of it, it will become famous.

I saw Governor Stanford this morning at the Windsor, looking well. He has some rheumatism, caught on the Italian lakes. He will remain here some weeks, then goes to New Orleans, and returns by the northern route to California. Mrs. Stanford is in perfect health. The Governor was delighted at the achievement of his colts. Mr. D. O. Mills assures me that the press need have no anxiety about his health, as it was never better. If he is not in good health, then there is nothing in Mrs. Stanton's new science of how to read faces, for he looks unusually well.

Colonel James, formerly collector of customs in San Francisco, is my authority for saying that there is to be an organized effort made in behalf of Judge Field as the Democratic nominee for the Presidency; that his brother, Cyrus Field, has acquired control of a New York evening journal—the *Express*—for the purpose of advancing his interests. It would be a proud thing for our frontier State to be thus honored. It would be a very embarrassing position for Black-and-Tan; between Conkling and his Stalwart friends on one



side, and Judge Field on the other, George would scarcely know whose dog he was. It is generally understood here that President Arthur will endeavor to so conduct his administration as to entitle him to the nomination, and that he will not allow his patronage to be dispensed in the interest of any one for the succession. The President is now in the city of New York, spending his Christmas vacation.

Senator Sargent will, I think, be appointed to the Cabinet as Secretary of the Interior. From all the information I can acquire I think it more than probable that he will succeed. He is being opposed by Black-and-Tan, and be—Mr. Sargent—is willing that it should be understood not only that he has severed the dishonorable alliance which has brought to him so much reproach by his old party friends, but that he regrets that he ever allowed his political conduct to be influenced by such counsels. Mr. Sargent is supported in his ambitious desires by Governor Stanford, Mr. Huntington, D. O. Mills, Jas. C. Flood, and John W. Mackey. This is a very strong backing of moneyed power. Mr. Huntington is a near friend to the President, and is accredited with large influence. Senator Conkling favors Mr. Sargent. General Grant, it is said, desires Mr. Chaffee, of Colorado, to obtain the position, and is pushing him with all his influence. Page is Mr. Sargent's friend, and Page is not without consideration at Washington.

I have not had an interview with either of our senators. Senator Farley laid Mr. Conkling under personal obligations to him when the Robertson confirmation was pending, and these obligations are said to be strong enough to enable him to defeat Sargent for the Cabinet, unless an arrangement is agreed upon that Mr. Sargent will not contest with him his seat in the Senate. I take it for granted that Senator Miller will require similar guarantees for the retention of his own position. Senator Farley will not be opposed by the California railroad people. I think I am not wide of the truth when I say that their influence will be exerted to retain him in the Senate. I am informed that Senator Farley has already taken a leading position, and is regarded as a power in the Democratic party.

It is quite evident that Mr. Blaine is to become the target for all the Stalwart sharpshooters. I venture to prophecy that the political atmosphere will in a very short time become blue with accusations and slanders against him. I think I hear already the premonitory mutterings of the artificial sheet-iron storm that is to be raised for his destruction. Every Crank organ is now whispering that he has used his official positions to advance his personal interests. General Logan has introduced into the Senate a proposition to put General Grant upon the nation's pay-roll. Belisarius, blind and poor, sitting as a mendicant asking alms, was a pitiable object, because he was poor. There are meaner ways of getting money than any that I have known Senator Blaine to be guilty of. It will be time enough to question his integrity when something is proven. It will be time enough to distrust his patriotism when some correspondence is disclosed showing greater mistakes than he has made in his correspondence with our South American ministers, or in his paper upon the water-way across the Isthmus of Darien. I am somehow impressed with the idea that Mr. Blaine is a pretty good American, and that it will be a difficult task to prejudice him in the opinion of good citizens by endeavoring to prove that he is over-zealous in enforcing the Monroe Doctrine.

It is curious to listen to opinions expressed in New York concerning President Arthur. I refer now to citizens, and not to politicians, for, so far, I have been brought into personal contact with none of the latter class, although I believe many of the prominent party-leaders are now in New York city. There are men of prominence who express the confident opinion that he will rise fully up to the demands of his great office. All agree, I think, in according to him a high degree of intelligence; and some are quite certain that he will display the highest patriotism, and superior judgment in his administration. There are others (and I now reflect the opinions of a gentleman well informed in the politics of New York) who think Mr. Chester Arthur will be not only unable, but altogether disinclined to keep himself aloof from the Tom Murphy, Jack Hesse, and Biglin associates, with whom he has cooperated in New York city politics. This gentleman recalls the fact that he was one of the bosses charged with the management of one of the New York districts; that he was the negotiator in party affairs with John Kelly in the city election; that he was one of the dinner-givers to Senator Dorsey, and endorsed with his approval the money campaign of Indiana; that in derogation of the dignity of the vice-presidential office he went, grip-sack in hand, to aid Senator Conkling in the Albany lobby, and that, since his elevation to the Presidency, he has personally associated with the gang in the last State election; that he will not cut himself loose from these associates; that he is true to his friends, and will go to the very brink of danger in serving those friends; and that he will serve the Grant-Conkling Stalwart Cranks up to the point of defiance of popular opinion, always, however, keeping in view his own interests, and always with a determination to so manipulate politics that he shall succeed himself in the presidential office. This gentleman calls to my mind the fact that, up to the present moment, all of his appointments have been from the Stalwart section of the party, and says that his "policy of conciliation" will be a warlike one in the interest of his friends. Now let my readers remember I am only reflecting the opinions I hear expressed, and am not undertaking to give the result of any personal observations. If I am fortunate enough to come in contact with any of the great party leaders, I shall, in giving their opinions, give names.

New York is a great ant-hill. Everybody is busy, active, and greedy—crawling over each other like ants, and I am at present only able to keep myself from being run over by the street omnibuses. I spent last evening at the New York Club, the guest of William M. Lent. In our party was Captain Babee, who will be kindly remembered by those early Californians who used to go down to the sea in Panama steamships. Mr. Wakelee, of San Francisco, was of the party. Later in the evening I had a visit from Mr. Fred. Somers; my former associate in the *Argonaut*, now operating at the Grain Exchange in wheat, corn, and lard. Rix, the printer, is hard at work, and is succeeding. The city is thronged with Christmas visitors from the country. The

hotels are filled to overflowing. So far it is a warm and open winter. I have not seen a falling flake of snow, and skating-ice had formed only on some of the still-water ponds in the higher Alleghenies. The weather is delightful, but I pine for snow-storms, sleigh-rides, and a chance for a skating frolic.

*New York, December 26.*—Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, has introduced into the Senate some resolution, or bill, or given notice, or something of that kind, looking to the recognition of women to the rights of the elective franchise. The literature of female rights is becoming voluminous. In its advocacy have been enlisted some of the ablest pens of men and women. John Stuart Mill, able writers in English reviews, statesmen of world-wide reputation, authors and politicians, philosophers and political economists, have taken sides, and not a few of them recognize that women have the same right to exercise the elective privilege as men. The experiment of giving to them this privilege has been accorded in some localities. To the school-board of London, I believe, women are eligible. In Colorado and Utah territories women are recognized as entitled to the ballot. The experiment, so far as tried, seems to have demonstrated that women may be entrusted with the discharge of certain official duties; but, so far, they are not to be trusted with the franchise. In Colorado, the scheme was not a success. In Utah it is a failure.

I am of the opinion that women ought not to vote. In the first place, there has been no expression among women of the higher intellectual and better moral character that they want to vote. There is a class of earnest, strong-minded, one-ideal women who have taken up the subject of woman's rights as a vocation. They form societies, hold meetings, talk, and memorialize, but so far have made but little impression on the public mind. Out of the seven hundred members of the English Parliament, there was for a succession of years a respectable minority willing to enlarge the political privileges of women. This vote has of late years diminished, and the measure is, in that body, practically abandoned. I am not going into the argument, and only advert to the movement to suggest one difficulty that would arise, that I have never heard raised by any American politician or legislator who has had occasion to discuss it. Senator Morgan, of Alabama, in a debate in the Senate a few days since, adverted to the fact that to concede the right of suffrage to women would admit to its exercise the ignorant black women of the South. I am quite willing to concede the undesirableness of the negro women voting, but I venture to suggest that there is a class of ignorant white women in this America whose vote would be infinitely more undesirable than that of the Southern black women; a class quite as ignorant of our political needs, less patriotic, and more liable to come under dangerous influences. I allude to the ignorant Catholic female Irish. If women were allowed to vote, this class would exercise the privilege to the last petticoat among them. The Church of Rome would then become a formidable political power, and the priests would exercise an influence dangerous to the permanence of republican liberty. I know, and every man of sense knows, that the better class of women would not go to the polls; and every idiot knows that Bridget and Mrs. Moriarty would vote early and often. To the Democrat who is an American and a gentleman, I would suggest that he picture to himself a primary in which his wife, sisters, mother, daughters, and lady friends should try political conclusions with the cook, laundress, and maid-of-all-work. I need make no other suggestion to the Republican than to say that in the event of female suffrage there would be no Republican party; that parochial schools, taught by Maynooth priests, would soon take the place of our non-sectarian system. I hope that some American statesman, whose constituency is not Pope's Irish, may muster up sufficient courage before many years to suggest this as one of the arguments against female suffrage. I made this same argument once to Miss Susan B. Anthony, and the fact that this brightest of women could not see its force or appreciate its practical bearing, convinced me that the women who want to vote, and who would vote if they had the chance, are the very ones who can not be safely entrusted with the privilege.

*New York, December 27.*—Since my arrival here I have had the entry to the Union League Club, also through the courtesy of Mr. Lent. It is, I believe, the principal club—larger in numbers, more wealthy, and with a more sumptuous housing than any other club in the city. My vocabulary of technical art and architectural terms is too poor to describe the splendor and the beauty of this magnificent clubhouse. It is Republican, and is not Stalwart. Its president is Mr. Hamilton Fish. General Grant is an honorary member, under a rule that admits all Republican Presidents. Under its constitution the membership is limited to fifteen hundred. It exceeds this number by thirty-six, under an interpretation that allows the place of absent members, who are not "paying" members, to be filled. Some four hundred applications for membership are registered. The last may remain twenty years before an opportunity will be afforded for their admission.

I mention these numbers to state a remarkable fact, and, as this is the representative club of the Republican gentlemen of New York, I think it a very significant one. I find the Republican party of this State divided into two distinct wings. Between them there is a strong and seemingly irreconcilable antagonism. Hence, when I found myself a guest of the club, I naturally inquired how its members were divided between the Cranks and the legitimates. I use the term "Cranks" because I resent the use of the term "Stalwart" by the class of party men which has assumed the title. They are not entitled to it. It is an honorable appellation which they can not justly claim. I am a Stalwart, and my title to that name antedates that of General Grant and Tom Murphy, or Senator Cameron and Black-and-Tan, or Senator Logan, or any considerable number of the machine politicians who came into the party after its success was assured, and who only came in to turn the crank of the machine after it became able to grind out for them honors and offices, the loot of party and the spoils of place. Remembering the struggles of those early Republicans who, by their unselfish exertions, laid broad and deep the principles

of the party, and builded it to power and national strength, I hear with indignation the term "old guard" applied to the three hundred and six freebooters, their satellites, parasites, and camp-followers who, at the Chicago Convention, were willing to destroy a national tradition in order that they might have the opportunity of further plunder. In honesty I must not deny that among the three hundred and six there were not a few early Republicans who are justly entitled to the honorable distinction of the "old guard," and President Arthur was one.

In reply to my inquiry as to the strength of the wings, in the Union League Club, I obtained from one of its oldest, most influential, and most active members, the following figures:

"Of our number," said my informant, "there may be thirty-six Democrats—old members, union war-Democrats—who still remain with us. Of the one thousand five hundred there may be not to exceed seventy who were third-termers, who are Conkling men, who are Stalwarts." (He did not use the term "crank," for Guitau has not yet gone into permanent history.) "Of the remaining number, one thousand four hundred and thirty are half-breeds, (Blaine men,) and this is the true proportion among the independent gentlemen of the Republican party—the men who want no office and ask no favors; and the same proportion holds good throughout that class of men in the State of New York." He further said: "As an evidence of the feelings and opinions of this club, take the recent defeat of Mr. Astor for Congress. Mr. Astor is a member of this club, and is well esteemed; the district has a Republican majority of one thousand five hundred, and, notwithstanding that fact, and the generous expenditure of money in the canvass, Mr. Astor was beaten by four hundred. The only reason for this defeat was that he voted in the legislature of New York to return Mr. Conkling."

Whether this feud can be healed in New York, there are differences of opinion. All shades of opinion I have heard expressed among the gentlemen of this and the New York Club. The Conkling men think he yet has a political future; that he will come victor from out the conflict. Conkling's enemies think that he is in permanent political lavender. Some say that he is desperate, and bent on mischief; that he will run himself for governor, cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war; that the feud between him and Governor Cornell is deep and permanent. His friends think he was badly treated by Garfield; that he and Grant elected Garfield. His enemies say that they sulked, and that after the nomination he and Arthur went fishing to the Adirondacks, intending to let the power of their indignation be felt in a defeat; that they did not come into the campaign till after Garfield came to New York and had an ovation, and they saw that victory was assured in spite of them. All parties, so far as I can observe—friends and foes—agree that the senatorial resignation was an act of petulance that would have been unbecoming to a dyspeptic girl. Almost everybody speaks well of President Arthur. All agree in saying that he will go to the very brink of party peril to serve Conkling; and all agree that he ought to be friendly and loyal to the ex-senator of New York in gratitude for past favors.

I had better, perhaps, leave the discussion of national politics till I arrive at the national capital. Still, I will venture to remark that one point of President Arthur's Stalwart policy will be to secure for the next national convention a united delegation of Cranks from the Solid South. This is not impossible of accomplishment. A large proportion of that "old guard" of three hundred and six third-term Stalwarts in the last convention came from Arkansas, Alabama, Kentucky, Missouri, and Texas. Add to this staunch old guard of Grant Stalwarts the Sherman "niggers" and the business is done. Only next time there will be no fight demanded to break the conspiracy that united New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois under the leadership of the senatorial triumvirate. District representation will require too many machines, and an all-wise dispensation of party patronage will be necessary for success. The "Solid South," under Grant's administration, and while it was Republican, was a good thing. We did not like a solid Democratic South quite so well, while it was Democratic. When Mabone and his associates shall destroy this Democratic one, it will, I think, be the policy of the administration to build upon its ruins another; and I venture to prophesy at the next national Republican convention a delegation of solid Southern Republican Cranks, made solid by administration influence.

The Cranks have won second blood in the defeat of Hiscock and the election of Keifer. It was a victory won by intrigue and strategy, and, like all victories thus obtained, carries with it no moral triumph. Hiscock's election was certain until Cameron, at the last moment, broke the ranks of the members from Pennsylvania by threatening them with loss of patronage, and stated to them that he was authorized by the President to make the threat. He doubtless lied, but, all the same, he made it, and the result was attained. It is their first victory since the death of Garfield. Page played a prominent part in this programme. Of the Cranks he is one of the crankiest; as strong as the concentrated ammonia of a thousand stage-stables is his hatred of every man who ever served Garfield or befriended Blaine. I heard, by the way, as I was coming through Sacramento, that Henry Edgerton would contest the nomination with him next year for Congress. F. M. P.

The red clay bust of the Duke of Cambridge, which fell from its pedestal at the Army and Navy Club in London the other day, was purchased fifty years ago for about a sovereign. A story runs that, when the red clay bust was found to be broken, all the servants of the club were summoned, and asked what they knew about the accident. One of the page boys said that when he left the hall, a little before the accident, the bust was intact. "Who was there when you left?" he was asked. "Sir Garnet Wolseley," he replied.

The successful theft of the remains of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, it seems, has alarmed the queen for the safety of her husband's mausoleum at Frogmore, and the London *World* says that additional precautions have been taken to protect it.



## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Geographical Lovers.

"Now," in a Chili tone she said,  
"I will be Frank. 'Tis true,  
Although you are Arab brilliant catch,  
I do not Caffre you!"  
"Oh! lady, Dane to hear my suit,  
This heart is Scot by thee."  
"Nay, sir, I can not heed thy words,  
For you Arnaut to me."  
"Tis Welsh," she added, freezingly,  
"Since Siam pressed so far,  
To Hindoo you no longer here;  
And so, good sir, Tartar."  
"Bewailed the stricken man,  
"I'll Finnish up my mad career,  
And wed the Gallican."  
—A Detroit Liar.

## Epitaph.

Think, stranger, of the fate of one  
To whom these stones arise;  
They hanged him up on Christmas day,  
And here his body lies.

For him no eye is wet with tears,  
For him nobody mourns;  
He was the peace-destroyer who  
Invented Christmas horns.

—Brooklyn Eagle Liar.

## Undaunted.

A True Story of Goat Island and the Bay.

We sat on the deck of the ferry-boat—

The gallant *El Capitán*—

And as the darkness about us closed

And no one saw us, as we supposed,

My dexter I gently ran

About her delicate waist.

Now you must know that this girl divine

Was altogether and wholly mine,

Which fact I mention lest you opine

The dexter could be misplace.

"Sweet child," I said, as her dainty head

Coquettishly touched my own,

"The night is beautiful! Would that we

Had wild-ducks' pinions, that we might flee

Away to some happy zone

Where sorrow and care come not.

Upon Goat Island I'd like to make

A habitation for thy sweet sake,

And live with thee in a grove.

What joy to wander with thee awhile

Among the bowlders of that loved isle;

To chase the clam through the wilderness,

And feed on strawberries—more or less!

Wouldst like it, dear one?" She answered,

"Yes."

"Wouldst like it?" I said, but I said no more.

A shadow fell on the canvassed floor,

And harsh and sudden a voice chimed in;

"Just so, my cherubs; we'll now begin!"

Whereat, the monster, with iron hand,

Raised me up by the collar-band,

And dropped me over the starboard rail.

"Good night," he said, as my frantic wail

Rang out on the midnight breeze;

"Go build your grove on the island dim—

I'll guard your charmer *ad interim*—

But write to us often, please!"

I heard no more, so I swam ashore,

And shivered the long night through,

Among the rocks 'neath the brazen bell—

Which clangs and flashes above the swell—

When tempests and fogs are due.

And thus I mused as I nursed myself

And shook from my locks the dew;

"This angry parent believes no doubt,

The crabs are picking my eye-balls out—

He thinks I am cold and still.

Dream on, old rooster; my clothes are wet,

But I'm not feeding the fish, you bet!

I'll woo the charmer and win her yet!"

And, so help me Jove, I will!

—D. S. RICHARDSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 6th, 1882.

## A Poor Investment.

Kiss me good-night, love, my darling, my own,  
Night's sable mantle o'er nature is thrown;  
Let your brown head on my broad bosom rest,  
And leave some bandoline on my new vest.

—Charles Francis Adams in Chicago Tribune.

## TRUTH ATTESTED.

## Some Important Statements of Well-known People Wholly Verified.

In order that the public may fully realize the genuineness of the statements, as well as the power and value of the article of which they speak, we publish herewith the *faint* signatures of parties whose sincerity is beyond question. The truth of these testimonials is absolute, nor can the facts they announce be ignored.

CUSTOM HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 28, 1881.

Messrs. H. H. Warner &amp; Co.:

GENTLEMEN: I have been suffering for ten years with congestive attacks of the kidneys, which manifested themselves by intense pains and weakness in the back and loins. The pains were very severe, coming on in paroxysms. At times they amounted almost to convulsions. I consulted some of the best physicians of this city, two of which make kidney disease a specialty, and they told me that I could never be cured. Learning through a friend the good effects attending the use of your Kidney and Liver Cure in kidney diseases, I commenced taking it about six months ago, since which time I have had no symptoms of my former trouble.

J. O. Lewis

OAKLAND, Cal., Nov. 21, 1881.

Messrs. H. H. Warner &amp; Co.:

GENTLEMEN: I have been suffering for the past four years with disease of the kidneys. I had pains in my back and loins. I was in doubt about commencing to take your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, as I had taken so much medicine without obtaining any relief, but finally concluded it would do me no harm to try it. I can cheerfully testify

that nothing has given me so much relief. I believe it to be a thorough cure for kidney troubles.

G. B. Loillie

Thirty-first and Market St.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 25, 1881.

Messrs. H. H. Warner &amp; Co.:

GENTLEMEN: This last summer I suffered with pains in my back and loins, which proceeded from an unhealthy condition of my kidneys. My business, that of railroad, is one that often induces and always aggravates any affection of the kidneys, as all railroad men know. I suffered so much that I was obliged to lay off for some time. Hearing of your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, commenced taking it, and after taking three or four bottles, found my health rapidly returning. I never felt better in my life than I do now. I am fully satisfied of the virtues of your Kidney and Liver Cure, and cheerfully recommend it to all persons suffering with kidney affections.

J. H. H. Warner

SANTA BARBARA, Cal., March 10, 1881.

Messrs. H. H. Warner &amp; Co.:

GENTLEMEN: I have been troubled with liver complaint for the last two years, and have used all the different medicines advertised for said disease, as well as the medicines prescribed by the physicians, but nothing ever reached my case. I have used two bottles of your Kidney and Liver Cure, and am now perfectly well. I can cheerfully testify that it has done all you advertise and claim for it.

H. M. Van Winkle

AUBURN, CAL., April 21, 1881.

Messrs. H. H. Warner &amp; Co.:

GENTLEMEN: I have been sick with kidney disease for sixteen years, and have been treated by physicians, both allopathic and homeopathic, and never was relieved as I have been by Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

Mrs. M. G. Finley

SANTA ROSA, Dec. 4, 1880.

Messrs. H. H. Warner &amp; Co.:

GENTLEMEN: I have used your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and find it all you claim for it in kidney troubles.

E. F. Tanner

President Santa Rosa Bank.

ALAMEDA, CAL., Nov. 22, 1881.

Messrs. H. H. Warner &amp; Co.:

GENTLEMEN: I have been afflicted with rheumatism in my shoulder, and severe pains in my kidneys. I commenced taking your Kidney and Liver Cure, and after taking two bottles the pains all left me, and I have had no returns of pains since.

Chas. P. Wilcox

OAKLAND, CAL., Nov. 21, 1881.

Messrs. H. H. Warner &amp; Co.:

GENTLEMEN: I have suffered with pains in my back and kidneys for the past two years. Knowing of friends in the East that had been cured by your Kidney and Liver Cure, was induced to try it, and it has proved in my case decidedly beneficial.

Geo. H. Gogg

Twentieth and New Broadway.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Oct. 26, 1881.

Messrs. H. H. Warner &amp; Co.:

GENTLEMEN: I have been suffering with kidney complaint for the past seven years. My symptoms were pains in the back. I was treated by a physician, who pronounced my case congestion of the kidneys, but failed to cure me. I have tried several remedies, but failed to obtain relief, until a friend, whose father had been cured by your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, advised me to try it. I have been taking your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure for the past three months, and have been greatly benefited.

I remain very truly yours,

M. C. Quinby

504 Stockton Street.

SAN JOSE, CAL., Nov. 8, 1881.

Messrs. H. H. Warner &amp; Co.:

GENTLEMEN: Was afflicted with yellow jaundice very badly. Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure was recommended to me. Took two bottles; a complete cure was effected. After having taken second bottle, never felt better in my life. Appetite perfected, and was enabled to rest and sleep well.

Very truly yours,

Austin Allen

LOS GATOS, CAL., Nov. 10, 1881.

Messrs. H. H. Warner &amp; Co.:

GENTLEMEN: I have much pleasure in saying, that after using two bottles of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, I have been freed from pain in the back, from which I have suffered for several years.

Thos Gray

Thousands of equally strong indorsements—many of them in cases where hope was abandoned—have been voluntarily given, showing the remarkable power of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, in all diseases of those organs. If any one who reads this has any physical trouble, remember the great danger of delay.

## TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

If you wish to use goods of full weight and absolute purity, see your grocer supplies you with

KINGSFORD'S  
OSWEGO  
STARCH.

ROYAL  
BAKING  
POWDER.

WALTER BAKER & CO.'S  
CHOCOLATE.

ARBUCKLE'S  
ARIOSA  
COFFEE

WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.,  
AGENTS.  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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## THEATRE-GOING NUISANCES.

Some social economist should try to find out why the people who go to public places of amusement have grown so inconsiderate, inattentive, and selfish. It is true that the follies of fashion have prevailed in all ages. The old English satirists have left us many entertaining pictures of the difficulties to be met with by those who went to see and hear a play. Then, as now, people chattered during the progress of the piece, and, in a general way, behaved with rudeness and vulgarity. The times have improved, too, in the matter of the customs observed inside the theatre. There are no vendors of oranges, no flower-sellers, permitted to range through the auditorium, as in the olden time. But those of us who have passed their fortieth birthday may remember the audiences of their youth as being at least tolerably attentive to the play. The present custom of the theatre-goer is to affect profound indifference to all that goes forward on the stage. Perhaps our people have become *blasés*; perhaps we have so exhausted pleasure that we go to the opera or theatre because we must do something to cheat Time of his tedium; and the theatre is a place to see and be seen. The inattention of which we have made mention is the cause of two or three theatre-going nuisances. The nuisances are the people who arrive late at the theatre, the people who go away early, and the people who chatter during the performance. Other causes promote the existence of other classes of nuisances, to wit: Men who go out between the acts to "practice at the bar," and women who wear enormous hats. Of this last and most intolerable nuisance, men must speak with bated breath. They are on dangerous ground when they assail any fashion which lovely woman chooses to follow. But it must be admitted that the big hat at a performance, to enjoy which eyes must be used, is something like a permanent nuisance. It cannot be avoided, and it usually stays until the show is over. Perhaps all the annoyances herein referred to may be fairly charged to thoughtlessness. There are many people who are habitually late wherever they go, and others "don't care for the first act"; so they file into their seats toward the close of that act, or just after the curtain rises on the second act, with as much clatter and fuss as if they were the only persons in front of the stage. No matter how important to the audience is the dialogue and action, or the singing, or the stage, the belated ones hustle in without any regard whatever for the comfort and pleasure of those who have gone to see the play or hear the opera. If such people would only consider, when they make their plans for the evening, that other amusement seekers have some rights, their thoughtfulness might urge them to be in their seats when the curtain goes up. The shrewd observer of mankind, when he sees two or three people elbowing their way to their seats, and causing eight or ten early comers to rise up and shut off the stage from fifty others, says to himself: "Those tardy ones are ill-mannered because they are thoughtless." For all such there should be a positive rule forbidding any person from entering the seated space while the curtain is raised. For the people who go away early we must have charity. Many of them are servants in houses where there is a standing order, "Servants must be in-doors before half-past ten at night." It is true that they often make a weak attempt to impose upon the public by wearing the garments of their masters and mistresses. But when, glancing uneasily at their borrowed time-pieces, and appearing to calculate how long it will take them to reach home and skurry in by the basement door, they rise and snatch themselves away, just in the middle of the finale of the piece—when they do this, we recognize an unmistakable trait of "sarventgalism," and are sorry for them. Well-bred people do not arrive late at the theatre. But it would not be fair to say that only ill-bred people go away while the performance is in progress, for many city servants have better manners than their mistresses. Then, again, mothers who have careless nurse-maids, and who are anxious about "the baby," cannot be expected to sit on needles and pins, as it were, until the curtain falls. And, finally, some little allowance should be made for the perturbation of dwellers out of the city, who want to see the play once in a while, and who cannot afford to lose the last boat. The selfish people who arrive late, and the servants who must go away early, are not, after all, so serious annoyances as the chatters. When the person who goes to enjoy the play or opera finds a squad of chatters near him, just after the curtain goes up, he may as well give up his evening's entertainment. Mere whispering one can endure; but the veteran chatterer affects an undertone that is so audible that one needs must hear what she (or he) has to say. The chatters make running comments on the play, the house, and current news of the day. They seem to assume that what they have to say is vastly more entertaining than the performance behind the foot-lights. Chattering in a place of public amusement, during the progress of the programme, is unmitigated vulgarity. Some of the other nuisances are defensible. The *Argonaut* conspicuously advertises his (or her) ill manners. As for the young men who go out between the drink or smoke, and who come back redolent of hard tobacco, there is hope for them. When they are older, and have more sense, they will learn

better manners. They will outgrow this youthful folly. The discouraging feature of the case is that the ranks of the weak-minded are continually replenished from the advancing generation of boys. When male infants are forbidden to smoke cigarettes and tiddle beer, the next rank above them in age will be more worthy of admiration than now. And when that happy time arrives lovely woman will think twice before she puts on her broad-brimmed hat, nodding with plumes and decked with gimeracks, when she is adorning herself for the theatre. One of those tremendous hats in front of a person at the play is an aggravated nuisance. With two or three before one, the stage is in total eclipse, and the performers might as well be behind the curtain so far as their action is concerned. The wearers of these hats are, to say the least, very selfish and inconsiderate. In some European countries they would not be permitted to make their head-gear a nuisance. Let us hope, however, that the frequent admonitions that have been addressed to the ornamental sex will induce them to take in sail before a gale of popular disapproval wrecks the offensive finery.—*New York Times*.

## SAN FRANCISCO JUDGMENT.

There is a good deal of nonsense among actors and writers in regard to the standing of San Francisco as a theatrical centre. The customary declaration is that the metropolis of the Pacific Slope is no longer to be regarded even as a respectable theatrical town. The people who talk in this fashion back their arguments by pointing to the former generosity of that city toward all theatrical enterprises, and its present apathy in respect to the bulk of stage entertainments. It may be, and undoubtedly is true, that San Francisco was formerly much less discriminating regarding the bestowal of its favor upon dramatic entertainments than it is at present. That, however, is no argument to advance in support of the theory that the place is no longer of any value regarding theatrical enterprises. Whatever may be said of the business done by stars and combinations visiting that place, the fact remains that the judgment of San Francisco people is almost invariably correct. We have only to point out two or three instances in order to establish the justice of this assertion. Long ago California stamped with undivided approval the dramatic qualities of Mr. John McCullough. They saw in him at that time, even in its undeveloped state, the presence of an ability which it took us some years to discover. Recently, too, the city in question has given still more indisputable evidences of the unerring quality of its judgment. Mr. William E. Sheridan, one of the best actors of a certain line of characters ever produced by this country, had failed utterly in all his attempts to reach a position of distinction in the East. He went to San Francisco, was immediately accepted, and now stands in the regard of that community higher than any actor who has been there for a number of years. It took the people of that city but an instant to discover and endorse an artist who is acknowledged but not supported in this part of the country, after his years of patient toil. What is still more to the point, the City of the Golden Gate is as ready in its discernment of bad stage material as it is in its discovery and assistance of good. Only a little while ago an ignorant and blatant person named Davis was starring through the East with very large financial success, in a wretched piece which he called "Alvin Joslyn." He made his money, not because he was a good actor, or because his play was worth seeing. People went to theatres where he played simply out of curiosity born of his elaborate and voluminous printing. Mr. Davis has just visited California. The field he regarded with the utmost confidence. But the people of San Francisco instantly recognized his utter worthlessness, and resolutely stayed away. We do not see that there is any fault to be found with a city which earnestly supports such actors as McCullough and Sheridan, and as earnestly discontenances such wretched triflers as this man Davis and his horde of followers.—*Dramatic Times*.

At the various theatres, during the past week, there has been no change of bill, with the exception of the Standard. The various performances were all touched upon in last week's *Argonaut*. At Haverly's California Theatre, "Michael Strogoff" has sustained its success, and has been running to large houses. At the Baldwin, "Chispa" has achieved a *succès d'estime*. "Fortunio" has been played to light houses at the Bush. Emerson, at the Standard, has had no falling off; the twelve jockeys are very attractive, in their clog dances. The California, next week, will have an entirely new ballet, with Mademoiselle Cornalba again as *première*. The Baldwin will close on Monday for extensive renovation. Leavitt's Specialty Company will hold the Bush Street Theatre next week. At the Standard there will be a new and humorous afterpiece, entitled "Mademoiselle Sarah Heartburn in the play of 'Camille,'" which is said to have been written by Add Ryman.

The London *Daily News* announces that Mr. Sullivan, the composer, has gone to Egypt for the winter for the benefit of his health, and that he will there complete the music for a new comic opera which is to be produced simultaneously in England and America.

## GOSSIP FROM ABROAD.

The appearance of the whilom burlesque belle, Marie Wilton, in tights, has shocked London. That is, it has shocked part of it. The other part is bearing up nobly. It was in Burnand's "A Lesson," and George W. Smalley says: This piece proved a triumph for Mrs. Bancroft—formerly Marie Wilton. It must not be supposed that her Lolotte is the Lolotte of Madame Chaumont, any more than the "Lesson" of Mr. Burnand resembles the "Lolotte" of—really, I forget who wrote the French original. Mrs. Bancroft and Madame Chaumont have not much in common. The most remarkable thing about the production of this trifle is the consternation it produces among some of Mrs. Bancroft's admirers. It is the fashion to speak of this lady as mistress of all the secrets of comedy, and she has been put upon a pedestal which she must at times find to be an awkward elevation. A clever actress she certainly is—more piquant, original, and lighter in style than one often sees on the English stage. But the depths of Philistinism in art have never yet been sounded, and the Philistine has just reappeared from a fresh plunge with a fresh discovery. "Mrs. Bancroft," he cries out, breathlessly, "is degrading herself by dancing a jig"—or whatever it be. "How can an actress of her rank and position so far forget herself." And there are dark hints that she is in danger of reminding the public of those early days when she trod the stage in tights and gauze. Mrs. Bancroft was, in fact, I believe, a ballet-dancer; and considering what she is now, the fact is not discreditable to her, but creditable. A good ballet-dancer must be a good actress; a great one stands far higher in her profession than a moderately good actress. Mrs. Bancroft has the good sense to disregard these weak shrieks, and goes on dancing whatever her part requires her to dance—which certainly can not be anything of the ballet kind.

The good people of Vienna fickle in their favor, fill the Carl Theatre every evening to overflowing to see Gallmeier, the famous comic actress, in a parody called "Sarah et Bernhardt." In this piece the famous Frenchwoman is burlesqued to perfection. All her faults and affectations, her bows and smiles, are so exactly imitated that the house roars with laughter. In the scene of the "Dame aux Camélias" where Sarah receives the fatal note from Armand, the Frenchwoman in her utter despair at being forsaken, while her breast is heaving with constrained sobs, still finds time to lift her gown a little and disclose a pretty slipper and still prettier silk stocking. Gallmeier is as stout as Sarah is thin, and when she imitates this movement of Sarah's and shows her plump feet, not even the admirers of the wonderful Parisienne can refrain from laughing outright. Even the ovations which Gallmeier receives are parodies of those made in honor of Sarah. On the last evening, says a Vienna correspondent, the Frenchwoman had received a lyre made of flowers—which, like Sappho, she held in her hands. Yesterday a similar lyre, but two yards high, was presented to Fraulein Gallmeier, who, with this monstrous thing in her hands, affected the same pose that Sarah had taken with her little lyre.

Mrs. Langtry's appearance the other day in semi-private theatricals at Twickenham, (says a London correspondent,) and the announcement of her appearance at the Haymarket Theatre, seem to have convinced everybody that she has adopted the stage as a profession. But that is not quite so. The most that can be said is that she is making experiments with a view to acting. At Twickenham she astonished her audience by her complete self-possession and knowledge of stage business. It was her first appearance, in one sense. She had never before taken part in a strictly theatrical performance, yet of anything like stage-fright and nervousness there was no sign. She showed also a surprising knowledge of some other things essential to dramatic success. She knew how to move about the stage, how to sit down, and how to come in and go out—all these being matters apparently simple but really difficult to the novice. But Mrs. Langtry has served an apprenticeship. For some years she has been, one may say, before the public. She has moved and had her being beneath a fiercer light than that which beats upon the stage. In every drawing-room, in the street, in the park, Mrs. Langtry has been stared at as no woman was ever stared at before. The truth, however, about Mrs. Langtry's professional plans is this: She means to adopt the stage as a profession, provided she can act. She will not go before the public merely as a beauty, to be looked at and admired. And she plays Miss Hardcastle, in Goldsmith's comedy "She Stoops to Conquer," at the Haymarket, before a genuine public, in order to test her capacity. A morning performance is to be given in aid of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, with the Prince and Princess of Wales as "patrons," Mrs. Langtry as star, and a number of well-known professionals to fill the piece. It is probable that Mrs. Langtry will devote herself seriously to theatrical studies. She can afford to wait. Familiar as her name is to the public, she is still in the early bloom of her beauty. If it be permissible to hazard a conjecture as to her age, I should say she might be twenty-two or twenty-three. There is, un-

happily, no school of dramatic art in England such as exists in France, and the actors and actresses of every position on the stage are practically self-taught. That means that in the immense majority of cases they begin wholly untaught. If Mrs. Langtry entered on her career to-morrow, she would have as fair a start as anybody. But I believe she means to have recourse to such teachers as there are. The rudiments of elocution may be learned, after a fashion, even in England, though there are few actors who have availed themselves of this advantage. Most of them have taught themselves acting at the expense of their audiences, as our generals taught themselves war at the expense of their troops.

The London *Times* correspondent at Odessa thinks it very stupid of such papers as the *Paris Figaro* and *Neue Freie Presse* to attach any importance to the fact that pickled cucumbers formed the majority of the missiles flung at Mdle. Sarah Bernhardt while a stranger and a visitor in that enlightened city (Odessa). It appears that the incident of the pickled cucumbers presented itself to that gentleman's mind in so ludicrous a light that he deemed it unworthy of special mention. Doesn't the editor of the *Figaro* know that no well-bred citizen of Odessa ever passes a friend without shying a pickled cucumber after him? And what would the gentlemen on the staff of the *Neue Freie Presse* think of staying a day in the place and not getting their eyes hospitably plugged with the natural visitors' offering? Don't they know that what standing a drink is on the part of a good fellow, the throwing of pickles is to the Odessaian? Moreover, instead of oranges or books of the play, they are sold at the doors of the theatres. For Mdle. Bernhardt, it was only a question whether she should receive her pickle-bouquets inside or outside; and as the audience had eaten all they took in, in lieu of throwing them to her, they had to buy more as they came out, and fling them at her carriage. As she goes along, Mdle. B. may expect to be smothered in soy, have her boots filled with caviar, her soup made of candle-grease, and her back to be knouted.

The Bancrofts recently brought out at the Haymarket, writes the New York *Tribune* London correspondent, an "original" play by the late Mr. Tom Taylor, entitled, "Plot and Passion." This is accompanied by an English version of "Lolotte," to the French original of which Madame Chaumont gave a certain spice at the Vaudeville Theatre, in Paris, a winter ago. Mr. Burnand, who is just now the fashion, turns it into English and propriety. Mrs. Scott-Siddons, who has had this theatre for the autumn, has been but moderately successful, either with the critics or the public. Mr. Bancroft was present on the first night of Sardou's "Odette" at the Vaudeville, in Paris, and has bought the acting rights for England of M. Sardou. Mr. Bancroft's opinion of it seems more favorable than that of the Parisians. Mr. Burnand is the happy author of the "Whittington" burlesque at the Gaiety Theatre. That, too, is a success in its way. Miss Farren's romping, Miss Vaughan's dancing, and the well-shaped legs of a number of young women less known to fame, insure the success of anything which Mr. Hollingshead cares to bring out. The Gaiety audiences require that it shall be sufficiently undressed and are not in other respects exacting. No man has yet been able to compute the number of Mr. Burnand's puns, bad and good. The Alhambra Company, which is a rival to the Gaiety in the matter of legs, has unexpectedly made its appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre, which the Haverly Minstrels had not long vacated; and ballet rings supreme where it used to be only a sort of handmaid to opera. The company boasts one dancer whose style is refined and good—Mlle. Perbaldi—and one who is not a dancer at all, but an acrobat, with much muscular energy and no style at all—Mlle. Palladino. Drury Lane is still crowded by people, who find it possible to admire Mr. Harris's "Youth," a melodrama of the deepest dye; well mounted, they say, and realistic to a degree. The Surrey Theatre, commonly called a transpontine theatre, and doomed to neglect, has sprung into notoriety with a drama called "Man-kind" by Paul Merritt, who is oddly advertised as "author or part author" of "Youth." And a new theatre has made its appearance in or about Leicester Square entitled the Comedy, with a manager bold enough to offer "La Mascotte" to English view. At its first home, the Bouffes Parisiennes, it passes for being the least decent piece ever seen in Paris. The Lyceum does not open till Christmas, when Mr. Irving is to do justice to his very marked talent for comedy by appearing in the "Two Roses," Miss Ellen Terry assisting. He has just concluded a twelve nights' season at Edinburgh, and made a speech, as his custom is. Indeed, he began with a speech, not to his theatrical audience, but to the Philosophical Institute, a fact of rather a surprising kind to those who know the stiffness of Edinburgh prejudices. Both as lecturer and actor, he was, however, well received. Taking the public into his confidence, Mr. Irving announced that his receipts for the twelve nights at the theatre had been over twenty-one thousand dollars—a sum he believed unprecedented, in Edinburgh or any other city in Great Britain, out of London. In Glasgow the receipts were nearly as much, and Mr. Irving's popularity



throughout the kingdom is such that you are likely to have to wait long for the promised visit to America.

It would, says the *Parisian*, be hard to mention a single French journal that is spotless and perfectly independent. With certain honorable exceptions, the *Parisian* press is invaded by puffs and *reclames* of all kinds, inserted boldly and blatantly in all parts of the journal, with or without address. The so-called "boulevard" journals publish every day a column of theatrical notes, called, for instance, "Courrier des Théâtres"; a column of stage gossip, the "Soirée Parisienne," and the day after the production of a new piece a long and exhaustive account and criticism of it. Well, these dramatic notes are mostly puffs sent in by the theatres, and inserted gratuitously together with the programme: the pay which the journal exacts and receives for this service is a certain number of places at the first or second performance of a new piece according to the importance of the journal, and boxes and stalls occasionally for friends and friends' friends. The success of a new piece is often obtained by much the same means as the success of a new stock company—by anticipatory and contemporaneous *reclame*, of which the following are the stages: First of all, before the work is begun, the author is announced to be putting the finishing touches to a comedy or a drama for such and such a theatre. The piece is falsely announced to have been accepted at half a dozen different theatres successively. This is of no use to the author, except that it causes his own name and the name of his piece to be printed. The announcement of the true acceptance of the piece, the date at which it may be produced, the names of the actors engaged, the reading of the piece with immense success, the cast, gossip from the *coulisses*, incidents from the rehearsals, troubles of the author on account of the censorship, list of the principal provincial theatres which have bought the right to play the piece, no places to be had for the *première*, the dress rehearsal and its emotions, description of the dressing-room of the "star" actress, her life and adventures, her charity, her poodle-dog, her apartment in the Rue de Moscou, or her hotel in the Rue de Monceau, etc., and then a multitude of *potins*, letters from indignant rivals, newspaper polemic, the house full to suffocation, *bon mots* of the "heureux auteur de —", the comedy which is now having such unprecedented success at the Folies-Amoureuses, etc.

It is said that—

Lotta cleared thirty-three thousand dollars in Boston.—Patti is to have a special car.—Charles R. Thorne, leading man at the Union Square, New York, will star next season.—"The Comet of 1881" is the subject and title of a comic opera written by Maestro Boschetti, of Florence.—Boito, the composer of "Mefistofele," has been created a commander of the Order of the Italian Crown by King Humbert.—Mr. Saint-Saëns is at work upon a new opera, "Henry III."—The mob in Odessa threw cucumbers at Sarah Bernhardt, this indigestible vegetable signifying hatred among these lawless people.—Verdi has completed a new opera, on the subject of "Othello."—Madame Chaumont has received already eighteen thousand dollars for her performance of Cyprienne in Sardou's amusing play now running at the Palais Royal.—Galli Marie, sister of Paola and Irma, received a frightful gash across the face recently while singing "Carmen" at Genes, France. The accident resulted from the accidental substitution of a butcher's knife for the usual property affair.—Dora Wiley, the prima donna, received offers from the Hess Opera Company, Tourists, Oates Opera Company, Boston Opera Company, Harrisons and Bijou Opera Company, but closed with Haverly's Opera Company to sing "Patience."—Mrs. Langtry is now on her way to America.—John T. Raymond has a new piece—"Nathan the Jew."—Campbell's new play is "The White Slave."—Signor Campinini receives \$5,000 a month, Mademoiselle Ferni \$3,000, Mademoiselle Vachot \$1,000, Mademoiselle Rossini \$1,000.—"The Lights of London" is a remarkable success at the Union Square Theatre, New York.—Mademoiselle Adele Cornalba, now at Haverly's Theatre, was recently the leading danseuse at the Royal Theatre, Turin.—Von Suppe's operas are unknown in Paris.—High hats will be abolished at the theatre, for "Nym Crinkle" has discovered that it is only those ladies who have passed their thirtieth birthday who wear them.—Genevieve Ward will play in French in New Orleans.—Madame Paron Stevens has entertained Mademoiselle Rhea.—"Oedipus," the Greek play, will be brought out at Booth's in the latter part of January.

Next Tuesday evening, January 10th, at Platt's Hall, the Hon. Paul Neumann will deliver a lecture entitled "Debt." The proceeds will be devoted to the fund for the Veterans' Home. The affair promises to be a success. Already all the boxes have been sold, and about half of the seats reserved. The audience will doubtless be a large and brilliant one. The box sheet will be open next Monday morning at Gray's Music Store.

What is fame? A French paper, published at Worcester, Massachusetts, refers to "The visit of the celebrated American tragedian, Robert Booth," and assures its readers that "the success which he gained last year in that city" is a guarantee that he will do well. The actor thus encouraged by the Gaul of Worcester, Massachusetts, is Edwin Booth.

It is stated that Mr. A. C. Wheeler ("Nym Crinkle") no longer has anything to do with the bright dramatic weekly which bears his name, *Nym Crinkle's Penitence*.

—EMERSON'S MINSTRELS AT THE STANDARD Theatre are still playing to crowded houses. During the past week there has been an entire change of programme. Emerson's twelve jockey clog-dancers, in their gay costumes, are a success. Add Ryman's "No Finafore" is extremely amusing. On next Monday evening each lady will receive a souvenir programme for the one hundredth performance. There will also be a laughable sketch entitled "Mademoiselle Sarah Heartburn, in the play of 'Camille.'"

—MICHAEL STROGOFF, at Haverly's California Theatre, has been playing to crowded houses all the week. On next Monday evening there will be an entire new ballet. Mlle. Adele Cornalba and the grand *corps de ballet* will appear in entirely new and artistic costumes.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, Northwest corner Powell and Eddy Streets. The Board of Directors have declared a dividend to Depositors at the rate of four and eight-tenths (4 8-10) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and four (4) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free from Federal Tax, for the half year ending December 31, 1881, and payable on and after January 9, 1882. VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

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THE INNER MAN.

Octave Robin, in a recent number of the *Paris Le Voltaire*, pays the following delightful tribute to wine: It is dinner hour. I sit down to table before a clear crackling fire. About my brow, furrowed by the business cares of the day, floats that opaque cloud in which thought toward evening becomes numb. The repast commences and, with skillful hand, the butler allows a liquid chaplet of rubies and pomegranates to fall into my glass, unctuously murmuring the while: "Château-Lafitte, 68." At these words my eyes brighten, and I secretly salute, on the snowy linen of the cloth, the little crystal cup in which trembles that noble wine—that friend of good fellowship who will bring me ease and gaiety. Already the enticing emanations of its aroma flit hither and thither, like will-o'-the-wisps of perfume. With tenderness, I seize the glass by its slender stem, and imbale its perfume long and rapturously, with nostrils dilated, with eyelids closed, with a vague smile of dreamy delight. This is a sort of mental ecstasy, during which my mind becomes filled with a subtle and voluptuous humming, and sinks into that delicious state in which gastronomy borders on mysticism. Finally, tearing myself from this dumb ecstasy, I raise my glass to the height of my forehead—against the light—and for the enchantment of the olfactory nerves, I substitute the ravishment of the eyes. Is there any tint so rich, so lovingly warm? But the solemn moment has come. *Nunc est bibendum!* So let us drink.

The exhausted glass has resumed its place on the white table-cloth. A sweet warmth circulates through all my veins. The ennui which had saddened my mind are already being dissipated—even as thin vapors in the rays of the morning sun. God forgive me!—it seems to me that a little sun is rising within me. Am I indeed the same man who was railing against destiny a short time ago? What a transformation has been accomplished by this prodigious philter! Where was my head? Why, life is ravishingly good, and sweet, and beautiful. My heart is wide open, and should any poor wretch be guided to my presence by his lucky star, I should overwhelm him with kindness. Another glass! O thou blood of illustrious vines!—thy sacred waves are fraught with love and kindness—and, though thou mayst not be able to do more, thou dost at least give to us the mirage of happiness!

I bid them place the graceful-necked bottle upon the table. Now, there is no vulgar intermediary between me and the enchantment. I drink again; and my lips approach the glass with tender reserve, trembling with emotion. Margaret of Scotland did not kiss the lips of the sleeping poet with greater restraint of loving effusion. As the flagon becomes exhausted so does the joyous irradiation increase within me. And it is not drunkenness, bear me again, O ye marsh-dwelling drinkers of beer! It is a species of delicate transport—it is a charming enchantment of the brain which leaves me in the fullest possession of my reason. I can clearly distinguish all objects about me, but they seem to me fairer to gaze upon. . . . No; it is not drunkenness, I think it is like a momentary return of our organization to that original condition of beatitude which the first man must have enjoyed before he compromised the limited amount of kindly credit the Creator had opened to him. Alas! I dare not blame him for his frailty. Which of us would have done better in his place?

Says *Byrne's Dramatic Times*: Mr. Charles Osborn, of New York, gave a dinner party at his residence last Sunday week in honor of Mr. John McCullough. Among those present were Mr. Mackey, the mining millionaire, Mr. W. M. Conner, Mr. E. A. Buck, and a number of other gentlemen of substance. The special feature of the dinner was a bottle of Prince Metternich's Johannisberger, sixty years old. Those who were fortunate enough to taste it say that it was a royal drink. The value of this one bottle of wine, represented by compound interest on its original cost, was six hundred and fifty dollars. It contained eight glasses, so that each gentleman present drank about ninety dollars worth in the half-hour which was spent over this remarkable bottle of wine. Mr. Osborn possesses twenty bottles of this remarkable fluid. Johannisberger is a wine which has been the special possession of crowned heads solely, as Prince Metternich devotes the entire vintage each year in gifts to kings alone. The quantity which Mr. Osborn became possessed of was part of a lot given by Prince Metternich to Baron Rothschild, in exchange for an equal lot of Château-Lafitte, the vineyard of which belongs to this millionaire.

There is an old gentleman in New York who intends on his sixtieth anniversary to open four bottles of Château-Lafitte which have been in his family for seventy-two years. The wine cost the family originally twelve dollars a bottle. This represented in compound interest makes each bottle of this wine worth \$768. Every glass will represent an investment of over one hundred dollars. The banquet at which this wine will appear is to take place this winter. The feasts of Lucullus pale before such extravagance.

In Provence a cruel method of improving the flavor of turkeys has been practiced. Walnuts are given to them whole, which they are compelled to swallow by slipping them, one by one, along their neck until they have all passed the oesophagus. At the commencement but one walnut is given, the number being increased by degrees to forty. By this kind of food an oily taste is given to the flesh.

CCX.—Sunday, January 8.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Red Bean Soup.  
Smelts à l'Espagnole.  
Beefsteak and Mushrooms.  
Lyonnaise Potatoes. Cream Cabbage.  
Roast Goose. Apple Sauce.  
Tomato Salad.  
Fashionable Apple Dumplings.  
Oranges, Grapes, Apples, and Bananas.

CREAM CABBAGE.—Chop the cabbage as for cold-slaw; boil it twenty minutes, then drain carefully, and cover with cream; cook it until tender; season with salt, pepper, and butter; just before serving add the yolk of an egg beaten with milk.

FASHIONABLE APPLE DUMPLINGS.—They are boiled in small knitted cloths to give an ornamental appearance. Take the cores without dividing the apples, which should be cut in halves, and of a good cooking kind, and fill the cavities with a mixture of lemon marmalade, enclose them in a good crust, and draw the cloth around them; tie them close, and boil for three-quarters of an hour.

INTAGLIOS.

The Sonnet.

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,  
Mindless of its just honors; with this key  
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody  
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's sound;  
A thousand times this note did Tasso sing;  
Cameos toooth with it an exile's grief;  
The sonnet glittered at a gayrle's leg;  
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned  
His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp,  
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Fairy-land  
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp  
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand  
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew  
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

—William Wordsworth.

The Moon.

Look how the pale queen of the silent night  
Doth cause the ocean to attend upon her,  
And he as long as she is in his sight,  
With his full tide is ready her to honor:  
But when the silver wagon of the Moon  
Is mounted up so high he cannot follow,  
The sea calls home his crystal waves to moan,  
And with low ebb doth manifest his sorrow;  
So you, that are the sovereign of my heart,  
Have all my joys attending on your will;  
My joys low-ebbing when you do depart,  
When you return, their tide my heart doth fill:  
So as you come, and as you do depart,  
Joys ebb and flow within my tender heart.

—Charles Best.

Help.

Dream not, O soul! that easy is the task  
Thus set before thee. If it proves, at length,  
As well it may, beyond thy natural strength,  
Doubt not, despair not. As a child may ask  
A father, pray the Everlasting Good  
For light and guidance through the subtle snares  
Of sin, thick-planted in life's thoroughfares,  
For spiritual nerve and moral hardihood.  
Still listening midst the noises round about  
Of time and sense, the inward-speaking Word,  
Bitter in blame, sweet in approval heard,  
Piercing the tumult of the world without;  
To health of soul a voice to cheer and please,  
To guilt the wrath of the Eumenides!

—John G. Whittier.

True Love.

"Amor, che ne la mente mi ragiona."—DANTE.  
"Amor vien nel bel viso di costei."—PETRARCHA.  
If there can be any one can take my place  
And make you happy whom I grieve to grieve,  
Think not that I can give it, but believe  
I do commend you to that nobler grace,  
That reader wit than mine, that sweeter face;  
Yea, since your riches make me rich, conceive  
I am crowned, while bridal crowns I weave,  
And thread the bridal dance with jocund pace.  
For if I did not love you, it might be  
That I should grudge you some one dear delight.  
But since the heart is yours that was mine own,  
Your pleasure is my pleasure, right my right,  
Your bannable freedom makes me free,  
And you companioned I am not alone.

—Christina G. Rossetti.

Love and Death.

As lilies languish when the scythe has swept  
Round the tall stems, and borne them to the ground,  
So she lay deathly, but not dead; no sound  
Broke from the watchers' lips; for had they wept,  
Death had approached and stole her as she slept;  
Binding her heart with icy fetters round,  
So gently she would know not she was bound.  
A mother must have sobbed; for Death has steep  
In awful stillness to that burdened bed.  
And yet he claims her not, she seemed so fair,  
So strangely lovely as she slumbered there.  
That he bent down to kiss her pillowed head.  
One kiss and she was his; yet, for Love's sake,  
He kissed her not, but only bade her wake.

—Anon.

A Last Sonnet.

Bright Star! would I were steadfast as thou art—  
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,  
And watching with eternal lids apart,  
Like Nature's patient, sleepless Eremit,  
The moving waters at their priestlike task  
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,  
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask  
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors.  
No; yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,  
Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,  
To feel forever its soft swell and swell,  
Awake forever in a sweet unrest;  
Still, still to hear her tender-tender breath,  
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

—John Keats.

Light and Dark.

In far, bright spaces of sun-lighted air,  
My soul went wandering one summer day,  
And saw, in clouds remote, fierce lightnings play  
About huge worlds, whose mountains, high and bare,  
Shone lurid in the never-ceasing glare;  
These swung along a wild, tempestuous way,  
Where storm and darkness held eternal sway,  
And high winds roared their loud unceasing blare.  
Then turning from this vast and troubled scene,  
In purple distances I saw those spheres  
Where life is rich with love, and glad with song,  
Who could not choose these different worlds between?  
Give me the light, even though it shine through tears;  
Anihilation is too cold and long.

—Thomas S. Collier.

A Sonnet from the Portuguese.

My own beloved, who hast lifted me  
From this drear flat of earth where I was thrown,  
And in betwixt the languid ringlets blown  
A life-breath, till the forehead hopefully  
Shines out again, as all the angels see,  
Before thy saving kiss! My own, my own,  
Who camest to me when the world was gone,  
And I who only looked for God, found thee!  
I find thee; I am safe, and strong, and glad.  
As one who stands in dewless asphodel,  
Looks backward on the tedious time he had  
In the upper life—so I, with bosom swell,  
Make witness, here, between the good and bad,  
That Love, as strong as Death, retrieves as well.

—Mrs. E. B. Browning.

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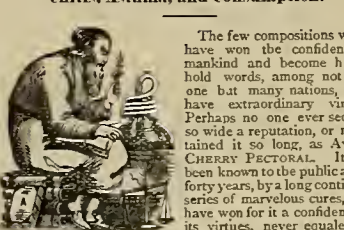
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# The Argonaut.

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## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CALIFORNIANS IN NEW YORK—GOVERNOR STANFORD ON PROTECTION—THE PRESIDENT AND SARGENT'S PROSPECTS—TARIFF AND FREE TRADE—GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION NEEDED OVER GREAT CORPORATIONS—INGERSOLL'S IDEAS ABOUT ARTHUR—SARGENT AND HIS FRIENDS—PINNEY AND LA GRANGE.

*New York, December 23.*—Conversing with Governor Stanford last evening, he said to me that he and his associates in California had paid eleven millions of dollars more for steel and iron than they would have paid if there had not been a protective tariff; that before the railroad boom they bought rails for forty dollars per ton that now cost seventy-six dollars per ton. This, then, is one item that the Pacific Coast pays to protect the iron industry of Pennsylvania. He also said that, designing to establish a line of steamers from San Francisco to China, he was compelled to charter English ships; that he had paid the White Star line more for charters than the price for which he could have purchased the ships. He was not allowed to own or register English-built ships. And this is the tribute which California pays to John Roach, the iron ship-builder on the Delaware. And, further, he said that Mr. Imbrie, of Liverpool, drove him along the famous docks of that city to inspect them, and that in all the tonnage of that port there was but one American flag. Mr. Imbrie informed him that there had been times when more than half the ships in the harbor of Liverpool were under the American flag. It is not strange that ship-builders and iron-men should find it to their interest to keep a hired lobby in Washington to debauch Congress.

At Governor Stanford's rooms I met Mr. and Mrs. Milton S. Latham—she looking as beautiful as ever. He has just recovered from a severe and nearly fatal illness. In the street I met and conversed with Dr. Loryea, looking happy and prosperous. His card reads: "President of the Mutual Electric Light and Supply Company, Nos. 37 and 39 Wall Street." Mrs. Loryea is in Washington. During the day I met Mr. Rutherford, who is engaged in selling a Mexican mine, Mr. Hancbett, and Mr. Thomas Lewis. Governor and Mrs. Low are in the city. Mr. P. H. McGowan is spending the winter in Washington. He paid a visit to New York yesterday, and will return to-morrow. There are, I think, some hundreds of Californians in New York. Idaho and Montana are largely represented. Governor Kincaid and a number of others are here from Nevada. Last evening I met Major Arthur, the brother of the President, a small, nervous, active man. He is paymaster in the army, recently serving in Montana. He bears upon his throat the scar of an ugly wound received in battle. He has received an appointment on the staff of General Hancock. Major Arthur informed my friend, Mr. Grayson, of Montana, that Sargent would be appointed, not Secretary of the Interior, but Secretary of the Navy; that ex-Senator Chaffee, of Colorado, would be assigned to the Interior. This change of programme would, I think, be more acceptable to Sargent than to the friends who have been urging his claims to a cabinet position. Those friends are the wealthy men whose names I indicated in a former letter.

Let it not be understood by the readers of the *Argonaut* that I am approving the appointment of Mr. Sargent to this or any position. Before I left San Francisco I communicated my views to the President, and received from President Arthur an acknowledgment of my letter. He is advised of the estimate in which Mr. Sargent is held by the Republican party of California, and if he calls him to his cabinet it will undoubtedly be because he recognizes in our ex-senator such a breadth of statesmanship, such a large experience in national affairs, such commanding intelligence and judicial poise of mind, as to render him indispensable in his councils. If he feels in this way, he is quite right in not allowing the welfare of the Republican party on our coast to outweigh those other and more important considerations. I claim no right—and if I did the claim would not be recognized—to advise the President in reference to any matters touching his administration. The contest of my friends and myself against Messrs. Sargent, Gorbam, Carr, LaGrange, and the clique which they represent upon our coast, had been a long and bitter one. It had culminated in their defeat. They had been retired from all political consideration, and all influence within the Republican party in

California. In the election of Governor Perkins, in the character of the delegates to the National Convention, in the election of General Garfield, and in the appointment of Mr. Blaine as Secretary of State, I had regarded my work as accomplished. The men with whom I cooperated were the majority—the unquestioned, overwhelming majority—of the best men of the Republican party of California. We asked no favor from the administration. I asked none. We were content. I was content. These men have wealth and occupation. They are independent, and not office-seekers. The wing against which we had waged this contest of twelve years was composed almost exclusively of office-holders and office-seekers. An act of assassination has undone our work. They are again in power and influence. They have the ear of the President. From their number he chooses a cabinet officer. From among them he will appoint all the federal officials of our coast. To them he will give all the honors of official recognition. I accept the situation, and it is no part of my mission to Washington to endeavor to reverse this decree.

I am not going to Washington to put bent pins in the cushion of the presidential chair. I think General Arthur is a man of high intelligence and honorable purpose. I believe he is controlled by patriotic motives. I hear men of unquestioned character, who have known him long and intimately, thus express themselves concerning him. I hope that he may rise to the full level of his great office. I sincerely hope that he may adorn and honor the executive position. I hope that he may make a successful administration. I may wish that a devilish political assassin might have spared the life of the statesman and gentleman who was designated to the presidential office, in part by my exertions. I may wish that the President would not think that all of Garfield's friends are Arthur's enemies, and that he would, in dispensing the patronage to which California is entitled, not confine himself to the peculiar class of politicians whom I abominate. These are, I think, the opinions of all good Republicans and all good citizens.

*December 29, 1881.*—There are two questions that are to become of national importance—the tariff, and the question of corporations. The question of free-trade is gathering headway, and it seems to me that the protectionists are being put upon the defensive. It is urged here that the protective tariff is working for the benefit of the rich; that it is the great and wealthy manufacturers who are reaping all the benefits of the existing laws; that the working classes, laborers, skilled artisans, and the farmers—in fact, none except the manufacturers are benefited by the present tariff laws. The iron interests and the ship-builders, it is claimed, are making exorbitant profits, while our commerce is suffering. Give us the opportunity to go into the world's market to purchase ships, and we will soon build up a commercial marine that will equal that of England, is the argument of the merchants. Allow us to go into the world's market for iron, say the railroad men, and the result will be less costly railways, and, as a consequence, a reduction in freights and fares. We have no protection for our agricultural products, say the farmers, and we need none. Give us free goods in return for those products. Everything is protected except labor, say the workmen. There is an unrestricted immigration allowed from Europe and from Asia. There is no tariff on bone, and sinew, and muscle. Protection, they say, is for capital, and capital only. Our wages for skilled labor are not greater than in England, or Belgium, or France. The manufactured goods of those countries can not enter our ports without paying enormous duties, while the men who manufacture them are permitted and encouraged to come to this country and enter into free competition with us in the very factories in which we labor.

I am undertaking to express no opinion upon this question of political economy, because I have not given to it enough study, and am not sufficiently well posted upon it. I am simply noting the fact that a revolution is going on, and that the protectionists are being placed upon the defensive. It will, I think, be one of the principal topics of discussion in Congress, and likely to result in important modifications of the tariff law. There is no better time to discuss this question than now. The country is prosperous. Our national revenue exceeds by one hundred millions annually the amount re-

quired to pay the interest on our national debt and the current expenses of the government. Ten years, at the present rates of revenue, will retire our debt, and then arises the anomalous—in fact, the unprecedented—conundrum, what to do with our money. Our politicians will, I have no doubt, be able to wrestle with this question successfully.

I am not in sympathy with national bankers who desire to perpetuate a bonded debt that it may form the basis for the credit of their institutions, nor with our wealthy men who find it convenient to invest in government securities the money that might be better employed in the active industries of the country. I am not greatly in favor of those savings banks which gather the accumulations of the industrious masses in order to become great money-lenders. I admit the desire of seeing the nation, the states, and the municipal governments out of debt. Then, with reduced taxes and the money of the people seeking an opportunity for profitable investment, there would be an active and prosperous business. If Mr. Vanderbilt's sixty millions of government bonds could be turned over to him in coin, and Mr. Flood's thirty millions, we might have more railways in the country, more competition, and more Nevada Blocks in San Francisco. The national debt of two thousand million dollars is a mortgage on the property of the people; and if the people are now in such a prosperous condition that they can pay it without inconvenience, I see no good reason why they should not do so. The prudent business man pays his debts as soon as he can. The prudent government ought to do the same thing. After the debt is paid, there is no end of legitimate expenditures that the government can make—industrial schools for teaching trades to the boys of the nation, improvement of harbors, lakes, and rivers; building "Great Trunk" railways to regulate, by legitimate competition, the rates of fares and freights; building public edifices demanded for government offices; building a navy, and establishing coast defenses; aiding communities to reclaim swamp lands, to drain marshes, build levees, and irrigate dry lands.

What shall we do to limit the power of the great corporations, and correct the abuses incident to that power, is another question that challenges the attention of all thinking men. That they now possess an almost unlimited power, and that this power is dangerous, and by many unprincipled men grossly abused, no intelligent man doubts. The *New York Times* declares that the three elevated railroads, which cost less than five million dollars, have been so manipulated by three unscrupulous rich men that their stock now represents thirty-six million dollars, on which they propose to pay a dividend of seven per cent.; that they have robbed the original investors; that, in the process of the steal, they have demoralized legislators and bribed a judge. These railways have had conceded to them unusual powers. They have been permitted to occupy and use the centre of important streets and avenues in the very heart of this great, populous, and crowded city. They have been granted this privilege against the almost unanimous protest of the owners of the property on those streets, and now the steam-engine and train goes thundering by the second-story windows on three great lines from the Battery to the extreme northern boundary of New York city, and, as the *Times* puts it, three thieves have stolen thirty millions of property, and are now enjoying its use. They are permitted to levy a tax upon the traveling public six times in excess of a fair profit for the original investment. The right to tax the people should rest solely with the government. The right of taxation is the prerogative of the sovereign. It ought never to be delegated to the individual; and if it is parted with, the right should be reserved by the government to restrain and control its exercise. The Manhattan Railroad Company taxes each passenger ten cents for being conveyed over its road. If this charge is exorbitant, and pays an illegal rate of interest, or a legal rate of interest upon stock illegally watered, then the government should be permitted to reduce this fare from ten cents to a fair and compensating rate.

The farming out of revenues to the highest bidder—characteristic of many governments in the middle ages, and retained to the present day by some half-civilized nations—could not have been productive of greater abuses than such a concession as this. The Roman governor to whom the revenues of a province were sold had no greater temptation to rob and plunder than the men who are permitted



WHATCOM REMINISCENCES.—III.

The Peculiar History of a Famous Trial in the Early Times.

H. R. Crosby, well known to the newspaper fraternity of San Francisco, was at that time county judge of Whatcom county, with his headquarters at Whatcom, the county seat. If I remember rightly, Crosby had come to Washington Territory as its secretary, had been repeatedly elected to its legislature, had been speaker of its House of Representatives or Assembly, and had but recently been appointed to the county judgeship. His judicial duties were by no means onerous, and afforded him an abundance of time in which to delve into the mysterious realms of seven-up, and participate in the schemes for diversion that were matters of constant invention and execution. It was in Bill Spear's law office, of a rainy night, and by the light of a tallow candle, that the conspiracy was concocted for the perpetration of a gigantic practical joke, which, for its magnificence of construction and the sublimated cheek displayed in its carrying out, has, like Artemus Ward's show, been "ekaled by few, and excelled by none." I met Crosby a few days since in this city, and with a view to refreshing my recollection in the premises, briefly recounted to him the story which I am about to tell, when he replied that my memory was "singularly accurate, except as to the facts," which equivocal endorsement will compel me to confine myself to the less important details. The fact that Crosby is lame emboldens me to ignore his implied repudiation of his own part in the transaction.

At the end of the main street, on the shore near the creek, a Dutchman kept a low groggery, that was frequented by sailors and longshoremen, and which, under our municipal ordinances, would have been termed a "disorderly house." It was the unanimous sentiment of the better class of the community that he must be got rid of, but how to do it was the question; and, with a laudable view to the combination of business and pleasure, so to speak, it was determined at the conference in Bill Spear's office to give him a dose of unenacted law. Accordingly a complaint was lodged against him, charging him with maintaining a nuisance—not in the conduct of his establishment, but in the very grave offense of suffering his sow and divers pigs to run at large "in the public streets, avenues, and squares of the city of Whatcom." The complaint was a formidable legal document, well calculated to impress upon the mind of the defendant a sense of the dignity of the law, and was formally served upon him the next morning. Immediately upon his arrest, Clayton, in a burst of well simulated indignation, volunteered his services for the defense, and, upon the culprit being brought into court, demanded a jury trial. Accordingly a venire was issued, which embraced the fun-loving portion of the community, and the trial began. The scene upon the opening of the court was one well calculated to impress the defendant with a sense of the solemnity of the proceedings. Judge Crosby took his seat upon the bench, clad in a robe that had been improvised for the occasion, calm and dignified in his demeanor. The bailiff had for his insignia of office a staff that bore a suspicious resemblance to a schooner's topmast, and as he solemnly opened court with the customary "Hear ye! hear ye!" the crowd in attendance disposed of itself as best it could on the rough board benches, nail-kegs, and boxes that had been provided. Prosecuting Attorney Spear sat at one end of a rough table, and Clayton, with his client behind him, at the other. Each had a formidable array of books, embracing Patent Office reports, agricultural reports, reports of the Northwest Boundary Commission, *Congressional Globes* and other pub. docs., old copies of the *San Francisco Directory*, and, in short, every available bound volume obtainable in that benighted region. The empaneling of a jury was then proceeded with, and as the name of one citizen after another was drawn from the box, the owner promptly took his seat, and was examined by counsel touching his qualifications to serve as a juror in the case. The questions propounded in this connection were all of them most remarkable, but the all-important and overshadowing test of competency was as to whether or not the juror had been vaccinated. A reply in the negative immediate provoked a challenge for "actual bias," which was promptly allowed by the court. The impaneling of the jury consumed the first day, and on the second day the real work of the trial began.

The prosecuting attorney opened the case by reading the voluminous complaint, and briefly reciting the facts which the prosecution would endeavor to prove. They would show, he said, that the defendant had repeatedly, aye, habitually, suffered his swine to run at large on the public streets and squares. He would introduce testimony proving that those animals had been seen on Pennsylvania Avenue, Montgomery Street, Lafayette Square, in Central Park, on Broadway, and in fact upon all of the most prominent thoroughfares. He would not dwell upon the heinousness of this offense against the peace, and dignity, and good morals of the community, nor the outrage upon the rights of the citizens of a great city, who were entitled to the use of her promenades and drives without being forced to encounter droves of dirty swine on every street corner. He trusted that the verdict of the jury would establish the precedent that this great metropolis was not to be disgraced by the permission of such outrages as were charged against the defendant, but that, through the wise administration of her municipal officers, and the fearless execution of her beneficent laws, she would become, at no distant day, the world's centre of art, science, and literature, rendered doubly charming by the magnificence of her avenues and parks, and the life-giving, exhilarating atmosphere of her climate, which the defendant had so ruthlessly polluted.

Witnesses were then introduced, and testified as to the offense charged. It was shown that the defendant's sow and pigs had been seen rooting around a half-burned stump on the hill by the log fort. Another witness testified to having seen them in the vicinity of a fallen tree, near the trail; another that he had encountered them near the "Two Pines," a familiar landmark, and it was also shown by some woodchoppers that the defendant's swine had penetrated a score of yards into the forest back of the town. All of this testimony was taken, subject to various objections on the part of

the defendant, which were promptly overruled by the court, and the witnesses were each subjected to a most rigid cross-examination that entered into not only the details of their own lives, but those of generations before them. The acts having been proven, Mr. Poe, the county surveyor, was called to the stand to prove the venue. Poe was a large man, standing six feet in his stockings, and weighed two hundred and fifty pounds. His appearance was rough and uncouth, although he was a man of education and ability, and he was noted for a negligence of attire and absence of personal adornment, which once called forth the innocent remark from Crosby, that "Poe never took a bath, but sandpapered himself every Christmas," a bit of pleasantry that severed their friendship from that moment. Mr. Poe advanced to the witness-stand with an immense roll, that resembled a topsail wrapped around a ship's yard, which he placed upon the judge's bench and proceeded to unfurl. It proved to be a map of the city of Whatcom, gotten up in the highest style of the draughtsman's art, and which had served in the sale of innumerable corner-lots, through the purchase of which immense fortunes were expected to be realized in the near future. Having arranged his map for the inspection of the court and jury, Mr. Poe carefully adjusted his eye-glasses, and, in response to the questions of the prosecuting attorney, proceeded to locate the various places testified to. The half-burned stump, he said, was on the side of Pennsylvania Avenue, directly in front of the block reserved for the city hall; the fallen tree near the trail was in the middle of Broadway; the "Two Pines" were in the centre of the main promenade of Lafayette Square, and the point where the woodchoppers were interrupted was in one of the most attractive portions of Central Park. This closed the evidence for the prosecution, and Mr. Poe, having been subjected to the usual cross-examination, folded his topsail, and withdrew.

Mr. Clayton here rose, and requested that the process of the court issue to compel the attendance, or production in court, of every sow and pig within the municipal limits. He contended that there was an utter absence of such identification of the offending swine as to prove them to be the property of the defendant. The court had no doubt observed the striking family resemblance between these animals, and it was not only possible, but he should contend, as a matter of fact, that his client's pigs were not the offenders. To prove this, and in the interest of justice, he desired that all the pigs in town be brought into court the next day, and he would challenge the prosecution to select those of his client from among the multitude. Mr. Spear contended that the proposition was a most astounding one, and unheard of in the history of criminal jurisprudence, whereupon Mr. Clayton snatched up a Patent Office report and read a number of authorities directly to the point, and fully sustaining his proposition. Mr. Spear replied by quoting numerous cases to the contrary from the *San Francisco Directory*, and, after a lengthy argument, the court adjourned for the day for the purpose of taking the matter under advisement.

The next morning the court, in a lengthy opinion, which discussed the authorities quoted, and presented various new ones, denied the motion. The question, said Judge Crosby, was most serious and perplexing, and while his personal inclinations and his sympathies might prompt him to grant the motion, he could not contemplate the effect of an enforcement of the order asked without a feeling of abhorrence. It was better, far better, he said, that an innocent man should suffer than that the dignity of the court should be lowered in the manner proposed. After the introduction of several witnesses as to the previous good character of the defendant, whose testimony was amusingly equivocal, the defense rested its case. The entire day was consumed in the argument, which abounded in such flights of oratory, such wealth of humorous stories and anecdotes used to illustrate the points of counsel, such astounding declarations of legal principles, and such an avalanche of "authorities" as were never heard before, and the day's fun wound up with a charge to the jury, rendered with an abnormal display of dignity, and in harmonious spirit with the occasion that called it forth. The jury retired to the back-room of an adjoining saloon to deliberate upon their verdict. It was quietly whispered to the defendant that the jurors were approachable, and that by supplying them bountifully with champagne, oysters, cigars, and the other luxuries of the house, he could secure an acquittal. He acted upon the advice, and when the court met the next morning, the "twelve men, good and true," entered the court-room in various stages of weariness, and the foreman, bracing himself up against the end of the judge's bench, hiccupped the verdict:

"G'lty 's (hic) sharg'd."

The judge reached under the bench, and, drawing forth a black cap, adjusted it upon his head, and requested the defendant to rise and receive his sentence. After administering a lengthy lecture, resplendent with the enunciation of great moral principles, he pronounced the judgment of the court: "That you pay a fine of three hundred dollars, and in default thereof, may God have mercy on your soul."

Mr. Clayton asked for a stay of proceedings, on motion for a new trial, and pending which the defendant he discharged on his own recognizance, which was ordered.

"Now," said Clayton to his client, when they had got out of the hearing of the crowd, "go home, and pack your traps into your hoat, and when every one is asleep to-night, you light out for Victoria."

That night the bluff was covered with silent, crouching men watching for the departure of their victim. As the clock tolled the hour of midnight, he and his frau stepped softly into their boat, hoisted the sail, and shot out from the shore, and as they plunged into the gloom that quickly buried them from sight, a demoniac concerted yell of scores of voices rent the air and shook the very firmament. It was Whatcom's joyous outburst at her deliverance.

FRANK W. GROSS.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1882.

"Ask no woman her age," says a recent writer on social ethics. Of course not. Ask her next best lady friend.

At last we have fathomed the depth of the mystery. The Keeley motor is run by a "crank."

by the laws of New York to monopolize an important avenue for the transportation of passengers to and fro between their homes and their places of business. It is no answer to say the community is better accommodated than before; that it has cheaper, safer, and more expeditious transportation than it formerly had, and ought, therefore, to be content. The community is entitled to the best, safest, cheapest, most expeditious, and comfortable mode of travel possible. If it is not the duty of the government to provide it, and if the government concedes to a private corporation this right, it is within the line of duty to see that the corporation shall impose no exactions that are not necessary, and collect no more money from the traveling community than is necessary to liberally compensate the corporation or the individual for its enterprise, its risk, its expenditure, and a generous interest on the capital invested.

Corporations composed of intelligent and honest men are beneficent institutions. Railways run by intelligent and honest men, content with fair compensation for their services and their capital, are of great public service, and are indispensable. In the hands of such men competition and legitimate rivalry will secure to the public efficient service at fair rates. It is clearly the privilege and the duty of the government to protect its citizens against the extortion, greed, avarice, and criminal practices of the men to whom it has conceded corporate privileges. Corporations engaged in transportation as common carriers have had conceded to them the right to impose a tax upon passengers and goods, a privilege that is incident to sovereignty—viz: the privilege of taxation. To allow this privilege to rest in criminal hands, or be unrestrained in the hands of any one, is unwise and dangerous. It would, in my opinion, be a prudent thing for our railroad magnates throughout the land to acknowledge this principle, and conform to it, and submit to reasonable legislation, rather than to provoke the whirlwind of popular resentment that is now seemingly gathering over all the land.

January 2, 1882.—The weather, which has continued warm, with constant rains, turned cold on Sunday, and all the afternoon and evening the snow fell. At night the ground was covered, and under the influence of the silently falling snow, the uproarious, noisy city became subdued and silent. Carriages, omnibuses, and great loaded wagons, that usually go thundering along with clamorous noise, were subdued, and stole over the granite without a sound. The change was an agreeable one. This great city wearies one, with its unceasing din and constant roar. I have to-day alternated between the extremes of society. I breakfasted with five millions; spent the afternoon at Harry Hill's, in Houston Street—a disreputable place, where boxers, and bruisers, and women who play billiards, and men who black their faces to sing negro songs, congregate. I dined at the Union League Club, among gentlemen, and in the evening I heard the one hundred and third performance of "Patience." Yesterday I spent half an hour with Colonel Ingersoll, and it took him all that time to tell me, in his enthusiastic and hearty manner, what a superlatively splendid fellow General Arthur is, what a supremely excellent President he will make, how incomparably superior he is to any President we have ever had or are ever likely to have, and how grateful we ought to be for the accident that has given him to us. He lauded him to the heavens for his intellect, his genius, his generosity, his justice. He possesses the finest qualities of head and heart, and will adorn his exalted position. He will shed lustre on the Republican throne. In a word, if Colonel Robert had himself believed in the existence of God, he would have convinced me that the presidency of General Arthur was a special providence for the good of the country and the good of the Republican party.

Before I left California the report had been most industriously circulated that Senator Sargent had broken with Gorham and Carr. Mr. Charles Crocker told me that he had that assurance from the ex-senator himself. A very clever gentleman in the custom-house, who called to present me with a box of complimentary cigars, one of which I am now smoking, assured me that Mr. Sargent had informed him that he and Gorham were no longer friendly; that Gorham was opposing him (Sargent) for the cabinet. When I arrived in New York Governor Stanford assured me of the same fact. In an interview with Mr. Huntington he declared the same thing. I stated this fact to Colonel Schaffer, whom I met to-day at the Union League Club, and the colonel laughed at my country innocence. Within ten days he had had an interview with Black-and-Tan, and he was the warm, earnest partisan and advocate of Mr. Sargent for a place in the cabinet. Now somebody is going to be fooled in this business. With Mr. Robeson as chairman of the naval committee in Congress, and Mr. Page chairman of the committee on commerce, and Mr. Sargent Secretary of the Navy, I hope there may be no more steamer *Vanderbilts* for Carr to purchase, and no more contracts to be issued for navy-yard supplies through Tom Rogers. I hope there will arise no immediate necessity for the construction of a new navy under the direction of these gentlemen. If Mr. Sargent shall become Secretary of the Interior, I am certain there will be no desert-land frauds under his administration, as I am confident that all of these lands have already been conceded to the gentlemen who held office in the Mint under General La Grange, in the Custom-House under the Honorable Tom Shannon, in the Postoffice under General Coey, in the Sub-Treasury under Sherman, and in the Navy Pay Office under George M. Pinney.

I had a call from Mr. Pinney this morning, and a pleasant one. He is doing a prosperous business in New York, and has successfully put on the market a valuable mining property at Panamint. He is managing the business, and paying dividends. He says that he is making money, and saving it, doing well, and prospering. He says his scheme is a legitimate and honest one, and I hear other men say the same thing, and speak well of George M. Pinney.

Did I write to you that I had met General La Grange? He says that he has retired from politics, and he looks as though he had. We talked over old times somewhat, and we do not altogether differ in our estimate of some of the historical events of California's ugly politics for the last twelve years.

F. M. P.



## SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

French Proverb : Repentance is remorse discounted.

Locke : By attention ideas are registered in the memory.

Confucius : When anger rises, think of the consequences.

Broome : A wise man is not inquisitive about things impertinent.

Dryden : He who proposes to be an author should first be a student.

Anon : Wit is a merchandise that is sold, but never can be bought.

Doctor Watts : Custom has an ascendancy over the understanding.

Burke : There are situations in which despair does not imply inactivity.

Publius Syrus : Poverty is in want of much ; but avarice, of everything.

Jeremy Collier : Reasons of things are rather to be taken by weight than tale.

Rochefoucauld : Absence destroys trifling intimacies, but it invigorates strong ones.

Lavater : Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity.

Lord Bacon : Cholerick and quarrelsome persons will engage one into their quarrels.

Goldsmith : Every abscardive has a champion to defend it, for error is always talkative.

Bolingbroke : Cunning pays no regard to virtue, and is but the low mimic of wisdom.

Sir P. Sidney : You will never live to my age without you keep yourself in breath with exercise.

Mulock : Interesting anecdotes afford examples which may be of use in respect to our own conduct.

Hume : When a new government is established, by whatever means, the people are commonly dissatisfied with it.

Cicero : True glory takes root, and even spreads. All false pretenses, like flowers, fall to the ground, nor can any counterfeit last long.

L'Estrange : 'Tis a great error to take facility for good nature. Tenderness without discretion is no better than a more pardonable folly.

John Foster : In a great majority of things, habit is a greater plague than ever afflicted Egypt ; in religious character it is a grand facility.

Lord Macaulay : Grief, which disposes gentle natures to retirement, to inaction, and to meditation, only makes restless spirits more restless.

French Proverb : When a man is about to be told a secret, he shuts the door. When it is a woman, she opens it to be sure no one is listening outside.

Sterne : People who are always taking care of their health are like misers who are hoarding a treasure which they have never spirit enough to enjoy.

Anon : Hypocrisy almost always reveals itself by the excess of precaution taken to prevent its discovery, even as the only clue to the mole is the molehill.

Sherlock : Those men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance and irregular life, do as manifestly kill themselves as those who hang or drown themselves.

Hooker : The main principles of reason are in themselves apparent. For to make nothing evident of itself unto man's understanding, were to take away all possibility of knowing anything.

Fénelon : It is the misfortune of kings that they scarcely ever do that good that they have a mind to ; and through surprise, and the insinuation of flatterers, they often do that mischief they never intended.

Zimmermann : There appears to exist a greater desire to live long than to live well. Measure a man's desires, he can not live long enough ; measure by his good deeds, and he has not lived long enough ; measure by his evil deeds, and he has lived too long.

Humboldt : To behold is not necessarily to observe, and the power of comparing and combining is only to be obtained by education. It is much to be regretted that habits of exact observation are not cultivated in our schools ; to this deficiency may be traced much of the fallacious reasoning and the false philosophy which prevails.

Thomas Paine : The continually progressive change to which the meaning of words is subject ; the want of a universal language, which renders translation necessary ; the errors to which translations are again subject ; the mistakes of copyists and printers, together with the possibility of willful alteration, are of themselves evidences that human language, whether in speech or in print, cannot be the vehicle of "the word of God." The word of God exists in something else.

Some French thoughts about holiday presents : A father who gives his son money is killing the child for the advantage of the heir. Toys used to be made to play with ; now they are designed to set children thinking. But suppose that now they reflect about what they should play with, may they not, by and by, make playthings of what they should make subjects of reflection ? The great difference between the marvel of pure imagination and that of science is, that one amuses the child's credulity, while the other only provokes his curiosity. With their dolls little girls long ago learned what mothers were made for ; now they only learn from them how ladies are made up. The science of gift-giving consists in concealing the purchase under the gift and the gift by the choice.

J. D.

WATSONVILLE, January 12, 1882.

## OLD FAVORITES.

The Hag.

The hag is astride,  
This night for a ride—  
The devil and she together ;  
Through thick and through thin,  
Now out and then in,  
Though ne'er so foul be the weather.

A thorn or a hur  
She takes for a spur ;  
With a lash of the bramble she rides now ;  
Through brakes and through briars,  
O'er ditches and mires,  
She follows the spirit that guides now.

The storm will arise,  
And trouble the skies  
This night ; and, more the wonder,  
The ghost from the tomb  
Affrighted shall come,  
Called out by the clap of the thunder.

—Robert Herrick.

The Bleeding Stone of Kilburn Priory.

For the blessed rood of Sir Gervase the good  
The nuns of Kilburn pray ;  
But for the wretch who shed his blood  
No tongue a prayer shall say.

The bells shall ring and the nuns shall sing  
Sir Gervase to the blest ;  
But holiest rites will never bring  
His murderer's soul to rest.

"Now tell me, I pray, thou palmer gray,  
Why thou kneelest at this shrine,  
And why dost thou cry so eagerly  
Upon the help divine ?

"Ob, tell me who the man may be,  
And what his deadly sin,  
That the Church's prayer for his soul's despair  
The mercy of Christ may win ?"

"I cry at this shrine on the help divine  
To save the soul of one,  
Who in death shall lie, ere morning light,  
Upon this ancient stone."

Sir Gervase rode forth far in the North,  
To Whithy's holy see ;  
In her tower alone his lady made moan,  
A fairer could not be.

His false brother came to the weeping dame,  
"Oh, I love you dearer than life."  
"Hence ! wouldst thou win to shame and sin  
Thy brother's wedded wife ?"

"He is far away, thou sweet ladie,  
And none may hear or see ;  
So, lady bright, this very night  
Oh, open thy door to me.

"Sir Gervase rides forth far in the North ;  
'Tis long ere he comes back,  
And thine eyes shine out like stars at night  
From thy hair of raven black."

"The fire shall burn at the door stone  
Ere I open my door to thee,  
And thy suit of hell to Sir Gervase I'll tell,  
And a traitor's death thou'lt die."

"Then fare thee well, dame Isahel,  
Thou lady of mickle pride,  
Thou shalt rue the day thou saidst me nay  
When back to thee I ride."

The day declined, the rising wind  
Sung shrill on Whithy's sands ;  
With ear down laid and ready blade,  
Behind the rock he stands.

Sir Gervase rode on in thought alone,  
Leaving his men behind ;  
The blow was sure, the flight secure,  
But a voice was in the wind :

"False brother, spur thy flying steed,  
Thou canst not fly so fast  
But on this stone where now I bleed  
Thyself shall breathe thy last."

"That stone was then on Whithy's shore,  
And now behold it here !  
And ever that blood is in mine eye,  
And ever that voice in mine ear !"

"Thou palmer gray, now turn thee, I pray,  
And let me look in thine eye,  
Alas ! it burns bright with a fearful light,  
Like guilt about to die.

"That stone is old, and o'er it has rolled  
The tempest of many years ;  
But fiercer rage than of tempest or age,  
In thy furrowed face appears."

"Oh, speak not thus, thou holy man,  
But bend and pray by me,  
And give me thy aid in this hour of need,  
Till I my penance die.

"With hook and beads, with ave and creed,  
Oh, help me while you may ;  
When the bells toll one, ob, leave me alone,  
For with me you may not stay."

Sore prayed the friar by the palmer gray,  
As both knelt o'er the stone,  
And redder grew the blood-red hue,  
And they heard a fearful groan.

"Friar, leave me now ; on my trembling brow  
The drops of sweat run down,  
And alone with his spirit I must deal this night,  
My deadly guilt to atone."

By the morning light the good friar came  
By the sinner's side to pray ;  
But his spirit had flown, and stretched on the stone  
A corse the palmer lay.

And still from that stone, at the hour of one—  
Go visit it who dare—  
The blood runs red, and a shriek of dread  
Pierces the midnight air.

—A Posthumous Poem by Sir Walter Scott.

## SAXON CUSTOMS.

Some Notes on German Living by a California Lady in Dresden.

Immediately on crossing the Belgian frontier into Germany there is a marked difference in the comfort of travel. In Belgium travel is most difficult to the uninitiated, for there seem to be no convenient methods of seeking information. Every traveler, in undertaking a journey, must expect to lose many minutes in searching for the ticket office, in deciding which of the many trains he must take, and finally in finding the coach which he thinks probably corresponds to his ticket. When the hour of departure arrives, the train moves on. Not a word is said—not a sign of readiness is given. When it is time for the train to start, it starts. Not a sound is heard as stops are made at various stations. If, on reaching a given station, the time corresponds with your time of arrival, as learned through much effort at the ticket office, you had better get out. Officials, after much inquiry, will only growl a few words in unintelligible Flemish or French. As you sit in mortal terror lest you may go too far, or not far enough, you breathe a sigh for an American conductor.

Once in Germany, such a change ! No opportunity now for mistakes. Notices and directions for travelers are at every turn. There are officials to right of you, officials to left of you, unexceptionally kind, obliging, and attentive. Should you change trains in Germany, and be obliged to wait for another, there is no need for anxiety, as the destination of each train is called aloud three times, and then a bell is sounded. Every station along the line is called out distinctly and repeatedly, and finally a bell is tapped. There is a constant feeling of protection ; even the German traveler in the coach is solicitous for your welfare, and politely wishes you "good travel" in English as he leaves the train. The carefulness and watchfulness observed in traveling is as noticeable in the German cities. Information on all points is readily obtained, for there seems to be an officer to fill every post that can be imagined.

It is quite natural at first to unconsciously attempt the impossible task of studying the distinctive dress and the various duties of the bewildering number of officials that pass you on the streets at every turn. The first experience in Germany would perhaps not warrant an analytical essay on the language, customs, and habits of the people. Yet it is at first that, to a stranger, minor items of every-day life, petty yet distinctive differences of manner and dress, bits of conversation, glimpses at pictures of German life, are most striking and interesting. These, with constant occurrence, are quickly and unconsciously accepted as a part of the routine of life, and, soon losing freshness, pass by unnoticed. For the first few days, life in apartments is attended with constant surprises ; every individual item of household furniture occasions wonderment. The German order of meals, consisting of one square meal a day and four "nibbles," is at first, to say the least, peculiar. Read as you may of the feather-bed coverings, none the less will be your surprise when for the first few chilly nights in autumn you find yourself lost in the downy pile. The porcelain stove, so inseparably connected with all the stories of German life, is none the less a marvel when you behold the first, about eight feet high, standing in the corner of the room. With the curiosity of a child it is so natural, at various intervals of the day, to slip along unnoticed, test its warmth with the hand, slyly peep within to verify the fact that there is a fire there, and that this huge, snowy, porcelain ornament is really a stove. Soon surprise ceases when this stove is found in every house and in every room of every house.

Indignation unconsciously rises at the first sight of the peasant women in the fields, digging, hoeing, and planting from early morn until the evening shadows fall. Yet this indignation abates with frequent repetitions of the sight. In an incredibly short space of time it becomes possible to pass the heavily laden dog-carts without turning to gaze once more upon the patient animal that so wearily and uncomplainingly trudges along with the heavy load. Pangs of sympathy must always be felt for the "beasts of burden"—the women, who pass and re-pass in the streets, bareheaded, poorly clad, almost bent double under the heavy loads strapped on their backs.

For the first few days newspaper advertisements are often novel and striking. For instance : "Hugo Marwitz has the honor of announcing himself engaged to Selma Graetz." No unpleasant complications may here arise from concealment of the fact. Here is another, still more striking :

"EXPRESSION OF THANKS.—Deeply affected by the great sympathy manifested toward me at the death of my never-to-be-forgotten wife, EMILY, I would hereby express thanks to Herr De B— for his consoling words at the grave of the departed ; thanks to the gentlemen who, by their beautiful singing, produced so exalting an effect ; thanks to all my dear relatives, friends, and acquaintances for the love and esteem they showed to the departed by their exceedingly beautiful floral tributes, and the numerous accompaniment to the grave ; to all here are here expressed the fervent, heartfelt thanks of her grief-stricken husband."

"FREDERICH WILHELM S—."

In the first week in a strange land, conversation turns most naturally upon the native country of the stranger. To a Californian who has always lived in the confines of his own State, it is amusing to hear California and the Americans discussed at so great a distance. Each nation, of course, has its jokes about every other nation, and a popular characterization of its inhabitants. Of course, in this crowded Germany it is almost impossible for the people to realize the extent of territory in the United States, and as carefully as home geography may be studied, there is certainly a very indefinite idea common to the majority about the geography of the New World. "Ah !" said an old lady, "you have come from California, so very, very far ! California is a very large city, is it not—near the cities of New Orleans and Stanley ?" Having decided that the African city of Stanley was intended, and while deliberating as to the advisability of replying, "Oh, yes, California is the capital of Africa," the old lady settled the question herself by remarking, "I remember now, California is in Australia." An elderly gentleman, hearing the distance stated from San Francisco to New York, and the price of an overland ticket in German money, settled back in his chair, and said, most decidedly : "Unmöglich !" (Impossible !)

M. B. T.

DRESDEN, December 15, 1881.



## MUSICAL NOTES.

The Homeier and Philharmonic Concerts.

The promised novelties of the latest Homeier programme drew together an unusually large audience at the fourth afternoon concert. Four of the seven numbers given were performed for the first time in California, and the remaining three were all compositions of dignity and note. The high standard of selection to which Mr. Homeier has adhered thus far is a praiseworthy feature of the series; and the enterprise which has met and overcome the difficulties presented by most modern writers, is a source of great good fortune to our musical public. Hector Berlioz, for example—that untamed and fiery Frenchman, that fantastic, moody, gifted soul—was represented on this occasion by two selections from his own wild and willful pen. No writer has ever made such demands upon an orchestra as Berlioz. He laughs to scorn the complaints of overwhelmed and protesting musicians. He extorts from his players frenzies, tropical fancies, grotesque and uncouth humors, of whose expression they would have believed no human being capable; and the “Roman Carnival” is a mad conglomeration of all these things. One could only be surprised at the success attained by the Homeier orchestra in this first rendition of so motley a festival of sound. It was not, indeed, a responsively precise performance, nor polished enough to provoke unlimited praise; but it was largely handled, and there were touches of broad inspiration for which Doré himself need not have blushed, had he sketched the scene with an orchestra for his pencil. “Dance of Sylphs” was a fragment from the “Damnation of Faust.” Here the “Cyclops becomes an elf.” Out of the gorgeous color, crazy frolic, showering confetti, and harlequin costumes of the Carnival, he drops into a dreamy fancy, wherein you hear “an orchestra played by gnats and grasshoppers; the violins veiled with spiders’ webs, and the flutes cut from reeds.” Nothing could have been more delicate, more spirituelle, more slender and midge-like than this romantic conceit as twice heard within the prosaic confines of Platt’s Hall. The “Dance of Sylphs” was also counted among the novelties of the afternoon. It was preceded by still another unfamiliar scene, “Siegfried in the Forest,” taken from the third drama in Wagner’s trilogy of the “Nihelung’s Ring.” Considered from the standpoint of poetic beauty and feeling, nothing more lovely has been given at any one of the concerts than “Siegfried,” unless it is the wonderful “Song of the Rhine Nymphs,” which will be repeated next week. In this forest scene, as the programme promised beforehand, “the leaves rustle, the sunlight glances down through the branches, and quivers on the ground.” That is managed by the strings, chiefly. Then Siegfried falls to musing, (as the wind instruments show, in a subdued, gentle way,) and suddenly the lovely notes of a bird (Mr. Koppitz’s invaluable flute) sound overhead. The bird tells Siegfried of Brynhilda, and the story goes on in a passionate blending of all the instruments that one must hear to understand. The quick exchange between different parts of the orchestra of melody and accompaniment was always cleverly and neatly done, and the effect of the whole was charming in the extreme. Differing entirely in character, form, and intention from the three newly-given works already mentioned, and possessing a peculiar local interest of its own, was a symphonic poem, “The Defeat of Macbeth,” by Mr. Edgar S. Kelly. After devoting some time to musical study in Germany, Mr. Kelly has taken up his residence here, and the composition given under his personal direction at this concert was recently written by him in San Francisco. “The Defeat of Macbeth” is intended as a prelude to the fifth act of Shakespeare’s tragedy; it is descriptive of the meeting of Macbeth with the English army, the conflict which follows, and the routing of the Scotch forces. Its claims to a rounded, artistic merit, are thus divided into two parts; for, of a symphonic poem, it is natural to ask the double question, Has it intrinsic musical worth? and, Does it possess accuracy of delineation? Both these inquiries may be answered cordially in the affirmative, regarding Mr. Kelly’s successful attempt in a line particularly favored by composers of the day. His poem is correct, original, not without much interest, closely harmonized, impressive, and stately in parts, and often melodious. If it were freed from a certain primness of movement, and could be permitted to wear a less analytic air; if it dared a little more, and would allow the opposing armies that thrill and rush of life, which they do not enjoy as automations or royal marionettes; if it were, in brief, not quite so stiff and proper, Mr. Kelly’s work would be greatly improved. Vehemence and abandon, however, are qualities which may be acquired; melody, too, may be wooed and won. Years of practice and experience can alone begin to acquaint a writer with the infinite resources of an orchestra. The plot of the poem is well instrumented, and can be followed with intelligence throughout. The suggestion of the Scotch bagpipes is especially effective, while the combinations and progressions are all full of interest. Mr. Kelly conducted with extreme and punctilious precision. He does not seem so much a leader to inspire, as he does one to righteously compel his players. They followed him, however, with great unanimity and conciseness through two performances of the work—for the young composer was rewarded with enthusiastic applause, to say nothing of floral tributes and laurel wreaths. The overtures, “Masaniello” and “Oheron,” were acceptably played, and two graceful movements from Mozart’s symphony in E flat were admirably rendered. Mrs. Porteous was announced for the vocal part of the afternoon, but was unable to appear. She will sing next week. Beethoven’s Fifth Symphony is promised for the coming concert; also Brahms’ Hungarian Dances, and Schubert’s overture to Rosamunda.

On Friday evening the second Philharmonic concert took place, with Beethoven’s first symphonic in C major as its distinguishing instrumental feature. The pure and noble logic of the great master stands out in every measure of this beautiful composition, and how delightfully, how enjoyably was it set forth and explained to us by those lovely, singing strings. The first movement was slightly marred by some small mishaps on the part of the wood and brass instruments; but the second movement—the *andante cantabile*, with its tranquil and fugue-like flow, so modestly intro-

duced by the second violins—was exquisitely rendered. The entire symphony, indeed, was carefully and sensitively interpreted, and wholly successful. Weher’s famous overture to “Euranthe” made up in dash and daring what it lacked in finish and polished detail; and the much lighter “Black Domino,” by Auher, covered itself with glory in the dynamic power of its marvelously well-managed crescendo effects. Spindler’s “Spinning Wheel,” with its *pizzicato* melody, is a bright little thing, but entirely trivial. It was smoothly played, and re-demanded. Beethoven’s march, from the “Ruins of Athens,” also met with loudly-expressed favor. And the “Music of the Spheres,” for strings only, from the quartette, in C minor, by Rubinstein, could not have been too highly praised. It was one of those things in music that seem luminous, for some odd reason or other. It shone with a calm, sustained, yet vibrating light, and ceasing, left one rapt, thrilled, bewildered with strange happiness. Will not some one ask this pleasure a second time at the hands of Mr. Hinrichs and his really good company of strings?

The vocal event of the evening was the first public appearance of Miss Mary Isabel Sullivan. The numerous friends of the young lady, scattered through the large audience which filled Platt’s Hall, were doubtless prepared to find in the debutante the tall, slender, and fair-haired girl who came forward with easy grace and quiet self-possession, to sing for us all the Recitative and Polonaise from “Mignon.” But to the uninitiated many, Miss Sullivan’s youthfulness was something of a surprise, and everybody rustled their programme in making sure of the selection, after a first glance at the singer. The Polonaise, from “Mignon,” is an immensely difficult thing. What with its cadenzas, trills, breezy roulades, and high E flat, it is enough to appall the bravest vocalist; but Miss Sullivan opened her pretty, round mouth with the utmost unconcern, and caught up the fascinating rhythm of the Polonaise without a shadow of hesitancy. And so she sang to the end, making nothing but play of the little climbing trills, sending her flexible voice here and there for any note she cared to reach, and completing her triumph with the sustained high E flat, that even Kellogg touches with a gingerly *staccato*. Of course there were thunders of applause, and a multitude of flowers, and Miss Sullivan was recalled to sing “The Last Rose of Summer.” It is unnecessary to say that her voice is a remarkably high, clear soprano; it is also strong and flexible, and is capable of wonderful things. Miss Sullivan has a self-possessed stage presence, and seemed entirely at home beneath the gaze of a critical world. Her dress was of white tulle and satin, embroidered with a design of marguerites.

The coming musical event is a “Song Recital,” to be given on Wednesday evening by Mrs. Henry Norton, assisted by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr. All the fashionable world will be there, and the programme is of unique and charming interest.

F. A.

According to the London *World*, the Villon Society is an association of men and women of “cult yah,” handed together for the purpose of printing hooks which, if published, would come under Lord Campbell’s Act. They have issued proposals for translating the entire series of the “Arahian Nights,” two-thirds of which have hitherto been wisely allowed to lie in the congenial casing of their native nastiness. Printed on that unsightly paper which is the solace of aesthetes, and bound in nine volumes of vellum and gold, the hook will be issued, numbered, and registered to the five hundred subscribers. The price is large, but as an inducement to subscribers the Villon people assure us that the “nakedness” of the hitherto suppressed passages is something “too utter,” and that, altogether, for nine guineas, you may wallow in Oriental festivity. Even if Mr. John Payne were qualified to translate this classic, and understood all its quaint, recondite, and intensely local phrases, it seems that the best thing he could do would be to keep his knowledge to himself. Villon’s poems, though an erotic little volume, was a mild and cleanly treatise compared with the untranslated “Arahian Nights.”

Oscar Wilde, on his arrival in New York, was interviewed by the ubiquitous reporter. These gentlemen of the press found his state-room door haunted by a number of story-tellers who were telling aesthetic jokes aloud, for the poetical inmate’s benefit, and ending with ejaculations of “How Wildly, weirdly early English,” “Tell us that consummately soulful tale anew.” The poet finally appeared. He is exceedingly tall, has a harsh, loud voice, and immense hands. His collar is Byronic, with a sky-blue cravat. He intends to lecture on aesthetics, if he takes a fancy to it after his first attempt. He will publish a new hook of poems in New York, and will bring out his play, “Vera, the Nihilist,” if he finds a good cast for it. It was owing to the lack of good actors that he did not produce it in London. If “Vera” succeeds, he will follow it by another. On leaving the vessel, the passengers chanted “A pallid and lank young man,” and screamed rough jokes about “Grosvenor Gallery,” and “the Fra-Angelican South Kensington.”

Whither art thou traveling, venerable Joke? The way is rough, the air is chill, and thy strength is well nigh spent, and thy habiliments are threadbare and torn. Come, rest thee; thou hast lived long; thou hast visited many climes; thou hast acted well thy part. And the Joke replied: “Nay, I was present in the Garden; I beguiled the tedious confinement of Noah and his family during the Deluge; I have appeared in all languages, in all ages, and among all peoples. I have only to appear in *Harper’s Drawer*. Then may thy servant depart in peace.” And the venerable Joke tottered slowly away, mumbling a prayer that strength might be given it to reach the asylum for superannuated witticisms before laying itself down to the sleep that knows no waking. —*Boston Transcript*.

Mr. Roswell Smith, publisher of the *Century*, has just performed a generous act, rare indeed in the annals of business. He not only gave five thousand dollars in Christmas gifts to those whom he employs, but distributed among the leading members of his literary and business staff sixteen thousand dollars in *Century* stock, a stock which, as has already been stated, is exceedingly valuable.

## SOCIETY NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Mrs. E. C. Poston, of Oakland, has arrived in England. Miss Hillman and Miss Alexander, of San José, are visiting Miss Josie Edwards, at Oakland. Miss Clara S. Miller, of Sacramento, is visiting Miss Clara E. Glover at Oakland. Judge Silent, after spending the holidays at San José, has returned to Arizona. Mrs. Gashwiler and her sister, Mrs. Ustick, returned from New York on Thursday. A large number of the officers and their ladies at Mare Island came down to the city on Saturday last to attend the *matinée* at the California, among whom were Captain and Mrs. Boyd and Miss Minnie Boyd, Captain and Mrs. Cook and son, Captain Nichols, Lieutenant and Mrs. Adams, and quite a number of others. A. H. Rutherford, who has been in the East for some months, has returned home. Mr. Samuel Baker, of this city, and Miss Louise Goldsmith, of Oakland, were married at the Lick House on Sunday evening last, and, after receiving the congratulations of their friends proceeded to their new home on Turk Street. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Booth have returned from Southern California. Miss Bessie Grattan is spending the winter in Washington. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Craig, of Oakland, returned from the East on Monday last. Miss Mollie Dodge, who has been visiting Mrs. Captain Bailey, at Angel Island, has returned to the Palace. Mr. and Mrs. Stuart M. Taylor are in New York. Miss Carrie Pierce, of Santa Clara, is at the Pico House, Los Angeles. Mrs. H. E. Giffin has rented the residence of Rev. and Mrs. Hemphill, 1239 Pine Street. Miss Ethel Sperry, of Stockton, who has been visiting friends in Sacramento for the past two weeks, returned to her home on Saturday morning last, accompanied by Miss Alice Hastings, of Benicia. Mrs. B. B. Redding, and Mrs. J. D. Redding and her sister, Miss Cowles, are at Sierra Madre Villa. Miss Leila Mann, of San José, who has been visiting in this city, has returned home. Lieutenant Percy Parker, U. S. A., departed for the East on Sunday last. Hon. W. L. Banning, of St. Paul, Minn., and the Misses Banning, his daughters, arrived here on Wednesday last; Mr. B. is a brother of General P. Banning, of Southern California, and is a prominent railroad man of the Northwest. Hon. William M. Stewart has gone to Tomhstone. Captain A. T. Smith, U. S. A., has arrived at Benicia from Fort Yuma. Major Woodside, U. S. A., arrived here from Arizona a few days ago. C. W. Moore and family left for the East on Monday last. Mr. and Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb, and the Misses Wilson, of San Gabriel, are at the Occidental. John Benson and his niece, Miss Julia Pomeroy, left for the East on Saturday last. Miss Nellie Trowbridge, of the Grand, will give a German on Wednesday evening next. Mr. and Mrs. George Smith, of Santa Clara, celebrated their silver wedding at that place on the 5th instant. Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Hosmer celebrated their silver wedding at No. 706 Powell Street, on Wednesday evening last. Lieutenant C. H. Kilbourne, of the Signal Service, returned to San Francisco from the northern coast a few days ago. At a masquerade hall at Tucson on Saturday last, Mrs. Mayor John S. Carr, formerly of this city, appeared as a sister of charity; Mrs. Colonel Stacey, of the army, appeared in a fancy costume, and Miss Nellie Pomeroy, of Oakland, in the dress of a gipsy queen. Samuel Fabian, the young San Francisco pianist, has arrived in Germany, but his patron, Mr. Alstrom, intends to have him make the “grand tour” before he settles down to his studies. Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Crocker are spending a few days in Sacramento. Colonel Baile Peyton came up from Santa Cruz a few days ago, and is at the Palace. Governor Low and family are in Washington. General Hewston returned to this city on Thursday last. Doctor Shorb, who has been spending a short time in Los Angeles County, got back on Thursday last. Major James Biddle, U. S. A., is at Tucson. Mrs. General Banning and her daughter, who have been in San Francisco for a week or two, returned to Los Angeles on Tuesday last. Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Hensley, of San José, are visiting in Sacramento. Mrs. Henry Edgerton, of Sacramento, is visiting in this city. W. H. Parks, of Marysville, was in San Francisco on Monday and Tuesday last. Mrs. M. D. Boruck is on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Kenfield, at Sacramento. Judge Rising returned to Virginia City on Tuesday last. Doctor J. S. Adams and daughter, of Oakland, returned home by the Southern Pacific on Tuesday last. Captain Hooper, of the *Corwin*, and Mrs. Hooper arrived in Washington, D. C., yesterday. Miss Kate Blythe, of San José, who has been visiting friends in Oakland, has returned home. The first of the January receptions of Mrs. A. N. Towne and her daughter, Mrs. Charles N. Shaw, took place on Monday last at the Palace, and may be termed an ovation on the part of the callers, who paid their respects by hundreds—a fitting companion part to the splendid event of the 14th ultimo. Mrs. Seal, of Mayfield, has been at the Occidental for the past few days. Mrs. Lucien Herman is said to be seriously ill at the Palace. Mrs. Samuel Meyer is in Brooklyn. The regular Monday evening hop at the Grand Hotel was well attended by the guests of the Palace and Grand, and a few invited friends, among whom were Colonel and Mrs. J. D. Fry, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Miss Hattie and George Crocker, Mrs. A. E. Head, Miss Head, Miss Emma Wiggins and brother, Mr. and Mrs. David Brown, Mrs. Henry Reddington and others. The next hop will take place on Monday week, the 23d instant. Baron Von Schroder has returned to his ranch, near Paso Robles. Colonel Harry I. Thornton left town for Tomhstone, Arizona, Wednesday last. The reception of Mrs. Lloyd Tevis takes places next Thursday evening. The Misses Belle and Maggie Eyre left for the East on Wednesday last; they go direct to New York city, where they will remain for a couple of weeks, and then proceed to Washington. The Japanese minister, Prince Yoshida, was entertained a few days since at a dinner-party given by Hon. and Mrs. John F. Swift, at their residence, No. 824 Valencia Street. The company comprised Mr. and Mrs. Swift, Prince Yoshida and his wife, (the princess,) Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Torbert, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Ashburner, Mrs. Lucy Arnold, Harry Reed, and General and Mrs. Kautz. The guests sat down at the table at seven o’clock, and arose from it at about eleven. Mr. H. Palacios, of Mexico, is at the Baldwin. Mrs. Dr. Follanshee and Miss Tallant are in New York.



## ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE.

Did you ever stop to think how many young men in this city live "down town"? The number is large—larger than most people think. I met a specimen one of these young bachelors the other day, and we fell to talking it over, Juvencus and I.

Juvencus is young—therefore very cynical; he is unmarried—so he knows women like a book; he has all his hair, and it is black—he therefore rather looks down upon the bald and gray. But he is not half a bad fellow, and when he gets over his cynicism and his overweening knowledge of women, he will be very companionable.

"Juvencus," said I, "tell me—do you not find your life a rather dreary one?—living in rooms, boarding in restaurants, having no home, no fire-side, and no wife?"

"As to the wife," said he, "you know what Sheridan said to his son?"

"Yes," I replied, severely, "and I know what his son said to Sheridan. It was not in good taste, and I am surprised at your mentioning it, even in jest. For of course you were jesting?"

"Of course I was," replied Juvencus.

But the fellow's face twitched.

"How do you live?" I asked. "Give me your programme, if I am not impertinent."

"Not at all," said he. "I live in a glass house, so my life is open, and I never throw stones, Zulano—not even at you." Here he chuckled. "We bachelors are not so badly off as you may think. In the first place, one may obtain excellent rooms for from thirty to fifty dollars per month, according to whether it is in lodgings or hotels. Let us say lodgings, and call it thirty. One may get up at eight, and take a matutinal cup of coffee, postponing his fork *déjeuner* till noon. There is an abundance of places where three or four friends may secure an excellent meal, with a little good claret, for seventy-five cents or a dollar apiece. A much better meal, Zulano, than you would get at home, if you ever lunch there."

I was going to tell him that I never did, but he went on:

"For dinner, I go to the club. There is always a very good dinner there, at a very reasonable rate—say seventy-five cents or a dollar, without wine. You can get excellent claret for from a dollar to two and a half a bottle. Champagnes, if you can afford them—I can not—at nearly cost price; say three and a half a bottle. You have a set of jolly good fellows to dine with; you have a pleasant room, good service, and attentive waiters; if anything goes wrong, you can abuse the cook without fearing your wife's displeasure. There is no feeling of restraint if there are guests; there is no perturbed hostess smiling uneasily behind her soup-tureen, and speculating as to the fate of her *entrées*. It is all *sans gêne*, Zulano, and *ousqu'y a d la gêne*, you know, *gn'y a pas d plaisir*."

"I am very well aware of that fact," I replied, "for I am conscientious, and I share Zulana's fears at dinners."

"After dinner," went on Juvencus, "there is half an hour during which one may smoke, roll a game of billiards, or play cards. Then, the theatre, for some; or calls for the social slave; or he puts on his spike-tail and goes and dances with green girls."

"Which you never do, I suppose?"

"Never," said Juvencus, grandly, "I am past all that nonsense."

Juvencus is twenty-six.

"But what does it cost you?" I inquired. "I admit the life is an agreeable one, but it must be expensive."

"Not particularly so. Let's see—rooms, say three hundred and sixty dollars a year; breakfasts, the same; dinners, five hundred and fifty; cigars, say two hundred; theatres, a hundred and fifty; clothing, four hundred; sundries, such as fires, washing, dues of various kinds, charity, foolish purchases, and so forth, and so forth, and so forth, say two or three hundred more. How much is that?"

"About twenty-three hundred dollars," said I, after a mental calculation; "but do you get away with that much every year?"

"Oh, no," he replied, "I only get two hundred a month, you know, with a Christmas present of a hundred dollars from my employers. No, I don't spend as much as that. I'm only giving you the outside figures, you know."

"But just think," said I, "with that much money a man could marry and support a wife in very good style."

"He could, eh?" cried Juvencus, with a grin; "well, perhaps he could, but I say, old man, just be as frank with me as I have been with you. Tell me *your* expenses."

I turned away from him with a groan. For there is a skeleton in the Zulano closet—a hideous, grinning skeleton, and its name is Household Expenses.

On Monday evening I went to see and hear "Leavitt's Great Specialty Company." A crowded house. We turn out strong for variety shows, we San Franciscans, but the legitimate we leave alone. And then we agitate our noddles at each other, and fatuously congratulate ourselves on having "a higher standard" than elsewhere. Go to, Gotham! We are smarter than thou art.

Yes, the house was crowded, and the show was rather good. The bicycle people are remarkably so, and so are the Davenes, whom we have all seen before. The "great French troupe" have apparently detected some suspicion as to their nationality on the part of their audiences. It is not an unfounded one, for the head of the family has difficulties with the aspirate, and talks as if he were born within sound of Bow Bells. To remove this suspicion they have adopted the following expedient: When the girl is about to make her flight through the air, the man loudly bawls:

"Si vous êtes prêt?"

To which she replies "Oui," and lets go. This evidently impresses both parts of the audience—those who understand French and those who do not. Odd as it seems, both are impressed in the same way—by the unfamiliarity of the sound.

I was not particularly infatuated with the "Queen Regnant of Lady Specialists," the "Versatile Terschichorean Skipping-Rope Artist" or the "Only Lady Sketch Artist." The female variety of variety performers is disagreeable to me. They all sing through their noses, have the same

brassy ease, and the same *minauderies*. The men are often droll. The women never.

When I entered the Argonaut office one day this week, I found the General Utility Editor indulging in uncouth manifestations of delight. He was lying back in his chair, emitting gasping chuckles, and pressing his hands to his sides. "What is the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing," said he; "I have been reading some guff, that is all."

"Guff!" I queried; "what is that, pray?"

"One of our love-stories," replied the Editor, going off into a fresh spasm.

"Is it a humorous one?" I asked.

"No—yes—that is, unconsciously so," he replied; "really, our love-stories hreak me all up. I can read columns of alleged humor without a smile, but the sentimental stories we print are too much for me."

"But," said I, "why do you print them if they are bad?"

"Well," he chuckled, "tastes differ, you know. Some people think they're good. Now, I remember we printed a story some weeks ago, which was extremely sentimental. Half a dozen people asked me why we published it, and assured me it was very weak. Half a dozen others told me it was the best we had printed for some time. And I got a letter from a lady who said she cried over it. Really, my boy, we have to cater to so many and such varied tastes. Now, you are aware that I don't think much of your stuff, are you not?"

"Yes," said I, somewhat stiffly, "I have gathered that fact from your guardedly remarking at times that it was 'rot.'"

"So it is, dear boy, so it is," said he, genially, "but then some people appear to like it, had as it is. Now," he continued, "what department of the paper, think you, attracts the most attention?"

I blushed. "Aside from the editorials," I began—

"Oh, women don't read the editorials," said he, "so we can't count that. And I don't mean your stuff. I suppose they read that. It's weak enough. But the department which attracts the most attention is 'The Tuneful Liar.'"

"What—that doggerel?" I gasped.

"The same," said he; "sometimes I receive three or four letters a day, giving me suggestions about 'The Liar.'"

I could not preserve my equanimity and converse with this mendacious person. I deposited my MS. upon his desk, and left him to his love-story.

Speaking of love-stories reminds me of what I heard a brutal sort of fellow say once about light literature—more particularly short stories:

"There are in America," said he, "five hundred thousand commonplace young women who have had a fair education; who have read many novels; who have skimmed over Shakespeare and dreamed over Byron; who have nine pathetic and seven humorous quotations at their fingers' ends. Any one of these five hundred thousand commonplace young persons can, on one day's notice, write a nice little commonplace story, in which commonplace characters will move through a commonplace plot; they will have nice little dialogues, in which they will utter little commonplaces; it will come to a commonplace ending, and will be read by commonplace people with much pleasure."

Nothing would have afforded me greater pleasure than to have truthfully said him nay.

When I was at the Homeier concert, Friday afternoon of last week, I determined to try an experiment. You are of course aware that the music at these concerts is intensely classical and meaningful. Every piece has its story. Lest the audience should not all be composed of the inner brotherhood who can at once fathom musical meaning, a printed explanation is put upon the programmes. This is for the coarser minds. I have a coarser mind. I never understand any of the music until I read the explanation. Sometimes not then.

Well, I determined to try an experiment. It was this: I would listen carefully during one of the numbers, jot down what I thought it meant, and then refer to the programme for corroboration. The number I chose was Wagner's "Waldweben," and here are my memoranda:

The young hero, Siegfried, has just slain the dragon Fafner. Some of the blood falls on his hand; he puts it to his mouth, and the taste enables him to understand the language of birds. The leaves rustle overhead, and the sunlight glances down through the branches, and quivers on the ground. Siegfried falls to musing sadly on the mystery of his birth. Suddenly the lovely notes of a bird sound overhead. The bird tells him that a beautiful maiden, Brynhilde, is asleep on the summit of a mountain surrounded by fire. Only he can pass the flames unharmed who has never learned fear. To learn fear is Siegfried's aim, and with a passionate burst of eagerness, he bids the bird lead him to the fiery mountain.

It may, perhaps, be necessary to state that the right-hand one is mine. It is altogether unnecessary to state that I have permanently retired from the interpretation of classical music.

I was speaking to Zulana about my conversation with Juvencus, and moralizing thereon.

"The boy don't know," said I, "that he is wrong in his ideas. A bachelor life makes a man cold and selfish. He becomes afflicted, metaphorically speaking, with ossification of the heart."

"If a bachelor life makes a man more selfish than are most married men," replied Zulana, "I am sorry for him. But I cannot believe it."

I gazed at her inquiringly.

"I mean," she went on, "that all the married men I ever saw were infinitely, comprehensively, and egotistically selfish. A bachelor, as a rule, can harm no one by his selfishness. It spends itself subjectively. Like the asp, he must sting himself. But with the married man it is different. His selfishness, (which is another name for the consultation of one's own feelings, the indulgence of one's own had temper,) has an objective outlet. The objects are his family. When a bachelor is out of sorts, tired, vexed by business troubles, he

does not use it as a pretext for making his companions miserable. Not so with the head of a family. He returns at the close of the day out of temper. We will suppose that the family is in a pleasant frame of mind—perhaps laughing and jesting. Enter husband, a scowl on his brow, black blood in his heart. The domestic barometer rapidly falls. The spirits of all go with it. Dinner is conducted in the midst of a forced silence, or perhaps it is seasoned with stinging remarks from the head of the table. When every one is rendered thoroughly miserable, his spirits rise. He has transferred his troubles to his kin, as the Israelites did theirs to the scapegoat. He is happy."

"Zulana," said I, warmly, "I always thought you had some sense, but I see I have been wrong. I never heard such cursed nonsense in all my life."

And I never did.

ZULANO.

## AN AZTEC CHESTERFIELD.

The Advice Given by an Ancient Mexican to His Son.

My son, God brought thee to light from thy mother's womb, as the chicken from the egg, and we know that He will also take thee from this world without it being given us to know how long heaven will concede to us the enjoyment of the jewel which we possess in thee; but, he it what it may, strive to live uprightly, praying continually to God that He will aid thee. He created thee, and to Him thou belongest. He is thy father, and loves thee more than I. Place thy thoughts on Him, and day and night confide thy desires to Him.

Reverence and pay respect to thy elders, and never show them signs of neglect. Do not shun the poor and afflicted; rather hasten to console them with kind words.

Reverence all, but especially thy parents, to whom thou owest obedience, fear, and service. Guard thyself from imitating the example of those had sons who, like reasonless brutes, do not reverence those who have given them being, nor listen to their instruction, nor wish to submit themselves to their corrections; for whose follows in their footsteps will come to a miserable end, and will die full of despair, or be thrown from a precipice, or torn by wild beasts.

Do not jeer, my son, at the aged or crippled. Do not deride those whom thou seest commit a fault, nor reproach them with it; humble thyself, on the contrary, and think that the same may happen to thee which offends thee in others.

Go not where thou art not called, nor interfere in what does not concern thee. In all thy words and actions strive to demonstrate thy good education. When thou conversest with any one, do not annoy with thy hands, nor talk too much, nor interrupt, nor disturb others with thy discourses. If thou hearest another speak inconsiderately, and it does not import thee to correct him, be silent; if it does import thee, consider first that which thou goest to say, and do not speak with arrogance, in order that thy correction may be more graceful.

When any one speaks to thee, listen attentively and in a courteous attitude, not playing with the feet, nor biting the cloak, nor spitting too much, nor raising thyself at each instant, if thou art seated, for these actions are indications of levity and ill breeding. When at table, do not eat fast, nor show disgust if something does not please thee. If at the meal-hour some one arrives, share with him what thou hast, and when any one eats with thee do not fix thy looks on him. When thou walkest, look where thou goest, so that thou mayest not collide with those who pass thee. If thou seest some one coming by the same path, turn aside a little to give him place. Never pass before thy elders except when it is absolutely necessary, or when they order thee to do so. When thou eatest in their company, do not drink before they do, and serve them with that which they want, in order to gain their favor. When they give thee anything, accept it with demonstrations of gratitude. If it be great, do not become proud; if it be small, do not despise it, nor become indignant, nor occasion disgust to whosoever favors thee.

If thou growest rich, be not insolent with the poor and the humble; for the gods, who deny to others the wealth which they give to thee, disgusted with thy pride, may take it from thee and give it to others. Live on the fruit of thy labor; so shall thy food be sweet to thy taste. I, my son, have sustained thee till now with my labor, and in nothing have I failed of the obligations of a father. I have given thee everything needful without taking it from others. Do thou the same.

Never lie, for lying is a great sin. When thou relatest to another that which has been related to thee, tell the simple truth, without adding anything. Speak ill of no one; keep silence about the evil which thou observest in others, if thou canst not correct it. Be not a spy nor a tale-hearer. When thou carriest a message, if he to whom thou carriest it become angry, and speak ill of him who sent it, do not return with that reply, but strive to soften it, and conceal when thou canst that which thou hast heard, lest discords and scandals be excited, of which thou mayest have to repent.

Spend no more time at the market than is necessary, for in such places abound occasions to commit excesses. When thou art offered employment, take account of what is done to prove thee; do not accept it at once, although thou knowst thyself more fit than others to execute it, but excuse thyself until they shall compel thee to accept it; so thou wilt be more esteemed.

Be not dissolute, because the gods will be angry against thee, and will cover thee with infamy. Repress thy desires, my son, while still thou art young, and wait till the maiden whom the gods have destined for thy wife comes to a suitable age. Leave it to the gods, for they will best suit thee. When the time arrives for thee to marry, dare not to do it without the consent of thy parents, otherwise thou wilt have an unhappy end.

Do not cheat, nor give thyself to robbery, for thou wouldst be the shame of thy parents, to whom thou owest honorable service in reward for the education which they have given thee. If thou art good, thy example will confound the wicked.

No more, my son; this is sufficient to discharge the obligations of a parent. With these counsels I wish to fortify thy heart. Do not despise them nor forget them, for on them depends thy life and all its happiness.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the Spanish by T. F. Ro...*



## THE WAXEN HEAD.

A Study of Madness.

Yes, I killed him.

But why? you ask. Ah, that is the question. The judge, the lawyers, and the jury can not tell. They have ascribed all manner of motives to me. They have said that I was brutal and cold-blooded from my birth—a moral monster. Wrong—I am gentle almost to timidity. They have said that there was a woman in the case. Wrong—I scarcely knew the man, and knew no woman whom he knew. My advocate has said that I am mad, and that the waxen head reminded me of some woman whom I had loved. Wrong—I never loved but one, and she was dark.

The head, you will notice, is that of a blonde.

Yes, I killed him, and for what you will think a trifle—because he refused to remove a waxen image from the window of his hair-dressing shop.

Odd, was it not?

Let me tell you my story. I was poor—miserably, wretchedly poor. I had come to the great city, as come so many men, in search of employment. Anything, whether hand-work or brain-work, would I willingly have done. But work I could not get. The first day I went to seventeen places. They were sorry there was no opening; possibly there might be; would I call again? and I was politely ushered out.

I waited. I called again. I was again rebuffed—a little less politely than before. I went to other places. The same experience. In all the great city there seemed no work for me to do.

I was gradually spending the small stock of money I had brought with me—all I had in the world. Finally it was gone. I pawned what few articles of jewelry I had, and continued my quest for work. At last I received some. It was copying, at a miserable pittance, but it was work.

My humble lodging was in a dingy street, and directly opposite was a hair-dresser's shop. In the window was an object the sight of which annoyed me. In this life you meet persons who are repugnant to you, as well as those whom you like. To one of a sensitive nature, like myself, the same rule applies to inanimate objects. Even for tables and chairs I have my likes and dislikes.

Things, says the Latin poet, have tears; so, too, have they irony. And this object in the hair-dresser's window produced upon me a disagreeable sensation of irony. The impression was all the more disagreeable, because I was ashamed of myself for feeling it.

I crossed the street, and examined the object of my dislike. It was nothing—nothing but a Waxen Head. But it was disagreeable. It looked like a real head—a head cut from a body. It was not a bust, such as hair-dressers ordinarily have, but a simple head, cut off at the neck, and placed on a shelf, with a background of coarse, red cloth. A flowing blonde wig was upon it, and its glassy blue eyes had a metallic lustre. There was a mechanical smile upon its painted lips—a disagreeable smile. Almost a contemptuous smile. And I could not help thinking that the Thing looked superciliously at me.

I finished the copying I had, and went for more. None to be had. Again I went my weary round. No work. Dispirited and melancholy, I returned to my lonely room. It was after dark. The hair-dresser's window was faintly illuminated by a sickly, sputtering lamp. But in the darkness there shone out two brilliant points of light.

They were the eyes of the Waxen Head.

I began to grow alarmed, despite myself. Could the cursed Thing be acting on my brain? Was I in danger of madness? But no; what folly! I would not look upon it. I would avoid gazing out of the window. For a week I would not let my eyes fall upon it. But it was not without an effort. I experienced veritable tugs at times, pulling me around to look at the Waxen Head. But I resisted.

At last one night I was returning home just after dark. The window was not lighted; I was safe. Just as I reached the front of the shop a lamp-lighter touched a street lamp near by. The flame shot from the jet, the light fell upon the window. Starting out of the darkness I saw the mocking Head.

I could not restrain myself. I entered the shop, determined to make the owner remove the hideous Thing. As I crossed the threshold a smug fellow advanced, bowing, smirking, and rubbing his hands.

“What can I do for you, sir?”

“Nothing,” said I; “that is, nothing in the—what a very singular head you have there in the window!”

“Do you think so, sir?”

“Yes. Can it be possible that it is of any use to you?”

“Oh, yes; it serves to attract customers, and to display wigs. And then, you know, it is one of the accessories of our business.”

“But,” said I, hotly, “why do you not have a bust? You certainly should have a bust.” He was staring at me. I went on more calmly: “Besides, with a bust, a handsome pair of shoulders, a necklace, or something of the kind, your window would look much more attractive.”

“Very true, sir,” he replied, “but such things cost money, and money, sir, is something not very plentiful in this shop.”

I grew excited again. I could not help it. “I do not care,” said I; “that object there looks like a genuine head—a human head. There are people whom such things affect. A nervous shock might be caused.”

He burst into a roar of laughter.

I changed my tone. I became humble. I admitted that the head produced a sinister impression on me, and begged him to remove it.

“Why,” said he, “if you are so nervous, you had better change your lodgings. It is easy to do that. I do not see why I should injure my business on account of your whims.”

He was right. I could not rightfully ask him to do it. But change my lodgings—what a bitter jest! I could not pay for those I had, much less secure new ones, with payment in advance required. I went out dejectedly, my head bent, and left the Thing still in the window. And yet they call me ferocious!

But my torture was only begun. The cursed barber told my neighbors of my visit. I became a show for the giggling preppers. They would watch for my goings and com-

ings, and when I passed the window, with averted face, they would chuckle and sneer. Even the little children would point their fingers at me, and their childish trebles would join the sneering laughter of the elder fools.

Curses on them! I wonder I did not do murder then.

One day my friend Arnold came to see me—the only friend I had in the great city. He brought good news—he had secured a place for me as clerk in an office. The pay was wretchedly small, but it was a place. I could have wept for joy. I pressed Arnold's hand convulsively, and thanked him as few men are thanked. I was to take the place in two days. He left me a happy man.

The next evening I was seated in my room. It was cold, and I was shivering, for I had no fire. It was the 20th of February. Oh, yes, I remember the date. I can never forget it. As I sat there, thinking over my unexpected good fortune, and pinching myself, partly to keep warm and partly to be sure I was awake, I heard a knock. I opened the door. A letter. I unfolded it and read:

DEAR SIR: We regret to inform you that the position which was secured for you in our employ by Mr. Arnold is no longer vacant. It has been filled by the appointment of a relative of one of the members of the firm.

Yours very truly,

I crumpled the letter convulsively in my hand. The room began to whirl around me. I staggered, and fell to the floor.

When I recovered my senses a new and strange light fell upon my dazed eyes. The curtain was drawn, but still the light came through. Mechanically I pulled aside the curtain to see what it could be. I recoiled. For the barber had fitted up his window with gas-jets, and in the centre of an aureola of ten lights appeared the Waxen Head.

I glanced at it. There was the same haughty look from its glassy eyes, the same sneering smile upon its painted lips. They moved—I swear I saw them move.

With a hoarse cry I bounded from the room. In two seconds I was in the villain's shop.

“Scoundrel!” I hissed, “you have mocked at me—you shall never again have the chance.”

“Pooh!” said he, insolently; “what's the matter with you? Go and sleep the liquor off.”

There was a sneer upon his fool's face as he spoke.

A knife came to my hand.

There was no sneer upon his white face when he died.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1882. JEROME A. HART.

Wells, Fargo & Co. run an express line from Bigbee to Tombstone, Arizona. Not long ago the wagon was attacked by highwaymen, and seventy-three hundred dollars taken therefrom. This little annoyance did not discourage the corporation. They resolved to give the treasure-hunting inhabitants of that region a chance to repent and do better before entirely shutting off the express line from that route. So they loaded a vehicle with shakels to the amount of six thousand dollars, and sent it forth on its mission into the arid wilderness which bounds the road from Tombstone to Bigbee. But the inhabitants, although they did not repent, did better, and bagged the specie. We have just received a letter from those regions of Arizona, in which a subscriber states that he has sent us four dollars by Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express. The four dollars have not arrived—in fact, they have eluded a careful search. Now, we appeal to the highwaymen of Arizona to spare the *Argonaut's* subscription moneys. Let them filch the sacks of charities, asylums, and even orphaned bankers and fatherless and abandoned stock-brokers; but think, O highwaymen, think of our tremendous expenses, and stay your band at the *Argonaut's* package.

According to Burdette, of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, the following were the remarks of a number of not undistinguished people on opening their Christmas stockings: “Since I have come back to the farm I do not wear any.”—*R. B. Hayes*. “It looks as though I would be bung up instead of my stocking.”—*Guiteau*. “Dear me, nothing but Hilton's photograph. I was in hopes it might have been my bones.”—*A. T. Stewart*. “It looks like an iron pumpkin, but I'm almost afraid to have it cooked.”—*The Happy Czar of Russia*. “It looks like a hole; it is a hole. I will crawl into it, and pull it in after me.”—*G. B. De La Matyr*. “That is not my stocking, with the rubber rattle in it. That belongs to Clara Louise. Mine is hanging on the other side of the chimney.”—*Annie Louise Cary*. “I do not know what this bottle with a rubber top for, but this is Annie Cary's stocking. The stripes on mine run up and down.”—*Clara Louise Kellogg*. “Ah, how nice this is! A cane made from the timbers of the old war-ship *Constitution*, the ‘Old Ironsides,’ you know.”—9,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000—*happy and credulous American citizens*.

With the December number *Appleton's Journal* closed its checkered career. Since the first number, in 1869, its course has been wavering and uncertain. It groped about in the dark from week to week. Finally, in 1876, the magazine was transformed into a monthly, and the price reduced. Its illustrations became fewer and fewer, until they disappeared. The same fate has come upon the Appletons' other periodicals. The large outlay on their *Art Journal* failed to float it on the market, and their *Supplement to the Popular Science Monthly* floundered around until its abandonment. An inexperienced young collegian took the moribund *North American Review*, hired them to print it for him, and brought it up in a short time to thirty thousand circulation, and now has cut loose from them altogether, while they never attained even a quarter of that for their *Journal* or *Supplement*. It is strange that so large a house should fail in periodical ventures, when the Harpers have had entire success from the very start with the *Monthly*, *Weekly*, *Bazar*, and *Young People*.

An English sleuth-hound which, at Blackburn, in England, detected with keen nose the spot where portions of the body of a child murdered and chopped up by the barbarous assassin were buried, has been brought to Duneeht, in Scotland, to try and discover the spot where the body of the Scotch Earl Crawford, which was stolen from its vault, may have been buried or hidden. But the earl had been in his grave so long that there is not the scent of fresh blood, as in the Blackburn case, to guide the hound.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Mrs. Molesworth, a lady whose “Spider Spinnings,” published under her initials some years ago, attracted so much interest, has written a book called “Herr Baby,” which Walter Crane has gracefully illustrated. It is published by Macmillan, of London.

Captain Sharp, for many years commanding in the British merchant service, has recently published a book highly recommended by the best authorities, entitled “Longitude.” It is a new method of ascertaining longitude at sea without the chronometer or “lunars.” Published and for sale by Geo. Spaulding, 414 Clay Street; price, \$2.

The public has already favorably passed on one of J. W. Osborne's stories, “Dab Kinzer,” and now that author has written another, entitled “Esau Hardery,” a novel of American life. It deals with many of the prominent subjects of contemporary society, such as bank defalcations and the like. It is written in a rather colloquial style, often bordering on sensationalism, but is, however, interesting reading. Published by White, Stokes & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

Another number of a new popular series is the “Whittier Birthday Book,” consisting of extracts in prose and verse by the “Quaker poet.” Many of the selections are placed appropriately opposite to the birthdays of those eminent men to whom the lines were originally addressed, such as Quincy, Arago, Molt, Palfrey, and others. The verses embrace all the various great topics on which the poet has written, from the slavery question to the Salem witch-burning. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale at Bancroft's.

At the time of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's delivery of “An Essay on the American Newspaper,” before the Social Science Association at Saratoga, it was copied in part by the press very extensively throughout the country. Its great excellence, however, caused so general a demand for the whole essay that its author decided to issue it in book form. It therefore now appears in the “Vest Pocket” series, and forms a very interesting review of American journalism. The author gives both the good and the faulty sides of the theme, introducing the subject with the remark that “although throughout the land there are many persons unable to pay for a newspaper, I have never yet heard of anybody unable to edit one.” Published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

“Authors and Authorship” is the first of a new series entitled “The Literary Life,” and edited by William Shepherd. It consists of extracts from all the great authors, referring to their and others' experience in the literary profession. The selections give evidence of good judgment, and are introduced by and interspersed with remarks. Many of the extracts are taken from various American periodicals, such as *Harper's* and the *Atlantic*, where they have been seen and forgotten. To read them now, when thus collected is an interesting study of the experiences and vicissitudes of some of our prominent literary men. The joining of the matter is done in rather an awkward fashion, and might have been made a little more connected. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale at Bancroft's; price, \$1.25.

Miss Dora Wheeler, winner of the second prize for this year's Prang cards, has just published the “Prize Painting Book.” Its design is to arouse competition among juvenile artists. It contains a series of uncolored sketches by Miss Dora Wheeler, which are to be painted in water-colors, and handed back to the publishers prior to July 1, 1883. The prizes for the three best results will be seventy-five, fifty, and twenty-five dollars, respectively. Two or three of the illustrations have already been colored, as examples. No competitor must be over sixteen. The designs to be colored are all graceful and artistic, accompanied by appropriate verses, written by Miss Wheeler's sister. This method of encouraging a taste for art in children is laudable, and will doubtless meet with good encouragement. The book is cheap, and the time given is sufficient for even the merest beginner to achieve success. Published by White, Stokes & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

The New York *Critic* begins its second year. It has, during the past year, risen rapidly in popularity. It fills the place which, in a literary sense, the *Nation* has in a great measure gradually lost. Among the new features will be the addition of a scientific department, edited by thoroughly qualified authors. Among the latest numbers of the “Franklin Square Library” are “A Life of Garibaldi,” “A Life of Sir Christopher Wren,” and Mr. Dorman B. Eaton's “Civil Service in Great Britain,” with an introduction by Mr. Geo. Wm. Curtis. A curious book is the “Dickens Reader,” a volume of character readings selected from Dickens's stories, by Nathan Sheppard. This volume will be illustrated with twenty pictures, and published in “Harper's Franklin Square Library,” on handsome paper. Teachers will probably find this a good book for school-reading. Prominent among the literary attractions of *Harper's Magazine* for the coming year will be a serial novel by William Black. This story, which will be commenced in the May number, is located in Ireland, and is entitled the “Bells of Shandon.” “Sarah Brooks,” the name appended to a volume called “French History for English Children,” is said to be a pseudonym adopted by a daughter of Sir Fitzjames Stephen. A comedy by “Ouida,” called “Cloth of Gold and Cloth of Frieze,” was begun in *Harper's Weekly* for January 7, 1882.

Mr. Lowell has commenced a monograph on Carlisle. Leo XIII. who, by the way, has mastered English so that he not only reads it fluently, but speaks it well, has commissioned a committee of the Sacred College to undertake a revision of the works of his favorite theologian, Saint Thomas Aquinas, which will be given to the world in a series of semi-annual publications. The serial, “The Transplanted Rose,” now running in *Harper's Bazar*, is from the pen of one of the leaders of New York society. The story is that of a young and untamed girl from the wilds of the West, who comes to live with an aunt who moves in the charmed circle that revolves around Murray Hill.

The girl, of course, shocks the conventionalities by her prairie manners. She is taken to the Patriarchs' hall, the Galaxy hunt, and all the places that wealth and fashion frequent. As the author of the story writes from the inside of this life, her pictures are reliable, and we are told that many of the characters are drawn from living models. M. Turgeneff's new novel has to do with Italian life two hundred years ago, and bears the extraordinary title of “A Song of Triumphant Love.” Sir J. H. Ramsay is writing for the Clarendon press what is supposed will be the standard history of England during the early and Middle Ages. He has been engaged upon this work for more than twelve years, and has just entered on the fifteenth century—the last to which it will extend. The date of publication is not yet near.

Mrs. Macquoid is writing a series of papers for *Belgravia* for next year, to be called “About Yorkshire.” They will be illustrated by Mr. T. R. Macquoid. Mr. John Payn, the English poet and translator of Villon's poems, is engaged upon a complete translation from the original Arabic into English prose and verse of “The Thousand and One Nights.” Those who know Mr. Payn's poetry will be surprised to hear that he is a London solicitor in good practice, and that his professional partners are utterly ignorant of his literary labors.

Donald G. Mitchell is mentioned as a possible occupant of the Chair of English Literature in Columbia College. Monsieur Victor Cheruliez, the Swiss novelist, who has just been elected one of the Immortals of the French Academy, is a military-looking man, fifty-three years of age. The author of “Samuel Brohl” has been a French subject for about a twelvemonth, having claimed the rights of citizenship possessed by his family before they were driven from France by the Edict of Nantes.

The whole of the first edition of “The Portrait of a Lady” was sold on the day of publication. Mr. Browning has on hand a new volume of “Dramatic Idyls,” which will be ready early in the new year. There are now two Browning societies in England—one in London, and one in Cambridge. They work in union, though independently, and exchange papers, etc. At the first meeting of the Cambridge society were discussed the claims which “this great and original thinker” has on all cultivated and earnest men.



## LOVED AND LOST.

## The Meeting and the Parting of Life-Streams.

A quiet village in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada; the sunlight of an October afternoon flooding the slopes of the hills, and falling athwart the miners' cabins with a cheerful light and warmth. In the foreground, a large, brown quartz-mill, with its endless bands revolving night and day, and its huge hammers crushing with remorseless force the beaps of ore, and filling the air with a thunderous roar, as of a distant Niagara. In the middle distance, the sleepy plaza, where swarthy miners and a few Chinamen and Indians doze or lounge. In the background, the picturesque houses, hiding their frailty in clusters of eucalyptus and fig trees, with an occasional palm lifting its fan of dry and rustling leaves, and clinging to the slopes crowned with live-oaks—that is Oleata.

"A wretched little hole! Nothing to do; nowhere to go; nothing and nobody to see," wailed Grace Coverdale, as she swung idly in a hammock in the little garden, and ate great peaches.

"A lovely, delightful spot; a regular little Eden; so quiet, so picturesque, so—so—" and her father, appearing in the doorway, paused for a finishing expression to his eulogy.

"Yes, 'so, so, papa; that's just it," laughed this ennuied maiden, raising herself on her elbow. "Do hurry up and make your fortune, papa; I want to get back to Boston and civilization before I become gray-headed. Ah me! Shall I ever see that dear crooked city again—and Beresford?" she added low, to herself. "Though, to be sure, I've seen him so much, and I suppose I always shall, unless—" But her thought was not put into words.

"See it!" responded the elder Coverdale; "why, yes, daughter, of course you will. If the mine only holds out as well as it has for the past month, we shall start in July, as we intended; and in August, you know—"

"Oh, yes, papa, I know; don't speak of it. Do let me forget—that is, let me be your little girl a while longer, and don't worry me," she said, half-reluctantly and half-caressingly, as she advanced and leaned upon her father's arm.

"The new agent will come to-night," pursued Mr. Coverdale. "He comes highly recommended by Newton Bros., and is said to be master of his business."

"Highly fiddlesticks! I suppose he'll be like all the other men we see, with a forest of beard—how I do hate long whiskers on a man!—and as stupid and prosy as an owl, always bringing in ores and rocks, and talking learnedly about 'assays,' and 'leads,' and all the rest of it. I won't listen to him, so there!" And the independent young lady drew herself up to her full height, which, after all, was not so great, being only five feet four when she stood very straight.

They were very like each other, as they stood there—John Coverdale and his daughter. The same breadth of brow and heavy eyebrows, the same straight nose, and the same sunny, blue eyes; only the father stood in stalwart strength, which, at fifty-seven, had not broken, and bent protectively a gray head over his much-loved daughter. She was slender and lithe, with brown hair shading a face that was delicate and refined, sparkling and brilliant, as are so many of the best of New England's daughters.

When Mr. Coverdale had decided on coming to California to look after his mining interests personally, his daughter, with dreams of the early days in her head, had begged to come with him, and, as her health had been delicate after that last year's cramming at the Arland Institute, motherly little Mrs. Coverdale had consented. The change from the intellectual stimulus and brilliant society of the "Hub" to the little village in the Sierra was at first interesting from its novelty; but after she had ridden on her little pony far and wide, had practiced all her music, and read all the books they had brought with them, life grew monotonous, and Grace was longing for a new sensation, or, let us whisper it—for a new man. For our New England maiden was, sad to say, a bit of a flirt, although, if you had accused her of being one she would have opened her round eyes at you. She had been accustomed to be confided in by many self-constituted "brothers" and "friends" who, she could not see how, inevitably turned into lovers, and there was "positively not a decent gentleman, you know," within a hundred miles of Oleata. Hence, sighs and petulance.

"Papa, what a picturesque figure," was her next observation. "See how strangely he is outlined against the sky." Bertram Stafford did indeed look *debonnair* and striking as he reined in his horse on the brow of the last bill he was to descend before entering Oleata. He cast a languid glance over the little valley below.

"An idyl," he said, acknowledging the beauty of the picture. "But I suppose there isn't a decent hotel or a pretty girl in the place. Well, I am booked for six months here. 'Needs must when the devil drives,' and Eva must have bread and butter, and dresses," he muttered, as he took a picture from his pocket, and looked fixedly at it. "Poor Eva! how tired I do get of her; and yet she has a noble face, and is a true and good woman. I wonder if there is, anywhere on the face of the earth, a woman who would hold me for six months without causing a sense of fatigue and growing *ennui* by her presence? But this isn't supper. Hallo, boy. This is Oleata?"

"Yes, sir," and the speaker passed on, leaving the black horse and his rider to descend the slope.

Bertram Stafford was a man whom women worshipped. One of the few sensible remarks that Ouida makes in "Friendship," where she says, in substance, that women may be loved with all the splendor of intellect, all the power of worth, of passion, of talent, and yet remain unmoved until one who holds the fatal gift of fascination shall appear, and carry, without effort, the hitherto impregnable fortress where lies hidden her heart. This gift of fascination the man possessed, and knew he bad it. It was not egotism that made him say "he tired of women." He had seen too many yield to his power; had seen too many sensible and whole-souled men passed by for him, not to be conscious of his gift, and not to use it. Whether the charm lay in his straight and well-proportioned figure, his dark and brilliant eyes, or

the strength and grace of his movements, could not be told. Other men had these, and had little power. But, whatever it was, it was there, and was well-nigh irresistible. Not half a bad fellow, he meant no harm to any one, and really liked his women friends till they got desperate and hored him, when his yawn over his evening cigar, and inward comment of "You tire me, my dear," sealed their fate, and left many an aching heart and desolate future to be repented of by the fair victims. This was the new agent which an inevitable fate was bringing to Grace Coverdale's side.

But, in the meantime, he has drawn rein at the gate to which he has been directed, and descended from his horse. Grace has disappeared, and only enters the room with a haughty nod of recognition, as her father introduces her. The keen, dark eyes sweep over her face with inward approval and outward indifference, and an amused smile trembles about the mouth as he returns the nod with one fully as cool, and turns, without another glance, to the supper which Mr. Coverdale has urged him to eat before he goes to the hotel for the night, and soon engages the old gentleman in an animated conversation upon the hated subject of "ores and leads." He handles the topic ably, for he is master of his business, displaying so much acuteness that Mr. Coverdale is delighted, and rubs his hands together when he is gone, exclaiming in an ecstasy:

"We've got a fortune in him, Grace, my dear."

"A mine of conversation, eh, papa, is that it?" retorts she, gayly, though there is a little trouble in the bright face, for Grace was not used to being snubbed, and she *was* used to absorbing the attention of every masculine thing around her, and a decided snub she had got to-night. But she had not been unobserved, as she sat in her quiet corner, with the firelight playing over the slender, round figure, and throwing fitful flashes on the thoughtful beauty of her face. The new agent carried away a picture in his mind's eye that eclipsed, for the moment, the memory of the one he carried in his pocket. He was too well versed in the game of hearts and darts not to know that, with a character such as he had read in Grace's face, a slight would be more successful than direct attention would have been.

"I foresee larks," he said to himself.

"He's a picture, and the most disagreeable man I ever saw," said Grace, wrathfully, as she let down her brown hair for a final brushing before retiring, and nearly pulled out a handful in her unnecessary energy. "I'll show him. I'll see if he treats me like that. *Me!*" she went on, as she unbuttoned her boots and put on her night-wrapper, leaning back against the high pillows in the charming negligé of unbound hair and white lace. If the object of her wrath could have seen her then, with her eyes bright from excitement, and cheeks glowing and pink, with the heaving bosom half revealed, and the alluring curves and rosy flesh lighted by the glow of the fire, his indifferent mien would have wholly vanished. But he was at that time on the hotel veranda, peacefully smoking a good-night cigar.

The next occasion of their meeting was in the mill. Grace had never entered its always open doors, but upon this particular afternoon she was seized with a thirst for information concerning the mysteries of quartz-crushing, and beamed encouragingly upon a smutty vassal, who was in the seventh heaven at the thought of escorting her through its labyrinths. To be sure, there was no opportunity for conversation, as the thunder of forty stamps made the most throat-splitting shrieks seem only whispers, and her faithful cicerone could only gesticulate wildly, and endeavor frantically, by this means, to convey information. But once under the low roof, and among the mysteries of the place, a wonderful fascination held the girl. She stood awed and enthralled at the mighty exhibition of force which she saw. Overhead, a vast network of endless bands, forever rolling, crossing and recrossing, twisting and turning in—to her—inextricable confusion; underneath, the great hasins, gyrating with a queer, hopping motion, and in their centres the syphons, forever discharging alternate jets of water, in queer and fantastic jerks. Just behind her were the ponderous hammers, in solid phalanx, ascending, descending with giant force upon the quartz, which was glad to become sand under their awful feet, and to bury out in the volume of rushing water that swirled it to a quieter place.

"I should think they would get tired," she muttered to the bammers.

In her absorption she did not notice that her guide had left her for a moment, and as she turned to communicate, if possible, her thoughts to him, she looked up into the dark eyes of the new agent. He lifted his hat, and smiled as he saw the wonder in her face. The look changed suddenly as he glanced back of her, and she felt herself violently seized and whirled forward three or four feet in a peremptory manner that brought the angry blood to her face. It died down as suddenly when she saw what she had been on the point of doing—stepping backward into one of the basins, just where a band revolved, which would have caught her dress and herself in a moment more—in fact, *had* caught the fluttering end of a ribbon. No thanks could be uttered, as all sound was lost in that mighty roar. So she walked on silently beside Mr. Stafford, something curiously pleasant mingling in her thought of that arbitrary touch upon her arm. She was still revolving this subject as they came out on the other side upon a platform where the precious black sand was heaped, moist and heavy, and glittering with yellow specks. She was at last able to speak and be heard.

"I might have been killed," she said, earnestly.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't," was his light response. "We don't die till fate wills. And you are too young and charming to die yet."

"Don't." She put up her band with an imperative gesture.

"Well, I won't. What is the use of stating what you know to be an incontrovertible fact?"

"Which is the fact, Mr. Stafford—that I am charming, or that I shall not live forever?" demurely. "But really, that would be a dreadful fate, to be crushed by all that power. I never realized before how much labor it took to get gold."

"But this is only half, Miss Coverdale. You should go down in the mine."

"Oh, I couldn't. I'm not a coward, but after to-day I don't really think I could. I should be thinking the whole mountain would crush me."

"We'll walk up to the new office. There isn't any machinery there"—speaking as to a frightened child, for she still seemed excited and nervous. "Here is a step; now let me help you." And in fifteen minutes she was talking and laughing with a delightful sense of unrestraint to this man whom she had sworn to herself to ignore.

That was Stafford's gift—his talent; and he smiled to himself as he watched the haughty manner dissolve, and the bright face become gracious, animated, interested, under his influence—a dangerous gift for any human being, especially for one so handsome. But he, in turn, was growing interested as he watched the sparkling face, and heard the keen and witty observations of Miss Coverdale. She had not lived twenty years in the shadow of Harvard for nothing; and as he sounded the depth of her mind with a master hand, he had to confess that she was a *rara avis* in the way of girls. They lingered upon the broad piazza till the shadows fell, and each was sorry, though neither so acknowledged, that the night was falling. Return was necessary.

"She is not so pretty as Eva," he mused, as he helped her down the steep steps, and noted carefully her features. "But what a delicious laugh, and what an expressive face! She is piquant, breezy, jolly, and has infinite variety."

"He is not so sensible and good as dear old Beresford," she was thinking, "but he is fascinating."

As they neared the gate she said, cordially: "Will you come in to tea?"

"Thanks. Yes, I think I will," and they passed into the cosy parlor.

This parlor was a most attractive place, with its mingling of city luxuries and country necessities, as often happens in the California mountains, where men and women of culture are forced for long periods of time to make their homes. A fireplace held great logs of wood, which were blazing cheerfully, and throwing quaint lights and shadows upon the superb "Steinway" which Grace had brought with her. "For," she said, pathetically, "I shall die if I can't have my music." Mr. Coverdale appeared to think Mr. Stafford had come to see him, and monopolized him immediately, while Grace passed up the stairway. What impulse led her to gaze earnestly into her mirror, and afterward to don her prettiest robe and ribbons, she did not know. *We*, however, can guess. But, as on a former occasion, on descending she found herself completely ignored, and a long discussion on the situation of the Aryan and Semitic races in progress. Once only, after tea, was she appealed to. Her father asked her to play, and rising at once, she complied. Mr. Stafford was silent for a moment after she had finished, and then said:

"Your playing is above criticism, Miss Grace. Do you sing?"

"A little."

"Do you know this?" he said, eagerly, and sang in German Uhland's "Far on the Mountains."

As the rich, full, tenor voice rose and fell she could but acknowledge that this was one more charm in him; but he took his hat immediately after, and left with an abrupt "good-night."

She felt chilled and repulsed, after all the cordiality of the afternoon, that he should so ignore her in the evening; but it was a part of Stafford's policy toward women not to let them have too much of him. He knew generally how much was effective. That he had not estimated himself or her quite rightly, was in this case true; for, although roused and interested, she was by no means conquered, and tears of angry impatience filled her eyes as she leaned over her bureau that night, and took out Beresford's picture.

"You are worth a dozen of him, dear old boy, I am sure. Yet why must I think of him, and not of you? I *will* not be such a child—so fickle. I will not see him at all, or, at most, I will only amuse myself. You won't care, Beresford, will you? Or, if you do, you can't help yourself, three thousand miles away," she laughed, as she shut the case.

Meanwhile, seeing her half yieldings that afternoon, Mr. Stafford had thought that his way was easy; but now, try as he would, there was no seeing her alone. If he called, it was generally in the evening, and Mr. Coverdale would prose along after the manner of old gentlemen, and Grace would work by the firelight, or respond when spoken to. She was always ready to sing or play, but somehow he did not seem to make progress in his acquaintance with her. They seemed to have stopped at the point where they entered the house that afternoon. He met her in her home, or walking, or riding, but she was the same impenetrable maiden, with a sweet and cool manner that drove him to madness; for a marvelous change in his own feelings was taking place, and had already become manifest to himself. From a quiet, amused watching of her moods, he found himself longing and waiting for the evenings when his semi-weekly calls took place, and if she disappeared with a quiet good-night, as she sometimes did, he experienced an intense feeling of disappointment, and was in a fever of expectation until he saw her again. He grew immeasurably angry at her when away, and when in her presence found himself longing passionately to seize her, and make her lose that "confounded iciness," as he characterized her manner. He was too old in the world's ways, and had seen too much of the tender passion not to know that he was fast losing his senses; but he ground his teeth together when alone, and said, with a desperate resolution: "I *will* have her. She shall belong to me, and we will be happy in spite of everything." Of her feelings he could not judge. If she was learning to love him, she controlled herself better than he did, and laughed a little exultant laugh to herself when she saw how she could cause him uneasiness.

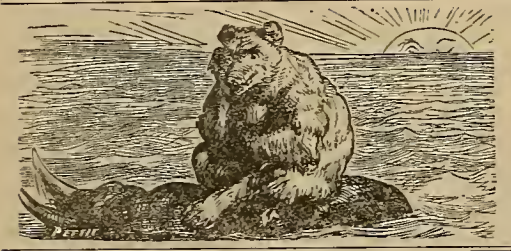
At last opportunity favored him. As he entered the room early one evening, unannounced, he found her half lying on the broad sofa, shading her eyes with a fan. As she heard him approach she rose quickly, and he saw that she had been weeping. She greeted him with some little confusion, and a face which flushed a little, as he scanned gravely the traces of recent emotion. The flush deepened to rosy red as a letter fell from her dress to the floor. She stooped to pick it up, but not before he had time to see that the description was not in a feminine hand.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]



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THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1882.

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An eminent English thinker has said, in speaking of American politics, that this country stands greatly in need of a class of thoroughly trained statesmen. This is obviously true. It is a fact that the public has come to think that because a man has not occupied any official station—in short, has not been found to be bad—he is likely to prove good. Unknown and untried men always stand a better chance to be chosen to public position than the oldest and best known functionary. But the want of trained statesmen, from a practical point of view, great as it is, does not compare with the need we have for efficient and intelligent men in our municipal government. Each new city government—and they last but a short two years—is, as a rule, composed of entirely new and untried men. It is true that only too often this is rendered necessary by the delinquency of those who go out at the end of the term. But this is not always the case, and when it is not, the efficient and conscientious officer, as a rule, is dropped out along with his soiled confreres. We never reward merit. Too often we punish it the same as crime. The plan of always hunting for and preferring new men has another bad tendency in calling into power, to the public detriment, a vast quantity of crude and untrained zeal and energetic honesty, that is often as damaging, within certain limits, as would be an equal quantity of roguery itself. Take the average merchant, manufacturer, or mechanic from his business, and place him at the head of one of our city departments, and, though he be a man of the best principles, there is danger that he will be carried by mere official zeal into extravagances unlimited. It is his first official position, and he thinks the whole human family have their eyes fixed upon him and the career he has before him; that the office he holds is the most important, not only in the State, but in the nation; that all other offices are of minor consequence, and that the machinery of government gets its entire impetus from his department. He magnifies its consequence, and in doing so soon learns to magnify its expenditures. He wants more clerks and assistants to do the work, and then wants more work to do. That there is a tax-paying public behind him, whose interests ought to be thought of, soon slips out of his mind, if it ever obtained a lodgment there, and he only studies how he can obtain money to spend. Upon no other possible theory can we account for the steady and continuous increase of deputies, clerks, and employees of the various offices in our City Hall year after year. Did anybody ever hear of the tax-collector, the assessor, the county clerk, the recorder, the sheriff, or

the street superintendent of this city notifying the Board of Supervisors that they could get on with one less assistant than they then had? Were they, or any of them, ever known to omit appointing a deputy when they had the power? Has there been a single instance in the history of the city of any head of a department recommending, or, indeed, without protest, assenting to, a diminution of the stream of expenditures running through the hung-hole created in the city treasury by his office? If so, we never heard of it. On the contrary it seems, in practice, that honest officials are as zealous in getting rid of money as if they were stealing every dollar they spent. It does not seem to make much difference in the tax levy, at the end of the year, what kind of men had control of our municipal expenditures—it always foots up about the same. Indeed, it foots up more each year, for the practice of increasing expenditures in regular gradation, founded upon a supposed increase in population, goes on just the same whether the population in fact increases or diminishes. When this is not the result of corruption—which sometimes happens—it comes from the crude zeal of men uneducated in government. Whenever the legislature attempts to reduce salaries or other municipal expenditures, they find a flock of San Francisco deputy sheriffs, assessors, and other office-holders, rushing to Sacramento to head off the measure, though—as is usually the case—they do not always go from purely selfish personal motives. This biennial rush of office-holders to Sacramento is often the result of the enthusiasm and zeal of functionaries who think the public good is advanced in some manner—it would be difficult for them to explain just how—by the apparent activity which goes on in and about their particular offices. The superintendent of schools struggles to haffle every effort to economize in school expenditures; other officials, with equal zeal, but not always with the same pure motives, work like heavers to magnify and spread out their own special departments. The doctors besiege the same legislature to get more money to spend in the hospitals and health department. The sheriff wants more jailers; the recorder wants more copyists; the assessor wants more deputy assessors, and the superintendent of streets wants more deputies, more clerks, more brooms or sweepers, and power to spend more money for street work. In the meantime the public administrator is intriguing to have his office magnified and made better to have, to raise it up a degree or so in the scale of preference in the administration of dead men's estates, to render everybody else as nearly as possible ineligible to be an administrator or executor, to put conditions on non-resident relatives below himself in the order of right, and finally, step by step, to supersede the heirs at law, the children, and if possible even the widow, and to take every dead man by the throat and shake him out of his estate—and all in the name of the public good! But never have we heard of a city official working to reduce the number of employees, or to cut down expenditures in his department. That is the last thing thought of. And, after thirty years of experience, the results have been too uniform to allow us to hope for anything different under the present system. Official zeal on the one hand, and official dishonesty on the other, seem to come to about the same thing in the end. No reform seems possible so long as the city is divided into independent departments. We should have a new charter, and there should be a central authority having control of all the departments and all the expenditures—a sort of department of economy. This power, which might be in the Aldermen and Common Council, should dominate all the various bureaus into which Horace Hawes so absurdly divided our city government; and should be compelled by law to readjust all salaries and expenditures at least as often as once in two years. Depend upon it, the heads of departments will fight against every reduction and every reform in their own offices forever. They can not be entrusted with this duty. Each official soon comes to think that the happiness of the human race turns upon exalting his office, and spending all the money possible. They think of the public as the fishwoman does of her eels—creatures made to be skinned, and which, by long use, come to like being skinned.

During the life of Pius IX. a very remarkable pamphlet was published by a very remarkable man—Father Courci, an eminent member of the Order of Jesus, a man of great learning even among the learned men who compose that order. He was the especial friend and intimate companion of Giuseppe Pecci, Cardinal, and brother of the present Pope, Leo XIII. For writing this pamphlet, recently enlarged to a hook, and lately printed at Florence, entitled "New Italy," he was expelled from the Society of Jesus, and the book was itself condemned by the Holy Inquisition as a libel upon the Holy See. The argument of this remarkable hook that so disturbed and alarmed the Jesuits was directed toward the effort of conciliating the Pope to the government of Italy; to induce him to accept the political condition which he found upon his coming to the papal throne; to relinquish, without further contest, his temporal power; to admit that the temporal power was not indispensable to the spiritual supremacy of the church. The Church

of Rome was deprived of this power because it had abused the gift. He desired the Pope to come to a frank and friendly understanding with the King of Italy and its government, and charged that it was his duty, as a Christian and priest, to submit himself to a ruler duly appointed and duly constituted. The most remarkable declaration was also made by Father Courci that the Pope held the same opinions on the subject as he did. It was understood by all who were informed of the political opinions of the new Pope that they were liberal; that he was a learned and broad-minded man. He had filled a diplomatic mission, being for some years Legate at Brussels. He was recalled by Pius IX., and assigned to the hishopric of Perugia. He was accredited with possessing great energy and vigor. If Father Courci's advice could have been followed, the Pope would not be self-imprisoned in the Vatican. He would have received his three million francs as an annual stipend from the Italian government. He would then have stood at the head of a hundred millions of spiritual followers; and, recognizing his relation to the Christian world, and the Roman church as its spiritual head, and not entitled to the exercise of temporal power, he would have been relieved from a multitude of complications that have ever since hest him. This was not agreeable to the cardinals, the officials, nor the members of the Society of Jesus. Their influence and their power, acquired through the long pontificate of Pius IX., which had endured for thirty-one years, were sufficient to control the new Pope, and to compel him to the assertion of his civil authority. The assertion of this idea, carried to its logical conclusion, gives authority to the Pope, and the Church of Rome, and the Order of Jesus, to interfere in the civil administration of all governments—gives him the right of political interference with the civil affairs of all the world. It asserts the authority of priests to meddle in politics. As the church, through its infallible head, may control priests, as the Order of Jesuits controls the Pope, it follows that the Order of the Society of Jesus asserts its right to interfere and control the political affairs and direct the civil administration of all countries. This is Jesuitry. This is the dangerous power that lurks within the church. It is a power that threatens the church as well as the State, because it would dominate both. It is the power that is now plotting and intriguing in every government where the Order of Jesus is permitted to exist. Its leaders are men of vast learning. It is an order of great power. Secret and wealthy, it aspires to control the education of the world. It upholds the Catholic Church only as a means through which it may exercise its authority. Whenever it cannot rule within the Catholic Church, it will keep the church itself in disorder and confusion. It has been denounced by the church. It has been driven out of every leading Catholic country in the world, and always for the same offense, viz., for its political interference with governmental authority. If the Church of Rome would confine itself to spiritual affairs, and its members, priests, and laymen keep themselves aloof from political interference in the civil affairs of government, it might be permitted to pursue its course unmolested. If it were not for this secret and powerful order of intriguing political conspirators, which, under the guise and pretext of religion, is constantly endeavoring to obtain and exercise political power, the Church of Rome would be in better odor than it now is. And what is this Order of Jesuits but an Italian political party conspiracy? The entire membership of the College of Cardinals is composed of sixty-three members. Of this number, thirty-six are Italians, and outside of Austria, France, Spain, and Portugal, there are only eight—only eight cardinals in all of Germany, England, Belgium, the United States, and America. And of these Italian cardinals, a majority are Jesuits. It is this little hand of adroit conspirators, with its seat of power in Rome, its vast wealth, its doctrine of unlimited obedience, its unbounded ambition, and its devilish principle that the end justifies the means, that is to-day not only disturbing the repose of the church, but the peace of the world. It was this power that inspired the policy of Pope Pius IX., and it is against this order of the Society of Jesus that Father Courci brings his terrible and unanswerable indictment when he declares that it is leading the nation in the paths of revolution; and this he interprets to mean infidelity, atheism, and rebellion against legitimate authority. He declares that the true faith of Christ has become obsolete and dead in the hands of the Italian Church; that it has yielded to trivial and superstitious observances; that the clergy have become frivolous, worldly, and ignorant. The writer of this article would not be sincere if he laid much stress upon the fact that the order of the Society of Jesus is injuring the doctrines and lowering the standard of the church, or that, under its influence, the priests had become worldly or ignorant; but he is sincere when he deplores the fact that this hand of Italian priests can disturb society, imperil order, and threaten the repose of nations. He is sincere when he declares that these Jesuitical conspirators must not be allowed to carry on their secret machinations in the United States of America against its system of education and the principles of republican liberty that underlie its government. We might only smile when we read of the ridiculous mir-



cle impostures that are being practiced under protection of the dignitaries of the Church of Rome. We could afford to laugh at the scandals of Lourdes and Marpingen, and the new frauds now being practiced at Knock, as we did when an artful girl in San Francisco showed her bleeding bands and feet to convince priests and laymen in our city of the miracle of the stigmata. We could afford to laugh, as we do now, when in the *Monitor*, the "Catholic family journal" of our city, we see, in display type and double-leaded, that out from the stone carving of the church gable at Knock the Virgin Mary raises her eyes to heaven, opens her hands to bless, her lips to smile, and that the cold, bard granite hews, while brilliant lights and stars of wondrous beauty make golden aureole around her head; as we do when Archbishop Kavanagh, with all the formalities that environ the certificates of quack medicines, certifies that cement picked out from the walls of this church of fraudulent renown cures sore-eyed chambermaids and servant girls of fits, and restores to health and strength the nun of Kenmare. All these child's stories and paltry fables we may leave to time, and the school-house, and the free press. Of such devices of credulous priests to bold the spiritual allegiance of the ignorant, that they may gather from them Peter's pence, we would make hut an occasional facetious paragraph. But when civil freedom, mental advancement, an educational system, order in society, and tenure of property must all be imperiled in order that the Roman Church can bold in highted ignorance a class who will believe such things, we protest. In conclusion, and in explanation to those of our Catholic readers who think, let us remind them that Father Courci is a good Catholic, is still a priest, is still a friend of Leo XIII., and his brother, Cardinal Pecci, still lives as his guest in the Palace of the Vatican. If he thinks the Order of the Society of Jesus an enemy to the church and a peril to Italian liberty, may we not fear it for our government? If France, with thirty-six millions of Catholic subjects, and less than one million of Protestants, may drive Jesuits from its borders for political intrigue, may we not watch the order in America, and remember that while speckled hens do not lay speckled eggs, that the eggs of speckled hens always produce speckled chickens?

Judging from the Democratic press, the "grand old party" is again approaching one of those tremendous crises through which it has so often passed, hitherto, it might be said, triumphantly, but which may, at any time, prove fatal. It seems there is a possibility that the internal revenue system may be abolished by Congress, carrying with it the tax on whisky. For almost a generation the party has been contributing annually a sum of money that would have maintained the entire national government before the war—army, navy, and civil service—and that, too, by a tax on that liquid which is next in importance to bread. We gather from the journals that there is a possibility that, like the Children of Israel at the end of the memorable forty years in the wilderness, they are about to finish their wanderings, and enter the Land of Promise, where whisky will be cheap and plenty. But great as is the Democratic rejoicing just now, we confess we doubt if they will be as great gainers as they seem to think. We doubt if whisky will come any cheaper to the average Democrat by the change. The Government tax is eighty cents a gallon on alcohol—paid, it is true, in the main, by Democrats; hut only one-half, or fifty per cent. of this, we will assume, gets into the treasury of the United States, while twenty-five per cent. is stolen by the distillers, and represents the profits of the business. The other twenty-five per cent. comes back to the Democratic masses in the shape of a drawback or bribe, to induce them to vote the Republican ticket. Thus it will be seen that the tax, less the annual election installments, or drawback, is, after all, to the Democratic consumer only sixty cents a gallon. Besides, to the mere consumer of cocktails and whisky-straight the price of the raw material, by the quantity, is a matter of only the very smallest importance. Whether whisky is twenty-five cents a gallon or five dollars, does not affect the price of single drinks to any appreciable extent, and it is through single drinks chiefly that whisky reaches the party. These values are regulated by conditions and circumstances, among which the prime cost of alcohol is the very least considerable. The furniture and fittings of the saloon, the size and thickness of the mirrors behind the bar, the quality and delicacy of the decanters, the style of tumblers, whether of cut or blown glass—all enter largely into the price of drinks. The value of land, labor, and fertilizers in the locality where the rye or corn was grown from which this whisky was distilled is by no means so important a factor in the retail price of a cocktail as the style and artistic merit of the prints and pictures that ornament the walls of the establishment where the beverage is compounded and sold. Whether wood cuts or steel engravings, whether done in oil or mere chromos, as well as the reputation of the artist, painter, or engraver; whether originals or copies, must all be considered before the tariff of drinks is fixed. Much has been said about the cost of transportation, about competitive and non-competitive points, about long

bauls and short bauls; but when it comes to the price of exhilarating beverages these are insignificant factors when compared to the condition of the barkeeper's wardrobe, the number and cleanness of his shirts, the style of his jewelry, and the quality of the essences he puts in his hair-grease. It is well known that no man who puts hog's fat on his hair can expect to sell a cocktail for twenty-five cents, no matter what kind of liquor he makes it of. He must oil with perfectly fresh butter or the grease from the polar bear, and the perfumery must be the best of Lubin's extracts. The use of oleomargarine as a hair emhellisher is confined to the lowest five-cent deadfalls and Barbary Coast beer-cellars. Such being the real influences that regulate the distribution of whisky, do not the Democratic papers mislead the party when they encourage them to look for a great party triumph in the overthrow of the internal revenue system? It certainly appears so to us.

Our reform Board of Supervisors have given the friends of open methods and honest government another scare. When we suggested to them, as we did in the last *Argonaut*, to apportion out franchises among themselves just as they were apportioning janitorships and petty offices, we did not expect to be taken in earnest. That article was written in irony. We were making a joke over the plan of holding a caucus, and agreeing that each supervisor should have the right to name four petty appointments, or less if the salary was larger, and ironically suggested extending the system to franchises. We fear we shall have to change our style lest we be charged with complicity in what is now evidently about to happen. A franchise for a railroad is pending, and a caucus has been held—not an open caucus where reporters can listen at the keyholes, like that held over the janitorships—hut a close down caucus, noiseless as the tomb. Nobody knows what took place, hut everybody knows what is going to happen. A railroad franchise, worth a great deal of money, is going to be granted, given away gratuitously to somebody, and nobody knows precisely who. It is said to be a company building a railroad to the city. But what railroad, and from whence? They talk about exacting bonds that the company will commence work in a certain time. Commence work on what? On some other railroad to sell the franchise? That seems to us the most likely thing to happen. But if the business is honest, why not go about it in an honest way? What can he said on this subject by a supervisor secretly that can not be said openly and in the face of the world? Can it be, like the janitorships, they are agreeing how to apportion them? We do not say so, hut there seems to be no doubt that the other caucus was held to divide spoils. Then, why not this?

A batch of Austrian papers is just to hand, giving minute details of the burning of the Ring Theatre. Among them are the *Neue Frei Presse*, the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and the *Prague Tagesblatt*. All the news they contain has, of course, been anticipated by telegraph, hut in the accounts themselves there are a number of points which are not without a ghastly humor. For instance, the first dispatches are dated eight o'clock, when it is announced that the theatre has been burning for three-quarters of an hour. At twenty minutes after eight it is stated that the fire department is coming. Indignation is expressed in one of the dispatches that people should persist in burling themselves from the windows when the firemen are just about to arrive with blankets and the like. Perhaps the reporter was right; it certainly, however, should lie within a man's discretion whether he be roasted, half-roasted, or only break his neck. At half-past eight there is a joyful dispatch—the garrison is coming. The confidence expressed in the power of the troops would be ludicrous if it were not saddening. Another dispatch remarks, with ponderous gravity, that it is feared people may be injured by the falling of the bronze statues on the grand staircase. Few of the poor wretches ever reached the staircases, and most of those who did were suffocated. Regarding the conduct of the manager, Jauner, it is stated that when the fire was discovered to be beyond control, he mounted the prompt-box, and impressively bade the people "not to crowd each other." Within reach of his hand, as he spoke, was the bell-pull for lowering the iron curtain. It is impossible to say whether the man who worked it was at his place or not; at all events, Jauner did not give the signal. The last dispatch is a most instructive one. It runs: "All of the officers and men of the garrison are safe, and we are 'bappy to say that no person of standing (*standesperson*) 'has been injured.' Unseemly as was this discrimination if death, it was not even true. Many of the killed were people of birth, some were wealthy, and others were officials, professors, and the like. These, we suppose, constitute *standespersons* in Austria. It would be difficult to say whether they do in the world to which they have gone.

The Paris *Figaro* for December is a somewhat peculiar number. It describes a *coup d'état* which is supposed to have taken place the night before, in imitation of Louis Napoleon's famous *coup* of the 10th December, 1851. Two entire pages are devoted to it, with gigantic head-lines something like this: "The Coup d'Etat! Gambetta Declares

Himself Dictator! The Night of the Tenth December! Proclamation to the French People! Signed, 'Leon, Dictator'! Proclamation to the Army! Meeting of the Chamber of Deputies! Flight of President Grévy! Arrest of Jules Simon! The Barricades! Madame Adam's House Fired Upon! Interviews with Prominent People! What Victor Hugo Thinks of it! Aspect of the Streets! Scenes and Incidents. The Very Latest!" This is all worked up in the most dramatic fashion, particularly the flight of the President. The body of a slain patriot is described as being bauled through the streets. At the end of the second page occurs the following paragraph: "What we have just related is not, perhaps, entirely true; but if ever Gambetta dared to make the *coup d'état* of which he dreams, it would not differ much in detail from that we have just described."

Since there seems to be a potber in official circles over the retirement of certain army officers, it might be well to mention one whom the department seems disposed to overlook. Recently the Fourth Artillery was transferred from the Department of the Pacific to that of the Atlantic, the First Regiment taking its place here. The lieutenant-colonel of the first is in command. The colonel of this regiment is Frederick T. Dent, a brother-in-law of General Grant. He is the gentleman whom Washington people, some years ago, were wont to humorously dub "High Custodian of the Boot-jack and Knight of the Umbrella Stand." Colonel Dent is entirely incapacitated for service. He is a paralytic, and is, we believe, past the retiring age. His residence is St. Augustine, Florida, and we are informed that he made a strong effort to have his regiment brought there. This was a little too much to expect, and Mohammed will have to go to the mountain—that is, if he wants to see it. If the department retires other officers and leaves Colonel Dent, it will stultify itself. If it does so, most people will helieve and say that it is because he is the brother-in-law of General Grant.

Hon. Newton Booth has written a thoughtful and statesmanlike article for the *Sacramento Bee* on the subject of the Presidential succession. Like everything from the pen of Governor Booth, it is very interesting. He goes into the history of the various schemes before the convention that framed our national Constitution, and points out, by very solid reasoning, that of four plans suggested for filling the Presidential chair, the one adopted—of an electoral college—was very much the worst; that it has not answered any of the expectations formed of it by those who proposed and supported it; and that it has been superseded in practice by methods which annul both its letter and spirit. Governor Booth believes that the present condition of the Presidential office is fraught with peril to the country, and ought to be put in order at once, before trouble comes. He is, however, no better satisfied with the plan urged by some, of a direct election by the people, than he is with the one now in force. Nor is he among those who would lengthen the term of the office to six years instead of four. The governor is in favor rather of shortening the term than of lengthening it, and as for the method of choosing our chief magistrate, he would devolve that duty upon the House of Representatives for reasons which he puts with great force and clearness. It takes hut half an eye to see that in the near future there is to be a struggle more or less violent over the power of the President of the United States. He is to-day a constitutional king in everything but the duration of his official term. There will be a party, probably composed of the middle classes—the not very rich and the not very poor—who will endeavor to uphold power in Congress by restraining the President. The very rich, and all the moneyed corporations, carrying with them the non-tax-payers, will try to bring the President nearer and nearer to monarchy. Wealth desires and needs a strong government. The only serious check upon the President that has, up to this period, been developed, has been the Senate; and in the late struggle with Garfield—as much in consequence of the want of poise and coolness on the part of Conkling as from any other cause—that struggle ended so disastrously to those making the resistance as must likely discourage such efforts for a long time to come. Yet the two forces were brought face to face in the struggle over the New York patronage. And which side the country would finally have taken, had not the whole question been submerged in sentiment over the untimely death of one of the party, can never be known with absolute certainty. We should suspect, from the general tone of the article in the *Bee*, that Governor Booth would not be found among those who would enlarge the presidential power; but that, on the contrary, while shortening the term of the chief of state, and making his election come from the representatives of the people, he would be more likely to reduce than to add to his prerogatives. The article is a valuable one in every respect.

The controversy between Representative Blackburn and General Burbridge has apparently passed the fourth cause, and got into the fifth. In other words, the Reproof Valiant has been given, and now the Countercheck Cause comes. Verily, our Southern hretbre are becoming more and more determined. They were not wont to wait for "the lie seven times told."



## VANITY FAIR.

An interesting topic of current New York gossip is the marriage of Miss Vanderbilt and Doctor Webb. There has been so much talk about this marriage that the nice old ladies review recollections of the past connected with the two families. One of the ancient Knickerbockers makes the remark that "opposition to marriage was hereditary." When William H. went courting his wife, the girl's father, Doctor Kissam, said he would have no clam-sloop captain as his daughter's husband. He bitterly opposed the union, but the young folks took matters into their own hands, and in 1880 were making any amount of opposition to their daughter's marriage with Doctor Webb. Doctor Webb went into Wall Street, and, coached by his fiancée, made his little two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, demanded the girl a second time, and got her. The doctor's father, in his time, has had his trouble. He courted the heiress of old Cram, the brewer, and the obstreperous Cram went off his head, and vowed on his beer barrels to have gore if that fellow Webb came around the house, but the girl got out, and the lovers were wedded; and in 1880, true to their instincts, they thought their son had best marry into a family that didn't feel quite so much animosity for him.

The latest freak of fashion in Europe is the "kidskin bodice." It is very expensive, but it moulds the figure perfectly, and sets off beautifully a statuesque woman. Only the finest Jouvain-glove leather is used in its manufacture, and much taste and fancy can be shown in embroidering it.

A new fashion, says a London paper, of which many leaders of society speak as likely to prevail, is the so-called uniform toilette for ladies. Already the idea has been "aired" at several great entertainments, and it is said that the Queen of Italy is responsible for the change. When the queen was at Vienna a special hall was given in her honor, at which all the Viennese ladies appeared in white, emulating the hue of the daisy, or marguerite, after which the queen is named. Queen Margherita herself was in white satin, trimmed with silver gauze and hellebore with exquisite gardenias, the effect of the whole being enhanced by the splendor of her pearl necklace, King Humbert's latest gift. When the queen returned to Italy and gave a ball, she let the invited ladies know that they were expected to appear in white. The Roman ladies were not backward, of course, and appeared in gorgeous white costumes, in most cases enlivened with stars or daisies in diamonds. Since then, at several receptions held in Paris, notifications have been given out with the invitations that ladies were to appear in certain shades of color. The fashion, of course, affords play to the wildest extravagances, each woman being anxious to make an effect by startling combinations and contrasts of materials, but to the ordinary observer it is by no means attractive, and uniformity becomes monotony.

A story is wafted from beyond the seas to the effect that a young gentleman of American extraction was a prince for a day—or at least for a period long enough to win the heart and hand of a young damsel rolling in wealth. The tale seems to belong more properly to the first of April than the last brief days of December, if one enumerates all the details of his Oriental gorgeousness. It is further recorded that when empty coffers extinguished forever the princely career of our adventurous compatriot, unlike Claude Melnotte, he simply replenished them from the well-filled casket of his bride, and amused himself at home, like a sensible prince, instead of risking his precious neck in foreign frays.

"The story," says the *St. Louis Spectator*, "concerning the jealousy of Mrs. Jeff. Davis toward General Joe Johnston's wife, now circulating in the newspapers, is a fact well known to all people who knew much of Richmond society during the war. Mrs. Davis knew her own unpopular status in Richmond circles, and never let pass an opportunity of showing her power as wife of the chief executive. Loud, vulgar, flashy in dress and arrogant of manner, there never moved in Virginia society a less admired woman than she. Like General Grant, her hands were ever ready to receive and hold fast. Her Richmond home was filled with spoils from young men wanting preferment, and hoping to influence Jeff. Davis through the dominant passions of his wife—flattery and acquisitiveness. Hers was never the wardrobe lacking in richness, when the most delicately nurtured women of Virginia were wearing gowns made of domestic cotton, spun and woven by their own fair hands, and despoiling themselves of their jewels that they might give all to the support of the cause they espoused."

The fashionable houses now approaching completion on Fifth Avenue, New York, are jokingly spoken of as the houses that Van-der-bilt. Thirty-seven palatial mansions are at present being erected on the avenue, each of a different style of architecture, and each vying with the other in a race for splendor and costly effects. Cornelius Vanderbilt's new stables, on Fifty-eighth Street, are in themselves marvels of elegance. The interior is more like a gorgeous café than anything else, whose galleries are hay-lofts and whose stalls are *cabinets particuliers*. The windows are shaded with many-hued Turkey curtains, and all the minor accompaniments are proportionately rich.

Wearied with old gold, the caprices of fashion are about to inaugurate the reign of virgin gold. This transformation, it seems, is advantageous in one respect. In the youthful and immature shade there is nothing positive. It lacks the decision of experience, and where the mellowness of old gold, from its sameness, threatens to become monotonous, in the varieties of the untried metal may be found ever-changing tints, ranging from a reddish yellow to a silvery hue. In addition to this superiority, in a practical sense, the poetical yearnings of the age seek satisfaction in like significant devices. There is a marked tendency toward the revival of the color mania, which, reasonably enough, brought relief to the stiff brocades and towering perruques of the Louis

XVI. period, but which the comparative simplicity of our day scarcely justifies. When houquets of camellias, birds, embroidery, and metallic fringes, from unceasing repetition, become stale articles of decoration, there are always the infinite resources of the kitchen garden to fall back upon. Camellias may find a fitting substitute in carrots, and what can be more fresh and appetizing than a fringe of pink radishes or trimming of the graceful asparagus? Muffs of chrysanthemums are mentioned as a pretty device for bridesmaid adornment in the somewhat narrow path of wedding routine. But in climates where furs are for many months a stern necessity, a mere floral imitation of the genuine article seems to be tiresome and superfluous. The fashion in jewelry of coins and medals, presumably antique, is always popular. Even fan-holders are composed of these relics of the past; but, as their value is always doubtful, it is difficult to classify them and give them a stable position in the intricacies of dress.

At the Spanish court the favorite language is German, in deference to the queen, but the king talks German, Spanish, French, and English with almost equal ease. It is the opinion of every intelligent person in Spain that the advent of the republican régime is only a question of time. Among the Spanish drinks is the *horchata de Chufas*, a very sweet barley-water mixture, "the color of muddy milk with snow in it." The *cerveza con limon* is beer mixed with lemon-juice, brewed ice-cold in a punch-bowl. It is spoken of as very palatable. *Agraz* is described as "clarified verjus." As in France, the best wines are exported. With the masses the favorite drink is *aguardiente*, a cross between brandy and absinthe. Singularly enough, many of the cigarettes are made of Virginia tobacco.

The Empress of Austria now and then appears in Vienna attired in the tight-fitting riding-habit which excited so much interest among English ladies last year. The court tailor exhibits the different fashions of riding-habit ordered by her imperial majesty. All are of her own design, all of them experimental trials, all of them of silk velvet of the stoutest make, and of different colors. The one described as being her favorite is of myrtle-green *velours ras* with gold buttons. Since the accident which befell her in Ireland, when she was thrown from her horse, she has given much attention to the security of the habit, and the best method of detaching the skirt from the body in case of danger. In the myrtle-green experiment, the skirt is made open at the side, and by a single movement may be loosened from the bodice, thus disengaging the feet from the dangerous position in which the most expert horsewoman must find herself in case of a fall. Another habit, of pearl-gray, with silver buttons, of Braganza fashion, is tight from the waist to the hips, where the lower portion of the skirt suddenly expands to great width. This is also made easy to get rid of, and leave the feet and ankles free. The ruby velvet is richly trimmed with fur, and a violet-colored one, with golden bear collar and cuffs, is considered by the Viennese ladies admitted to the exhibition as the most elegant and tasteful of all.

"It is usually supposed," remarks the *London Truth*, "that the queen has laid by a great deal of money, and, acting on this supposition, it is asked why she can not provide for her family? As a matter of fact she has not. When Prince Albert died many of the state departments were in debt; these debts have been paid off. Some of them—such as that of the Master of the Horse, for which ten thousand pounds per annum is allowed—always have to borrow from the other departments, or from the Privy Purse. The queen really does not put by as much as twenty thousand pounds per annum on an average of years. She has always given, I believe, one hundred thousand pounds to each of her daughters who has married, and this has drained her savings."

England's premier earl, the gay and lately horse-whipped Shrewsbury, has at last secured the lady for whom he suffered all. Mrs. Mundy, having been divorced by her husband, has rejoined her lover. Previous to her escapade she was a professional beauty, and much preferring to be the countess of countless wealth to the position of a humble captain's partner, left with his lordship. The circumstances connected with the coming of age of Lord Shrewsbury seem to have been singular. The young gentleman was accompanied by her whom the local papers call "the lady whom he intends hereafter to make his wife," who, it would appear, hardly allows her captive out of sight. "The lady was taken in her expectant capacity to the homes of the farmers on the estate, when she was introduced to them and to their families. The bells of the parish church were rung under protest, the unfortunate bell-ringers not daring to disobey the orders of their liege lord. One of the tenants was so agitated at the proceedings, that he incontinently had a fit." "Love is lord of all," remarks a London paper, "and Lord Shrewsbury himself is a weak, silly young man, *sous puissance de femme*. The lady, who is not a child, shows utter want of tact. She should at least have kept in the background until the little legal details had been settled which will enable her to 'become his wife.' Then, had she known how to play her cards, the world, on which time works wonders—particularly when premier earls and premiere countesses are concerned—would very probably have condoned the past."

Some costly antique dresses have lately been imported through special orders from private individuals both in New York and Washington. The greater proportion of these dresses are made in the style of the sixteenth century. They are splendid, it is true, but they are decidedly stiff, with their high, upright collars, voluminous panniers, and plain skirts. It is quite impossible to describe them minutely, even after careful inspection. One dress, of turquoise blue satin, is made exactly after the manner of the pictured costumes of Diana de Poitiers—a style much admired in the æsthetic world just now. Another, of canary-colored satin, is made all in one piece, straight and long, like a Gabrielle dress, with puffed sleeves, high black velvet frieze about the neck, and no ornament on the skirt but a velvet *aumônière* depending from a fine gold chatelaine. The dress laces behind,

## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

The flashing system of telegraphy has been so successful in Tunis that the insurgent Arabs are powerless to stop regular correspondence between the several corps of the French army. The same system is used in Oran, province Algeria, in the pursuit of Bou Amena.

The Reverend Doctor Woolfolk unfolded before the Polytechnic Society of Louisville his plan for "clothing all the Arctic region in living green, and making the wintry world to blossom like the rose." This is to be brought about by exploding one million dollars' worth of powder on the Aleutian Islands.

The imagination of the most sensational of French romance-writers never conceived of a scene more grotesque and horrible than was witnessed in Jersey City the other day. A small-pox patient escaped from his home in a delirious condition, and died in the street. Two drunken men, supposing the dead man to be in the same condition as themselves, only a little worse, picked the body up, and, supporting it between them, walked it to a police station, two blocks distant.

The curious fact is brought out by a writer in a French newspaper that Augustus von Bismarck, one of the ancestors of the Iron Chancellor, began his career as a soldier in the army of France. He fought in Lorraine and Burgundy in the seventeenth century, during the operations of Bernard of Saxe-Weimer, which had for their final result the passing of Alsace into the hands of France. "A Bismarck," says this French writer, "has taken Alsace from us; a Bismarck has helped to give Alsace to us."

John Edwards, a prisoner in the Coldbath Fields Prison, London, sent there for uttering counterfeit coin, had tamed a mouse as a companion, and formed a great friendship for him. The wardens had taken this mouse from him and killed it, the prison rules not, of course, allowing the prisoners to keep pets. The prisoner, enraged at the death of his pet, had assaulted one of the wardens, and was indicted for the assault. Mr. Justice Hawkins charged favorably for the prisoner, expressing a good deal of sympathy for him, and the jury acquitted him. Readers of the old numbers of *Harper's Magazine* may remember a tale there published, called "The Story of Fine Ear," the outlines of which were closely similar to that of the above actual case.

The late King of Italy used to say that there were two things he never refused to the man who asked for them—a cigar, and the order of Saints Maurice and Lazarus. Under the reign of his son, however, he has made fairly outdone. Signor Depretis was surprised a few days ago by a railway accident just as he had taken off his new boots, which pinched his distinguished corns right sorely. With great presence of mind the mail clerk in the post-carriage placed his boots at the disposal of the Premier, and verily, verily, he has had his reward, being appointed a Cavalier of the Order of the Crown of Italy. This reminds one in some measure, says the *World*, of the case of Sir Richard Phillips, the Welsh baronet who wanted leave to open a road up to his front door from St. James's Park, and to whom George III. sent word that he didn't care to establish the precedent, but would gladly give him an Irish peerage.

The progress which the encroachment of the *demimonde* makes on the *monde* in Europe threatens seriously to affect the question of proper parental control over children. The case of a rich Parisian courtesan, Mademoiselle Valtresse by name, is one to the point. At the age of sixteen she gave birth to an illegitimate child, and broke loose from her parents. Her child, a girl, remained with her, and is now about eight years old. The mother of the fallen woman applied to the courts for the guardianship of her grandchild, upon the plea that her daughter's mode of life and surroundings were detrimental to the moral training of the child. The application was, however, rejected by the court, which held that a mother's rights to the guardianship of a child were stronger than those of a grandmother. The grandmother in this case was a woman of low origin, and not unimpeachable reputation. But suppose she had been an honest and good woman, how would the decision look?

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Gazette* tells of a new discovery called the instantaneous photographic instrument. The instrument is no larger than a well-filled pocket-book, yet it is so complete that every man can be his own photographer without any trouble. The process of taking the picture is as simple as writing. You merely hold the instrument before the object to be taken, and there it is. The policemen of London are armed with them, and they flash their cameras on a rogue with as much ease as you would a dark lantern. No matter how swiftly an object is moving, it can be taken. An unprincipled rascal, seeing a pretty girl on the avenue, can whip out his camera, and have her face at once transferred to the plate. The instruments are quite cheap—they cost but ten dollars. Any curious sight can be reproduced in the twinkling of an eye. Pictures of moving crowds, of ships in motion, of men rowing, and horses racing have been taken by this process with the most remarkable accuracy.

One Doctor Clark, of New York, has introduced an interesting innovation into dentistry. He does not remove the carious dentine at all; he merely disinfects it, and then proceeds to fill the tooth. He claims that all decay of teeth, and everything else, is caused by the presence of bacteria, the smallest living thing that permeates all human organs and tissues. This theory he substantiates by the microscope, showing in all carious dentine millions of these minute beings, so small that they are quite invisible to the unaided eye, and ten thousand would not reach across an inch, but very lively and rapacious when brought within the field of the glass. Disinfection with carbolic acid and other poisons arrests decay by destroying these infinitesimal devourers, and Doctor Clark thinks that by timely and constant disinfection all decay of teeth can be prevented. He believes, also, that all disease of every kind is produced by some species of mischievous bacteria, and that the various ailments can be suppressed and rendered manageable by a judicious attack on the bacteria.

It is said that one of the singular superstitions which prevail among miners in the great Pennsylvania coal fields is that if any one whistles in a mine disaster is sure to follow. This belief is chiefly confined to foreigners, but their prejudices are respected by their fellow-laborers who are natives, and whistling is a pastime never indulged in underground except by thoughtless or reckless persons. Like all superstitions, this one is supported by a long catalogue of "proofs" that it is the truth. For instance: On the 2d of December, 1872, Morgan Powell, a mine boss, imagined he heard a man whistling in the shaft. Investigation proved that no one had been whistling at all. He was told by the miners that he had had a bad omen, and that some trouble would befall him. That night, as he was leaving the store of Captain Williamson, at Summit Hill, midway between Lanford and Mauch Chunk, he was shot dead by Mollie Maguire assassins, who were afterward captured by Detective McParlan, and hanged at Mauch Chunk. The miners think it was the whistle of the fatal bullet that he heard that morning.

The other day, as the French bark *Felix* was approaching the port of Marseilles under easy sail, a negro belonging to the crew suddenly clambered upon the bulwarks and plunged into the sea. Although the vessel was promptly hove to, and a boat put out in search of the unfortunate man, who was known to be a powerful swimmer, all the efforts made to rescue him proved fruitless. Inquiry among the crew respecting the motives of his suicide resulted in the following painful revelation: He had shipped at Mozambique as an able seaman, and his shipmates, learning that he had never before made a voyage to France, agreed to persuade him that human flesh of the negro variety is so highly relished by wealthy Frenchmen of the present day that he could not fail, upon arriving at Marseilles, to be roasted and eaten. Their plot proved only too successful. The conviction that he was destined to figure as a comestible at some Marseilles restaurant preyed upon his mind to such an extent that he at last resolved to die by his own act rather than encounter the fate awaiting him in port. This determination he made known to the authors of the hoax, but they nevertheless kept up their jest until the *Felix* sighted Marseilles, when the wretched negro, believing himself to be irretrievably doomed to suffer death within a few hours, drowned himself. His tormentors are in prison, and likely to pay dearly for their joke.



## THE INNER MAN.

Siro Delmonico.

He lieth low, whose constant art  
For years the daily feasts purveyed  
Of wayfarers from every mart,  
The Paladins from every trade;

And yet to-night gay music stirs  
The halls he strolled through yestern;  
And mingles high the wine that spurs  
The wassailers, by him unseen.

"Le Roi est mort!" "Vive le Roi!"  
One leader drops, another comes;  
On flows the dance, a stream of joy,  
Staccatoed by the muffled drums

'Tis soon for us shall mark the tread  
Of mourning friends and chanting priests;  
Ah! there are other banquets spread  
Than Siro's memorable feasts!

—Sam Ward in the N. Y. World.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor, in the New York Tribune, writes: "Stopping the other day at a well-known restaurant, I happened to be an involuntary listener to some very conflicting opinions as to German cookery. The disputants were two ladies, one of whom asserted that German dishes were detestable, while the other insisted that they were most palatable. Neither stated whence she drew her experience, but I may guess that the former chanced to stop at a Bavarian inn on the day for *Leberknodel*, (liver-dumplings,) or at Hamburg when a sweet soup was served at the table d'hôte; that at Mecklenburg-Schwerin she had a taste of the national black-pudding; or at a town in Silesia was regaled with *langeremus* (minced sheep's lights); and that the former met with no such ill-fortune, but happened to get the average good fare of whatever part of Germany she may have visited. The fact is that 'German cookery' has a very wide meaning. As every German province or principality has its distinct dialect, so also has each its own favorite dishes and its own separate way of cooking. After having become acquainted with the famous Vienna cuisine, where a cook who wishes to enter a family of the higher class is required to know as many different kinds of puddings as there are days in the year, and after having tasted the best fare in the north and south of Germany, I still prefer the culinary middle kingdom—that section of the country which extends from the Rhine to the Elbe. I shall never forget the first 'tea' I took there, after my arrival, late in the evening, by the express train from Ostend. It was in a small German family at B—, where I was to spend the winter. The lady of the house made the tea after we all sat down, by means of a silver tea-kettle over a spirit-lamp. Besides several kinds of delicious bread, white and brown, and a large print of butter, we had a roulade of veal with aspic, and a sauce remoulade, (both cold,) a salad, and a compote, followed by a course of cheese. A punch-torte (or cake) was served for dessert."

Dr. Lynn, says the New York Times, completed the one hundredth performance of his mysterious magical feat of cutting a human being up at Bunnell's Museum recently. The event was made the occasion for a sort of Christmas festival and anniversary dinner, to which all the museum curiosities were invited. A table was set in one of the upper halls, and Dr. Lynn presided, while on either side sat Mr. G. B. Bunnell, the giant and giantess, Captain Bates and lady, Dudley Foster, the "five-pound atom," the "limbless man," the cannibal, the Hindu snake-charmer, the Albino, boneless men, fat girls, and other curious members of the museum company, and the employees. The magician, after a mock apology as to his gloominess and strange unsociability, proceeded to play a number of surprising pranks on the guests. A plate of green turtle soup set before the fat girl disappeared as she was eating it; another plate of the same delicacy became a globe of gold-fish, and another still was changed into a plate of baked chicken. A fragrant bouquet suddenly blossomed at Proprietor Bunnell's plate; before Captain Bates a delicious plum-pudding steamed; the cannibal saw a generous cut of roast pig, and the limbless man had a dish of raw eggs under his nose. The waiters were out of the room during this time, and when they returned the meal proceeded quietly until a course of oyster soup was reached. Then it was suddenly discovered that the midget, who had occupied the high chair, had disappeared. A general search was instituted, and after some delay Dr. Lynn, with a serious air, broke the crust of his oyster pie, and produced the five-pound atom, apparently from between the layers of oysters. The restored "curiosity" declared that he had been crowded, but could give no account of his disappearance. The remaining courses were finished amid similar difficulties. Dishes were whisked away by unseen hands, champagne was changed into water, milk, or coffee, and the dessert was found filled with silver half-dollars, which were in turn transformed into live pigeons.

A novel deputation recently waited on the President of the English Education Council. Representatives of the various training schools of cookery were admitted to an audience with Earl Spencer, and urged upon him the importance of having the culinary art made a portion of the studies in the public schools. The Minister of Education evidently saw a good deal of reason in the remarks, for he replied that he "had seen abundance of the evil of a want of knowledge of cookery." One great difficulty in the way of teaching how to cook seems to be that of expense, another that it would be impossible to compel all female children of a certain age to undergo the needful culinary instruction. Nevertheless, the subject is worthy the attention of the government of all countries, for to avert the dyspepsia, to which bad cooking gives rise, would probably influence the world's history for the better.

CCXI.—Sunday, January 15.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Crab Soup.  
Veal Cutlets, Cream and Parsley Sauce.  
Macaroni à l'Italienne.  
Stewed Corn. Sweet Potatoes.  
Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.  
Oyster Salad.  
Snow Pudding.  
Figs, Prunes, Almonds, and Walnuts.

SNOW PUNNING.—Half an ounce of gelatine dissolved in a pint of warm water, the juice of a lemon, and sugar to taste. Set it away to cool. When it begins to thicken, stir in the whites of five eggs, beaten stiff and sweetened. Put away to cool in a mould. Take the five yolks, a pint of milk, rind of a lemon, a little salt, and sugar to taste; make into a boiled custard, and eat cold with the snow.

## INTAGLIOS.

Jilted.

As white as snow once—years ago—  
See, now 'tis nearly amber!  
Among these criss-cross hieroglyphs,  
Abounding in her "buts" and "ifs,"  
How I did like to clamber!

She always wrote on "White-Laid Note";  
Just feel—it seems so brittle  
That one might crack it by a touch.  
Love her? Yes, I did, very much.  
Loved me? A very little.

You may peruse it, if you choose;  
Love's fragile flower has wilted,  
And this is but a faded leaf,  
With which I mock the gnawing grief  
That comes from getting jilted.

That blur of ink? I used to think,  
When this was ante-yellow,  
A tiny tear had left that stain.  
Yes? No! He held it in the rain.  
Who's he?—The other fellow!

—Anon.

Behind her Fan.

Behind her fan of downy fluff,  
Sewed on soft saffron satin stuff,  
With peacock feathers, purple-eyed,  
Caught daintily on either side,  
The gay coquette displays a puff;  
Two blue eyes peep above the buff;  
Two pinky pouting lips... enough!  
That cough means surely come and hide  
Behind her fan.

The barque of Hope is trim and tough,  
So out I venture on the rough  
Uncertain sea of girlish pride.  
A breeze! I tack against the tide—  
Capture a kiss and catch a cuff—  
Behind her fan.

—F. D. Sherman in January Century.

Ghosts.

At noon of night, and at the night's pale end,  
Such things have chanced to me  
As one, by day, would scarcely tell a friend  
For fear of mockery.

Shadows, you say, mirages of the brain!  
I know not—faith, not I.  
Is it more strange the dead should walk again  
Than that the quick should die?

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Friends.

"We will be friends," she said, and smiled  
With that soft grace that pity lends;  
A little of my pain beguiled,  
I kissed her hand. "We will be friends."

No law forbids a friend to love—  
My Sweet forgot how pity ends—  
Now when my patience she doth prove,  
"Fair wife," I whisper, "come, be friends."  
—Anon.

Paulina.

White as the wings of the sacred dove,  
Descend the snowflakes and robe the ground;  
White as the veil of the bride of love,  
Or shroud with the virgin dead inwound—  
White as these, but not whiter found  
Than thy snowy breast, Paulina.  
Softly they fall over sea and land;  
Soft as the dew of the breath of May;  
Soft as the clasp of a shy child's hand;  
With touch would not wake a sleeping fay—  
Soft as these, and softer than they,  
Is thy velvet kiss, Paulina.  
Cold as the clouds where the snows descend;  
Cold as the heart lying there at rest;  
Cold as the marble that tells of the end;  
Cold as the glacier on Elbur's crest—  
Cold as these, not so cold as thy breast,  
As the heart in thy breast, Paulina.

—Anon.

Solstice.

In the month of June, when the world is green,  
When the dew beads thick on the clover spray,  
And the noons are rife with the scent of hay,  
And the brook hides under a willow screen;  
When the rose is queen in Love's demesne,  
Then the time is too sweet and too light to stay;  
Whatever the sun and the dial say,  
This is the shortest day.

In the month of December, when, naked and keen,  
The tree-tops thrust at the snow cloud gray,  
And frozen tears fill the lids of day;  
When only the thorn of the rose is seen,  
Then, in heavy teen, each breath between,  
We sigh, "Would the winter were well away!"  
Whatever the sun and the dial say,  
This is the longest day!

—Edith M. Thomas in December Critic.

A Disappointment.

Spring, of a sudden, came to life one day,  
Ere this, the winter had been cold and chill.  
That morning first the summer air did fill  
The world, making bleak March seem almost May.  
The daffodils were blooming golden gay;  
The birch trees budded purple on the hill;  
The rose, that clambered up the window-sill,  
Put forth a crimson shoot. All yesterday  
The winds about the casement chilly blew,  
But now the breeze that played about the door,  
So caught the dead leaves that I thought there flew  
Brown butterflies up from the grassy floor.  
But some one said you came not. Ah, too true!  
And I, I thought that winter reigned once more.

—Alice Mary Blunt.

What Was the Harm?

It was just Cousin Jack, and so—what was the harm?  
We sat on the steps, for the evening was warm;  
We spoke very softly, and—as to his arm,  
It was just Cousin Jack, and so—what was the harm?  
The scent of the hay-fields crept up from the farm,  
We were quite in the dark, save the fire-flies warm  
(It was just Cousin Jack, and so—what was the harm?)  
A bird from the hedge whirling up, broke the  
charm;  
He bent, as I started in foolish alarm,  
And—'twas just Cousin Jack, and so—what was the  
harm?

—Eleanor Putnam in January Century.

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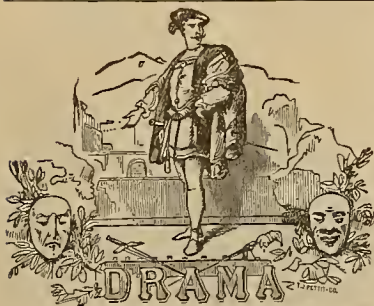


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"What are you doing?" I asked a writer of some distinction the other evening, when, in the very ardor of a most interesting conversation, he suddenly whipped out his note-book and began to write.

"Well, truth to tell," he made answer, "you said rather a clever thing just now, and I am jotting it down for future use."

"Accepting the taffy in the candid spirit in which it is offered," I returned, "do you not think you are committing rather a hold bit of plunder? Perhaps I should like to use that idea again myself."

"Then go and replace it from a neighbor's stock," quoth this bandit in letters. "I have confiscated this, and it is mine."

"But I never do that sort of thing," I urged; "I might, under painful stress of circumstances, take a loaf of bread from my neighbor's counter, or a penny from his till, but I am a peg above cribbaging his ideas."

"Then the sooner you come off your airy platform the better," he retorted; "for this traffic in ideas is a huge merry-go-round. Every one helps himself from his neighbor's stock when he can, and every one must keep his own stock replenished. I may as well tell you," he continued, "to assuage your sense of loss, that what I have jotted down is not worth this quarrel, but it will serve to impress you with the necessity of helping yourself when you can. We are all as imitative as monkeys," he went on, growing discursive, "and are growing more ridiculously like each other every day. The crowd is becoming so thick that it takes a commanding figure to stand out in strong relief. The world is becoming Americanized to its remotest ends. There is no assortment anywhere. Everything is turned out in lots—men, manners, customs, fashions, ideas. Do you know an original in your entire acquaintance?"

I feebly admitted that I did not.

"Neither do I," said he, "and my circle is a wide one. I amuse myself often by watching a bit of phraseology, a trick of manner, a little nothing swing around the whole circle. You are a theatre-goer," he continued; "you must see a great deal of that sort of thing among the people of the stage."

And who does not?

It is not so very long ago since all the soubrettes in the country had a funny little stiff-kneed backward kick. It must have been a copy of a model, for the lithest and nimblest of them kicked stiff-kneed. At one time it seemed as if Eliza Weathersby had been the great original, for she could not kick any other way; but the crop of stiff-kneed actresses suddenly became plentiful, and it was impossible to locate the first one. At another time all the actresses took to cocking their heads on one side, as a rohin sitting on a twig might do. It gave the first one rather a piquante effect, but when it became an epidemic, and spread itself among those women of fashion who copy the actress styles, it began to look as if the whole female race had become stiff-necked. Every one remembers that the Grecian hend was accompanied by the pressure of the elbows close to the side, and the hands hanging listlessly and dejectedly in mid-air; but the artistic sense of fitness in the theatres soon discarded this meaningless limp in so expressive a member as the hand.

Who does not know the latest mannerism among the actresses? Not one of them has come from New York within a twelve-month who does not stand for minutes at a time with hands clasped far a-down and behind her back. Is it a "stained glass" attitude, or a Bernhardt pose? It seems to partake of the nature of both, for it is excessively funny when a little fat woman takes it, while Sarony, the minstrel, as Sarah Heartburn, is really effective in this favorite posture, and he is as limp and clinging as the "divine Bones" herself. "Sarah Heartburn," by the way, is not a bad burlesque, and is a really welcome change from the wild breakage of dishes, and pitching about of furniture, with which a minstrel burlesque ceases to be funny. Time out of mind they have wound up with a grand shattering of crockery, or a shower of flour on the cork-blackened faces. The new Camille discreetly dies by measuring her length somewhat abruptly upon the floor, and the curtain very properly falls to slow music. Emerson has taken a leaf from Haverly's book, and deals in quantity. It is a leaf worth studying, for twelve clog-dancers in attractive uniforms are better worth seeing than two, and all the world takes the heartiest interest in the little hurst-cork acolytes who give the appearance of numbers, and join so lustily and so shrilly in the choruses.

There is a very estimable class of people who can't get on without the minstrels. Life is savored in the end-jokes, conversation pointless with-

out its quotations, and "the world of sound a tuneless void" without "Razors in the Air." It is hut half a step from minstrelsy to the specialty business, and the minstrel patrons always conscientiously take it.

A specialty entertainment is a little bewildering. Everything is touch and go. There is no pause, no intermission, no time to take a breath or a drink, as some growlers murmured the other night, when the flats were changed with lightning speed after just so many encores, when the Irish specialist was replaced in a twinkling by the Dutch, and the banjo by the bicycle. An excellent entertainment this for those who like specialists, for every one of them can dance exceptionally well, and every one of them can sing in the specialist style, and every one of them has an amusing trick or two, and one may gaze without fear at the little gymnast, flying intrepidly through the air, since the biggest and strongest of nets is stretched beneath.

At the California Strogoff is nightly pursuing his thorn-strewn path across the Ural Mountains, and wondering hoys are still striving to solve the problem of how he saved his sight. I fancy the great Verne himself must have found himself stalled for a solution when his many-winged imagination took this Icarian flight; but phenomena were invented for such as he, and as this is a sort of triple-action one, being, as he himself describes it, human, moral, and physical, what is so small an affair as an incandescent blade?

"What an awful thing that ballet is," cried a dear old prude from the country, who went to see "Michael Strogoff" the other night, and she lowered her horrified eyes, and hid her blushing wrinkles behind her pocket-handkerchief. She flew out of all patience when I tried to tell her that we hardened city sinners looked upon these things from a purely aesthetic point of view, and that the ballet legs, as legs, had no meaning for us; but when they began "to weave the airy, the liquid, the harmonious dance," as Hazlitt himself gushes it, then they became the expression of the gentle Tersichorean art.

"Tersichorean fiddlestick, my dear," cries my old lady, "I have seen ten thousand and one pictures and medallions and what not of Tersichore in my time, and I tell you she always danced in a long petticoat. I am not standing up for the morals of the goddesses and the muses, but I will swear to that petticoat, and I wish, for my own comfort, there was a strip of it here to-night."

I fear my quotation from Hazlitt had not the desired effect upon the old lady, although she has a profound regard for dead authors, as well as a lively contempt for living ones. For, when I went on to back my admiration of the ballet with more Hazlitt, and told of a lovely trio of sisters, dust and ashes now with him, of whom he said, when they joined in a lovely group of easy gracefulness, "Vernal airs attuned the trembling leaves to their soft motions," she simply sniffed disdainfully, and said Hazlitt was "as likely to go on a spree as any other newspaper man."

I left her to her horror, and turned my attention to the little Egyptian-faced girl who, with her tall companion, was executing a difficult *pas* just then, which the lithe Cornalba was to eclipse a moment after. Perhaps all this rhythmic gesture does express a sentiment or a passion, as the ballet-masters claim, but it looks to the uninitiated as if each new step were simply a case of outdoing the last, and a new ballet *divertissement* means simply some new costume, and possibly a new grouping. Perhaps to the artists themselves it means as much as a new play to the actor, or a new opera to the singer. Whatever it means, Signor Novissimo's new ballet has given a new impetus to the drifters who lounge in at 9:45 of the clock.

At the Baldwin a "No Admittance" card has been up at the door, which means soap, and water, and scrubbing-brushes within, and no more fleas for a time, (pardon,) and possibly a strip of new carpet down the aisles, and if there is neither Japanese fan nor umbrella hung up somewhere it will be a decorative pariah among theatres. And we are to have Mr. Sheridan again—this most accommodating of leading men, who reappears at intervals, just often enough to ruin his own luck, and often enough to make those who grow hungry for good acting get a sufficient taste of it to keep the appetite whetted.

BETSY B.

The lecture delivered by Paul Neumann last Tuesday evening, for the benefit of the Veterans' Home, was a success in every respect. The lecture was a polished literary production, with many flashes of wit; the lecturer seemed to have overcome his native diffidence; the audience was large, friendly, and appreciative. The affair will net four hundred dollars for the Veterans' Home—a very large sum to be realized by a lecture.

Samuel Piercy's death on last Sunday afternoon, in Boston, is very generally lamented throughout the United States. He had risen to be an actor of merit, having played for some time second to Edwin Booth. His wife died not long ago, but he leaves a little girl who lives with his mother in this city. Mr. Piercy arrived in California in 1849, and received his education and first training in San Francisco. He made his first successful tour of the East in 1874.

## DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

A few days since, when Mr. John T. Raymond was in this city, he sat at the same table at the Grand Pacific Hotel with some members of the Emelie Melville Opera Company. Among those present were Charles Dungan, Max Freeman, Wallace McCreery, and Miss May Stevens, from California. The conversation turned on California, and, as is customary with people hailing from that delightful part of the country, the above-named grew eloquent over their subject. John Raymond listened for a while with a cynical smile on his face, and then interrupted the conversation. "You will allow me to differ with you, gentlemen," he said; "I think California the most despicable State in this country, and I think Californians the lowest and most contemptible set of people on the face of this earth." The situation was a delicate one. The room was full of strangers, and there was a lady at the same table with the redoubtable Colonel Sellers. Mr. Dungan changed color, and, addressing himself to Freeman, ventured a remark that he thought there were some decent people in California. "Not any," hurled out Raymond; "they are a set of mean, contemptible, despicable hounds. They are entirely without principle, and all they care for is to squeeze the last dollar you own out of your pocket, and then fling you aside." The conversation was brought to an abrupt close by the Melville party rising and leaving the table, and rumor has it that Mr. Raymond very wisely went out of the dining-room by a side door, in order to avoid unpleasant after-dinner consequences. It may not be unknown to many of our readers that John T. Raymond was for several years a member of the stock company in the old California Theatre; that it was from that house, in fact, that he was, so to speak, launched upon the world as a star; that during his stay in San Francisco no man was ever better or more graciously received. All this has been blotted from the gentleman's mind; and simply because he took recently a very bad play to his old camping-grounds, and the inhabitants did not care to spend their money to see it, he calls his friends a lot of despicable hounds. This will be quite interesting news to our California readers. Probably when Mr. Raymond next shows his handsome face on the Pacific coast he will be given an opportunity to eat his words.—*Chicago News Letter*.

The brief opera season of the Emelie Melville opera company at Central Music Hall has not been altogether productive of harmony and "concourse of sweet sounds." Only two operas were given—"Pinafore" and "Patience"—"Boccaccio," although advertised, being omitted. The Music Hall is very poorly adapted for dramatic performances, and "Boccaccio" requires scenic facilities for its proper interpretation. As we have often said before, the company is one of the best equipped organizations for the class of work it attempts that we have seen this season. It is a matter of regret that it should have lowered the prestige already won here by a week of such bad business, or rather no business at all. Some legal complications as to salaries, and hall-hire, and advertising bills—bills which are apt to be regarded by musicians as something entirely beneath their notice—clouded their last entertainments." This statement is made by the *Chicago Tribune*, but it has been denied by other papers.

Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt is bound to have music wherever she goes. In the course of her dispute with M. Jehan Soudan it came out that some interesting articles contributed by him to a New York paper during her American tour were published in pursuance of a contract with one of its editors, and to work up the excitement. Similar tactics seem to have been pursued at Jassy, where Mademoiselle Bernhardt's special journalist, one Schumann, contributed three articles to the *Courier*, of which the editor says: "Our readers could see upon reading them that they were merely puffs, leather-lunged and gigantic, in which he praised his client as the grocer praises his fresh caviar, or the shoemaker his wares." The editor sent Mademoiselle Bernhardt a bill for seven hundred and thirty francs, and, when she would not pay it, obtained judgment in the courts, with costs, and seized her baggage, which was only released on the showing that money had been deposited with a banker to meet her obligations. So Mademoiselle Bernhardt journeyed on to Odessa, whence she had telegraphed over the universe the startling news that a mob of Jew-haters had hurled dynamite cartridges and other deadly missiles at her carriage, and nearly torn her and M. Jarrett limb from limb. The riot, on subsequent investigation, came down to the shying at the star's carriage, by some spectators who did not believe that they had got their money's worth, of some handfuls of pickled gherkins, which, in the economy of the Russian theatre-goer, seem to fill the place here occupied by the peanut.

The Vienna correspondent of the *London Globe* writes: "Johann Strauss has just entranced us with a new operetta, entitled 'Der Lustige Krieg,' (the jovial war.) It is quite the best thing of its sort we have seen for a long time, and this is saying a great deal when we call to mind the untiring activity of Fatinitza Suppé, and one or two other caterers for Vienna's fastidious musical fancies. The plot is ab-

surd but spirituelle, the music, from the first note to the last, simply delightful. There are some airs in it which flit about one for days afterward, notably a waltz, sung by the inimitable Girardi, whose *délassé* swing and rhythm produce a magical effect on the sensitive audience. Eight times had this melody to be repeated, and the uproar of contented applause was deafening after each rendering. Poor Johann! how he had to how and smile; how he was pelted with flowers and bombarded with 'bravos!' Archdukes in the imperial boxes split their gloves, and the medals on their uniforms danced as they vigorously clapped applause. Johann's wife, in a hox at the *premiere*, cried with pleasure at her husband's triumph." What is a "délasse swing"?

"Les Mille et Une Nuits," *féerie*, in three acts and thirty-one tableaux, by Messrs. Adolphe Dennerly and Paul Ferrier, was produced at the Châtelet Theatre, in Paris, for the first time December 14, 1881. One of the scenes shows the court of Cleopatra, and introduces a procession of over 300 persons in oriental dresses, and also three elephants. Another scene shows sixty hounds in full cry. This exhibition is prodigiously successful. For the "Mille et Une Nuits," remarks the *Parisian*, Mr. Rochard, the manager of the Châtelet, has made 2,800 costumes; thirty-one new scenes have been painted, the *corps de ballet* has been increased, the number of "supers" doubled, five composers have been called upon for the music of the couplets and choruses, a whole month has been spent in rehearsing, and before the curtain rose on the first night more than half a million of francs—more than a hundred thousand dollars—had been spent. Doubtless the Parisians have never seen such a spectacle. The public likes that sort of thing, and the manager who can offer the best spectacle will of course make the most money. The dramatic critic has nothing to say in the matter; in dealing with spectacular pieces he becomes a simple reporter.

It is said that—Victor Hugo's "Quatre Vingt-Treize" is dramatized, and to be played.—Thomas's "Françoise de Rimini" will shortly be produced in Paris.—Faure and Coquelin are to receive the Legion of Honor.—Fanny Davenport has left New York for London.—"Odette" is to be played through February at Daly's, New York.—"Odette" cost Daly \$9,500.—Rossi is going to play Dumas's "Edmund Kean" in New York.—Chanfrau is playing in New York.—Rossi has learned English.—Eckmann-Chatrian's new play will be given next winter.—Anna Dickinson will appear soon in Boston.—Haverly has engaged the Union Square company at \$3,500 a week.—Janaschek's new play is "Boadicea."—Jeffreys-Lewis is in Detroit.—John McCullough and Tom Keene are in Boston.—Dan Frohman is manager and part-owner of the Greek play.—The new beautiful Bijou Heron is to play at Daly's, in New York.—The Emperor has ordered the removal of the back rows of the Ring Theatre.—Emily Melville has recovered from her attack of sickness.—Boucicault is in Boston. He returns soon to London.—Florence is in Chicago.—Genevieve Ward is at Savannah.—Jefferson is rusticated in Louisiana.—Lotta is in Cincinnati.—Lawrence Barrett is in Texas.—Sol Smith Russell is in Chicago.—Gilbert's "Fogarty's Fairy" has been played in London.—Madame Toussaud's London Wax-Works are to be removed.—George Rignold has gone to Australia.—Harry Courtaine has joined the Union Square.—With O'Neill in the same troupe, California is well represented.—A. C. Wheeler is Patti's press agent.—The New York Fifth Avenue Theatre has given up matinees.—Bernhardt was coldly received at St. Petersburg.—Mackaye is about to build an immense theatre in New York.—Sardou's "Odette" is stolen from several sources.—Gounod is writing the music for Gallet's poem on Abclard and Heloise.—O'Neill would not support Modjeska.—Irving is making ten thousand dollars a week in the English provinces.

## Obscure Intimations.

"B." Oakland.—I. The finding of suitable short stories in foreign journals is more difficult than you think; we can not suggest anything further than this—go through about a score of French, German, and Spanish papers, and you may find one. 2. Z.'s identity is an open secret. It is not, however, written by Mr. B. Your taffy has been sent to him. "T." Bellota.—We have no corps, and it is therefore never full—nor its members, we trust. Send along your MS. No serials. "C. P." Milwaukee.—The fault is in the mail. The papers have been sent regularly.

—A GRAND ANNUAL BALL WILL BE GIVEN ON Saturday evening, January 21st, at Phall's Hall, by the ladies of the German Benevolent Society. Tickets, two dollars; can be obtained from any of the Lady Directors.

It is not quite certain yet that Geisinger will go to the Grand Opera House. She has two offers, but is, as yet, undecided.

Edwin Booth so dislikes the overland trip that he will not accept Haverly's offer to play an engagement in this city.



— MRS. HENRY NORTON, ASSISTED BY MRS. Carmichael Carr, the pianist, will give a song recital on Wednesday, January 18th, at eight P. M., at Dashaway Hall, 139 Post Street. A delightful set of numbers has been chosen, in which good taste has combined the choice modern classics with some of the compositions of older date. Among other songs we notice Gounod's exquisite "Serenade," Barnby's "Beggar Maid," Grieg's "Waldwandering," Tom Moore's "Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded?" and that quaintest of old-time airs—one which is companion to "Sally in Our Alley"—William Shield's "The Thorn." Mrs. Carr will interpret Chopin, Rubinstein, Bach, Hiller, and others. Reserved seats may be secured at Gray's music store, on Post Street. They may also be obtained by sending name, residence, and number of seats desired to Mr. Weber, at Gray's.

— "MICHAEL STROGOFF," AT HAVERLY'S California Theatre, is enjoying a continued success. The addition to the ballet, the graceful Mademoiselle Cornalba, gathers an especial crowd nightly to see her finished performance. Next week many new figures and changes will be danced, the entire ballet forming novel and artistic groupings.

— EMERSON'S MINSTRELS, AT THE BUSH STREET Theatre, still draw crowded audiences. Sarony's "Sarah Heartburn" is a great hit. Very soon Charles Reed will be introduced to the public in the "Muldoon Picnic," which is said to surpass anything given for a long time.

— THE FIREMAN'S FUND.—AT THE ANNUAL meeting of the Board of Directors of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company, held January 11th, the following officers were re-elected to serve during the ensuing year: D. J. Staples, President; Alpheus Bull, Vice-President; William J. Dutton, Secretary; E. W. Carpenter, Assistant Secretary.

— THE STATE INVESTMENT INSURANCE Company has published its yearly statement ahead of the other local companies. By its showing it has enjoyed a much greater success during the past year, with a clear profit of fifty-five thousand dollars. At the annual meeting, held on Tuesday, the following officers were elected: President, A. I. Bryant; Vice-President, R. Ivers; Secretary, C. H. Cushing. Directors, Peter Donahue, James Irvine, C. D. O'Sullivan, R. Harrison, H. H. Watson, H. Dimond, George O. McMullin, Fisher Ames, Dr. C. F. Buckley, D. Callaghan, M. Mayblum, L. Cunningham, and H. W. Seale.

— WHEN MULREADY, THE FAMOUS ENGLISH artist, painted, in 1840, his famous illustrations to the "Vicar of Wakefield," the series at once became the subject of bids from all the foremost art-lovers of the nobility, the queen herself being one of the most ardent competitors. The picture of the set for which there was the most rivalry was "Choosing the Wedding Gown." Of this, a small and excellent engraving was published in the *Art Journal* at the time, but never before has there been taken a good large engraving. Messrs. George Stinson & Co., of Portland, Maine, recently sent over to England and had steel plates engraved from the original paintings of both this and the well-known painting of "The Highland Hearth," by Edwin Douglas. The work was executed under the direct supervision of Sir Henry Graves, art publisher to the queen. They now offer for sale proof copies of these celebrated engravings, printed on India paper, at fifteen dollars each, or thirty dollars for the pair.

#### CONSUMPTION CURED.

Since 1870 Doctor Sherar has each year sent from this office the means of relief and cure to thousands afflicted with disease. The correspondence necessitated by this work becoming too heavy for him, I came to his aid. He now feels constrained to relinquish it entirely, and has placed in my hands the formula of that simple vegetable remedy discovered by an East India missionary, and found so effective for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Diseases; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous complaints. Its remarkable curative powers have been proven in many thousand cases, and, actuated by the desire to relieve suffering humanity, I gladly assume the duty of making it known to others. Address me, with stamp, naming this paper, and I will mail you, free of charge, the recipe of this wonderful remedy, with full directions for its preparation and use, printed in German, French, or English. W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, New York.

— MANY THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE YEARLY are saved from dangerous fevers by the exercise of a little timely care in the matter of properly cleansing the system in the spring season from the accumulated impurities which, if left undisturbed, breed disease. As a purifier Ayer's Sarsaparilla acts directly and promptly. A single bottle will prove its merits.

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Statement of the Condition and Affairs

OF THE

## STATE INVESTMENT

AND

INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF SAN FRANCISCO, IN THE

State of California, on the 31st day of December, 1881, and for the year ending on that day, as made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of California, pursuant to the provisions of Sections 610 and 611 of the Political Code, condensed as per blank furnished by the Commissioner:

CAPITAL, \$200,000.

Amount of Capital Stock paid up in cash.....\$200,000 00

#### ASSETS.

Real Estate owned by Company.....	\$152,850 13
Loans on Bond and Mortgage.....	82,160 00
Cash market value of all Stocks and Bonds owned by Company.....	74,250 00
Amount of Loans secured by pledge of Bonds, Stocks, and other marketable securities as collateral.....	11,602 44
Cash in Company's Office.....	1,325 52
Cash in Banks.....	9,251 53
Interest due and accrued on all Stocks and Loans.....	1,309 83
Interest due and accrued on Bonds and Mortgages.....	78 15
Premiums in due Course of Collection.....	33,864 32
Bills receivable, not matured, taken for Fire and Marine Risks.....	3,330 16
Due for Reinsurances.....	480 00
Judgment in course of collection.....	3,300 00
Total Assets.....	\$373,810 99

#### LIABILITIES.

Losses Adjusted and Unpaid.....	\$3,830 75
Losses in Process of Adjustment or in Suspense	3,472 00
Losses Resisted, including Expenses.....	2,500 00
Gross Premiums on Fire Risks running one year or less, \$164,664 98; reinsurance fifty per cent. or more, \$13,265 53; reinsurance pro rata	82,332 49
Gross Premiums on Marine and Inland Navigation Risks, \$745 27; re-insurance one hundred per cent.....	7,233 32
Gross Premiums on Marine Time Risks, \$7,333 84; re-insurance fifty per cent.....	745 27
Dividends to Stockholders remaining unpaid.....	3,666 92
Marine Notes Payable.....	125 00
Commissions due and to become due to Agents and Brokers.....	2,020 25
Total Liabilities.....	\$106,119 00

#### INCOME.

Net cash actually received for Fire Premiums.....	\$172,885 32
Net cash actually received from Fire Premiums	15,831 52
Received for Interest on Bonds and Mortgages.....	3,462 05
Received for Interest and Dividends on Bonds, Stocks, Loans, and from all other sources.....	2,958 91
Rents.....	9,733 00
Total Income.....	\$204,928 80

#### EXPENDITURES.

Net Amount paid for Fire Losses (including \$4,257 95, losses of previous years).....	\$59,974 43
Net Amount paid for Marine Losses (including \$7,096 70, losses of previous years).....	16,565 96
Dividends to Stockholders.....	27,439 50
Paid or Allowed for Commission or Brokerage.....	37,818 01
Paid for Salaries, Fees, and other charges for Officers, Clerks, etc.....	17,268 65
Paid for State, National, and Local Taxes.....	1,456 48
Paid for all other Expenses.....	18,392 10
Total Expenditures.....	\$178,915 22

#### LOSSES.

Incurred during the year.....	Fire. Marine.
	\$63,019 23 \$11,969 26

A. J. BRYANT, President.

CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of January, 1882,  
JOHN C. MAYNARD,  
Insurance Commissioner.

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J. W. DAVIDSON & CO.



A STUDY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

By a Bostonian.

[The annexed letter we take from the Boston Herald of a recent date. It is not without interest. Most correspondents unqualifiedly praise or unqualifiedly condemn this city. They therefore meet with either fierce condemnation or unstinted praise. This one does not go to either extreme. He is cold and analytical. If he is condemned, it will be with an uneasy inward feeling. His remarks about the chaperone system in vogue here will be new to many Californians. The word "nimety," which he uses several times, is the Bostonese for "exuberance." In Carlylese it is "too-much-ness."]

Since the discovery of gold, San Francisco has abounded in sensations, financial, political, and social, and has furnished endless themes for speculation, comment, and criticism. It is full of excesses, singularities, and contradictions. It has been, and still is, American in the extreme, and extravagant, therefore, in everything. It has all the intensity of youth, (it is beginning to feel the soberness of maturity,) and many of youth's vices, along with many of its virtues. Generous to prodigality, enterprising to rashness, hospitable to satiety, hopeful to visionariness, it has naturally lacked calmness and steadiness, which come with years. From the first it has been afflicted with nimety, and nimety has prevented entirely healthful development, and interfered with substantial results. Its people prospered so suddenly; they achieved so much at a bound; they attained the unattainable so often, that they soon became accustomed to the unusual, and expected the extraordinary. Ordinary methods and ordinary issues they dissipated, terming them slow or old-fashioned.

A Californian is supposed to be an extraordinary sort of person, different from anybody else in the world. He is presumed to possess all the virtue virtues, particularly courage, generosity, shrewdness, energy, enterprise, gallantry, lavishness, hospitality, and unbounded faith in and admiration for anything and everything in and of the State. To be a Californian always savors of the soil and of the republic. Every genuine Californian is American to the core. He is no ape of Europe or European ways; he is not imitative in any manner; he is, or thinks he is, an individual, and, in a modified sense, an original. He respects and loves his country, whether native or adopted, but he adores California. He mildly pities, without expressing his pity, the forty-eight millions of his compatriots who have not had the good fortune to have their lot cast hereabouts. "I am a Californian" is thought to be a kind of open sesame everywhere, a passport throughout the world, a phrase to conjure with, to excite delight and astonishment by.

The feminine Californian is apt to be "stunning." She is generally well developed, physically—perhaps too well—is extremely frank, independent, unconventional, loves dress and ornamentation, and is somewhat barbaric in her tastes. She is prone to be very worldly in her views; she is intense, eager, demonstrative, and usually the opposite of ingenious. She, too, is fond of Californians and Californisms, though less so than is the masculine Californian. In a way she is broader, for she often expresses a willingness, even a wish, to change her residence to the Atlantic coast, or some other part of the country. Fully as individual as he, she is generally more unmistakable. Any student of femininity would know, to see her in Commonwealth or Fifth Avenue, that she did not belong there—that her *habitat* must be a long distance away.

The social customs here are, as respects women, materially different from those of any other American city. They resemble the customs of the European continent, particularly of France, inasmuch as they are apt to give freedom to widows and spinners, and withhold it from maidens and spinners. The reverse of this is true in the republic at large. Why this old-world rule was revived here it is hard to say, unless it be that the vast preponderance of men in the early days coarsened the tone of the community, and subjected unmarried women to suspicion. This suspicion continues, though in less degree than formerly. I have heard attractive, prudent girls say that they would never stop in the street to speak with a masculine friend, lest they might become subjects of gossip or comment. A married woman, they would add, may do so—may, in short, do almost anything with impunity—the mere fact of having a husband being her protection.

This is asserted to be an extraordinary place for gossip. Curiosity concerning the relations of the sexes is rife, and seems to be sickly. Strange theories are held by Californians as to the influence of the climate upon the blood, inducing it to indiscretion. These theories are so firmly held, so sincerely believed, that it is not singular that an unwholesome degree of skepticism about continence abounds. If Honoré de Balzac was alive, and resided here, he would find this a grateful topic for his analytic pen, and would doubtless furnish many interesting chapters to his literature of morbid pathology. The matter could be treated in French, but it can not be in English, which always demands morality first and art afterward.

Notwithstanding that unwedded women are denied here the liberty they are permitted elsewhere, they often take it to the fullest. California respects audacity of any kind, and is disposed to accept success as virtually a justification of the means thereto. In no other city—this is one of the town's many contradictions—can women, whether single or married, violate so many canons of behavior without suffering severely in reputation. If they have the courage to defy society's edicts, and can make their way in the face of its forms, society grows very lenient to them and their oddities. Provided they are picturesque, much will be forgiven them. [Here follows a reference to a well-known lady of this city, which we omit.—Ed.]

I have spoken of the nimety of the city. It is exhibited in various enterprises, many of which have failed for this reason: The tendency has always been to overdo. When any kind of business has succeeded, similar business has been undertaken to such an extent as to preclude remuneration. The money that has been thus lost could not be reckoned. Sanguineness and self-confidence are conspicuous traits of the people, who are ever reaching out to, and building on, the future. They believed that the growth of the city would increase in the same ratio, from 1870 onward, in which it had increased from 1850 and 1860. In this they have been grievously disappointed; therefore, many of the calculations have turned out ill. It was declared here that the city had more than three hundred thousand population in 1879, and a howl of rage at the returns of the official census last year.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

He Wants to Be.

I want to be an Injun,  
A warrior of the plains;  
I want to wield a tomahawk  
And scoop out people's brains.  
I long to build a fire  
On a human being's breast,  
And watch him writhe in agony  
With gentle savage zest.  
I want to be an Injun,  
An Apache or a Ute;  
I'm tired of being a white man,  
An unprotected brute.

—A Frontier Liar.

"La Mascotte."

She is standing by the footlights,  
Looking upward, and her gaze,  
Bears a touch of dreamy sadness,  
Like a star when dimmed by haze,  
Whilst beneath the big hat's shadow  
Falls the loose unshackled hair  
Down the rustic gown, whose texture  
Bears the mark of many a tear.

Bettina!

There are other forms around her—  
Here a courtier, there a page,  
Yet I feel but dimly conscious  
Of their presence on the stage,  
And when the low, soft "glou, glou,"  
Floats forth in loving tone,  
I try to think its meaning  
Is meant for me alone.

Bettina!

Does it matter that my being  
Is a fact to her unknown?  
I can worship at a distance,  
Loyal still; but yet I own  
That a feeling too like envy  
Bubbles upward fierce and strong,  
When the deeper voice of Pippa  
Mingles with the Mascotte's song.

Bettina!

Slowly downward rolls the curtain,  
Back once more the daily strife,  
Back once more the dreary duties  
Of a dull, prosaic life.  
And, although thy face will haunt me,  
Half a pleasure, half a pain,  
Still I thank thee for these moments  
Spent in dreamland once again.

Bettina! —Boston Herald Liar.

Drink No More.

"Dear father I drink no more, I pray,  
It makes you look so sad;  
Come home, and drink no more, I say,  
'Twill make dear mother glad.  
Dear father; think how sick you've been,  
What aches and pains you know;  
Oh, drink no more, and then you'll find  
A home where'er you go."  
Thus spoke in tenderness the child—  
The drunkard's heart was moved;  
He signed the pledge, he wept, he smiled,  
And kissed the boy he loved.

—From the Young Men's Christian Association Journal, (S. F.)

A Lullaby.

Sleep, little precious one! Darling, oh, sleep!  
Shut little eyelids that mamma may weep.  
Snow on the ground, and frost in the air;  
Stars in the heavens their vigils keep—  
Moon climbing up in the fair Eastern steep—  
Rockaby, hushaby, hushaby there—  
Sleep, little precious one! Darling one, sleep!  
Papa is out with the gang for a lark—  
He will come home in the snow and the dark;  
Mamma will meet him anon at the door—  
Mamma will meet him, and, flippety flop,  
Baby will waken and hear something drop—  
Hushaby, slushaby—drop on the floor—  
Sleep, little angel—twill only be Pop.

—Denver Tribune Liar.

The Cruise of the Sleeping-Car.

Oh, it was a jolly porter on the sleeping-car that sailed,  
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed he;  
And always in the wake of the traveler he trailed,  
As he cruised along the berths so easily.  
"Look aloft, look aloft!" oh, the jolly porter cried,  
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;  
And the weary traveler looked, and upper seven he spied.  
As he cruised along the berths so wearily,  
"I see nothing of the pillow, I see nothing of the sheet."  
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;  
"But I see a live-oak blanket and a bolster at my feet."  
As he cruised around his berth distractedly,  
"Oh, arise, now arise!" loud the gallant porter cried,  
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;  
"It is four o'clock A. M., and you have ninety miles to ride,  
But I want to make my berths up now," said he,  
"Aho, there! Aho, there!" the traveler grumbled he,  
Blow high, blow low, and so snored he;  
"How can I get up at four when I went to bed at three?"  
But the porter bounced him out most gracefully,  
"Now, all hands ahoy!" the grim conductor said,  
Blow high, blow low, "Show up!" stormed he;  
But when they sought their tickets, they had lost them in the bed,  
As they cruised around the gorgeous P. P. C.  
"Oh, these are not my boots!" then the weary traveler wailed,  
Blow high, blow low; and so swore he;  
"Yours were taken by the pirate down in lower three that sailed,"  
And the gallant porter laughed most merrily.  
Now, "for quarter!" for quarter!" the porter loudly cried,  
Blow high, blow low, and so brushed he;  
But the porter that they gave him had a hole punched in its side,  
As they cruised along the gorgeous P. P. C.  
Now, all ye jolly porters, a warning take from me,  
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;  
Or they'll nail "no quarter" to the mast when e'er they go to see

Who is cruising in the tinselled P. P. C.  
—Hawkeye Liar.

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Loans on Real Estate.....	134,868 00
Loans on bonds, gas, water and bank stock.....	132,198 35
Loans on other securities.....	577,143 96
Loans on personal security.....	1,106,004 27
Due from banks and bankers.....	392,457 61
Money on hand.....	398,669 34

#### LIABILITIES.

Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,759 13
Due Depositors.....	1,888,655 07
Due Banks and Bankers.....	174,370 53
Dividends unpaid.....	59 50
	<b>\$3,523,844 23</b>

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# The Argonaut.

VOL. X. NO. 3.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 21, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## EADS'S TEHUANTEPEC SHIP-RAILWAY.

By William L. Merry.

The bill now before the Senate of the United States to incorporate the "Interoceanic Ship-Railway Company" places that project in such a position that it is proper to consider the merits of the scheme, which is necessarily experimental in its character, and the success of which is involved in serious uncertainty. It will be the aim of this paper to present some of the most obvious difficulties to be encountered, and in some respects to institute a comparison with the Nicaragua canal project, which is also before Congress for a national charter. In considering such a subject it is proper to concede that, while engineers may be more competent than intelligent, experienced seamen to judge of the practicability of carrying on rails first-class ships from ocean to ocean, the seaman of large experience and intelligence is much more competent than any engineer can be to properly estimate the danger to which such ships would be subjected. In fact, who can be better fitted to judge of what tests a ship should be required to stand than one who has for a lifetime seen them subjected to every possible condition which navigation can present? Consequently, in considering this subject, while the seaman may be in some respects less competent than the engineer to form an opinion entitled to weight, the engineer is also likely to be less competent than the seaman to form a just opinion of other points involved. Neither is the opinion of a ship-builder to be considered as conclusive; for it is a trite remark among experienced seamen that ship-builders are much more competent, even after a limited observation of a ship under the varied tests of one sea voyage, than if confined to the theories and experiences of a ship-yard for a long time. The considerations involved in this discussion apply equally to the profession of the engineer, the ship-builder, and the seaman. No inquiry can be complete which avoids conclusions founded on some knowledge of all three professions. It is, consequently, proposed to examine this project from the three standpoints alluded to.

*First*—The first necessity of any railroad is a solid road-bed, and in tropical countries, subject to heavy rainfalls, this is frequently impossible, even for one line of rails. The construction of a ship-railway especially involves absolute rigidity of road-bed and cradle, as no ship can stand straining without injury, although it might stand some strain without fatal results—in fact, the sea service necessitates this; but no seaman willingly pushes his ship into a heavy sea unless the exigencies of the service demand it. That such a road-bed can be obtained at Tehuantepec, within practical limits of cost, the writer can not believe. Although under favorable conditions the "cuts" may attain the required solidity, the "fills" can not be made to do so, especially with the heavy rains prevalent during a part of the year. It appears evident that the want of such foundation is fatal to the project, and the same difficulty would be encountered in building through swamps and marshes.

*Second*—The question of grades and curves is a very serious one. An elevation of seven hundred and fifty-four feet has to be overcome, and every change of grade is to be controlled by gigantic "tilting-tables," worked by hydraulic machinery, which would, in each instance, cost as much as a lock in the Nicaragua canal. So serious is the question of curves that one of the recent advocates of the project admits the necessity of building a straight road—virtually an impossibility, unless he proposes to move the mountains of Tehuantepec. But the projector himself intends to meet this difficulty by a straight-line road, with turn-tables at the angles, thus avoiding curves. These turn-tables, equally as complicated and gigantic as the tilting-tables, worked by hydraulic power, must be very expensive, both requiring frequent repairs, and in indefinite number, all exposed to the action of a tropical atmosphere, must deteriorate rapidly. In fact, an annual depreciation of ten per cent. is not too large to apply to the system of turn-tables, tilting-tables, and a railroad with ends under water; while any canal will absolutely improve with age, if kept in use.

*Third*—The terminal work for hauling out and floating must be very expensive, each being virtually a lock three thousand feet long, with enormous stationary engines, and a submerged system of tracks. It is probable that these ter-

minal works, exclusive of the cost of harbors, would cost more than all the locks of the Nicaragua canal, which, indeed, are not much longer, combined, than the two terminal basins of the Eads Railway.

*Fourth*—Added to the cost of turn-tables, tilting-tables, and terminal basins, we have the cradles for transporting ships, each a massive and rigid structure, costing probably as much as a first-class steamship, also liable to the same deterioration. The number of cradles is limited only by the number of ships to be transported from each end simultaneously; and in order that these may pass each other *en route*, side-tables, equally expensive and liable to deterioration, must be provided. The project of transporting ships afloat in caissons has been condemned by Captain Eads, on the ground that it would be creating an additional difficulty to be overcome, apparently forgetful of the fact that the adoption of a cradle or moveable dry-dock for the same purpose, is also, as compared with a canal, the creation of a more formidable difficulty to be overcome. The cost of the motive power to move these ship-laden cradles, and the cost of hauling out and refloating them, must tell heavily against any ship-railway competing with a canal, where most of the ships going through furnish their own motive power, the exception being sailing-ships, which can be towed through the canal at trifling cost, as compared with the expense of hauling them over rails out of water.

*Fifth*—The danger to which laden ships are to be subjected by transportation on rails, out of water, can not be overestimated, and is not to be treated as a prejudice founded on ignorance. No ship is intended to carry her cargo with its weight resting chiefly on her keel. The water is her foundation, and is as much needed as a foundation under any heavy structure; in fact it is indispensable to her safety. It is true that under exceptional conditions loaded ships are at times lifted out of the water for repairs, but never when it can be avoided, and in such cases the parties interested always understand that they are incurring a risk. It is also true that in exceptional instances ships have been left partially dry by stranding, without serious injury. But these are such exceptions as only prove the rule, and even then the test is not increased by transportation, with more or less momentum and vibration, over a railway. Thousands of first-class ships have been ruined by the same test, and no seaman of experience will willingly allow his ship to lose the support of the element in which she is intended to float. It is no satisfactory reply to assert that ships are subjected to equal strains in heavy gales at sea. As a matter of fact the writer denies this; but admitting it for argument, is it not a fact that the best ships are being constantly strained by heavy gales—nay, often foundered from such straining? What merit, then, can there be in a scheme which proposes to expose ships to such unnecessary strains, when a ship-canal entirely avoids them? Why incur such unnecessary risks when unfavorable results will be so probable and so fatal? Why should a government lend its aid to such an experimental scheme, when another, without experimental features, can be adopted, probably at no greater cost? The various devices proposed to partially support a loaded ship out of water during transportation are totally inadequate to obviate the serious risk incurred. These devices may partially effect the object, but they do not remove the greater part of the weight from the keel, which, in practical ship-building, is not intended to support ship and cargo out of water. An experience of sixteen years at sea, in the finest merchant ships and steamers, including six passages around the Cape of Good Hope, and seven around Cape Horn, should have made the writer familiar with what treatment a ship should receive; and after a diligent study of the ship-railway scheme for over two years, the impracticability of the project, from the standpoint alluded to, is a positive certainty. Providing the consequences to the ship are not to be considered, a ship-railway, at some cost, is doubtless practicable as an engineering proposition if a solid foundation can be secured, which appears an impossibility in any tropical country, with a large rainfall at certain seasons.

*Sixth*—No ship-railway test is worthy of consideration which proposes to handle ship and cargo weighing under two thousand tons, and no ship-canal meets the requirements of the case unless it can safely afford passage for ships of the same size. The largest ironclads of European powers, in fact, exceed this weight, and practical ship-

owners will comprehend that large ships must be built to ensure profitable results on low freight. Indeed, there is a tendency to increase the size of ships, which is likely to be limited only by the depth of water at the entrances of the principal ports of the world. No ship-railway or canal is worthy of national consideration which proposes to do less, inasmuch as they would fail to meet both commercial and naval requirements. Any student of the subject can not avoid arriving at this conclusion, for it is not a point admitting of argument. The size of the largest ships in practical use controls the question under consideration, and Captain Eads's limited tests are totally inadequate, meeting, as above stated, neither commercial nor naval requirements. It is one of the striking advantages of the Nicaragua canal route that an inland sea on the summit level affords more water than will ever be required for lockage, even with the largest locks possible.

*Seventh*—The liability to damage by momentum on down-grades is no trifling consideration, for the results would be fatal to both ship and cradle; and, although such devices may be applied as will apparently keep the speed under control, the liability of a disarrangement of these devices constantly exists, and, to some extent, constantly threatens the safety of the ship and cradle.

*Eighth*—The liability to damage by heavy side winds is worthy of consideration. A large ship, out of water on her keel, presents, with her top-hamper, an immense area for the wind to act upon, and at the Tehuantepec isthmus very heavy northers are of frequent occurrence—so much so, indeed, that steamships navigating between the northwest coast and the Central American coast, during the northers, keep close under the weather shore in the Gulf of Tehuantepec to avoid the heavy sea created by these violent winds, although the distance is materially increased as compared with the route across the gulf. The writer has on more than one occasion seen it blow so hard off shore, within two miles from the Pacific end of the projected railroad, that no canvas could withstand it, and no ship out of water could, under any circumstances, have been exposed to such gales with safety. Any commander in the Pacific Mail Steamship service between San Francisco and Panama can vouch for the correctness of this assertion.

It has been the aim of the writer to indicate some of the most prominent objections to the experimental project of an interoceanic ship-railway, and justice requires that the leading features of the Nicaragua ship-canal should not pass unnoticed. Even the projectors of the ship-railway admit that if a canal is to be constructed Nicaragua is the place to do it. There is nothing experimental about the Nicaragua project—no obstacles that engineers have not successfully grappled with elsewhere. The route offers, by one-half, the lowest summit level known between the two oceans. The summit level of the canal has an everlasting supply of water, and nature has provided most of the channel way, in a crude form, from sea to sea. What can be more striking than the simple fact that during any rainy season a four-hundred-ton steamer can now leave the Atlantic, and proceed to within twelve and a half miles of the Pacific Ocean? Where else between the two seas has nature done so much to invite the energy and genius of man to complete the task? Any one who understands the enormous undeveloped resources of the Pacific Coast will appreciate that an interoceanic canal, which is commercially practicable, will prove not only a great boon, but a secure source of income, increasing yearly with the development of our Pacific empire and of our sister republics.

It is one of the most striking advantages of the Nicaragua interoceanic canal that, in a few years after its completion, the development of the territory through which it runs will pay a large part of the cost of maintenance, and will ultimately pay it all. The comparatively moderate cost of this work, the certainty of success if the canal is undertaken under the conditions proposed, and the terms of the franchise—which practically insures the paramount control of our country, jointly with that of Nicaragua, for two centuries after its completion—surely these are reasons why our government should pass the incorporation act, thus insuring cheap water transportation for the rapidly increasing products of our soil, and at the same time practically affirming the position conceded to us by the world, as the leading power on the American Continent.



## THE GATES FAMILY MYSTERY.

By Edward Thornton.

THE CONSPIRATORS—A SUSPICIOUS WHISPER, AND AN ANXIOUS SOCIAL CIRCLE—AN ARTFUL WOMAN.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncy Gates and Miss Fanny Gates were popular in San Francisco society even before their return, a year ago, from a three-years' trip around the world. During the last year, however, theirs have been the most popular evening receptions, dinners, and breakfasts given in this city, as every reader well knows who has had the entrée to their beautiful home, No. 1006 California Street, on the very "nob" of the hill, look you. And when I said those who have enjoyed their receptions and dinners know that I speak the truth in praising them so highly, I should have added that *only* such know. That brings me, right at the beginning, to a peculiarity about the Gates family which has been very generally remarked upon, but very little understood. That is, not only were none of their receptions, even their occasional large affairs, ever reported in any of the papers, but the people who were known, in a limited circle, to dine frequently with them had very little to say about whom they met there, or about any of the various points, a knowledge of which is so necessary to a proper estimate of a social event. That the dinners and the ladies of the house were equally charming, and that the host appeared to delight in bringing all sorts of people, particularly all sorts of men, from all parts of the Pacific Coast together at his table, was about all that those who did not dine at their house could learn about them. I know that for a year past there has been a growing sentiment in certain circles that the social reporters have been strangely remiss in their duties to the social world in regard to this family, and how unjust that sentiment is can never be known until it is told how desperately the social reporters have endeavored to supply the lacking information. In truth, their efforts have been unremitting, but always with the same result; and therefore the very keenest desire for inside information regarding the Gates's social affairs has been created, and has resulted in that whisper which everybody has heard lately, that the family is surrounded by a mystery. There the whisper stopped short, for even a whisper would not undertake to explain what kind of a mystery could possibly surround a family who, instead of being retired, entertained, in one way and another, to an extent unknown in any other San Francisco home.

That in itself was no mystery, for Chauncy Gates was known to be a wealthy merchant before he sold out every interest he had in the State when the Kearney trouble began, and, though he left in something of a disgust with California politically, was still much attached to his home, where he had married, made his fortune, and educated his daughter. So, when he returned, and again invested in various interests a large portion of his fortune, purchased the California hill residence, and established his home here again, what was more natural than that he should indulge his hospitable inclination to any extent? So there was no mystery about that; yet the whisper repeated that there was a mystery there, and even had the tacit support of a remark made by Charles Crocker, (which every one heard of the next day,) who, when asked by a gentleman who was never invited to the Gates's, "What the deuce is this mystery about them?" answered warmly, "It might be better for us all if we were mysteriously inclined in the same direction that Chauncy Gates is." The sensation this remark created among his dozen or so hearers seemed to prompt him to add quickly, and with a laugh: "I am sure you will agree with me, for the mystery is, to my mind, 'From what unknown and wonder-land did Gates get his inspired cook?' for, gentlemen, I assure you—" And Mr. Crocker launched forth in praise of Mr. Gates's cook; all of which his hearers had heard too often to distract their thoughts from what Mr. Crocker had first said, and, for fear they might forget it, each one repeated it so often the next day that before night, as every one remembers, it was reported that Charles Crocker had said that Chauncy Gates was indeed surrounded by a stranger mystery than any one ever dreamed of.

Chauncy Gates was fifty years old—that magnificent age of strength and firmness of mind and body, when, if happily, one has not ruined one's mental and physical digestion in learning what is pleasantest and most profitable to digest, one has the delight of contemplating a score of years in which intelligent catering shall ever supply and ever keep keen the appetites of mind and body. Happily, then, Chauncy Gates had so judiciously experimented on his digestions that he had left them unimpaired, and his appetites had the full benefit of his experience, as both his cellar and his library would testify. He was a large, powerful man, whose smooth face had the fresh, clear tints belonging only to men who know how to dine, and take advantage of their knowledge. His wife was five years his junior, and was noted for her taste in dressing—which, I happen to know, she cultivated in Europe more than she did her judgment in the minor arts of painting and sculpture. Not that I wish to be understood as saying that Mrs. Gates was noted only for her taste in dress, for such is not the case. She was nearly as great a success as an entertainer in a gathering of both sexes and various ages as was her adorable daughter Fanny, and was particularly popular with matrons of all ages. With the wives of her husband's associates she seemed to have established relations of a character more intimate than generally exist between those of her sex who have passed that strange age of childhood when they imagine they will always love and be devoted to each other. Mrs. Gates made frequent and unfashionably long calls on her matron friends, particularly on the wives of either very wealthy men, or men very powerful in politics; and on this point the whisper grew actually hoarse in dwelling on the Gates mystery. Surely the Gates's were both wealthy and fashionable themselves, and so had no need, for the sake of social influence, to cultivate the rich; and as for the influence of the politicians, did not every one remember the cuttishly bitter things Gates said a few years ago about the politics of California, and the Union, for that matter; and how, just before he sold out and left the State, he one night at the Pacific Club expressed himself in such terms about the people who would allow themselves to be hooted out of

property and State influence by the sand-lot, that he was begged by a dozen of the richest men in the city to stay and lead a party of decency, wealth, and order through the next political campaign? When it was remembered that he had refused in disgust to allow his name to be used in any shape politically, was it not mysterious that his wife should now be cultivating the politicians' wives?

But Fanny Gates—how shall I describe her? If I say at once that she was an artful woman, twenty-five years of age, I will give nine readers out of ten a radically wrong impression of her; yet such she was. One does not like to use the word "artful"—and "artistic" is little better—in speaking of a charming woman's appearance, walk, voice, expression, dress, manner, and the thousand other details that make a woman charming—or otherwise. And yet, my very dear Mr. Simple, name the woman in the thousand you have met in this, your second season in society, whom, of all others, you declared was the most natural, unaffected, and even ingenious, perhaps; the one whose winning grace of manner at once captivated you; whose honest, big eyes chained you, and whose charming simplicity staked you—and right through the heart, sir—a willing slave, if need be, sacrifice, to her fascinating *artlessness*, and then, my poor Simple, I will show you the most artful—artistic, if you like—woman you have met. And if you happen to have been to any of the Gates's big receptions, the chances are a hundred to one that Fanny Gates will be that same woman. It is art, the most refined art, which charming women practice in being charming. Mr. Simple, you err in supposing that it is natural for any woman to use her eyes charmingly, to smile upon you charmingly, to talk, to listen, to recline in a chair, to walk across the room, to raise her arm or her eyelashes charmingly. When she does those things charmingly she is practicing as an art what she has studied as a science. But, Mr. Simple—here I allay your excitement—she may be honestly ignorant that she has ever studied the science, and would indignantly resent any intimation that she was practicing an art. Alas! my dear amateurs, my dear amateurs! If you would train a bulldog, preach a sermon, run a foot-race, or—being of the opposite sex—enslave a man, you make a poor showing when pitted against the fearful odds of ART! Fanny Gates was slight and not tall—though she somehow gave you the impression of height when she walked. Her hair had that bronze tinge that shows red almost in the sunlight, and her big eyes were chestnut. Her face and neck had no end of beautiful curves, which one might as well try to describe as to describe a perfume. In the year she had been home she had refused nearly every good match—so whisper put it—in San Francisco, not to mention the matches whisper would condemn as otherwise than good, and taking no account of the army of enthusiastic Mr. Simples whom whisper declared she would not allow to declare themselves, and yet kept her devoted admirers. Here was another mystery for whisper, though it is probable the whole matter was much exaggerated, as whisper really had so little material to work upon it must needs manufacture something monstrously large.

Mr. and Mrs. Gates were seated one afternoon in a room on the second floor of their home that appeared to be used as a library and office. There were indications that an extensive correspondence was carried on there, and books of reference of various kinds were scattered about, or held in revolving shelves by the side of a large double desk, on the opposite side of which the husband and wife sat. She had just come in from driving, and had evidently stepped into the room, finding her husband alone.

"Damon," said Mr. Gates, "has gone down after the mail; we will not be disturbed."

"I have really nothing new to report," the lady said, in answer to her husband's look more than his words. "I fear I shall become boastful or incautious if I meet with nothing but success, such as it is."

"You have cause to boast, and I have no fear of your becoming incautious. But, Mary, don't speak of your success slightly. You are giving me very, very great help."

"Perhaps so. I know, at least, that every lady you have asked me to convert would pledge her last diamond for the Cause." Then, after a pause, smiling quietly, "And, sir, all told, we represent a goodly array of diamonds."

Mr. Gates walked around to his wife's side, took up her hand and kissed it, before he answered:

"Don't think, Mary, that you have made allies who will only be a strength to us when it is time for them to pledge their diamonds. That they are willing to do so is, I admit, convincing evidence of their earnestness, but I have proofs of their work in behalf of the Cause every day. Men who dine here time after time, and cannot be approached, come here again willing listeners, after you, my dear, have made sure of their wives. I know what influence has been at work with them, and thank you for it."

As he stood back of her chair, she held his two hands in hers against her cheeks, and they were both silent for some moments. Then she said, slowly:

"Yes, Chauncy, we women are not the weakest friends of the Cause. We love power, and wealth, and rank, and those no older than myself are fascinated with the idea of acquiring all that partly through their own exertions, in a way that will call for diplomacy, and be ever filled with excitement. We are desperate gamblers, I fear, if we are afforded an opportunity, and this is a glorious opportunity!" She rose as she said these last words, the excitement she admitted a love for brightening her cheeks and eyes. "You have an important party at dinner to-night, have you not?" she added.

"Yes," he said; "important, because it represents one branch of the commercial, the mining, and farming elements—the remaining three in which we have not yet fully established our Cause. Capital, political organization, and the National Guard we have secured, after three months of secret work. Everything else will follow more easily. General Barnes informed me to-day that the National Guard in the other coast States is not so close a political family as it is in California, and consequently less easily wielded, but that the various staff officers are rapidly being surrounded with the proper influence."

"And by the 'proper influence' you mean—"

"The hope of power and position, the prospect of military glory, and the knowledge of the great wealth already enlisted in the Cause. With our party at dinner to-night,

different motives must prevail—commercial advancement, and the advantage of laws of relief, and protection for property interests. William T. Coleman, Captain Merry, Hamilton Smith Jr., and several other city men, and only one stranger to you—a Mr. Ohleyer, who is an officer of the Sacramento Valley Farmers' Anti-Débris Association. Our agent has been working on him in Marysville for some time, but without success. It was arranged for him to be here, as the farming element must be made to support the Cause. Messrs. Flood, Fair, and Crocker will be here, as I find conversions in their presence are more easily accomplished than otherwise. Here is a list of the married men; see if all of their wives are safe, as we may have some open talk before the ladies leave the table."

Mrs. Gates glanced down the list, and then said:

"These ladies are all warm friends of the Cause, and anxious for work to commence. But now your work begins for the day, for here comes Mr. Damon with the mail."

The lady bowed pleasantly to Mr. Damon, Mr. Gates's secretary, as the latter entered, and she left the room. The two gentlemen were soon silently and actively engaged in opening, reading, and filing letters. There were hundreds of them, mostly from places on the Pacific Coast; but some were from New York and Washington, and some bore foreign postmarks. Most were in plain, unprinted, yellow envelopes, and came addressed to various names; only a few to Chauncy Gates and Harry Damon. Suddenly Mr. Gates looked up from a letter he had been intently considering, and asked: "What is the date?"

"The seventeenth."

"This is unfortunate. Mr. Huntington sends this letter, and it has been detained somewhere on the road a day, and arrives on the same train, instead of a day in advance, of the person referred to in it. Read it."

The letter was unsigned and unaddressed, but it was known to come from C. P. Huntington in New York city. It read as follows:

To-morrow Otto Borgesson leaves here with a letter of introduction. He has been an assistant of Ericsson's for five years, and thoroughly understands the plans and drawings he takes with him of the Ericsson submerged torpedo boat. Of course, he has been told nothing, and you must use your own judgment in giving him information regarding the Cause. From the nature of the work he is to perform, he will necessarily have to consult much with you, and perhaps he would be a safer man to deal with, having some knowledge of the Cause, than if he were given only hints, and left with an unsatisfied curiosity as an incentive to further inquiries, which might be made in dangerous places. He understands that he is to supersede the construction of three projectile boats and guns, and if Prescott, Scott & Co. have all arrangements made, he can proceed at once. He knows that P. S. & Co. will announce that they are constructing a locomotive for the Southern Pacific Railroad, to be run by a new patent motor power, and therefore must keep the new works secret. I had less trouble with Ericsson than I thought I would. You know our Government at Washington treated him in a most shabby manner at the time that he built the *Monitor*, and it was doubtless the recollection of that, and the evidence he had that he represented a respectable amount of capital, together with an idea he has imbibed that he has sold his plan to an English syndicate, fitting out assistance for the Chileans, that made my negotiations, conducted through an agent, of course, more simple than I had hoped for.

When Damon finished reading this letter, he said:

"Then Borgesson must have arrived to-day, and is now at one of the hotels. What shall we do?"

What to do was evidently a question that caused Mr. Gates some uneasiness. He walked the floor slowly, with bowed head, for some time before he said:

"Yes, Huntington is right; we must trust this man so far as to make him welcome here at all times. It will be safer for us to have him here evenings than anywhere else. If it is necessary to convert him, the atmosphere of this house will do it. I suspect he is, like Ericsson, a Swede, and I hope is not consumed with patriotism for the Washington Government. You must hunt him up, Damon, and bring him here to dinner."

"To-night?"

"Yes, to-night. It will be a good introduction for him."

As Damon rose to leave the room a servant entered, and presented Mr. Gates a card. Glancing at it, he said:

"Show Mr. Borgesson up here. You are saved the trouble, Harry."

Mr. Borgesson was shown up to the library. As he entered the room he bowed to both the gentlemen, and then addressing Mr. Gates, said, with a slightly foreign accent:

"I assumed the informality of presenting my card in person, instead of sending it from my hotel, for the reason, which is doubtless more clear to you than to me, that I understand all intercourse between us should be conducted personally. I have the honor of addressing Mr. Gates, of course?"

"I am Mr. Gates, and pleased that you have done me the honor to call in person so soon, as it assures me you appreciate, to a greater extent than I had hoped, what our relations are to be. This, Mr. Borgesson, is my private secretary, Mr. Damon."

The gentlemen bowed without advancing, and as they both bowed with a commendable degree of grace, I will take advantage of the favorable opportunity to say just a word about them.

THE RIVALS—WHAT WAS SAID AT THE GATES'S DINNER-TABLE—A MEANING DISCUSSION, AND A DANGEROUS DUET.

Harry Damon had been selected for the delicate and important work intrusted to him for various reasons. He was a native Californian, had been trained as a journalist, and occupied a good social position, which three circumstances gave him the bias, the special knowledge, and the opportunity to be and to do all that his position required of him. In his twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of existence he had scarcely been out of sight of San Francisco, and he combined with his lack of experience of the world a curious determination to appear satiated with its sins and pleasures alike.

The fact is, he had pursued indefatigably every vice and pleasure which had come within the horizon of his limited world, and still finding himself possessed of an avid appetite for pleasure, which he found no element to satisfy, he fell into a mild distaste with himself for not being blasé, which, it seemed to him, was a condition he had earned the right to enjoy, and that it was somehow unjust that he should not be so. He affected at times, therefore, a manner of worldly-wise boredom, which contrasted with his excess of animal life, keen mental relish, and general high color, mentally and physically, as do a grandmother's spectacles over



an infant's laughing eyes. And he took a delight, very much like the infant's, in coddling the idea that he was doomed evermore to take his view of the world through magnifying glasses in order to find anything in it worth living for, keeping a sharp outlook over the rims the while to see that all observers fully appreciated the misery he was enjoying.

Mr. Gates, who had known Damon since the latter was Fanny Gates's infantile playmate and childish lover, knew Damon, of course, better than that young gentleman knew himself, and knew his affection to be only a light mask, behind which was a sturdy manliness, capable of sustaining responsibilities, if they only happened to be congenial. What is more, Damon had some brains, a commodity Mr. Gates particularly delighted in meeting with in acquaintances, and he had learned to search for them so wisely that he was not thrown off the scent by running across an idiosyncrasy. And those wooden mentors who, with their tongues, club mankind for its hobbies and idiosyncrasies, would have us all no better than pedagogues! Damon was a stalwart, full-blooded young man, totally unlike Borgesson, who was thin and apparently bloodless. Borgesson had served in the corps of engineers in the Swedish army, and went to New York about five years ago, and was there associated with Ericsson until he left with the plans of the submerged torpedo boat for San Francisco. He was about Damon's height, but of much slighter build; had cheekbones so broad and high that they made his light blue eyes look small and deep set; wore his slender, blonde mustache waxed to a vanishing point, and carried himself with a dignified grace that you instantly admired, and, if you did not happen to possess it, envied. I apologize, gentlemen, for having left you bowing to each other while I said this much about you.

As they finished bowing, both were attracted toward the door by hearing Mr. Gates say:

"Come in, daughter; this is Mr. Borgesson. He has just arrived from New York, and will be engaged in an undertaking in which I am interested. He will dine with us tonight, I hope."

"I hope so, too," the lady said, advancing to Borgesson, to whom she gave her hand.

Borgesson noticed that she had only bowed politely when his name was mentioned, but had advanced to meet him when her father mentioned "an undertaking."

"I am glad to meet you, too, even this short time before dinner," she went on, smiling, and looking straight into his eyes, "for it is distressing to be introduced to a new acquaintance just as one is going down to dinner, is it not?"

"Yes," said Borgesson, "it is as though the dinner itself began with roast, without any introductory *potage, poisson, or entrée*."

"There, father," said Fanny, laughing, "Mr. Borgesson and you are destined to a sympathetic friendship, for he is certainly the only other gentleman beside yourself with the inclination and daring to symbolize my well-intended social sentiment by an announced roast. Alas!" and she raised her eyes and hands, both, Borgesson observed, very handsome, in deprecatory dissent. "But," she continued, bringing down her eyes to Borgesson's, and her hands to her father's, "I did not know you were engaged, father, so ventured into your work-den for this book." She took from a table a book on Marine Engineering that Borgesson had already noticed, turned to Damon, and said: "Harry, you will not neglect your commission;" and then saying, "We shall have the pleasure of seeing you at dinner, Mr. Borgesson?" was gone without waiting for a reply.

After answering Mr. Gates's polite inquiries concerning his trip overland, and some apparently casual questions regarding the recent trial of the new Ericsson torpedo boat, the engineer rose to go, saying:

"As I shall do myself the honor to accept your invitation for this evening, I must return to my hotel to do some unpacking, and dress for dinner."

"I will accompany you to your hotel, Mr. Borgesson," Damon said, rising also.

"Don't trouble yourself—" the engineer began, when Damon added, wondering somehow why he should be glad of the opportunity:

"It will be no trouble, I assure you, as I have a commission to execute down town for Miss Gates."

Two hours later the five people we have met were all engaged in dressing for dinner—an occupation, I take it, peculiarly adapted to those little confidences with our other selves, in which we defend, or modestly submit without argument, as our other selves may accuse or approve, the acts and plans of the day.

Said Mr. Gates to his silent questioner: "There was nothing else to be done. He is here for a purpose which makes it absolutely necessary for him to be made a friend."

Said Mrs. Gates: "Of course Chauncy knows best, and Fanny can bring him here as often as is necessary. But what if he should fall in love with her?"

The consideration of such an awful possibility seemed to quite upset her questioner, for the lady's thoughts wandered, undisturbed, in other directions.

Said Fanny: "If he were only one of the kind who could be kept in peaceful though melancholy admiration by the 'I-hope-we-shall-ever-be-friends' line of refusal, it would not be so bad; but he is not. If he falls in love with me, he will be fierce, and fierce men are unpleasant—unless, possibly, one were in love with one. But this curious necessity under which I exist won't last much longer, and then—"

Said Harry Damon: "If that engineer, with the air of a prince and the eyes of a pickpocket, would only build his engaging death-machines where it would not be necessary for him to be put under Fanny's fascinations, I could admire his genius. As it is, it occurs to me that I shall hate him; and the fellow probably handles a sword as skilfully as a surgeon does his lancet."

Said Otto Borgesson, unpacking and smoothing from its surface the creases in his dress suit: "She calls the handsome secretary 'Harry,' and he executes commissions for her. Charming. She will sit next me at dinner this evening, and talk to me about marine engineering. Charming. Her father is engaged in some undertaking, into the secret of which he is obliged to induct me; and, my dear Otto, if that undertaking is what I half suspect, what a power that will give you over her father—and her. Cha-r-ming."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## OLD FAVORITES.

### The Three Bells.

Beneath the low-hung night cloud  
That raked her splintering mast,  
The good ship settled slowly,  
The cruel leak gained fast.  
Over the awful ocean  
Her signal guns pealed out;  
Dear God! was that thy answer,  
From the horror round about?  
A voice came down the wild wind—  
"Ho! ship ahoy!" its cry;  
"Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow  
Shall stand till daylight by!"  
Hour after hour crept slowly,  
Yet on the heaving swells  
Tossed up and down the ship-lights—  
The lights of the Three Bells.  
And ship to ship made signals;  
Man answered back to man;  
While oft, to cheer and hearten,  
The Three Bells nearer ran.  
And the captain from her taffrail  
Sent down his hopeful cry:  
"Take heart! hold on!" he shouted,  
"The Three Bells shall stand by!"  
All night across the waters  
The tossing lights shone clear;  
All night from reeling taffrail  
The Three Bells sent her cheer.  
And when the dreary watches  
Of storm and darkness passed,  
Just as the wreck lurched under,  
All souls were saved at last.

—J. G. Whittier.

### Grace Darling.

Among the dwellers in the silent fields  
The natural heart is touched, and public way  
And crowded street resound with ballad strains,  
Inspired by ONE whose very name bespeaks  
Favor divine, exalting human love,  
Whom, since her birth on bleak Northumbria's coast,  
Known unto few, but prized as far as known,  
A single act endears to high and low  
Through the whole land; to Manhood, moved in spite  
Of the world's freezing cares; to generous Youth;  
To Infancy, that lips her praise; to Age,  
Whose eye reflects it, glistening through a tear  
Of tremulous admiration. Such true fame  
Awaits her now; but, verily, good deeds  
Do no imperishable record find.  
Save in the rolls of heaven, where hers may live  
A theme for angels, when they celebrate  
The high-souled virtues which forgetful earth  
Has witnessed. Oh, that winds and waves could speak  
Of things which their united power called forth  
From the pure depths of her humanity!  
A maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,  
Firm and unflinching as the lighthouse reared  
On the island-rock, her lonely dwelling-place;  
Or like the invincible rock itself, that braves,  
Age after age, the hostile elements,  
As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.

All night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor paused,  
When, as day broke, the maid, through misty air,  
Espies far off a wreck, amid the surf,  
Beating on one of those disastrous isles—  
Half of a vessel, half—no more; the rest  
Had vanished, swallowed up with all that there  
Had for the common safety striven in vain.  
Or thither thronged for refuge. With quick glance  
Daughter and sire through optic-glass discern,  
Clinging about the remnant of his ship  
Creatures—how precious in the maiden's sight!  
For whom, belike, the old man grieves still more  
Than for every fellow-sufferer's anguish.  
Where every parting agony is hurled,  
And hope and fear mix not in further strife.  
But courage, father! let us out to sea!  
A few may yet be saved. The daughter's words,  
Her earnest tone, and look beaming with faith,  
Dispel the father's doubts; nor do they lack  
The noble-minded mother's helping hand  
To launch the boat; and with her blessing cheered,  
And inwardly sustained by silent prayer,  
Together they put forth, father and child.  
Each grasps an oar, and struggling on they go—  
Rivals in effort; and, alike intent,  
Hive to elude and there surmount, they watch  
The billows lengthening, mutually crossed  
And shattered, and gathering their might;  
As if the tumult by the Almighty's will  
Were, in the conscious sea, roused and prolonged,  
That woman's fortitude—so tried, so proved—  
May brighten more and more!

### True to the mark.

They stem the current of that perilous gorge,  
Their arms still strengthening with the strengthening heart,  
Though danger, as the wreck is neared, becomes  
More imminent. Not unseen do they approach;  
And rapture, with varieties of fear  
Incessantly conflicting, thrills the frames  
Of those who, in that dauntless energy,  
Foretaste deliverance; but the least perturbed  
Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he perceives  
Hope of the pair—tossed on the waves to bring  
Hope to the hopeless, to the dying, life—  
One is a woman, a poor earthly sister,  
Or, be the visitant other than she seems,  
A guardian spirit sent from pitying Heaven  
In woman's shape. But why prolong the tale,  
Casting weak words amid a host of thoughts  
Armed to repel them? Every hazard faced  
And difficulty mastered, with resolve  
That no one breathing should be left to perish,  
This last remnant of the crew are all  
Placed in the little boat; then o'er the deep  
Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,  
And, in fulfillment of God's mercy, lodged  
Within the sheltering lighthouse. Shout, ye waves!  
Send forth a song of triumph. Waves and winds  
Exult in this deliverance wrought through faith  
In Him whose providence your rage hath served!  
Ye screaming sea-mews, in the concert join!  
And would that some immortal voice—a voice  
Fifty attuned to all that gratitude  
Breathes out from floor or couch, through pallid lips  
Of the survivors—to the clouds might bear—  
Blended with praise of that parental love,  
Beneath whose watchful eye the maiden grew  
Pious and pure, modest, and yet so brave,  
Though young so wise, though meek so resolute—  
Might carry to the clouds and to the stars,  
Yea, to celestial choirs, GRACE DARLING's name!

—William Wordsworth.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The Princess of Wales has just passed her thirty-seventh birthday, and Maud, her youngest child, has attained her twelfth.

One of the Marquis of Lorne's sisters will, it is reported, assist him in entertaining his guests at Rideau Hall until his wife returns.

When in Paris, Jefferson Davis attracted very little attention. He lived in a hotel on the Avenue Friedland, and was much of the time alone.

Mr. Whistler, the famous artist of London, is an American by birth, and has sent a portrait of his mother to the Philadelphia Society of Artists.

Mr. Cameron, the new governor of Virginia, is happily a married man, and so, for the first time in twelve years, a lady will preside at the executive mansion.

Miss Blanche Roosevelt is quite the fashion in Washington, where she is spending a few weeks. Her concerts there have been social as well as artistic triumphs.

MacLeod of MacLeod is an eccentric Briton who lately arrived at Nice with some remarkable traveling companions—two huge cats, each one accompanied by a special attendant.

The Emperor William has been formally invested with the Turkish order of the Nachani-Nutaz. He is the only foreign sovereign upon whom this amazing honor has been conferred.

Prince Oziv Mirza, a youthful relative of the Shah of Persia, was recently initiated into the mysteries of freemasonry at the National Grand Lodge in Berlin. Until within a few years it was not permitted in Prussia to receive any non-Christians into the order.

A house built by Daniel Symmes, brother of John Cleve Symmes, the founder of Cincinnati, has just been demolished. It was the oldest landmark in the city proper. John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," was a frequent guest within its walls.

In 1853 Emile Zola's mother was sued for a debt of fifty dollars and ordered to pay it by the court. She died some time ago, leaving it unpaid, and the creditor has sued her son, but been non-suited for omitting to prove that the eminent author's mother was a tradeswoman.

Some time ago, when an art exhibition was about to be opened in Glasgow, Mr. Ruskin was applied to for some of his pictures. He replied that he would only be willing to lend his pictures when Glasgow was in a fit condition to enjoy them, and that would not be until it had pulled down every one of its hideous houses.

Victor Hugo's modesty is so great that he is not well pleased, it is said, with the change in the Avenue d'Eylau—that avenue which has been cut in two that the portion in which his house stands may bear his name. Whenever he has to give his address to a cabman he calls the new street "the prolongation of the Avenue d'Eylau."

Mrs. Erwin, a sister of Mrs. Rowena Webster, both noted beauties of Alabama, died recently at Huntsville. She was known as "the Southern Florence Nightingale." During the civil war she had hospitals wherever the army of the Tennessee could be reached, and after the war she established an asylum for the orphans of Confederate soldiers.

Mr. Sergeant Ballantine, the celebrated English lawyer, has written a volume of personal memoirs, which will be issued shortly, and will undoubtedly be the sensation book of the season in London. He was not only mixed up in a variety of romantic cases, but had opportunities of peeps into the interior life of aristocratic personages which few could rival.

Lord and Lady Dufferin fill up their leisure at Constantinople with private theatricals and poetical tableaux. Their pretty young daughter, Lady Helen Blackwood, and her brother Terence lately appeared in a living copy of the well-known picture of "Spring," representing a charming pair in a swing. When the curtain was lifted a hidden singer softly sang Gounod's *Printemps*.

Mr. George M. Pullman, the originator of and main map in the Pullman Palace Car Company, is about forty-seven years of age, and is said to have accumulated a fortune of from fifteen to twenty millions of dollars, chiefly in that organization. A few years ago he bought about three thousand acres of land some sixteen miles from Chicago, at a cost of about one million dollars, and there commenced to build a city bearing his name. He has erected vast shops for making cars, and employs from five to six thousand workers in wood, iron, glass, painters, upholsterers, etc. The city is laid out, graded, sewered, etc., in the most perfect manner, and the public buildings, churches, free-school houses, and a one-hundred-thousand-dollar hotel, are models. A prominent feature is the admirable and tasteful style of dwelling built for the workmen. Mr. Pullman has a palatial residence in Chicago, and fine summer places at Long Branch and on the St. Lawrence.

A survivor of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* of 1851 is dead in Paris—Monsieur Habraut by name. In that year he was in the employ of the French Northern Railway, and, along with other anti-Bonapartists of the Quarter of La Chapelle, had set up and defended a barricade near the La Chapelle barrier. He was made a prisoner with his companions, and all were then placed against a wall, and fired upon by the troops, all save Habraut being killed, but he was severely wounded. Having the forethought to remain motionless as if he were dead, he managed afterward to make his escape to a druggist's shop near by, where his wounds were dressed. The Bonapartists learned that he had escaped, and arrested him, though they did not fire upon him a second time, being content to lodge him in a hospital. When he recovered he was locked up at Fort Bicêtre, then at Fort d'Ivry, and finally was sent to Africa a year. At the time of his death he had acquired in his occupation a competency for himself and his family.



## SOCIETY.

## Miss Nellie Trowbridge's German Wednesday Night.

The most delightful German ever given in this city was that given to the Misses Gertrude and Maud Moore, of San José, by Miss Nellie Trowbridge, at the Grand Hotel, on Wednesday evening last. The billiard-room at that hotel had been prettily decorated during the day, and a supper-room had been improvised by the tasteful employment of Japanese screens. The German was led by Mr. W. H. Booth and Miss Rehecca McMullin, assisted by Miss Gertrude Moore and Mr. Horace Platt, Miss Louise Dearborn and Mr. George Raum, and Mr. D. W. Paxton and Miss Trowbridge. Favors were distributed by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Jenks, Mrs. John McMullin, and Mrs. W. H. Booth. These were abundant, and altogether very pretty and unique, as follows:

1st. Horse-shoe bouquets and boutonnières; 2d. Fancy painted crimson bows with bells and wood articles, painted; 3d. Pea-fowl feathers with whips; 4th. Baskets of confectionery with watches and chains. 5th. Miniature champagne and packages of cigarettes; 6th. Japanese fans with masks; 7th. Drums and reed instruments; 8th. Fancy bon-hons; and 9th. Souvenir badges.

The following are descriptions of the costumes worn by the ladies who participated:

Miss Trowbridge wore a short costume of cashmere embroidered with crimson roses; Mrs. Albert Jenks, a rich robe of garnet satin trimmed with point lace and pink roses; Mrs. W. H. Booth in cream brocade satin trimmed with Point d'Alençon flounces, large bouquets of fuchsias; Miss Maud Moore in white silk trimmed with exquisite pearl fringe, nuns' cloth overdress; Miss Gertrude Moore in salmon-colored gros-grain with Spanish lace trimmings; Miss Rehecca McMullin in pale-blue satin with silk chenille trimming, overdress of blue crepe; Miss Pet Peters, of Stockton, in pink brocade silk, *en traine*; Miss Louise Creaner, of Stockton, in black striped grenadine, *passementerie, décollete*; Miss Hattie Myrick in pale-blue gros-grain silk, *en traine*, whole front of duchesse lace; Miss Ada Johnson in white nuns' cloth, court train, pearls; Miss Gertrude Hatch in light-blue short satin costume with Spanish lace trimmings, pink roses; Miss Maud Forbes in white cashmere overdress trimmed with lace, corsage bouquet of violets; Miss Weller in white nuns' cloth with Spanish lace trimmings, pink roses; Miss Fanny Robinson in light blue silk, flounces of Valenciennes lace; Miss Lizzie Bolton, garnet robe *en traine*, plain white satin overdress; Miss Fannie Bolton in pale blue Swiss trimmed with clusters of roses; Miss Louise Dearborn in white silk with overdress of striped grenadine; Miss Platt in white nuns' cloth, short skirt trimmed with French lace, hair *a la Grecque*; Miss Dodge in white Foulard with white Swiss overdress; Miss Pomeroy in pale-green satin, *décollete*, elaborately shirred, finished in handsome lace; Miss Bessie Kittle in white nuns' cloth trimmed with exquisite lace ruffling; Miss Kate Felton in Nile green short satin skirt trimmed with Valenciennes lace; Miss Katie Fay in short white silk and Swiss combination, elaborately trimmed with lace; Miss Lizzie Crocker in pink silk *a la princesse* with lace trimmings; Miss Emily Hager in white nuns' cloth trimmed with white satin and Valenciennes lace; Mrs. Judge Hager in a rich black satin robe, steel *passementerie*, diamonds; Mrs. S. F. Thorn in an exquisite blue robe, Spanish lace overdress, clusters of pink and scarlet roses, pearls; Mrs. John McMullin in a black velvet robe, point lace, ostrich feathers in hair, diamonds; Mrs. Charles M. Shaw (*nee Towne*) in a lilac moire antique, point appliqué, pink roses, crushed; Mrs. Elliot in canary-colored gros-grain; Mrs. R. P. Clement in a heavy black silk robe, Chantilly lace, handsome diamonds; Mrs. Governor Johnson in a rich velvet robe, *en traine*, Chantilly lace trimmings, crimson poppies; Mrs. Kittie Rich in black gros-grain, old lace, saffron roses; Mrs. Alexander Forbes in a rich black velvet robe, diamonds; Mrs. George Loomis in cream brocade satin, elaborately trimmed with lace and flowers; Mrs. Colonel C. L. Weller in rich black satin, point lace, diamonds; Mrs. J. P. Robinson in an elaborate gros-grain, court train, rich old lace, diamonds.

In addition to those above, the following named ladies and gentlemen were present:

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Paxton, Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis, Mrs. Charles N. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Calhoun T. Fay, Mr. S. F. Thorn, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Clement, Governor and Mrs. Johnson, Dr. Carter, U. S. A., Mr. W. L. Dodge, Mr. Fred W. Sharon, Lieutenant C. P. Tenet, U. S. A., Lieutenant A. A. Chamberlain, U. S. A., Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Lewis Marshall, Mr. George Sharon, Mr. Charles Platt, Mr. J. P. Langhorne, Mr. E. W. Mix, Mr. L. B. Doe, Mr. F. W. Webster, Mr. George Raum, Mr. Upshur, Mr. Fred Eaton, Mr. Harry Dam, Mr. W. Fisher, Mr. W. K. Ball, Mr. C. C. Coleman, Mr. C. L. Weller, Jr., Mr. D. L. Beck, Mr. W. W. Belden, Mr. T. C. Friedlander, Mr. W. Clark, Mr. W. C. Starr, Mr. F. C. Pray, Mr. Pomeroy, Mr. Bergen, Mr. Walter Dean, Mr. Walter Rountree, Mr. Henry Crocker.

## Honors to Brides.

Probably no two weddings have ever taken place in San Francisco where there have been so much aggregated pomp and pleasure, and so many evidences of general delight and long-continued congratulations, as the Shaw-Towne and Hastings-Coghill weddings, which were celebrated about a month ago. And the reason is a perfectly natural one. All of the high contracting parties were what are known as society people, all were young, and both the gentlemen and the ladies were especial favorites with all who knew them; then, the parents of the brides are all well-known, clever, and cultivated people, while the grooms could boast of relationships of which any young men might be proud. This reflection arises from the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Hastings, since their return from their bridal tour, have been made the recipients of many honors, conspicuous among which was an elegant dinner given the young couple by Mrs. Doctor Volney Spaulding, at her residence, on Wednesday evening last, and at which there were present, beside the hostess and the guests of the occasion—

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. James G. Fair and her son, Colonel Robert F. Morrow, Miss Fannie Houghton, of Oakland, and Messrs. Gilroy, Hussey, and MacFarlane.

On Monday last Mrs. Hastings gave her first reception at the Palace, and, assisted by her mother, Mrs. Hemphill, received the following-named ladies and gentlemen:

Mrs. J. B. Haggis, Mr. and Mrs. Volney Spaulding, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dodge, the Misses Durhrow, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Browne, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCoppin, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone, Miss Emma Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Coleman, Mrs. W. C. Watson, Miss Siebin, Mrs. E. S. Kane, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Shreve, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McClung, Mrs. Hughes, Miss Fannie Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Severance, Mrs. Jane, Miss Hastings, Mrs. William T. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Bee, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clayton, Miss Hull, Mrs. R. L. Ogden, the Misses Ogden, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Layman, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Goad, Miss Wilkins, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josslyn, Mrs. N. K. Masten, Miss McIntosh, Mr. and Mrs. Ben C. Truman, Mrs. Woodward, Miss Woodcock, Mrs. Van Dewater, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. John N. Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Bucknell, Miss Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. John Sedgwick, Doctor J. L. Meares, Miss Meares, Mr.

and Mrs. W. T. Hohart, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tuhs, Miss Tuhs, General and Mrs. Stoneman, Mr. and Mrs. Montague, Miss Wright, Mrs. John Spreckles, Mr. H. J. Booth, Miss Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. F. Kendall, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Coghill, Mrs. Judge Stanley, Miss Randolph, Miss Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. Lillie Coit, Miss Giffin, Miss Spotts, Mr. and Mrs. Chris Reis, Miss Bessie Slade, Mrs. Robert Graves, Mrs. John McMullin, Mrs. Gwin, Miss Gwin, Miss Maggie McClure, Miss May Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Pool, E. Faulkes, James Wadsworth, Mountford Wilson, Lansing Morgan Jr., Harry Durhrow, T. J. Hay, E. C. Jane, C. H. Hopkins, Mr. J. B. Haggis, James Burling, Mr. J. Bowie Jr., Robert Woodward, Ed. McFarlane, Mr. Alfred Godefroy, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Parker, Horace P. Harvey, H. W. Redington, Mr. Ed. F. Hall Jr., B. Chandler Howard, Leonard Chenery, Charles Crocker, Christian Frolich Jr., Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Fry, Mrs. Casper Schenck, Mrs. James Fair, Mrs. Charles Crocker, Miss Hattie Crocker, Mrs. G. W. Grannis, Miss Adams, Mrs. Randolph, Mrs. Payne, Mrs. Hubert Bancroft, Mr. and Mrs. George Prescott, Miss Sedgwick, Mr. William Dewey, and Mr. James Fair Jr.

Mrs. Charles N. Shaw, too, has been the recipient of marked attention before and since her marriage, and this lady and her husband were very handsomely entertained at dinner on Wednesday evening last by Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Scott, at their residence on Sacramento Street, and there were present, beside the above-named, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sibley Severance, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Crocker. Last Monday was Mrs. Shaw's third regular reception day, and she received one hundred and thirty-nine calls, among whom were the following ladies, as well as many others whose names we do not now remember:

Mrs. Hemphill, Miss Fannie Houghton, Mrs. Catherwood, Mrs. William S. Hopkins, Mrs. Miss N. K. Masten, Mrs. F. A. Bee, Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Miss Bessie Slade, Mrs. Lieutenant-Commander Buford, Mrs. W. F. Goad, Miss Sue Wilkins, Mrs. H. H. Bancroft, Mrs. J. G. Fair, Mrs. H. J. Booth, the Misses Hutchinson, Mrs. G. W. Prescott, Mrs. W. H. Moor, Mrs. Blanding and Miss Blanding, Mrs. Easton, Mrs. Alfred S. Tuhs, Miss Tuhs, Mrs. B. P. Moore, Mrs. R. C. Hooker, Mrs. W. T. Coleman, Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Mrs. H. L. Dodge, Mrs. Samuel Wilson, Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, and Miss Crocker.

## Other Affairs.

The long-talked-of ball in aid of the Veterans' Home Fund took place at the new Oakland ferry depot on Thursday night last, and proved to be a pleasant and conspicuous success. All of the arrangements for the rapid and safe transportation of those who attended were as successfully carried out as they were cleverly conceived, and the four or five thousand, or more, who participated in the festivities of the occasion are enthusiastic in their praise of the enjoyable medium which adds additional substance to the fund being raised to be used for the better comfort of those who willingly gave their best days in the service of their country. All of the accessories—such as music, supper, and facilities of promenade and dance—were as complete as it was possible to make them. The process of illumination was executed with so much skill that the building seemed more a palace than a passenger depot. This structure is, in many respects, the handsomest of its kind in the country, and one of the very largest, and is constructed in great part of iron and glass. It covers a number of acres of ground, and has cost, including the filling, over a million of dollars. And we must add that, notwithstanding the vast number of people assembled, and that it was a public hall, it was one of the most orderly affairs of its kind ever seen here. The drawbacks were the extreme cold, and the fact that the refreshments gave out a little too early.

On the same evening Mrs. Lloyd Tevis gave a brilliant reception at her mansion, on the corner of Jackson and Taylor Streets, in honor of the twenty-first birthday of her second son, Mr. Hugh Tevis. The house was tastefully decorated with cut flowers and evergreens, and Mrs. Tevis's friends responded in large numbers to the invitations sent out.

Among the many pleasant social reunions of last week was a reception and musicale tendered to Madame Zeitska, by Miss Chalmers, on Tuesday evening, at the home of Dr. Pinching, 1520 California Street. At eleven o'clock supper was served. Afterward dancing was indulged in until after midnight. Among the invited were: Madame Zeitska, Baron Von Schroder, the Russian Consul Olarovsky, Dr. and Mrs. Pinching, Mrs. Judge Pratt, Dr. Max Axelrod, Dr. and Mrs. Mott Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Noble, Dr. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Taylor, Captain and Mrs. Naunton, Mr. Sam Mayer, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Chalmers, Mr. and Mrs. Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. North, Miss Alice Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. Lord, Mr. James C. Pennie, Mrs. Wakeman, Mrs. Garvery, Miss Bovee, Miss Doherty, Miss Sanborn, Mr. Doherty, Miss Lord, Mr. and Mrs. Afee, Mr. Chapman, Mr. Townsend, Mr. Strauss, Mr. Irwin, Mr. Henry Naunton, Miss Ella Cottle, Mr. Cottle, Mr. Cave, Mr. and Mrs. Mann, Mr. C. J. King, Mr. Moore, Mr. Seth Mann, Mr. C. C. Flagg, and the Misses Wade.

## Notes and Gossip.

It is rumored that Mrs. B. B. Redding, Mrs. J. D. Redding, and Miss Cowles, who left San Francisco two or three weeks ago to hark in the winter sunshine of semi-tropical California, sent home for their seal-skins and skates. George Crocker and Dick Pease Jr. left for New York on Tuesday last, to be absent until March. The *Wachusett* is expected from Alaskan waters early in February, and there is a movement on the part of the hop committee at the Navy Yard to give her officers a reception soon after the arrival of the vessel; the *Adams*, which has been surveying down the Mexican coast, is also expected in a few weeks. Buckstone's comedy of "Married Life" is being rehearsed by the Alden Dramatic Association of Mare Island, and will be presented on or about the last Thursday of this month; Mrs. Colonel Heywood and Miss Clara Heyle are cast in the piece and also Mr. Bronough, just from the Naval Academy. Ex-Governor F. F. Low and Mrs. Low and their daughter, Miss Flora Low, who have been staying at the Clarendon, New York, for two or three weeks, are now at the Arlington, Washington. Captain Coffin, U. S. N., Mrs. Coffin, and Miss Lena Coffin, who have been guests of Colonel and Mrs. Heywood, at the Navy Yard, for the past two or three weeks, have returned to the city. Mrs. Doyle has been visiting her brother, Surgeon Woods, at the Navy Yard, during the present week. Miss Lynch, of Benicia, who has

been visiting at the Yard since New Year's, has returned home. Mrs. W. P. Rhoades, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. S. D. Hovey, at the Palace, has returned to the Sierra Madre Villa. Miss Jennie Flood has returned to Menlo from Sacramento. E. H. Winchester, of the firm of Main & Winchester, is in the city, direct from New Hampshire, and says that if there is any variation of temperature between the two places, it is in favor of the Granite State. Mrs. Henry S. Crocker has returned from Sacramento. Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Whitney, of New York, who have spent several winters upon the Pacific Coast, arrived here on Saturday last, and are at the Palace. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Evans, of Philadelphia, are going to spend the winter at the Sierra Madre Villa. The Misses Eyre have arrived in New York, from whence they will proceed to Washington, and become the guests of General and Mrs. Beale. Mrs. Justice Field and her sister, Miss Swearingin, have returned to Washington, after a thoroughly satisfactory and delightful European tour of about six months. The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Willie Howard announce that a reception at their new home on Franklin Street may soon be looked for. Mrs. Wise, of Los Angeles, is in the city on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister. Mr. and Mrs. Stuart M. Taylor were present at a dinner-party given by Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, at 389 Fifth Avenue, New York, on Monday evening, the ninth instant. Miss Fannie Houghton, of Oakland, Miss Maud Forbes, of San Rafael, and Miss Emma Crockett, of Fruit Vale, have been at the Ralston House, during the present week, as the guests of Mrs. Dr. Spaulding, and to merely mention that their presence made that fashionable house sunshiny, would be drawing it exceedingly mild. Miss Nellie White, of Santa Cruz, is a guest of Mrs. W. T. Wallace. The *Parisian* says that "Meissonier's portrait of Mrs. J. W. Mackey, the bonanza queen, represents that lady in a walking costume of black satin, with a great Gainsborough hat, and long gloves of tan-colored kid, one of which she is unfastening." When the Misses Dora Miller, Nellie Wood, Lizzie Hawkins, Flora Low, the Misses Sunderland, the Misses Eyre, Miss Julia Sterling, and other California girls, now in Washington, get together at one time, they will be prettily apt to impress people that there is something out here besides gold and silver, and "the finest climate in the world." Hon. G. Wiley Wells, of Los Angeles, who has been in San Francisco since the first of the year, has returned home. Mr. James Lankershim and his bride have also returned to Los Angeles. Mrs. Jesse Grant, formerly Miss Chapman, of this city, is spending a few days in Washington. Master J. O. Nicholson and Midshipman R. S. Sloan have received orders to leave for San Francisco in time to report on the *Jamestown* by February 1st. General Hancock has written a letter to a gentleman in Los Angeles that he will visit that place in two or three months. There are rumors in Washington that General McDowell will soon be retired, and that General Pope will succeed to the command of this department; it is certain that the President is giving the pressure made upon him to retire General McDowell serious consideration. Mrs. Judge Alexander Campbell, who has been visiting Los Angeles, has returned to Tucson. Ex-Governor A. K. P. Safford arrived at Tucson from New York on Friday last. Miss Louise Slauson, a young society lady of Los Angeles, and daughter of J. S. Slauson, President of the Los Angeles County Bank, has just created a sensation at a concert in that city by her fine violin playing; Miss Slauson betrayed a great liking for that instrument some four or five years ago, and was the recipient of much encouragement and some instruction from Mr. Ludovici, who is, perhaps, the best amateur violinist on this coast, and whose delightful musicales at the Palace occasionally are the theme of conversation among many of our society people. Colonel J. W. Dunn, U. S. A., who has been stationed in Los Angeles for a year, has gone to Tucson, and Major Robert A. Hutchins, U. S. A., has arrived in Los Angeles as Colonel Dunn's successor. Downey Harvey, a young society gentleman of this city, is managing some silver mining operations on the Colorado River above Yuma. There comes a little story from the East that before the ides of next November Miss Annie Louise Cary will become a sister-in-law of Stuart M. Taylor, by marriage. Governor Kinkead, of Nevada, writes to a friend that he will not return to Carson until the middle of March. Mrs. George Hearst and her son, and Miss Maggie Hamilton arrived in Washington from Boston on Saturday last, and will spend several weeks at the capital. John J. Valentine, of Oakland, returned from the East on Saturday last. Ex-Vice-President Wheeler has deferred his California trip until next Spring. General and Mrs. Stone- man returned to San Gabriel on Tuesday last. Mrs. Lucien Herman, who was so seriously ill with the pneumonia last week, has entirely recovered. Commodore Phelps is still under the weather at the Yard. General Biddle, U. S. A., has been placed in command at Camp Apache, Arizona, and General Carr has been ordered to Fort Grant, under arrest. Mr. and Mrs. J. O'B. Gunn have been spending the week in Sacramento. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Yerrington have been at the Palace during the week. S. Heydenfeldt Jr. is in Washington. William M. Lent Jr. returned from New York yesterday. J. Morrissey Jr., U. S. Marine Service, arrived here from the East yesterday. George Hearst arrived in New York, from Arizona, on Saturday last. Mrs. D. H. Earl returned from the East on Tuesday last. C. Porter, E. C. Carter, and E. Hubert, U. S. A., have been at the Occidental during the week. Mr. and Mrs. John Dwight, of New York, are spending a few weeks at Monterey. Mrs. W. H. Tisdale and Miss Tisdale, of Detroit, have taken up their residence at the Grand for the winter. Mrs. Colgate Baker, whose elegant reception in December will long be remembered by all who were present, will give a literary entertainment and musicale, at her residence, on Van Ness Avenue, some time during the latter part of next month. Lieutenant R. G. Davenport, U. S. N., has been detached from the Washington Navy Yard, and ordered to the *Jamestown*, now at Mare Island. Commander A. D. Brown has been placed in command of the *Jamestown*, which will leave here on or about the 1st of February, for Washington. For the benefit of our readers we present the address of places of residence of our senators and representatives in Washington: Senator John F. Miller, of California, 1218 Connecticut Avenue, northwest; Senator J. T. Farley, Portland Flats; Representative C. P. Berry, 603 F Street; H. F. Page and R. Pacheco, Congress



## THE ANNALS OF TACITUS.

A New Translation.

ARGUMENT.—The Accident to Oconnorus (*Oconnorius casus*)—The Augurs—The Presages—Oconnorus Resolves to Speak—The Cataclysmal Downfall—Lamentations of the Hibernians—The Hero Reappears—Universal Joy—Rooneyus, the High Priest, sacrifices to the Gods.

## I.

The seventeenth day of the Ides of January, Mauritius Blakei being consul of the city, there happened an accident which threatened to deprive the world of one of its most famous men (*virum immensum*). T. Patricius Oconnorus was in danger of perishing, together with his clients, Tobin, Knight, (*Tobin eques*), Rooneyus, High Priest of Jupiter, D. Junius Toohey, ancient Duumvir, and the favorite freedman of Oconnorus, T. Michaelus Healyi. For some weeks Venus, who reigns over the fortunes of Oconnorus, had warned him by most prodigious presages of unknown dangers which threatened him. The oracle, being consulted, spoke: "Beware the Ides of January." But Oconnorus mocked at the oracle, saying: "Dry up! (*Tace!*) you are too fresh!" (*nimis frigidus*.) These impious words could not fail to bring about sinister consequences.

## II.

Upon this, Oconnorus departed for the Mission Street Grand Theatre (*Theatrum Amplitudinem*) in his litter, with his freedman, T. Michaelus Healyi, and his ordinary train of clients. There being arrived, when he mounted upon the wooden tribune erected for him, a terrible event took place. The oracle had spoken truly. For the tribune cracked dismally, and gave way beneath the weight of the august personages seated thereon.

## III.

During some moments a frightful stupor prevailed (*cives stupidi videbantur*). The cries of the victims rose to the gods from the midst of a thick cloud of dust which enveloped the scene of the accident. As to Oconnorus, his noble head was no longer visible, and it seemed to the affrighted citizens that he had been swallowed up in the profound depths of the Dark Empire, as was the pious Aeneas (*sicut pater Aeneas*.)

## IV.

When Oconnorus had disappeared, a dreadful cry resounded (*clamor ingens*). Lamentations came from every part of the theatre. The women tore their hair, crying: "We have lost our father!" (*Patrem amissimum nostrum*). Infants refused their mothers' breasts. The citizens, their heads covered with ashes, extended toward Jupiter suppliant arms.

## V.

Jupiter was moved at the universal desolation, and heeded the citizens' prayer. Oconnorus reappeared upon the trembling remnants of the tribune. His face was pale, and in his eyes might be discerned traces of fear (*tracum quoddam*). But he soon recovered, and a smile appeared upon his lips. He remained impassive amid the ruins. (*Impavidum ferient ruinae*.) With a gesture he encouraged the freedman, T. Michaelus Healyi, who, in a somewhat broken voice, began his address.

## VI.

In learning of the deliverance of T. Patricius Oconnorus, there was general joy throughout Nova Hibernia. The citizens congratulated each other. Strangers met in the streets and felicitated each other upon the happy event. Letters from all parts of the country came to Oconnorus. Public prayers were ordered to be recited in the temples of the gods, and the High Priest of Jupiter, Rooneyus, offered up twenty-four calves of pure blood upon the altar. TACITUS.

## A LAND-LEAGUE LANDLORD.

"Hooray for Noonan!"

The words burst forth from the honest throats of the hundreds who filled Irish-American Hall. And as they fell upon his ear, Michael Noonan felt the pride of an Irishman and a land-leaguer. He gazed around the stage, and as his eye fell upon Toohey, Mulcahy, Murphy, Kelly, and O'Flanagan, who were there seated, his looks betrayed his exultation. "Hooray for Noonan!" Again the cry burst forth.

Michael Noonan advanced gracefully to the front of the platform, and thus began:

"Fellow-citizens: The h'arty manner wid which ye have greeted me is most gratifyin'. But it is not the name of Michael Noonan that calls forth this greetin'. It is the sentiments which he holds. For ye know I am a man who is forinst the thiev'n Saxon, and unalterably opposed to the payment of rint. Down wid the landlords, I say. Let the Saxon spawn be driven from ould Ireland's sod, like Sainpatrick dhrove out the snakes. Let him lave the land to the min they call their tinants. I was wance in Limerick when they evicted a tinant. Poor Terence! They turned him out under God's heavens, wid his wife and nineteen childher, and divil a haporth had he but a thrife of five hundred guineas. It made me blood boil. 'No rint' is our watchword, and down wid the Saxon."

"No rint! Down wid the Saxon! Noonan forever!"

Again the cry burst from the earnest auditors. In their midst sat Mary McGrath, with her infant in her arms. A strange and solemn joy shone in her face—the light of a new hope.

"Ah, I have wronged him!" said she. "I have thought that he would turn the hapless widow into the street. But no! I should have better known the warm Hibernian heart that beats in his bosom. Did I not marry an Irishman? Have I not borne children to him? Was he not faithful and kind? And when he died, and I was left a widow with four children, did I not go to a landlord of the same nationality as my dear dead McGrath? But I have feared that Michael Noonan was a cold, hard man, and that my poverty would turn him against me. But no! It can not be. He is good and kind, and he believes in no rent."

And Mary McGrath pressed her infant to her bosom, and shed tears of joy.

On the motion of Mr. Mulcahy, the thanks of the meeting were unanimously tendered to Michael Noonan for the masterly manner in which he had promulgated the views of the

sional Hotel; W. S. Rosecrans, 207 New Jersey Avenue, northwest; Senator James G. Fair, of Nevada, Riggs House; John P. Jones, New Jersey Avenue and B Street, southeast; Representative G. W. Cassidy, Willard's Hotel; Senator L. G. Grover, of Oregon, National Hotel; J. H. Slater, 910 F Street, northwest; Representative M. C. George, 512 Thirteenth Street, northwest; T. H. Brent, delegate from Washington Territory, National Hotel; and G. H. Oury, of Arizona, 705 Eleventh Street. "Mrs. ex-Senator Sargent as a cabinet lady would be a feather in the cap of the female suffragists," says the Washington *Capital*. Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, who spent last week in Benicia as the guest of Mrs. L. B. Mizner, returned home on Saturday. Mrs. Seal, of Mayfield, who was visiting in the city last week, has returned home. Mr. and Mrs. Dinsmore gave an elegant reception at their residence on Leavenworth Street on Wednesday evening last. The next Palace-Grand Hotel hop will take place at the Grand on Monday evening next. There was no music at the Palace Hotel on Monday evening last, owing to the death of Mrs. Mary Corbitt, wife of William Corbitt, of the firm of Corbitt, Macleary & Co. Mrs. Corbitt's death gives pain to a large number of people, who loved her for her many virtues. Mrs. J. C. Patrick, of this city, is a sister. The funeral took place on Wednesday last from Trinity church. Miss Julia Sterling, of Napa, who is the guest of Mrs. Senator Jones, at the National Capital, this winter, writes to one of her lady friends that she stayed in Washington during Mrs. Jones's late visit to New York, and took care of the house and the children, and that she is enjoying herself hugely. She also writes that Miss Nellie Wood is greatly admired both in New York and Washington. S. H. H. Clarke, general manager of the Union Pacific Railroad, and family, arrived in San Francisco yesterday. T. C. Patterson, U. S. A., is at the Palace. F. W. Coffin, U. S. N., is at the Baldwin. Colonel Jack Hays is seriously ill at his home near Piedmont. Miss Winchester, who is on a visit from New Hampshire to Mrs. Charles Main, was born in San Francisco, although she has been away from here for many years. Charles G. Ewing returned to San Francisco yesterday. Major R. P. Hammond has been confined to his house by illness for nearly six weeks. Neighbors of Mrs. L. H. Newton, of the Palace, were regaled by some charming piano music on Monday evening last, most of the selections being duets, which were brilliantly executed by Mrs. Newton and Miss Rebecca McMullin. Mrs. George Whitney left for Washington on Tuesday last, to spend the balance of the winter with her sister, Mrs. Justice Field. The evening before her departure she was handsomely entertained at lunch by some of her lady friends. Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Cooper, and Miss Fannie Cooper, their daughter, of Santa Barbara, are at the Lick for a few days. Ex-Senator Booth is at the Grand. W. H. Chapman arrived in Washington on Wednesday last, and is at Willard's Hotel. Mrs. Captain Woods, of the Navy Yard, has been in the city during the week, visiting her sister, Mrs. Doyle, and her niece, Miss Kitty Woods. Frank Staples returned to Arizona yesterday morning. Mrs. N. Greene Curtis, of Sacramento, went East on Tuesday last, on a visit to her father, who is lying seriously ill at his home in Kentucky.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## In Memoriam.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Although I know that it is not your custom to print obituary matter, yet the many excellent qualities and wide acquaintance of the late Eugene G. Castle will warrant you in making the present instance an exception. Eugene G. Castle, who died at the Lick House on Saturday, the 14th instant, was the son of Frederick L. and Charlotte Castle, and aged twenty-four years and nine months. He was a worthy gentleman. Eugene Castle had in a few years risen to honor and high esteem in this community, and had won a larger number of friends than those of us who have lived a longer life. In his business relations he was distinguished by probity, energy, accuracy, a rare intelligence, and a manly integrity. In his social relations he was a polished gentleman, and a generous, honorable one. Not a casual act of kindness, but a continuation of them, showed it to be a part of his nature. Doubtless this community has no lack of promising young men, but there is not one whose loss could be more untimely and more to be deplored; not one a greater honor to his parents, and to all who loved and mourn him, than Eugene Castle. M.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 17, 1882.

## A Matron's Wail.

MY DEAR ZULANO: You are not the only husband who "never heard such nonsense" as Zulana expressed last week. I have the dearest, loveliest husband in the world; but, ah! Zulano, a fellow feeling must make you wondrous kind. "The hideous, grinning skeleton" in our closet is also called "household expenses." As my husband expresses it, "we are living in two-bit style on a pica-yune income." And the family that tries this herculean task, and does it with any decency, may write the whole world down as its enemy. When we first came to California we tried to be honest, but sad was our experience. We were given a house, and obliged to live in it. We furnished only such parts of it as we really needed, and that simply—no ornaments or æstheticism. Our china was plain white, our carpets ingrain, our curtains white Holland shades. Our friends all called, looked around on our desolation, and left, never to return. We were too poor to waste further time on. We hired servants, and not being accustomed to poor eating or serving, got the best we could find in the city; but they, too, soon left, saying they had always been accustomed to living with aristocratic people. This was a very lonesome kind of life, where neither acquaintance nor servant would stay; so we concluded we would branch out a little, even if we had to go in debt for it. Accordingly we put on a little more style, gave a few dinner parties, and bought a few more clothes. For this we drew considerably on the future, and, to make all ends meet, I felt I must be additionally careful about our daily expenses, so took to examining more carefully our groceries, and weighing the meats. I always found the meat several pounds short, so I foolishly asked my butcher to send me the trimmings; I could use them for soup. I then found I got all trimmings and no meat. I conceived what I considered a good idea—I followed Juliet Corson's advice as to "made-up" cheap dishes. One day, my dear husband coming home hungry to dinner, remarked very mildly that possibly stews were very excellent things, but that he did not perceive any diminution in our bills; that he did not like stews, and that he would be blanked, etc., etc. I then wrote my butcher a pleasant little note, asking him would he not please send me less trimmings. It is a singular thing that California meat seems to be all trimmings. Do you know my note so hurt my butcher's feelings that he said he would not trade with one so mean and stingy as I was? Now, Zulano, you are a wise man, and your scarcity of hair shows you are an experienced one. Can't you advise us poor-rich people how to manage our affairs with more comfort to ourselves, and more pleasure to our friends, servants, and trades-people? Yours, despairingly, 1882 MRS. —

SAN FRANCISCO, January 17, 1882.

league upon the question of rent, and the oppressed tenants of Ireland were telegraphed words of cheer, and adjured to stand firm in their determination to pay no rent.

As Mary McGrath walked away from Irish-American Hall to her humble home, the final cheers fell upon her ear:

"Hooray for Noonan! No rint!"  
"Ah me!" she murmured, pressing a kiss upon the lips of her sleeping babe, "how good, how kind he is! Babe, thou knowest it not, but proud wilt thou ever be to know that in thy veins runs the ruddy Irish blood—the generous blood of kings."

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Extract from the San Francisco *Examiner* of December 26th:

THROWN INTO THE STREET—A SORRY CHRISTMAS FOR A POOR WIDOW AND FOUR CHILDREN.

Mrs. Mary McGrath, a widow with four children, last night asked for and was given lodging in the City Prison. She stated that on returning to her home on Morey Alley, off Broadway, between Powell and Stockton Streets, she found all the furniture of her house thrown out on the sidewalk, and her four children sitting atop of it. Her eviction resulted from the non-payment of two months' rent for two rooms occupied by herself and family, and rented from one Michael Noonan. Her husband had died two years ago, and since then she has succeeded in supporting herself and children by laboring in a manufacturing establishment, which suspended operations some time ago. Since then she had been unable to obtain steady employment, and in consequence she became behind in the rent.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## The Song Recital.

Almost all the concerts we go to come in little crops—three, or four, or six, or eight of a kind, like every-day pinks and roses. If a solitary affair does happen along, it is apt to be so distractingly variegated with a dozen different composers, solo voices, and instruments that all sense of symmetry and congruity disappears. But the last one was an experience of ideal concentration. Mrs. Henry Norton sung, and Mrs. Carmichael-Carr played—a delightful vocalist and a charming pianist.

Wednesday evening found Dashaway Hall filled with a closely-seated audience. When has an audience so thoroughly refined and discriminating been seen before at any public entertainment? The sight of the answering, appreciative faces could not have appealed in vain to the sensibility of any musician. A quick consciousness of the mute greeting given leaped into Mrs. Norton's eyes as she took her place. The first songs were three selections from Rubinstein: "Yearnings," "The Tear," and "The Falling Star"—all trying numbers, and (especially "Yearnings") by far the least successful efforts of the evening. In the introductory numbers, a slight hoarseness, which afterward wore away, was unpleasantly apparent; and the high notes of the song fell undeniably short of that entirely truthful representation which is the rightful due of all honest F's and G's. In the "Falling Star," however—that strange, unreasoning protest against a fate which has forbidden one to "Dash wildly through the world's commotion, then perish glorious like that star"—Mrs. Norton was admirably spirited and exact. From that point on, the pleasure of listening to her increased with every note. It is difficult to name the exact qualities which captivate an audience with this lady's singing. Her natural voice is not exceptional; it is not distinguished by special power, or fullness, or richness; but it is used with consummate art. It has been well and artistically cultivated. It combines feeling and pure refinement. Of the two Gounod songs, "Le Printemps" and "Le Vallon," the latter was particularly charming. So also were the serenade, "Ruy Blas," by Werkerlin, and the number from "Il Guarany," by Gomez. The good wine, however, was reserved until the last. In "My True Love Hath My Heart," by Randegger, Mrs. Norton was charming. Such purity of enunciation! Such grace and simplicity in every word of the song! And, of course, it was encored. Then followed the "Beggar Maid," by Barnby, equally well rendered; and immediately upon that, the gems of the whole programme—four little German songs, by the Norwegian writer, Grieg. It is impossible to describe them. No two were alike; and how can one say which was most deliciously rendered? "Mit einer Primulaveris" could hardly be excelled. "Die Rosenknope," the very essence of coquetry, was redemanded. "Ich liebe dich" was exceedingly impassioned, and "Waldwanderung"—bave you ever met spring face to face? Then you remembered, of course. There were three more English songs. "Once I Loved a Maiden Fair" was asked a second time, and both the others were greatly enjoyed. Mrs. Carmichael-Carr is always cordially welcomed. Her Chopin selections—Nocturne in B flat minor, Op. 9, No. 1; Mazurka, in C sharp minor, Op. 6, No. 2; and Valse, E minor (posthumous)—were interpreted with much delicacy, refinement, and finish. Mrs. Carr's careful and beautiful phrasing, though always noticeable, was particularly so in the Valse. Her other numbers were from Bach, Hiller, Heller, Tschaiakowsky, and Reinberger, and were received with much applause. Although lacking in force, Mrs. Carr is a pianiste who never fails to give genuine pleasure; and as Mrs. Norton's accompanist she was also highly and deservedly complimented. The evening was only too brief. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Norton will some time give a second recital. F. A.

The movement of grain from San Francisco to Liverpool via New Orleans is about to begin. A firm in the latter city has received orders from here to prepare for a consignment of two hundred thousand bushels of wheat. The future of New Orleans looks promising. Since the successful working of the Eads jetties seems to be assured, the Crescent City has become the entrepot to a certain extent of the Mississippi Valley. If the Hennepin canal, connecting the great lakes with the Mississippi, should ever be constructed—and the probabilities are that it will—New Orleans will also have a large share of the business of the lakes.

The *Call* gravely says of Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, who appeared at the Song Recital as an æsthete from Æstbeteville, that she "looked like a Watteau shepherdess." Poor Mrs. Carr! She will consider us all as unæsthetic. — *the Call*.



## THE END OF THE WORLD.

By Erckmann-Chatrian.

Last year, just before the carnival, there was a report in Hunebourg that the world was coming to an end. Doctor Zacharias Piper, of Colmar, first spread this disagreeable news; it was spoken of in the *Lame Messenger*, in the *Perfect Christian*, and in fifty other journals.

Zacharias Piper had calculated that a comet would descend from the skies on Shrove Tuesday, having a tail formed of boiling water, one hundred and five million miles in length, melt the snow on the highest mountains, wither the trees, and burn up everybody.

A learned man named Popinot had written from Paris to say that there was no doubt the comet would come, but that its tail would be composed of such light vapors as to cause no one the least inconvenience; that people might go on quietly with their business; that he would answer for everything. This assurance allayed much alarm.

But, unfortunately, there lives at Hunebourg, in the little street of the "Three Jugs," an old wool-spinner named Maria Finck. She is a little, pale, withered old woman, covered with wrinkles, whom people go and consult on the most delicate and important affairs of life. She lives in a low room, the ceiling of which is decorated with painted eggs, red and blue stripes, gilded nuts, and a thousand other fanciful objects. She dresses herself up in old finery, and lives on *échaudé*, which two things give her great authority in the neighborhood. Maria Finck, instead of approving of good M. Popinot's opinion, declared herself to be on the side of Zacharias Piper, and kept saying: "Be converted and pray; repent of your sins, and give to the church, for the end of the world is at hand—the end is at hand!"

At the furthest end of her room was a picture of hell, to which people were going down by a path all sown with roses. None of them seemed to have a suspicion about the place to which this road was leading them; they were dancing along, some with bottles in their hands, some with hams, others with strings of sausages. A workman, with ribbons flying from his hat, was playing the clarinet to amuse them on the their way. Some were kissing their partners, and all these poor wretches were heedlessly approaching the pit full of flames, into which already the foremost were falling, their arms extended and their legs in the air.

So most of the people of Hunebourg agreed that they would have no carnival, but spend Shrove Tuesday in acts of repentance. Never had such a thing been heard of before. The adjutant and captain, as well as the non-commissioned officers in garrison at Hunebourg, were quite in despair. All the preparations for the fête—the decorations of the great hall of the mayoralty with moss and trophies of arms; the stage raised for the orchestra; the beer, *kirsch*, and *bischoz*, ordered for refreshments—in short, all their arrangements were to be of no use, since the young ladies of the town would no longer hear a word about dancing.

But with all this, those who were most distressed and disappointed were Daniel Spitz, the secretary of the mayoralty; Jerome Bertha, the postmaster's son; Dujardin, the tax-collector; and I. A week before we had gone to Strasbourg on purpose to buy ourselves fancy costumes. Uncle Tobias had given me fifty francs out of his own pocket, so that I need spare nothing. I, therefore, had chosen for myself, at Mademoiselle Dardenai's, the costume of a clown. This consists of a kind of shirt, with wide folds and long sleeves, trimmed with onion-shaped buttons as big as one's fist, which are set so close from the throat down to the knee as to rattle against each other. A little black skull-cap is to be worn on the head, and the face whitened with flour. Provided one has a long nose, and deep, sunken eyes, the effect is admirable.

Dujardin, because of his fat paunch, had chosen a Turkish costume, embroidered up all the seams; Spitz, the dress of Punch, made of a thousand pieces of red, green, and yellow stuff—a hump in front, one behind, and a great gendarme's hat to be worn on the back of his head; nothing could be better. Jerome Bertha was to be a savage, and was to have a plume of parrot's feathers. We felt sure beforehand that all the young girls would leave the soldiers to have us as their partners. And after having spent all this money, was it not enough to set one against the whole human race, to see everything go to the deuce, all through the stupidity of an old mad woman, or of a Zacharias Piper!

At last Shrove Tuesday arrived; the sky was heavy with snow. One looked right and left, up and down—no comet was to be seen. The girls all seemed bewildered. Off ran the young fellows to the houses of their cousins, aunts, and godmothers, saying, "You see now that old mother Finck is mad, and that there's no sense whatever in your notions about the comet. Do comets ever come in the winter? Do they not always choose the vintage time? Well, well, you must now decide—there's still time," etc., etc.

The soldiers, on their side, went into the kitchens, and talked to the maid-servants, exhorting them, and loading them with reproaches. Many people began to pluck up courage. The old men and women went arm in arm to see the decorations of the great hall of the mayoralty; the stars made of sabres, and the little tricolored flags between the windows excited universal admiration. Then people's minds began to change; they remembered that it was Shrove Tuesday. Suddenly all the young ladies made haste to get their smart petticoats out of their cupboards, and to wax their shoes.

By ten o'clock the great hall of the mayoralty was full of people; we had carried the day; there was not a single girl in Hunebourg who did not answer to the call. The clarionets, the trombones, the big drums, resounded; the lights sparkled in the windows, the country dances went merrily; the waltzers whirled round madly; the young men and girls were in a state of wild enjoyment; the old grandmothers seated against the walls were laughing heartily. At the refreshment counters people were shoving each other about; the drinks could not be furnished quick enough, and father Zumerman, who had a contract for the supply, might boast of weathering his nest well that night.

Those who had taken rather too much began to stumble on the staircase. The snow kept constantly falling.

Uncle Tobias had given me the house-key, so that I might go home when I liked. Till two o'clock I did not miss a single waltz, but by that time I had had enough; the refreshments were getting into my head. I started on my way for the street Saint Sylvester, groping along the wall, and reasoning with myself as I went. I had walked on in this way for about ten minutes, and was just going to turn the corner by the fountain, when, happening by chance to look up, I saw behind the trees a moon as red as a hot coal, coming right at me through the skies. It was still millions of miles away, but it was moving so fast that it would be over us in a quarter of an hour. The sight almost knocked me down; I felt my hair already shivering up, and I said to myself: "It is the comet! Zacharias Piper was right!" And, without knowing what I was doing, I ran to the mayoralty, climbed up the stairs, upsetting those who were coming down, and cried out in a terrified voice: "The comet! the comet!"

The dance was at its merriest; the big drum was thundering; the young fellows were stamping their feet; the girls looked as red as poppies; but when my voice was heard in the room, crying: "The comet! the comet!" there was a profound silence, and every one turned pale.

Sergeant Duchene, darting to the door, seized hold of me, put his hand over my mouth, and said: "Are you mad? Hold your tongue, will you?"

But I, staggering backwards, kept repeating, in a tone of despair: "The comet! the comet!"

Immediately a thundering of footsteps was to be heard down the staircase; every one rushed out, the women groaning—indeed, the uproar was fearful. In a few minutes the room was quite empty. Duchene left me, and, being exhausted, I leaned on a window-sill, and watched the people running up the street; then I went off, too, mad with despair.

On the steps outside a number of people were seated, and were confessing to each other. One said: "I have been a usurer"; another, "I have used false weights"; another, "I have cheated at cards." They were all talking together, and from time to time they interrupted themselves to cry for mercy. Among them I recognized the old baker, Fevre, and mother Lauritz; they were striking their breasts, and looking perfectly miserable.

But I did not pay much attention to all those things, for I had sins enough of my own to think of.

I soon caught up to those who were running to the fountain. There it was terrible indeed to hear the groanings. Every one saw immediately that it was really a comet; and as for me, I thought that it had already doubled in size. It seemed to be darting out lightnings, and the profound blackness of the night made it appear as red as blood. The crowd kept repeating, in a voice of lamentation: "It is finished! it is finished! we are lost!"

The women called on Saint Joseph, Saint Christopher, Saint Nicolas—in short, on all the saints in the calendar. At this moment every sin I had ever committed seemed to come before my mind, and I felt a horror of myself. I trembled from head to foot as I thought that we were now going to be burnt. On his crutches, close by me, was the old beggar Balthazar. "When you are in heaven you will remember me—will you not?" I said to him.

He replied, sobbing: "I am myself a great sinner, Monsieur Christian; I have been deceiving the parish for these thirty years, from the love of idleness, for I am not as lame as you think."

"And as for me, Balthazar," I went on, "I am the greatest criminal in Hunebourg."

We were almost weeping in each other's arms.

We had all been on our knees there for a quarter of an hour, when Sergeant Duchene arrived, quite out of breath. He had run first to the arsenal, and seeing nothing down there, came back by the street of the Capuchins.

"Well," said he, "what on earth made you cry out?"

Then, perceiving the comet: "Thunder alive!" exclaimed he, "what is that?"

"It is the end of the world, sergeant," said Balthazar.

Duchene drew his sabre, and gliding along against the wall, exclaimed:

"Forward! What do I care for it? I'll reconnoitre."

Every one admired his courage; as for me, I was quite carried away by his audacity, and determined to follow him. We went along slowly, staring at the comet, which kept increasing visibly in size, as if it were traveling millions of miles every second.

At last we arrived at the corner of the old convent of the Capuchins. The comet now appeared to mount up; the more we advanced the more it mounted; we were obliged to raise our heads; at last Duchene had quite to bend his neck backward and look straight up into the air. I was a few steps further off, and was looking at the comet a little sideways. I was considering within myself if it were prudent to go any further, when suddenly the sergeant stopped, and said in a low voice:

"Good heavens! it is the street lantern!"

"The lantern!" I exclaimed, running forward, "can it be so?"

I looked up, quite wonder-struck. It was indeed the old lantern of the Capuchin Convent. It is not usually lit, because there have been no monks there since 1798, and because the inhabitants of Hunebourg generally go to bed with the cocks and hens; but on this night, the watchman, Burhus, foreseeing that there would be a good many tipsy people about, before he went to bed himself charitably thought he would put a candle in the old lantern, so as to prevent people from tumbling into the ditch, which goes along by the old cloisters. We could now clearly distinguish the lantern between the branches of the trees. The snuff of the candle was as thick as one's thumb, and when there was a little gust of wind, this snuff caught fire, and threw out, as it were, flashes of lightning, and this was what seemed to move forward like a comet. When I saw all this, I was just going to call out to let the rest of the people know, when the sergeant stopped me, saying: "Hold your tongue! If it were known that we had made a charge at a lantern, we should be finely laughed at. Listen to me. Attention!"

He unhooked the rusty chain; the lantern fell, making a tremendous noise. After this off we ran.

The next morning there was a report that the comet had been extinguished through the prayers of Maria Finck; so from that day she was looked on even as more of a saint than before.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"Puck's Annual" for 1882 is at hand, and sustains the high reputation which the preceding numbers have borne. The publishers strive to obtain the best humorous talent in the country, and they succeed in their endeavors. The contents show a rich collection of amusing stories, burlesques, and verses. The only thing that pains us in the book is the reappearance of a "chestnut" of our childhood. The editor of the "Annual" should have promptly seized the individual who exhumed the bones of "Pas d'œil yeux Rhone que nous," and driven him, peg-fashion, into the ground. Published by Keppeler & Schwartzman, New York; for sale by the news-dealers.

Although David Cox, the English artist, died in 1859, there has been no life written of him until the one recently prepared by the late William Hall, himself an artist, and now edited by John T. Bunce. Cox, in his little Welsh landscapes, resembled Jean François Millet's style of modeling—rough, unfinished, but thoroughly natural and wonderfully expressive. He would catch a bit of a view in a rainstorm or mist, and present it in his own vivid way, with its striking lights and shadows, and varied shades and tints. His book on water-colors, although written as early as 1814, is still a standard authority. Published by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., London and New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"A Happy Boy" is the latest translation of Björnsterne Björnson's novels that Professor Rasmus Andersen has made. It was originally written in 1859, and is considered the best of Björnson's peasant stories. In a simple, although analytical manner, it begins with the boyhood of "Oyvind," the hero, and conducts him through the vicissitudes of life to his happy marriage. The incidents, while not striking in themselves, are rendered dramatic by the fine and artistic handling which the author gives to all his works. The confirmation scene, for instance, would be thoroughly flat if treated by any other hand; but under Björnson's possesses a homely pathos which is indescribably interesting. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale at Bancroft's.

President B. A. Hinsdell, of Hiram College, has just written a book about the educational part of the life of the late President Garfield. It was at Hiram College that Mr. Garfield received his education, and first became a teacher. In fact, it was here that he preached his first sermon, which we learn from this life was a parallel between the histories of Jesus Christ and Napoleon Bonaparte. This book gives more thoroughly a very interesting phase of his life, and shows how the first real efforts toward future greatness were made. Here also will be found in full many of the speeches and lectures given by Garfield at various times. Altogether the book gives an excellent knowledge of this portion of the President's eventful career. Published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston; for sale at the booksellers.

Literary personalities: *Punch* has begun a series of "confidential correspondence" between eminent personages, in which, for example, Mr. Gladstone, member for Newark in 1832, is supposed to be writing to the Premier of to-day. John Smith is the unheroic name of the new Plato of Cambridge, Massachusetts. John G. Whitier is the only man America has ever produced who made his living entirely by writing poetry. But it is a scanty living. Mr. Bancroft's new volumes will be out in the spring. Tennyson's hair and flowing beard are now entirely white. Edgar Fawcett has a large head, and looks no more like a poet than Browning does. The lady who writes stories over the initials S. A. L. E. M. is the wife of Mr. John C. Wyman, a gentleman well known in Boston and New York, and famed as one of the most gifted of story-tellers. Dean Stanley's paper on the Reverend F. W. Robertson is to appear in the *Midwinter Century*. It will be accompanied by a portrait of the Brighton preacher. Mr. Robertson was, by the way, at the time of his death engaged to marry Miss Cecil Hay, the novelist. Monsieur Sully-Prudhomme is the youngest member of the French Academy; he is less than forty years old. The novelist Cherbuliez is the first to be admitted who is not a native Frenchman.

Here are some notes on four new books which are attracting much attention: Mr. Robert Buchanan has dedicated his strange and powerful new novel, "God and the Man," to one whose identity will probably be easily recognized by those who remember his bitter controversy with Mr. Swinburne concerning the "Fleshly School." Mr. Julian Hawthorne's new novel, which bears the curious title of "Dust," opens in the England of 1816, in the days of Ranelagh and Vauxhall, of small-clothes and tight breeches, of short waists and turbans of the first gentleman and foremost blackguard of Europe. Miss de la Ramé ("Ouida") has rechristened her little comedy "Cloth of Gold and Cloth of Frieze," and now calls it "Resurgo." The hero is an English earl who, as a very young man, marries a beautiful French peasant girl of fifteen. After six months he tires of her ignorance and her social blunders, and sends her to a convent to be educated. There she is supposed to drown herself in the moat, of despair at being so cast off. Ten years after, the earl visits Rome, where he meets a Madame Glyn, a noble creature, and a great artist, whose pictures he delights in. Here the comedy opens; and who the lovely artist really is, and how the earl falls in love again with his own wife, ignorant of her identity, is easily conjectured. The comedy will run through four numbers of *Harper's Weekly*. Prudence Marlitt, the heroine of Mrs. Lillie's æsthetic story in the forthcoming number of *Harper's Magazine*, is a young American girl of wonderful fresh beauty and charm. She makes her first appearance dressed in "a shabby muslin gown" in an æsthetic drawing-room in "Passionate Brompton," surrounded by a multitude of apostles of the utter and the intense. "Prudence" has some characteristic illustrations of the London æsthetes by Mr. Du Maurier.

Mr. W. H. Gilder's "Schwarka's Search," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is the result of Mr. Gilder's recent trip toward the Pole with Lieutenant Schwarka, in search of the Franklin records. The author is now off with the *Rodgers*, searching for the *Jeannette*, little knowing that she was crushed in the ice almost on the day the *Rodgers* steamed from the Golden Gate. The fourth edition of "Cape Cod Folks," issued by Williams & Co., appears with the name of the author, Sally Pratt McLean, Sansbury, Connecticut, on the title-page. Mr. Walter Crane, the English artist, has been for several years engaged in making illustrations for the fairy tales of Grimm, of which a translation by Miss Lucy Crane will shortly appear. It is estimated that five hundred works have been published in America since September. An English exchange says that Mr. Wilkie Collins will remain at Torquay, which is a seaside shelter for invalids. It was Torquay which Donald G. Mitchell (I. K. Marvel) sought, when, as a young man, he failed in health. The lands in and around Torquay are almost wholly owned by one English lord. The Century Company will shortly issue a new cover for their magazine, on which Mr. Elihu Vedder, the well-known American artist, has been working since last summer. There are appropriate emblems for each season and month in the year, and in each will appear an emblematic female figure. The old color of the paper for the cover will be preserved, the ink being of a somewhat deeper shade. Miss Gordon Cumming's new book of travel, entitled "A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War," is issued by the Messrs. Blackwood. Mr. Matthew Arnold has written a poem upon the late Dean Stanley, and intends to print it in the next number of the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Anthony Trollope is writing a new story, called "Kept in the Dark." Mrs. Oliphant, who, like Mr. Trollope, seems to have an endless store of fiction to draw upon, is about to print a story, called "Lady Jane." Captain L. Trotter, the author of a "Life of Warren Hastings" and a "History of India," is engaged upon a "History of India During the Reign of Queen Victoria," which will cover the whole period between Lord Auckland and Lord Lytton—from the first to the second Afghan war. The first volume, which ends with Lord Dalhousie's retirement, is nearly ready for the press.



## LOVED AND LOST.

The Meeting and the Parting of Life-Streams.

## II.

Grace made no allusion either to the letter or the cause of her recent emotion, but, recovering herself, motioned him to a chair, and reseated herself on the sofa. A thoughtful silence ensued, which was becoming awkward, when Mr. Coverdale suddenly entered, apparently in a hurry.

"Ah, Stafford, glad to see you. I am all ready, pet; but, tut! tut! child, you must not cry. I shall be back again before you can say 'Jack Robinson.' I see you have Beresford's letter to console you. So good-bye, Grace; be a good girl." And hastily embracing his daughter, who had gone forward at his entrance, he left as abruptly as he had entered.

She turned, still standing, and said simply:

"Papa is called to Virginia City, I suppose you know, Mr. Stafford, and the probability is that we shall soon go East. He has not been well for a time past, and he longs for home and mamma."

She did not say that in his letter Beresford Allen had broken through the usual placid satisfaction he had seemed heretofore to feel in her and himself, and had overwhelmed her with reproaches for her cold and infrequent replies to his numerous letters.

How could Grace speak of this, the real cause of her grief, when she had as yet made so little advancement in her acquaintance with Mr. Stafford? The afternoon at the mill had been really the only time when she had seemed to come near to him, and she had tried since, by every means in her power, to make him believe she was indifferent to him. The letters, however, had undeceived her wholly, and had broken her assumed calm. They had shown her, as nothing else could have done, how much this man had become to her.

Go away now—leave him—when all she looked forward to in the stupid days at Oleata was his coming! As she stood by the firelight, with head averted, and an air of dejection and of unspoken trouble in her attitude, Bertram was seized with an uncontrollable impulse, and, rising, he went forward suddenly and put his arm about her, drawing her silently to him. She made no resistance, but for a moment leaned caressingly and gently against him. As she raised her sweet face to his, and met the gaze of those dark and sympathetic eyes, all her soul seemed for a moment to answer his. An electric atmosphere full of strength and warmth seemed to enfold her. She breathed a low sigh, and sank out of his arms into a low chair. Then, without a word, she rose and left the room.

Stafford sat for minutes, gazing dreamily into the fire.

"Poor Eva!" he murmured at last. "I must have this girl. I must. Yet, how can I? O cursed conventionalities of society, if I could break you all down. Well, I will be as happy as I can. She shall not know until I am obliged to tell her." With compressed lips, and eyes full of a strange resolve, he, too, rose and went out into the night, making no effort to see Grace again.

Mr. Coverdale returned, not, however, in very good health, but firmly resolved to tarry no longer than was absolutely necessary in the "little paradise," as he had at first called Oleata.

Amid all these conflicting claims, life to Grace seemed hard. Since that evening when she had lain for an instant in Bertram Stafford's arms life had changed for her, and the face of the world was different. "I love him, I love him! and he loves me," she said to herself a thousand times. Sometimes the thought of Beresford, her absent lover, crossed her mind, but only to be put impatiently aside for a future judgment. "He must hear it," she said; "I never could marry a man I did not wholly love." For with this loyal maiden all honorable love tended to marriage; and before to-day, since that evening, she had waited patiently for Bertram to speak definitely. Now, however, all was changed. Her father's mind was bent on going home, and how could she go while things hung in the balance? Poor child! and her mother was cheerfully flying about Boston preparing her trousseau for the August wedding with Beresford, in blissful unconsciousness of all these new complications, relying upon her letter for setting everything right.

As the days advanced it became evident that their stay was short. Mr. Coverdale spoke incessantly of wife and home. The winter had passed into spring. It was March now. "I have made many thousand dollars, Grace. I shall go in May," was the final decision of Coverdale père, and she could but acquiesce—outwardly.

She had told Bertram of the parental decree, and he had said nothing, only looked unutterable things. That something of great strength and seriousness was working in his mind, she could not see, however. The lovers—for lovers they had become, with all barriers of pride and coquetry broken down—were often now together. Every evening found him in the cosy parlor at her side, reading to her, talking to her, walking, riding, and sitting upon the vine-clad piazza.

At last Mr. Coverdale's eyes were opened, although he did not yet dream that Grace's feelings were involved.

"You are doing wrong, my dear," he said, gently. "Stafford is a fine fellow, and I don't like to think of your trifling with him."

"Oh, papa, don't!" said Grace, and the matter dropped, with a "Well, well, dear, I won't interfere, but you must break it to him gently."

Break what to him gently? That old engagement, that seemed less than nothing to her now, when all her heart and all her life were turning to this other love as naturally as the river seeks the ocean? No; she could not and she would not end these last days of perfect pleasure. The future should take care of itself. Oh, the poems that were read in the long, sweet twilight, and the songs that were sung in the little parlor, when the tenor and contralto voices rose and swelled in a rich harmony that was a rare delight to Mr. Coverdale in his corner! At last Bertram Stafford had found a woman who did not tire him, who, he felt, would never tire him, and every morning he rose and said:

"To-night I shall see her."

And at last Grace had found a nature that met and an-

swered hers, and was supremely and superlatively content. The present was all; past and future were forgotten. Is it not always so with those who truly love each other?

But the last night came, as the last of everything always comes. In the sweet and golden sunset they walked arm in arm in the direction of the old mill, just where its thundering roar was a little subdued, and sounded like a waterfall near by. They sat down upon a mossy stone. The spot they had chosen was around an angle, and although the mill was in view, they were perfectly shielded from observation. An hour—two hours went by. Neither said much. Only with clasped hands and heart to heart they let the minutes—the last minutes—glide by. Finally, after a long silence, Grace said, tremulously:

"Ob, Bert, I must tell you something. I have tried and tried, but I could not."

"Well, Grace, have you committed a crime that you falter so? What is it, darling?"

"I—I am engaged to a Boston gentleman, and we are to be married in August, after we return home unless—unless—" and she waited for him to say the word that should give her the right to break with her faithful Beresford, perhaps even now engaged in writing one of his voluminous epistles.

A heavy silence fell. He drew her close—closer, and pressed upon her scarlet lips such long and intense kisses that they thrilled her from head to foot. He held her as though he would never let her go. She felt a rain of tears upon her hair.

"Oh, my darling, my darling, I am a wretch; but I never meant it. What is it, Bert?—are you also?—I will give Beresford up, if you only say so."

"Oh," he groaned, "forgive me, Grace, forgive me—I am a married man!" His arms fell loosely by his side, and he looked vacantly before him.

In the pause that ensued the thunder of the old mill filled the air; the workmen came out as the "night-shift" was made, looking like ghouls in the dim light; the water flowed in the sluices monotonously on and on.

Grace stood cold and silent; she seemed turned to stone. He tried to take her hand. "No," she said, with a commanding gesture. Then her pride gave way, and in tones thrilling with emotion, she gasped:

"Ob, Bert! Bert! How wicked we have been! I did not know—how could I? Will God ever forgive us?"

Without another word they walked up the hill, and stood at the gate. He did not say "good-bye." With a long and earnest look, he left her.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was the opening night of the Kellogg concerts. The Baldwin theatre was filled to overflowing with a throng of the most cultured and brilliant of San Francisco's sons and daughters. The crimson hangings threw into relief many a lovely figure and beautiful face. In the dress-circle sat our old friends, Mr. Coverdale and daughter. Grace looked fair and sweet even among so many peerless women, and her glance roved over the crowded house.

"Oh, papa, what a magnificent woman!—and so tastefully dressed," she said, calling her father's attention to a lady who had just entered. "Who do you suppose she is?"

"That is Bertram Stafford's wife," said a friend sitting near. "She is accounted one of the finest looking women in San Francisco society circles. But Stafford never seemed to appreciate her," he added, reflectively. "Deuced handsome man, but odd."

Grace did not seem to hear, but sat with eyes looking intently forward. And the overture to something or other beginning just then with a crash, further conversation was suspended.

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Three weeks later, at the Boston and Albany Depot, a reunion took place.

Motherly little Mrs. Coverdale embraced her husband and daughter spasmodically, and grew voluble and fussy in her delight at seeing them. The tall and blonde Beresford—that much enduring "scion of one of the first families"—hung over Grace in an evident state of emotional delight wholly incompatible with Bostonian ideas of the propriety of undemonstrativeness.

"Don't, Beresford, strangle me before all these people," was the reuke that made him subside into chilled and dignified silence.

Poor fellow, he loved his intended bride fondly, under all his "starch."

Was there a wedding? Bless you, yes! with the attendance of all the blue-blood family representatives on Beacon Hill. Every one said: "How composed and calm Miss Coverdale's manner has grown. She has improved so much since her trip West. We always thought California had a tendency to make people wild and unsettled, but really it can not be so."

But to the model wife of Beresford Allen, who moves through her husband's home with such grace and calm composure, and who fulfills her society duties so beautifully, comes sometimes a memory. She sees, with shut eyes, a little mining camp, with the golden sunshine flooding the slopes of the encircling hills, and hears the thunderous roar of an old brown quartz mill forever filling the air. She looks once more into a dark and handsome face, and feels once again the thrill of kisses that are not her husband's.

And Bertram Stafford? Did he break his heart? Oh, unsophisticated reader, hearts do not break. He eats good dinners, and smokes the best Havanas; he pays, now and then, a little languid attention to his wife, who, by the way, is a splendid woman; but he seldom flirts. The memory of a sweet, a brilliant, a passionate, and a wistful face stands between him and all pleasure in his former amusements, and, like Grace, sometimes with shut eyes he sees the miners' cabins, and hears the thunder of the old brown quartz mill at Oleata.

So the "sisters three" spin with tireless energy the webs of our lives, and only from the heights of the Beyond shall we see the beautiful and perfect pattern that the separated reds of Passion, the gold of Renunciation, and the violets of conquered Peace have made.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1882.

ADA RAYNES.

## THE SOUTHERN NEGROES.

The author of "Certain Dangerous Tendencies of American Life" has an interesting paper on Southern sociology in the February *Atlantic*. The writer treats mainly of the negro question. "Few of the black people," he says, "seem to be able to work steadily or continuously for many days together. They must have frequent holidays, and appear to require some special stimulus or excitement to hold them to their employment; and periods of somnolent, sluggish enjoyment and animal repose, lasting a day or two, seem to also be necessary. There is nearly everywhere a marked tendency toward the towns on the part of the 'plantation bands.' The movement in this direction has not generally, I think, been productive of good results of any kind. Almost everywhere, as in the region which I was now examining, I found numerous rather handsome young mulattoes—men who are politicians, idle, voluble, worthless, and vicious. They are usually satellites of white politicians, and act as pimps and procurers for them among the young women of their own race. These men are objects of abhorrence and terror to the admirable women who are watching over the young colored girls in their neighborhood, and trying to guide them in womanly ways. These flashy, dissolute fellows are nearly always able to defeat such efforts, and to secure the silly girls as fresh prey for the licentious passions of the satellite's white employer. More than once I witnessed a quarrel between a ruffian of this stamp and his master, growing out of the fact that the latter had invaded his menial's 'rights' by taking for himself what the pimp claimed as exclusively his own. On one occasion I noted that the injured man made an oration about his wrongs. Brandishing a photograph of a mulatto girl, he thrust it into the white man's face, exclaiming: 'By—, you know you never inherited this!' I could not find any instances in which Northern men had been successful with negroes of this type as laborers. Southern white men of character and education seem to understand them, and to be able to arrange the conditions of life for them so that their labor is profitable. Negroes are undoubtedly, in some important respects, a powerful race. They have enormous physical vitality in their present circumstances, but all that I have seen of them inclines me to doubt their having the ability to adapt themselves to any great change in their environment, or the principal conditions of their life. The negroes increase rapidly everywhere in the country places; much less rapidly in the towns, because their prostitution greatly reduces the number of births. It is likely that the rate of increase in the white population of the Southern States will soon begin to diminish, but it is not likely that the causes which will produce this decline will affect the black people in equal degree. They will in all probability remain permanently on our soil, and will be able to do their share of any 'crowding' that may result from the conditions of life here in America in the future. Savage African beliefs, or superstitions, as to the interference of supernatural powers in the affairs of life prevail everywhere among the negroes of the South to an extent which Northern people would scarcely imagine without special study of the subject. Nearly every neighborhood has an old man or woman who possesses unearthly powers, and who is constantly consulted and appealed to for assistance in connection with the love affairs and the quarrels of the colored people, and in cases of protracted or mysterious sickness. In matters of love, courtship, and marriage the negroes are usually extremely jealous and suspicious, and magical arts are commonly invoked to secure affection, to alienate those who are already attached to each other, and to protect aggressors from detection or punishment. There are various spells or formulae for such purposes. They usually include the use of a scrap of some article of clothing which has been worn by the person who is to be tricked, or a shred of his hair, a piece of a finger-nail or toe-nail, or even some dust from his shoes. The colored people are generally very quarrelsome, and their social or neighborhood life is apt to be a continual scene of petty, vulgar hickering, of ill-temper and spite, which sometimes lead to blows, but more commonly find expression in endless and senseless talk. On several occasions I heard negro women quarreling noisily. They were all members of churches and very religious, and the war of words between them was largely made up of accusations of unchristian conduct and character. 'You has not de sperrit; you has not de mahks o' de sperrit.' 'My Lawd, he say to me by his sperrit, dat he 'spise yo' lyin' ways.' 'Ef yo' heart was full o' de love o' God, you'd a come to me, and you'd a said to me, 'Sistah Tummelson, Suzie Maria's Jim, he say you done tole Mose Tripples's wife,' etc. The prevalence of unchastity among the young colored women is represented as almost universal. In every part of the South I was told by the most intelligent colored men that, except in peculiar and rare cases, no young man of their race can feel assured that his bride comes to him pure or free from the experience of vice. The colored girls go astray while yet so young that it seems impossible to give them any instruction suited to awaken a sense of womanly honor and delicacy, or to develop a disposition of self-protection and resistance to temptation. This is one of the serious social problems of the South. The conditions now existing and the prospects for the future are ominous for both races. There are multitudes of young white men in the South who appear to be entirely destitute of any elevated or worthy principles or aims in life. They live merely for sensual gratification, and their pursuit of such objects is open and avowed beyond anything that I have observed elsewhere. All their ideas are groveling, and their conversation is salacious beyond measure. When it is remembered that these young men usually encounter no resistance from the young colored women, it is plain that the development of domestic purity and the establishment of family life as one of the great agencies for advancement in civilization are objects which are likely to be very difficult of attainment, in many places in the South, for a long time to come. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that, at present, in that part of our country there are whole populations in whom the virtues and sanctities of home and the divine elements of womanly purity are entirely unknown."



## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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## THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1882.

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The quasi-hostile tone of the English press in discussing Blaine's diplomatic notes is amusing when we recall the turgid gush of the same papers some months ago. We refer to their utterances of last October regarding the friendship between Great Britain and the United States. This, as our readers will remember, was at the time of President Garfield's illness and death. Sensible men at that time were amused at the declarations of both English and American papers regarding the "indissoluble bonds" which linked the two countries. These declarations were extremely sentimental, extremely popular, and extremely ridiculous. The writer of this paragraph had a conversation with a London journalist, who at that time was passing through the city. To a comment upon the tone of the English press, and a query as to whether it was not the "silly season" which caused it, the Londoner replied in the affirmative. He said that such was the dearth of news at that particular time, that the great journals of London were obliged to fill up with anything. Their ordinary recourse is to ghost-stories, hohgoblin tales, and the like, attested by "persons of respectability residing in the country." Hence the journalistic slang term of "silly season." At this particular time, however, the illness of President Garfield afforded an opportunity for dilution. Columns of telegrams were printed, heavy leading articles were published, all on the same theme. A sympathy boom was worked up, and to those who were not behind the scenes, it really looked as if England and America were at last sisters in affection as well as in blood. But the affection was only in the papers, and it was only words. The hither and sneering comments on our foreign policy made by such papers as the *Standard*, the *Spectator*, and the *Saturday Review* prove, if proof be necessary, how hollow were the professions of British friendship for us. The partisan divisions in the Republican party have caused a portion of the press to take up the British cry against Blaine. He is accused with baving been "sensational"; with baving endeavored to win "cheap notoriety"; with having endeavored to "embroil the country in war"; with all manner of crimes, which the Crank-Stalwart organs hold in horror, and shudder at. His capital offense, in their eyes, consisted in administering the foreign affairs of this country as if it were a great nation, and not a hackwoods county. The timid and hesitant policy which has ever characterized our Secretaries of State is unworthy of us. We are a nation of fifty millions of people, and one of the most powerful in the world. Despite this fact, there is no flag upon the seas so little respected as is ours. There is not a petty president-ridden South American republic which does not sneer at and despise us. There is not a country under the sun whose citizens or subjects are not treated with more consideration than are the citizens of the United States of America. We confess that we are provin-

cial enough and American enough to dislike this extremely. We admit that we were glad to see the Oshkosh kind of statesmanship displaced for that of Blaine. We rest easily under the imputation of "humptiousness," for this country is powerful enough to be humptious. It ought to be. And if Secretary Frelinghuysen recedes from every position that Blaine has taken, eats dirt, and makes the American people eat dirt with him, he may gain the approval of the Crank-Stalwart organs, but he will not gain the approval of the nation.

The people of Reno, Nevada, have recently furnished an example of coolness in time of danger which may well serve as an example to the subjects of the effete despotisms of the Old World. Had the unfortunate spectators who were hurned in Vienna been blessed with the same presence of mind, their lives would probably have been spared. It seems that while the population of Reno was in the Grand Opera House, listening to the strains which are confidently believed by Alice Oates to be sweet, an alarm was given. The population of Reno turned pale. The dreaded cry of "Fire!" smote upon the ear of Reno. Fair women shuddered and grew faint. Some "strong men" immediately gained the door—presumably to keep the crowd from getting out, and to preserve untarnished the Reno name for coolness. At this awful moment a man arose in the gallery. He is now Reno's demigod, but at that time he was a god. He arose, we say, extended his hand, and these memorable words fell from his lips: "Keep cool! The fire is in Chinatown." At these words all hearts were gladdened, and grateful glances from fair eyes shot softly toward him. His name was Hagermann. When we consider that there were fully one hundred and fifty people in the Reno Grand Opera House; that it was, therefore, jammed; that this immense crowd would prohably have required forty-five to fifty seconds in emerging; that the loss of life would probably have been enormous—when we consider all these things, it is not strange that the name of Hagermann has been emhlazoned in letters of gold upon Reno's scroll of fame.

The editor of a new Oregon journal, called *The Polaris*, has been much afflicted by sundry eccentricities on the part of his subscribers. In the first place, they obstinately persist in calling his journal "The P6-lar-is"—accent heavy on the "Po," and with the long, moaning sound to the "o" familiar to most people in the American pronunciation of the word "deep-oh." This is naturally galling to the editor, but it is not half so galling as what follows. His name is "J. H. Acton," and it stood at the head of his columns in the fair round type known to printers as "old-style italic." The J's in this type are somewhat peculiar in form, being thus shaped—J. The ingenious Oregonians took this for a T, for an F, for a Y, for an X, for a Z, and for almost every letter in the alphabet except what it really was. He was addressed as T. H. Acton, F. H. Acton, Y. H. Acton, X. H. Acton, and Z. H. Acton. He protested, but it was in vain. Finally, in sheer despair, he was obliged to haul down his flag, or rather his J, from the editorial mast-head, and substitute the ordinary J of commerce, which even Oregonians can read. This is a triumph of matter over mind. It is evident that the schoolmaster is not abroad in Oregon.

It is to be regretted that our Irish fellow-citizens, when dividing up the honors of receiving wandering Land-leaguers, should allow their zeal to get the better of their manners. It affords a handle for ill-natured comment, and then it irresistibly reminds one of the infuriate hackmen who hurl themselves upon the traveler, and endeavor to wrest from him and from each other his impedimenta, and even at times his integumenta. When the committee entrusted with the reception of Messrs. O'Connor and Healy met recently, there was the usual altercation. Judge Toohy, it seems, had ventured to strike from the list the names of O'Donohue and O'Brien. This was indefensible. The name of O'Brien has figured among the Irish kings, we helieve, and there was an O'Donohue who called himself "The O'Donohue," with a capital T. On the other hand, we never heard of any Irish king called Toohy, and the judge's cognomen has never been entitled to any other T than its initial one. The excision, therefore, was most invidious. It excited comment. Such was the feverish—shall we say Irish?—nature of the comment that Judge Ferral moved to adjourn "before the meeting was disgraced." The judge's prophetic soul spoke then, as will be seen. But so did Mr. T. B. O'Brien's possibly royal soul. He advanced to the judge, and informed him that he "was not fit to preside over a body of Irishmen." The judge waived the opportunity for the neat retort that he had frequently presided over a dockfull of them in an official capacity, and remarked, haughtily, but ungrammatically: "Who do you refer to, sir?" Mr. O'Brien, with equal bauteur but more grammar, replied: "To you, sir." Thereupon the judge, casting dignity aside, boiled over. Thus Rhadamanthus spoke: "You are a liar, then!" "You are another!" retorted O'Brien. "You are a dirty liar!" hawled the judge. There is a pleasing uncertainty existing as to what kind of a liar Mr. O'Brien was going to call the judge. The richness

of vituperation that the Anglo-Irish vocabulary is susceptible of leads us to deeply regret that Mr. O'Brien did not have an opportunity to continue the discussion on veracity. But it was not to be. The pugnacity of the average Irish delegate is such that he never can witness two gentlemen engaged in a purely personal row, without wanting to join the row himself. It is ill-hred, but it is Irish. Mr. O'Brien's possibly pungent epithet was lost in the wild yell which rose from the other gentlemen clamorous for the fray.

The *Evening Bulletin* has had another attack of the hydrophobic emotion. At the last municipal election it made a direct issue before the people of its hostility to the water company and its rate-payers; and, upon the other side, the president of that company made an unanswerable argument exposing the misrepresentation of the journal mentioned, and submitting the issue made to the public judgment. The result was an overwhelming vote against every candidate who was pledged to the *Bulletin's* mad repudiation of the constitutional provision abolishing the free water system. Since that defeat the *Bulletin* has sickened with despondency. On Tuesday last it had a spasm of the old disease, and exhibited frothy indications. The United States Supreme Court had on the previous day rendered two decisions, in each of which that court refused to interfere with the decrees of the Circuit Court of California dismissing the actions instituted in that court. The one was a suit brought in 1878 by one L. P. Hawes against the Contra Costa Water Company to prevent that company from furnishing water free to the city of Oakland, and the other was a suit of C. P. Huntington against the tax-collector of Alameda County to enjoin the collection of State and county taxes from the Central Pacific Railroad Company. The Supreme Court refused to consider the merits of the former case, because it did not appear that the trustees of the water company were doing, or threatening to do, a fraudulent transaction, nor were acting for their own personal interests, and in violation of the rights of other shareholders, nor that the plaintiff had sought redress from the trustees, nor that the plaintiff was a stockholder. In the railroad case the court sustained the dismissal by the court below, because it did not appear that the railroad company had paid so much of the taxes as they conceded they ought to have paid. In both suits the Supreme Court refused to consider the merits of the case. In the one they refused to inquire into or decide upon the validity of the tax, and in the other they refused to determine as to the obligation of the Contra Costa Water Company to furnish water free. The *Bulletin* fairly and without comment stated the case as to the railroad company, and falsified and distorted the facts in relation to the water company. It became ecstatic in its misstatement of the principles involved in the water suit, and mingled into a foam of confusion the Spring Valley Water Company and the Contra Costa Water Company. It declared what, if it was sane or honest, it must have known was untrue—that the tribunal of last resort had decided that the Spring Valley Water Company must furnish water free to this city, or in other words, that the rate-payers of that company must pay for the water supplied for the protection of all the property in the city. It was a weak gasp of the old disease. Not a word did it utter in relation to the railroad's attempt to evade payment of its taxes. Had this tax suit been one in which the water company was concerned, the *Bulletin* would have hoiled over with simulated zeal in behalf of the public treasury. It would have bubbled thus: "We hope that the water company, now that the Supreme Court has decided that it must pay its taxes, like honest people do, will obey the laws, conforming to its legal obligations, and not wage any more contests with the people for the purpose of repudiating obligations which from the first have been as clear as the noonday." But as it was the railroad company against whom the tax suit was decided, the *Bulletin* becomes blind as a bat to the public interest in the matter. Possibly it trims its editorial sails to meet the winds that blow, following out in practice the legal maxim laid down by Judge Allen, that the opinions and support of a newspaper are its stock in trade, saleable like the services of a lawyer, or the goods of a merchant. Blinded as that journal is with rage at its defeat, it could not or it would not see that since the new constitution went into effect, in 1880, the question of free water no longer hears the legal status that it did in 1878, when the suit above mentioned was brought against the Contra Costa Water Company. Free water having been abolished by the existing constitution, the suit of Hawes could have no hearing nor effect upon the construction to be given to the organic law, and the dismissal of the suit by the Supreme Court has as little to do with the present obligations of San Francisco to pay for water as it has with the *Bulletin's* claims to have the job of public printing. As to the question of permitting property-owners to escape their just portion of the cost of water, and to impose that burden upon rate-payers, it is beyond the power of the *Bulletin* to affect the verdict of public opinion pronounced at the last election. It may occasionally snap and bark, but it has lost the power to frighten or deceive.



## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

IN WASHINGTON—THE GITEAU TRIAL—THE PRESIDENT'S APPOINTMENTS  
—SARGENT—THE MORMON QUESTION—CALIFORNIANS IN WASHINGTON  
—BLACK-AND-TAN.

Washington, January 11.—I have been in Washington some ten days, during which time I have occupied myself in doing nothing. I have not paid my respects, even formally, to any one of our coast representatives. I have seen no one of them except Senator Fair, who makes his home at the Arlington. I have not visited the capitol, and have seen none of the political powers. I have been at the Giteau trial for an hour, and have seen the assassin, and heard him in his impudent altercations with counsel and his audacious interruptions of the trial. If he is crazy, there is an intelligent and wonderful method in his madness. No one of the attorneys is so quick to catch a point in evidence or argument that makes against the theory of the defense as the accused himself. Impressions here are rather mixed; some hold that the jury will disagree, others that he will be found guilty. His pretended confidence in acquittal is assumed. He comes into court each morning with a handful of letters, which he claims are letters of sympathy, but which are in fact, as a rule, letters of denunciation. He pretends to get remittances of money, but the checks are bogus; and, so far as is known, he has not received any contributions from the public. The trial is a shameful exhibition for the amusement of the morbid and the curious. It ought to have been held with closed doors, and neither the public nor the press admitted.

The President, so far as I can learn, is moving very cautiously in his appointments. It is generally asserted here that he will be a candidate for his own succession. He is not so accessible to the public as most of his predecessors have been. He is bearing himself with great personal dignity, and has not as yet disclosed any very marked party programme. So far, all of his appointments to leading places have been from the Stalwart wing. It is generally understood that Mr. Sargent will receive a cabinet appointment. Whether it will be to the Interior or to the Navy seems an open question, and there are those who think he will fail to connect with either place, and be assigned to some foreign position. I have no reliable information such as justifies me in advancing any opinion. The *New York Times* and *Sun*, the *Philadelphia Times*, and *Chicago Tribune* are waging against him an open war, calling up the desert land act, the *Mohongo* sale, the Antioch distillery, the Pinney connection, and the Mare Island transactions. Senator Jones is earnestly for him, and the senator is understood to be very near to the President. Mr. Huntington is earnestly pressing his claims, and he is accredited with being in very close intercourse with General Arthur. Senator Fair favors his appointment. Governor Stanford is desirous that he should go into the cabinet. Messrs. Page and Pacheco, our Republican members, are for him. This makes a very strong showing of Republican opinion from our side. While I am opposed to his appointment, and know that it will be an unwise party movement, and while I believe that it will restore to its former place the machine, against which there has been carried on a successful war in our State, and bring back to our politics all the vile elements that decent men have contended against, I feel that I am powerless to make any successful resistance, and hence am not making any further effort in opposition than to answer questions when asked. I think it is an unwise policy for General Arthur to surrender the politics of our State and the Pacific Coast to these men, and I do not believe there are appointments enough west of the Rocky Mountains to reconcile our people to the restoration of the Sargent-Graham-Carr-Pinney-LaGrange dynasty.

General Grant has given no utterance to indicate whether or not he will be a candidate for the fourth time. It is assumed that if the Logan bill—retiring him on a life pension—shall pass, he will consider his opportunity of asking for and taking things to have passed.

The Mormon question is now the uppermost one in Congress, and the only one the discussion of which extends to the corridors of hotels. I think neither Cannon nor Campbell will get their seats. In the House yesterday, Mr. Hiscock drove Mr. Cox very neatly to his corner, and compelled him to avow for himself and the Democratic party his and its unqualified opposition to the "horrible black stain," and to declare that "the monogamic marriage is the only bond given under heaven for the protection of society." The question of foreign immigration cuts a large figure in this discussion. Of the one hundred and twenty thousand Mormons in the Territory, says Mr. Hiscock, thirty-six thousand are of foreign birth, and seventy-five thousand are the result of polygamous intercourse between foreign parents, leaving less than ten thousand Americans born of American parents. Here is the question not only of ignorance and alien birth, but of ecclesiasticism, that kind of tie between religion and civil government that recognizes the supremacy of church over state, that enables the priests to dictate and excuse the commission of crimes against the law, and protect conspiracies against the State. The Democracy must be very careful, or in the solution of this Mormon question it will lay

down principles that, when invoked against another and more dangerous ecclesiasticism, will be difficult to explain.

I met Mr. Joseph A. Nunes yesterday. Old Californians and old Republicans will remember him. He is in Washington seeking appointment as Consul-General to Havana. He has strong endorsement. Mr. Nunes was, during the war, a paymaster in the army, and is now a resident of Louisville, and married. He is still literary, and has half a dozen or more plays ready for representation.

Mr. Trytle, of Nevada, it is believed, will receive the appointment of governor of Arizona. Well enough, except that it violates what ought to become a fixed policy of the administration, viz: to appoint all the officials of a territory from the territory itself. The territories have been made a place for the honorable exile of a class of old broken-down public functionaries. These officials, as a rule, have been of the most questionable character. The unfortunate political dead-beat, to whom General Jackson would have given his old clothes, is now assigned to a territorial office. There are no better men in America, none ahler, more energetic, more honest, more capable, or more deserving of official recognition than the enterprising pioneers who go out to the territories. They are entitled to the offices. The territorial governor expects to return with his carpet-bag to the Senate of the United States. Edward Curtiss, familiarly known as "Ned," and an old resident of California and Nevada, asks the appointment as governor of Idaho, of which territory he has long been a resident, and of which he was acting governor for six years.

Tom Shannon is in Washington, innocent of any desire for office, endeavoring to push a claim for some money lost by him as collector in the payment of forged drafts, or something of that kind.

Black-and-Tan has not called on me, and has not announced my name in his paper among the distinguished arrivals. This lack of journalistic courtesy is inexcusable, because the *Argonaut* has never omitted an opportunity to notice his arrival and departure to and from California. The *Republican* is now very much engaged in the personal defamation of ex-Attorney-General McVeagh, ex-Postmaster-General James, Whitelaw Reid, Mr. Bliss, of New York, and other honorable men. It is much occupied also in the laudation of the star-route thieves, one of whom, as I am informed, owns the journal on which Black-and-Tan is a salaried blackguard.

Alternate freeze and thaw, snow and rain, cloud and sunshine, wet and dry, mud and dust, are the characteristics of Washington climate since I have been here. The streets are splendid, and the city improves in beautiful and costly dwellings. F. M. P.

The advertisement of the committee intrusted with the selection of a design for the monument to our late President is not calculated to inspire art-lovers with very sanguine hopes for their success. In the first place, the premiums offered are ridiculously small. They would not recompense an artist for his labor. In the second place, the advertisement inferentially debars the designer from superintending the execution of his own work. This is unjust. No one can carry to its completion an artistic idea half so well as he who has conceived it. In the third place, the advertisement states that the designs must be "drawn," and "on a scale of one inch to the foot." This is absurd. No drawing will give a correct idea of such a work of art. A model is required, and that should be upon a scale of at least two inches to the foot. According to the canons of art, eleven different views are required to judge a piece of statuary. Art publications which attempt to give only an approximation to an idea of a statue, always have at least two views. The impossibility of obtaining a correct impression of the various designs from a drawing, and a single drawing at that, must be apparent to all.

The *New York Sun* prints a humorous account of an entertainment given at Fremont, Ohio, to raise money for the purpose of securing the admission of R. B. Hayes to the Old Men's Home at Cleveland. The hall is described as being decorated in the most elegant Fremont style, and around the room were mottoes such as "The Thing Done Availeth—R. B. H."; "Economy is Wealth—R. B. H."; and "Fremont Grieves when Hayes Leaves." Schuyler Colfax occupied a seat upon the platform, and he is mentioned as smiling fixedly the while. Mr. Hayes's speech is given in full. One of the gems is this: "Some men are 'both beautiful and good, like my playmate, Deacon Richard 'Smith. Some men are beautiful and no good, like Konkling. For myself, I am merely good.'" The closing remarks ascribed to Mr. Hayes by the *Sun* are: "Remember what I 'have written in many of your albums. Economy is wealth. 'The thing done avails. Be virtuous and you will be happy. 'Let it be written on my tombstone, 'He was the friend of 'Stanley Matthews, and the foe of rum.' I have done." The entertainment is said to have netted thirty-five dollars. The next morning a gang of laborers, while digging around the roots of a large chestnut tree before cutting it down, unearthed a small box that, upon being forced open, was

found to contain securities to the amount of nine hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. The box was marked "R. B. H."

There came to San Francisco two exiles of Erin. Thus far we paraphrase Campbell's poem. But the parable stops here. Our exiles did not wear "thin robes," and the dew they use is probably not intended for external application. Like Campbell's exile, Mr. O'Connor "wore a sad and meditative expression," (we quote from the *Examiner*), and he also wore a black coat, a "vest," a "necktie," a pair of brown "pants," and a "stand-up collar of European make," (we quote from the *Examiner* again.) He partially redeemed these articles, which are thoroughly American—shall we say *Examinerian*?—in their titles, by wearing "a green woolen scarf around his neck." Mr. Healy's attire is not given. He probably wore a waistcoat, a pair of trousers, and a cravat, which articles, being entirely unknown to the reporter, he did not describe. The present exiles have come on a slightly different errand from their predecessors. Their object seems to be to relieve the early-coming exiles of such spare shakels as may have adhered to them in this the land of gold. They have succeeded. The receipts from the admission fees will probably reach twenty-five hundred dollars. In addition to this, the more enthusiastic among the audience donated a thousand more. In other parts of the great West these industrious and economical exiles have accumulated about fifteen thousand. This makes a grand total, at present writing, of over eighteen thousand dollars. The hall is still rolling. In fact, the old proverb touching the trivialness of the rolling-stone is being reversed. Our exiles are accumulating a great deal of moss. It will doubtless be put where it will do the most good. Balloons can be constructed, by means of which dynamite can be dropped upon the right little tight little isle, blowing it into kingdom come. Artists can be employed, whose delineations of skulls and cross-bones will strike terror to the souls of the most recalcitrant landlords. Dainties can be purchased for those unfortunate patriots whose excess of zeal has put them on the wrong side of the bars. The most improved instruments for the maiming of cattle can be secured. And last, but not least, a great deal of it can be devoted to the subsidizing of peripatetic patriots. Now, hy Saint Patrick, the work goes bravely on!

The efforts of our worthy Congressman, Mr. Page, to make a legal holiday of the anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, seem to be coldly received in the East. This is unwise. True, there is some little uncertainty as to the exact day, but what of that? This is probably the only historical date, outside of our other holidays, which is indelibly imbedded in the American brain. The fourteenth of October, 1492—or was it September?—well, never mind; it was the fourteenth of something, and it was 1492. But let us not stop here. Why not go on? Let us have another anniversary—the date when the Man struck Billy Patterson. While we are about it, too, it would be well to add the anniversary of the discovery of the American fish-ball. And if a grateful country fails to add the anniversary of the day when the Honorable Frank Page first saw the light, our opinion of the national character will fall.

The addition of another element to our already overcrowded gambling bells is not, in our opinion, wise. The proposition to turn our Produce Exchange into a "grain pit," on the Chicago plan, where bulls and bears may gambol, is a bad one. It will not increase the amount of grain grown in California. It will not increase the amount of money in the pockets of the farmers who grow it. It will not legitimately increase the amount of business done. It will only encourage a number of very worthy people to go into gambling who have hitherto avoided it; for the grain gamblers will make the specious plea that their commodity has an intrinsic value which is lacking in much mining stock. The change has nothing in its favor, and everything against it. We hope it will fail.

The attempt of some journals to ridicule J. B. Hume, Wells-Fargo's detective, because he yielded up his pistols and surrendered to some stage-robbers, is not a praiseworthy one. Mr. Hume's courage can not be impeached. He has been in fights with stage-robbers before now, and bears upon his body honorable scars received when he was sheriff in a mountain county in early times. Those positions were not often held by timorous men. In this particular case the highwaymen "had the drop" on Hume. If he had resisted he would have been shot through the head. The eulogies of the carping journals might have consoled him in the other world. But perhaps he preferred to remain in this, with all its drawbacks of newspapers and highwaymen.

It is much to be regretted that the citizens of Seattle were obliged to take the law into their own hands, and do to death the three men who were hanged there last Wednesday. The law, though tardy, should be respected. But the regret which the good citizen feels for this acceleration of the law's delay is somewhat tempered by a keen, although perhaps involuntary, appreciation of the extremely safe manner in which the Seattle citizens operated.



## VANITY FAIR.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Hayes, of New York, gave a "tea" to Oscar Wilde on the sixth instant, of which the *New York World* says: Mr. Wilde is enthusiastic in his admirations of others, and especially of Mr. Whistler, whom he declares to be the first painter in England, but he maliciously adds: "It will take England three hundred years to find it out." In Paris Whistler finds appreciation—is at home; but Paris is artistic, and recognizes art when it reveals itself, in whatever guise. Such bits of conversation were tossed hither and thither among the crowd which surged about the stranger, although, after yesterday, the term is scarcely appropriate, and with Mr. Wilde, at least, the conversation rarely dropped below a certain level, and was lifted into a somewhat rarer air than is usual at afternoon teas. Wherever he moved the crowd swayed, leaving breathing-room behind, following him into the dining-room with well-bred curiosity, making a faint excuse over the punch-bowl, to see him quaff his tea. During the reception Mr. Wilde stood in the middle parlor, and back of him was a gigantic Japanese umbrella, covered with grotesque figures of gayly colored paper. The long, thick, bamboo handle rested on the floor under a table at Mr. Wilde's left, and protected him on that flank. On the other side was the partition dividing the two parlors, and in the inclosure thus formed Mr. Wilde remained, like a heathen idol, most of the time between three and six P. M. Daylight was excluded from the room by heavy, dark curtains, closely drawn, and heavy portières fell over the doors. The gas was lighted within, but it fell upon Mr. Wilde, softened and tinged to a delicate pink by the colored shades fastened upon the globes of the chandeliers. The rosy light softened whatever there might be of harshness in Mr. Wilde's features, and made more gentle the gentle expression of his smile. His posture was full of grace, and strongly brought to mind the pictures seen in *Punch*, with the element of caricature of course left out. The rooms were filled with bric-à-brac, but not a lily, or sunflower, or anything else supposed to be intimately connected with Mr. Wilde's philosophy, was to be seen. The dresses of the ladies were not more sad-colored than those seen at the receptions of people who are Philistine or indifferent. In all the rooms conversation was carried on between groups independent of Mr. Wilde, but whatever the latter said was eagerly listened to by the groups which stood around him. The parlors and the refreshment-room were crowded all the time the reception lasted. At one happy moment Mr. Wilde advanced a little from the seclusion made by the rod of the Japanese umbrella and the partition, and was instantly surrounded by ladies, who stood grouped in the form of a horseshoe, with the heels of the shoe represented by Mrs. John Bigelow and the Marquise Lanza. Mrs. Bigelow, with her characteristic hospitality, took occasion to secure Mr. Wilde for dinner on the following Sunday evening, and the young poet, in promising to be prompt, showed that he felt that in coming to New York he had come among a people who are hospitable and discriminating at once.

The vexed question of crinoline has been partially solved by the introduction of a single band of steel introduced into the voluminous folds of the back breadths of a skirt, so as to unite them and give the amplitude of an antique *tournière*. Although apparently simple, the adjustment of this incipient hoop is difficult, for the graceful fall of the drapery is entirely dependent on the correctness of its position. Hence, in this case, sins of omission should be lightly condemned, for a neglect to comply with the suggestions of fashion is rather praiseworthy than otherwise, when the graceful elements of a lady's attire may be imperilled by faulty crinoline. In the recent Parisian success, the play "Odette," Pierson's first dress is of white satin, with a pink brocade *tablier*, and jeweled coronet worn far back on the head. The second dress is of corn-colored satin, elaborately trimmed with black lace worked in jet. The *ingénue* toilette of Mademoiselle Légaunt is of delicate gray; the underskirt is of satin, and the upper of a stouter material in the same shade; bows of satin ribbon, lace, and a bouquet of pink rosebuds are the only trimming.

What is more lugubrious (says an English writer) than the present fashion of immediately joining the ladies after dinner? In the first place, I scarcely see the necessity for the ladies leaving the dinner-table so early. It is a relic of a barbarous three-bottle age, when men could not touch wine without getting, as Curran says, "at first communicative, next argumentative, next altogether, and then drunk." But now the case is altered; and if the ladies must press the fingers of their gloves after the first round of the decanters and withdraw, why must the gentlemen at once rush after them? Depend upon it, they do not want us. They are busy about their neighbors, or may be quizzing the tail-coats they have left behind. After dinner "sit a while," but now, the very moment conversation begins or the subject becomes interesting, the host is impatient until he can cut in with, "Shall we join the ladies?" What follows? As the good wine which needed no bush is immediately drenched with coffee-grounds, so the genial atmosphere which surrounds the dinner-table is diluted with the refrigeratory of the drawing-room. Gentlemen who have been all animation the previous moment, become shivering cold, like the crystal chandelier; others, who have "set the table in a roar," collapse, "to dumb forgetfulness a prey." Somebody is asked to sing. Ah! the misery of songs in the drawing-room after dinner—the lady who always has a cold and yet will try; the lady who never sings in English except when abroad; the lady who knows she shall break down—and does it. The gentleman whose deep diapason will not accord with the piano; the gentleman whose pathos borders on comedy—ah, the pressing necessity to extract melancholy music from a reedy pipe after dinner. The other evening I was dining out, and at the most interesting point in the conversation I noticed the usual sentence wreathing round the mouth of our host, "Shall we join the ladies?" I whispered, "Do not clap the extinguisher on us yet." It was of no use. A few minutes afterward I observed my genial companions in the drawing-room resolved into starch. One was leaning against the mantelpiece sedately talking "soft sawder"; another was

trying in vain to look interested over a book of views; another was turning over the music for a lady at the piano with one hand, and concealing a yawn with the other. Truly has it been said, "We take our pleasures sadly."

Whether it is the result of a general advance in taste, observes the *New York Sun*, or whatever the cause, there can be no doubt that there has been of late years a decided improvement in the personal decoration of men. Certainly in this country men are now dressing far better than they used to do. Not many years ago a part of the community looked with eyes of suspicion or ridicule on a man who was particular about his garments, and who took pains to make himself as presentable as possible. He was regarded as a fop, a coxcomb, of whom nothing of serious consequence could be expected. A rough and ready and more or less careless costume was associated with enterprise and sterling capacity. The bad dressing of American men was at one time particularly offensive to foreign travelers, and since that day the visitor to England must have been struck with the greater taste, appropriateness, and elegance of the outward appearance of the average Englishman, whatever his age, as compared with that of gentlemen in this republic. But in this respect we have been improving rapidly within the last twenty years. No better tailors than those of New York can be found in London or Paris. Some of our youth, enamored of everything British, send to London for their garments, and drummers for the leading tailoring establishments of the English capital visit this country yearly to exhibit samples of cloths, and to take measures and orders for suits to be made there. But there is really no need of sending abroad for garments, unless, even after the duties are paid, they can be got at less cost than here. The New York tailors do work fully as good as that done in London, and they better understand the physique of Americans, which differs, on the average, from that of Englishmen. We are glad to see our men showing more taste in their dress, and view with satisfaction the displacement of the suits of black broadcloth for daily wear, which were once regarded as essential to fine dressing.

A New York jeweler the other day showed some fashionable ornaments to a *Sun* reporter. He pulled open a safe-door, took out a rosewood box lined with purple velvet, and said: "There are fireflies that don't die. The imitation is good—is it not? They are formed of deep-red rubies, with wings of diamonds. The ear-jewels are fastened close on to the pink lobe of the ear, and make it look smaller and whiter. This larger one is worn at the neck, suspended from a chain not thicker than a fine wire, and made almost invisible, although it holds the ornament safe in its position. Cuban women make their costumes resplendent with fireflies enclosed in gauze bags and sewed about their flounces. The popular animal now with ladies is an Egyptian cat. It is not a pretty cat, for it has blue-green eyes, suggestive of suspicion, as they gleam out of the gold or silver head. Lizards and snakes continue popular for bracelets and necklaces. We have just finished a circlet, at the cost of one hundred dollars, for the tiny waist of Miss ——. It is a snake of pliable gold, enameled in green, and baving emerald eyes. It was a present to her from her fiancé, and at his wish, not ours, we put two curled needles in the snake's mouth, to represent the fangs. In olden times men were assassinated by false friends who wore a ring with a poisoned claw in it, and when the wearer shook hands with his enemy he could, by a dexterous movement, scratch his palm with the poisoned claw, and produce speedy death. I don't mean to intimate that my customer intends to dip the fangs of that golden snake in poison, but there seemed a sinister design in putting those needles into the snake's mouth, for if an arm should stray around that waist, it would be apt to be drawn quickly aside. The most fashionable animal in jewelry now is a tadpole."

Is the New Year's observance going out of fashion? Not at all, says a New York paper. Far from it. Calls were as general this year as last. Such an exchange of spontaneous salutation and benediction is too blessed and wholesome to decay merely because some two or three or a dozen turn their fastidious backs upon it. The Knickerbockers' New Year call will be permanent and perennial, for it has in it the fertile seeds of immortality. The old-fashioned observance may require some modification to adapt it to new manners; if so, it will be appropriately amended. One slight alteration is needed: ladies should always send cards to all gentlemen whom they desire to have call. A certain reckless promiscuity has tended to bring it into disrepute in some quarters, and this should hereafter be avoided by the general adoption of card-sending.

There is an active movement in France toward restoring villas and châteaux which have fallen into disrepair. Wideville, a seventeenth-century château, is a fine example of its period. This noble edifice, which is situated between Versailles and Saint Germain, was founded in 1620, and in the hands of the Marquis de Galard has now been conscientiously restored. Built of brick and stone, and surrounded with a fosse of running water, the pointed casemates added to each angle of the château complete the harmony of the exterior by their regularity. The niches of the façade are filled by statues representing the four seasons. Within, the massive staircase and ceilings, painted in heraldic devices, or with flowers and animals of different kinds, and a chimney-piece composed of Jean Goujon's satyrs, are in perfect keeping with the mediæval atmosphere which prevails. The constructions of modern times have their grand entrance hall—sufficiently vast in many instances to contain billiard-tables, a piano, an organ, armor, and mailed riders on caparisoned steeds. Dining-rooms lend themselves more readily to mediæval effects than the other apartments, with their ceilings in sculptured wood and paneled walls painted with mythological subjects, or possibly illustrations of La Fontaine's fables. Salons and boudoirs, on the contrary, must always bear the stamp of the Parisian upholsterer. In the sleeping-rooms a compromise may be effected between the past and the present. Four-post bedsteads, so high as to be necessarily approached by one or two steps, are still esteemed a luxury by some sensible people.

## RAMBLES AMONG BOOKS.

Oliver Wendell Holmes's Advice to Young Authors.

Sometimes very young persons send me communications, which they want forwarded to editors; and these young persons do not always seem to have right conceptions of these same editors, and of the public, and of themselves. Here is a letter I wrote to one of these young folks, but, on the whole, thought it best not to send:

DEAR SIR: You seem to be somewhat, but not a great deal, wiser than I was at your age. I don't wish to be understood as saying too much, for I think, without committing myself to any opinion on my present state, that I was not a Solomon at that stage of development. You long to "leap at a single bound into celebrity." Nothing is so commonplace as to wish to be remarkable. Fame usually comes to those who are thinking about something else—very rarely to those who say to themselves: "Go to, now, let us be a celebrated individual!" The struggle for fame, as such, commonly ends in notoriety; that ladder is easy to climb, but it leads to the pillory, which is crowded with fools who could not bolder their tongues, and rogues who could not bide their tricks. If you have the consciousness of genius, do something to show it. The world is pretty quick, nowadays, to catch the flavor of true originality; if you write anything remarkable, the magazines and newspapers will find you out, as the school-boys find out where the ripe apples and pears are. Produce anything really good, and an intelligent editor will jump at it. Don't flatter yourself that any article of yours is rejected because you are unknown to fame. Nothing pleases an editor more than to get anything worth having from a new band. There is always a dearth of really fine articles for a first-class journal; for, of a hundred pieces received, ninety are at or below the sea-level; some bave water enough, but no bead; some bave head enough, but no water; only two or three are from full reservoirs, high up that hill which is so hard to climb. You may have genius. The contrary is of course probable, but it is not demonstrated. If you have, the world wants you more than you want it. It has not only a desire, but a passion, for every spark of genius that shows itself among us; there is not a bull-call in our national pasture that can bleat a rhyme but it is ten to one among his friends, and no takers, that he is the real, genuine, no-mistake, Osiris. *Qu'est-ce qu'il a fait?* What has he done? That was Napoleon's test. What have you done? Turn up the faces of your picture-cards, my boy! You need not make mouths at the public because it has not accepted you at your own fancy valuation. Do the prettiest thing you can, and wait your time. For the verses you send me I will not say they are hopeless, and I dare not affirm that they show promise. I am not an editor, but I know the standard of some editors. You must not expect to "leap at a single bound" into the society of those whom it is not flattery to call your betters. When the *Pacific* has paid you for a copy of verses (I can furnish you a list of alliterative signatures, beginning with Annie Aureole and ending with Zoë Zenith)—when the *Ragbag* has stolen your piece, after carefully scratching your name out—when the *Nut-Cracker* has thought you worth shelling, and strung the kernel of your cleverest poem—then, and not till then, you may consider the presumption against you, from the fact of your rhyming tendency, as called in question, and let our friends bear from you, if you think it worth while. You may possibly think me too candid, and even accuse me of incivility; but let me assure you that I am not half so plain-spoken as Nature, nor half so rude as Time. If you prefer the long jolting of public opinion to the gentle touch of friendship, try it like a man. Only remember this, that if a bushel of potatoes is shaken in a market-cart without springs to it, the small potatoes always get to the bottom. Believe me, etc.

I always think of verse-writers when I am in this vein; for these are by far the most exacting, eager, self-weighting, restless, querulous, unreasonable literary persons one is like to meet with. Is a young man in the habit of writing verses? Then the presumption is that he is an inferior person. For, look you, there are at least nine chances in ten that he writes *poor* verses. Now, the habit of chewing on rhymes without sense and soul to match them, is like that of using any other narcotic, at once a proof of feebleness and a debilitating agent. A young man can get rid of the presumption against him afforded by his writing verses only by convincing us that they are verses worth writing. . . . I have always tried to be gentle with the most hopeless cases. My experience, however, has not been encouraging. X. Y., æt. eighteen, a cheaply-got-up youth with narrow jaws, and broad, bony, cold, red hands, having been laughed at by the girls in his village, and "got the mitten," (pronounced mitt'n), two or three times, falls to souling and controlling, and youthing and trudging, in the newspapers, sends me some strings of verses, candidates for the Orthopedic Infirmary, all of them, in which I learn, for the millionth time, one of the following facts: Either that something about a chime is sublime, or that something about time is sublime, or that something about a chime is concerned with time, or that something about a rhyme is sublime or concerned with time or with a chime. Wishes my opinion of the same, with advice as to his future course. What shall I do about it? Tell him the whole truth, and send him a ticket for admission to the institution for idiots and feeble-minded youth? One doesn't like to be cruel, and yet one hates to lie. Therefore one softens down the ugly central fact of donkeyism—recommends study of good models—that writing verse should be an incidental occupation only, not interfering with the hoe, the needle, the lapstone, or the ledger—and, above all, that there should be no hurry in printing what is written. Not the least use is all this. The poetaster who has tasted type is done for. . . . I have two letters; one is a pattern of adulation, the other of impertinence. My reply to the first, containing the best advice I could give, conveyed in courteous language, had brought out the second. There was some sport in this; but Dullness is not commonly a game fish, and only sulks after he is struck. You may set it down as a truth which admits of few exceptions that those who ask your *opinion* really want your *praise*, and will be content with nothing less. There is another kind of application to which editors, or those supposed to have access to them, are liable, and which often proves trying and painful. One is appealed to in behalf of some person in needy circumstances who wishes to make a living by the pen. A manuscript accompanying the letter is offered for publication. It is not commonly brilliant, too often lamentably deficient. . . . Now, an editor is a person under a contract with the public to furnish the best things he can afford for his money. . . . Though I am not, and never was, an editor, I know something of the trials to which they are submitted. They have nothing to do but to develop enormous calluses at every point of contact with authorship. Their business is not a matter of sympathy, but of intellect. They must reject the unfit productions of those whom they long to befriend, because it would be a profligate charity to accept them. One can not burn his house down to warm the hands even of the fatherless and the widow.—*Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*



## A MANY-SIDED HUMORIST.

"Say, do you want a joke?" asked a man entering the office.

"If you see the advertising man you can probably dispose of it."

"Now you are trying to insult me. Probably you don't know who I am. I am a remarkable man in disguise. I am the author of the Spoonendyke papers, which you have no doubt seen in the Brooklyn Eagle."

"Thought that work was done by Stanley Huntley."

"No, sir. Stanley Huntley is my *nom de plume*. Wait till I give you an imitation of myself, and seating himself, and reflecting for a moment, he began:

"My dear," said Mr. Spoonendyke, "we have received an invitation to visit a Christmas tree over at Colonel Clay's residence. 'Ain't that too sweet?' replied Mrs. Spoonendyke. 'I always did enjoy Christmas trees, and once when a girl I went out into the country with my cousin, and roamed around the woods looking for Christmas trees.' 'Ye did, did ye?' Thought the dog-dogged things grew up and blossomed presents, did ye? Thought that wax tapers grew like leaves, did ye? All you want is ten cents worth of common bark and a wooden top to be a grove. Think I'm going to take such a woman among intelligent people? All you want is to lace tight to be a campaign pole. Take me for a dog-dogged, measly birch rod?"

"How'll that do? Now, don't you think that I wrote those papers?" said the visitor, with the air of a conqueror.

"You have established your identity," answered the scribe.

"And that ain't all," continued the humorist. "I do the humorous writing for the *Detroit Free Press*."

"Thought that Charles Lewis was the *Free Press* man."

"No doubt you thought so. Light-minded men are liable to think anything. Lewis, or M. Quad, is another one of my *noms de plume*. I'll illustrate:

"The other evening, on a Woodward Avenue car, a sad-faced man sat holding an oyster, can between his knees. 'Going to have an oyster stew?' asked a red-eyed man sitting just opposite. 'No.' 'Fry?' 'No.' 'Broil?' 'No.' 'What are you going to have?' 'I'm going to have the liveliest circus with my wife when I get home you ever saw.' And, closing his right eye, the sad-faced man got off the car."

"How does that strike you?" asked the humorist, with another expression suggestive of a vanquisher.

"Another establishment of identity," acknowledged the scribe.

"I am also Bill Nye."

"William, I am glad to meet you."

"Do not address me as William until I produce my credentials."

"We do not believe that any man has a right to chew our mane. Our constitution forbids such familiarity. We are sentimental. When hope and fear dance with fantastic tips on our broad bosom, filled with generous throbs, we do not think that the moon-eyed editor of another sheet has a right to slip up and nip out a mouthful of our ear."

The scribe fell from his chair, but was lifted to his seat by the kind-hearted humorist.

"Now you can call me William."

"William," whispered the scribe, and, fumbling under a lot of papers, he drew out a bottle and refreshed himself.

"My name is Alex. Sweet, sir, and I write the humorous stuff for the *Texas Siftings*. Listen:

"Uncle Nace was met on Austin Avenue yesterday by Jim Webster, who said: 'Uncle Nace, da tells me dat yer's got de smartest three-year-old boy in Austin.' 'De man what informed yer stated a fact.' 'What evidence has yer ob dat fact?' 'Why, sah, de udder daya a chicken cum into my yard, an' de boy begin ter chase him wid an instinck dat shows what a man he's gwine ter be.'"

"Alex, I am glad to meet you. We have exchanged sympathy in private manuscript, and now that we meet, the occasion is one of excessive joy. Is this the extent of your literary wardrobe?"

"No, sir; I am Eugene Field, the man who writes primer for the *Denver Tribune*. But wait. I don't ask any man to take my word:

"Here We Have a Boy and a Dog. The Dog Has a Big Mouth, and the Boy's Mouth for Jam is Correspondingly Large. Will the Boy Pull the Dog's Tail? Yes, He Will Pull His Tail. Will He Pull It Twice? No. He Will Not Pull It Twice."

"Who else are you?"

"I am numerous others. I am George W. Childs, of the *Philadelphia Ledger*. Listen:

"My dog is dead, said Nancy Carey, Come, write to-day her bitchuary, Gone to meet old Towser."

A heavy fall attracted the attention of the porter. When he came in he found the scribe lying on the floor insensible. He will not recover.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

## A Plug Hat in Wyoming.

The climate of Wyoming is not congenial to the plug hat. You may wear one at 1 o'clock with impunity, if you can dodge the vigilance committee, and at three minutes past one, a little cat's paw of wind will come sighing down from the snowy range, that makes the collars and drive wells tremble, and the hat look like a frightened picket-fence. The air of Wyoming, when it is feeling pretty well, will wear out a plug hat in about two hours, and leave it looking like a joint of iron stove-pipe. When the atmosphere is full of geological specimens, and blossom rock, and deceased tom cats, it is not a good time to wear the plug hat. At the first sign of the wind the hat gets fuzzy, like the corset of a humilie hee. Then some more little whispering zephyrs come along from the same bed of violets on Vinegar Hill, and after that man has followed his hat for fifteen or twenty miles, as the crow flies, he picks it out of a bunch of sage-brush and it is as bald-headed as a door-knob. In former years they used to hang a man who wore a plug-hat west of the Missouri River; but after a while they found that it was a more cruel and horrible punishment to let him wear it, and chase it into the foothills when the frolicsome breeze caught it up, and toyed with it, and lammed it against the broad brow of Laramie Peak. An old hunter was out among the Black Hills, east of town, last summer, and ran across a little gulch, where the abrupt rocks closed together and formed a little atmospheric eddy, so to speak. There, in that lonely reservoir, he found what he at first considered a petrified hat-store. It was a genuine deposit of escaped straw-hats and plug-hats that the frolicsome zephyrs had caught up and carried for ten miles, until this natural hat-rack had secured them. Of course there were other articles of apparel, and some delibated umbrellas, but the deposit seemed to assay mostly hats.—*The Real Bill Nye*.

The reason, says the *Boston Post*, that a baggage-man recently hurled himself from a fourth-story window was that he was insane, and thought he was a trunk.

## THE BAY OF SEVEN ISLANDS.

By John G. Whittier.

The skipper sailed out of the harbor mouth,  
Leaving the apple-bloom of the South  
For the ice of the Eastern seas,  
In his fishing schooner *Breeze*.  
Handsome, and brave, and young was he,  
And the maidens of Newbury sighed to see  
His lessening white sail fall  
Under the sea's blue wall.

Through the Northern Gulf and the misty screen  
Of the isles of Mingan and Madeleine,  
St. Paul's and Blanc Sablon,  
The little *Breeze* sailed on  
Backward and forward along the shore  
Of wild and desolate Labrador,  
And found at last her way  
To the Seven Islands Bay.

The little hamlet, nestling below  
Great hills white with lingering snow,  
With its tin-roofed chapel stood  
Half hid in the dwarf spruce wood;  
Green-turfed flower-sown, the last outpost  
Of summer upon the dreary coast,  
With its gardens small and spare,  
Sad in the frosty air.

Hard by where the skipper's schooner lay,  
A fisherman's cottage looked away  
Over isles and bay, and behind  
On mountains dimly defined.  
And there twin sisters, fair and young,  
Laughed with their stranger guest, and sung  
In their native tongue the lays  
Of the old Provencal days.

Alike were they, save the faint outline  
Of a scar on Suzette's forehead fine;  
And both, it is befall,  
Loved the heretic stranger well.

Both were pleasant to look upon,  
But the heart of the skipper clave to one;  
Though less by his eye than heart  
He knew the twin apart.

Despite of alien race and creed,  
Well did his wings of Marguerite speed;  
And the mother's wrath was vain  
As the sister's jealous pain.

The shrill-tongued mistress her house forbade,  
The solemn warning was sternly said  
By the black-robed priest, whose word  
As law the hamlet heard.

But hail by voice and half by signs  
The skipper said: "A warm sun shines  
On the green-banked Merrimac;  
Wait, watch, till I come back,  
And when you see, from my mast-head,  
The signal fly of a ketchief red,  
My boat on the shore shall wait;  
Come, when the night is late."

Ah! weighed with childhood's haunts and friends,  
And all that the home sky overbends,  
Did ever young love fail  
To turn the trembling scale?  
Under the night, on the wet sea sands,  
Slowly unclasped their plighted hands;  
One to the cottage hearth,  
And one to his sister's berth.

What was it the parting lovers heard?  
Nor leaf, nor ripple, nor wing of bird,  
But a listener's stealthy tread  
On the rock-moss, crisp and dead.

He weighed his anchor, and fished once more  
By the black coast-line of Labrador,  
And by love and the north wind driven,  
Sailed back to the Islands Seven.

In the sunset's glow the sisters twain  
Saw the *Breeze* come sailing in again;  
Said Suzette: "Mother dear,  
The heretic's sail is here."

"Go, Marguerite, to your room, and hide;  
Your door shall be the mother cried;  
While Suzette, ill at ease,  
Watched the red sign of the *Breeze*."

At midnight, down to the waiting cliff  
She stole in the shadow of the cliff,  
And out of the Bay's mouth ran  
The school with maid and man.

And all night long, on a restless bed,  
Her prayers to the Virgin Marguerite said;  
And thought of her lover's pain  
Waiting for her in vain.

Did he pace the sands? Did he pause to hear  
The sound of her light step drawing near?  
And, as the slow hours passed,  
Would he doubt her faith at last?

But when she saw through the misty pane,  
The morning break on a sea of rain,  
Could even her love avail  
To follow his vanished sail.

Meantime the *Breeze*, with favoring wind,  
Left the rugged Moistic hills behind,  
And heard from an unseen shore  
The falls of Manitou roar.

On the morrow's morn, in the thick, gray weather,  
They sat on the reeling deck together,  
Lover and counterfeiter  
Of hapless Marguerite.

With a lover's hand, from her forehead fair  
He smoothed away her jet-black hair.  
What was it his fond eyes met?  
The scar of the false Suzette!

Fiercely he shouted: "Bear away  
East by north for Seven Isles Bay!"  
The maiden wept and prayed,  
But the ship her helm obeyed.

Once more the Bay of the Isles they found;  
They heard the bell of the chapel sound,  
And the chant of the dying sung  
In the harsh, wild Indian tongue.

A feeling of mystery, change, and awe  
Was in all they heard and all they saw;  
Spell-bound the hamlet lay  
In the hush of its lonely bay.

And when they came to the cottage door,  
The mother rose up from her weeping sore,  
And with angry gestures met  
The scared look of Suzette.

"Here is your daughter," the skipper said;  
"Give me the one I love instead."  
But the woman sternly spake:  
"Go, see if the dead will wake!"

He looked. Her sweet face, still and white  
And strange in the noonday taper light,  
She lay on her little bed,  
With the cross at her feet and head.

In a passion of grief the strong man bent  
Down to her face, and kissing it, went  
Back to the waiting *Breeze*,  
Back to the mournful seas.

Never again to the Merrimac  
And Newbury's homes that bark came back.  
Whether her fate she met  
On the shores of Carraquette.

Miscot, or Tracadie, who can say?  
But even yet at Seven Isles Bay  
Is told the ghostly tale  
Of a weird, unspoken sail.

In the pale, sad light of the Northern day  
Seen by the blanketed Montagnais,  
Or squaw, in her small kayak,  
Crossing the specter's track.

On the deck a maiden wrings her hands;  
Her likeness kneels on the gray coast sands:  
One in her wild despair,  
And one in the trance of prayer.

She flits before no earthly blast,  
With the red sign fluttering from her mast,  
Over the solemn seas,  
The ghost of the schooner *Breeze*!

—Atlantic for February.

## THE INNER MAN.

About the same time that New York lost her greatest caterer, whose will was proved under two million dollars, London sustained a similar loss in the person of Mr. Pond, (of the firm of Spiers & Pond,) whose will, lately proved, points to almost as large an amount. The career of these gentlemen was wholly different, but both were largely indebted to countries of adoption. Mr. Pond and his partner found themselves in Melbourne, after the gold fever had subsided, as clerks on small salaries, and were much disgusted at the atrociously had restaurants where they had to get their meals. One day they laid their heads together, and resolved to start a luncheon bar. Albeit on a very modest scale, it was admirably conducted, and soon attained popularity. Their next step was a refreshment buffet, on the line between Melbourne and the great mining centre, Balarat, and they adopted the plan of having an agent who entered the carriage en route, sold tickets for a meal, and then telegraphed on the orders. Hence, on reaching the buffet, you presented your ticket, and in a moment a chop or steak, grilled to a turn, was before you. Ere long they had effected a culinary revolution of the most desirable kind. Their Café de Paris in Melbourne, whence you could pass into the Theatre Royal, was most comfortable, and in excellent taste; and this latter feature—due, perhaps to the French origin of Mr. Spiers—permeated all their enterprises. But their greatest Australian coup was hiring the All England Eleven to come out to Melbourne. A high admission fee to the cricket-ground and the sale of refreshment buffets, the firm to reap a golden harvest. Having realized about one hundred thousand dollars, they sighed for fresh fields, and came to London. They had read Dickens's satire on railroad refreshment buffets, "Mugby Junction," and sagaciously recognized a wide field. They soon found it at the chief station of the underground railroad, then in its infancy, and by degrees ran, on various lines, about three hundred buffets, besides two or three hotels, and most often have fed hundreds of thousands daily. Mr. Pond's will shows him a kindly man. He leaves five hundred guineas to his partner, in memory of old friendship, and old employees, even to the hutchers, are substantially remembered. He was not much past fifty, and he and his partner had in twenty years really gone far to redeem their country from the reproach of villainous railroad refreshment-rooms.

Carême, says a writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, having grown up with the empire, one can fancy his grief at seeing it crumble to pieces. He was constrained to accomplish, in the plain of Verus, the gigantic regal banquet of 1814. The year following the Prince Regent summoned him to Brighton as *chef de cuisine*. He remained in England for two years with the regent, and drew up every day, under the eye of his somewhat *blase* royal highness, the *menu* for dinner. It was during these private consultations that he penned a course of dietetic gastronomy which, were it printed, would be considered among the classics of the kitchen. Bored by the dull gray skies of England, he retired to Paris; but the Prince Regent having succeeded to the throne, recalled him in 1821. For a French cook to be misunderstood is the most unpardonable outrage that can be inflicted on him. "Je lui ai composé," said the great chief hitherly of George IV., "une langue de veau en surprise. Il l'a mangée; mais il n'a pu le comprendre. So the disgusted cook composed a last sauce, which he called "La dernière Pensée de Carême," and retired from the royal service. From London Carême went to St. Petersburg to fulfill the vacant functions of one of the Emperor Alexander's *chefs de cuisine*; next he went to Vienna to superintend some grand dinners of the Emperor of Austria. Attached to Lord Stuart, English ambassador there, he returned with him to London, but quitted him to return to Paris to write and publish. But as, at the frequent congresses that were then taking place, all the sovereigns desired to have him, he was continually torn away from his theorizing. Carême had become an indispensable person during those diplomatic assemblies. But great labor shortens life. "The charcoal kills us," he said, "but what does that matter? The few years, the greater glory." He died, sacrificed in fact by his genius, on January 12, 1833, before he had reached his fiftieth year, leaving pupils worthy of him, among others the excellent Vuilemot.

When on August 19, 1792, after the massacre of his Swiss guards and nobles, Louis XVI. sought refuge with the Convention, they put him in the box—not the shorthand writer's, for there was no such functionary at those times, but of the person whose duty it was to render an account of the sitting. Scarcely had the ill-starred French king taken his seat there in when he became hungry, and requested that something to eat might be instantly brought him. The queen insisted that he should not exhibit such a strange example of thoughtlessness and gluttony, but, as there was no way of bringing him to reason, a roast fowl was placed within his reach, which he at once greedily attacked without appearing to disquiet himself about the serious contingency of his own life or death then under discussion. What did it matter to him? He was alive. "I think, therefore I live," said Descartes, "I live, therefore I eat," said Louis XVI. The repast went on until not a scrap of fowl nor a morsel of bread was left. The heaviest complaints of Louis XVI. and those in his service, while confined in the Temple, were directed against the restrictions set upon his meals.

Grenville Murray, at the time of his death, was publishing in the *Swiss Times*, Geneva, a series of papers on "Men of the Day." His latest was about Viscount Lyons. The favorite diet of Lord Lyons is roast sucking-pig. He has an eccentric cook, who once distinguished himself by sending up a turkey stuffed with plum-pudding. Lord Lyons is a total abstainer. He does not even drink tea or coffee, his special tipple being a mixture of milk and soda; but he smokes. He is sixty-four years old.

## CCXII.—Sunday, January 22.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Soup à la Bonne Femme.  
Fried Skates. New Potatoes.  
Calf's Head à la Tortue.  
Stewed Celery. Asparagus.  
Roast Lamb. Mint Sauce.  
Kole Slan.  
Rum Cakes. Canned Peaches and Cream.  
Apples, Oranges, and Candied Fruits.

RUM CAKES.—Take some very thin sponge cake, such as you would use for a rolled cake, cut it into shapes with paste-cutter, place some preserves or jelly in the middle of each, then dust with pulverized sugar, sprinkle with Jamaica rum, and put into the oven for about two minutes.

## TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

If you wish to use goods of full weight and absolute purity, see your grocer supplies you with

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STARCH.

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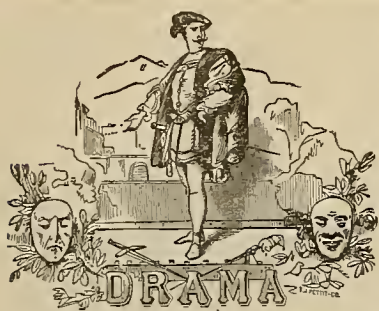
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AGENTS.

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The bills say "The Bells" is a wild, weird romantic drama, and as it is quite the correct thing to be wild and weird nowadays, it should be a successful one. Perhaps "The Bells" has a wilder, weirder sound than its original name, "The Polish Jew"; but after seeing the drama one involuntarily gets an idea that a Polish Jew is a wilder, weirder sort of a Jew than any other, and it seems that the translator would have done better to have clung to the original name, for the unhappy son of Israel is the main idea in the play. The man has been dead and buried fifteen years, but every time any one says "Polish Jew," the violins begin to shiver. Mr. Sheridan seems to be seized with cramp, and all the other people fall into terrified silence, as if a burglar were prowling about down stairs whom they did not wish to disturb. The fair land of Poland begins to seem wild and weird, and one wonders how it would have fared with the fellow if he had been a Dutch Jew, or a Scandinavian Jew, or even an Irish Jew. These speculations set one's mind a-drifting further. Bits of wild, weird poetry come floating into one's memory:

"My lady sleeps, and may her sleep,  
As it is lasting, so be deep;  
Soft may the worms about her creep,  
Far in the forest dim and old."

But no; the Polish Jew has not been buried under the leaves, according to the custom of murderers. The burgomaster makes it transparent to any one but a man in a play that he has roasted his victim in a lime-kiln. A lime-kiln is not a romantic affair, but you may fall to poetizing again while the action lags in this dulllest of dramas, and eventually you will work yourself up to the proper condition of mind to enjoy its horrors.

"It was night in the lonesome October  
Of my most immemorial year;  
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,  
In the misty mid-region of Weir;  
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,  
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

This is not cheerful poetry, but by keeping a steady flow of it you will find your spirits gradually falling, and be ready at last to sup on horrors.

But up to the beginning of the last act it is undeniably a cheerful play for a stupid one. The burgomaster's secret is not oppressive, and as for the jingling of the airy sleigh-bells, they have a festive ring which fails to be impressive. One admires the way in which the burgomaster has his household broken in, for the wife—kind body—goes down upon her knees to help him remove his boots and leggings, and his daughter seems to have a skillful hand at mixing hot flip. A peep at such excellent family discipline is a good thing now and then.

In short, who ever made the translation or adaptation—and a poor one it is—has simply stuffed the drama for an hour or two with uninteresting details of family life, to lead up to the dream scene, which is really a thrilling and powerful one.

It had need, indeed, to be well set and well acted, to recall the wandering minds of a much-bored audience, who, even when we all went into dreamland, seemed to take a more vivid interest in the double in the bed than in conscience-racked Matthias. Every glass was leveled at him, as if his identity were a secret as impenetrable as that of the Iron Mask—by so light a thing is wandering fancy caught. But German mysticism triumphed at last. As the rain falls alike upon the just and the unjust, so a bit of psychology is apt to charm alike the believer and the unbeliever, and, when the mesmerist began to exercise his spell, silence fell upon the house. The wildness and weirdness really began, for there was something strangely half-real in the confessions of the spell-bound man, while the distant half-light made the solemn court doubly impressive, and the reiterated death-sentence curiously unpleasant.

One really felt glad that poor Matthias choked to death comfortably in his chintz-curtained bed, as the villagers found him next morning. By this time we forgot all about the failings in the first acts, in which everybody was nobody in particular, floating about doing nothing in particular; all about the phenomenal weather, which blew every one in at the door in a big drift of paper snow, while a bright Christmas sun shone in at the window; all about the labor of the adapter in working Matthias up to an attitude before the fall of every curtain.

And this is what Mr. Henry Irving played in London one hundred and seventy-five consecutive nights. Truly, an English public is curiously constituted, or their plays, like canned truffles, must lose their subtle essence in crossing the ocean, if this indeed be the adaptation which Mr. Henry Irving played. And for English cousins' taste will run in the groove

of custom now and then, for the news goes that melodrama has crossed from the East End to Belgravia, and the nohs and snobs of England revel in the sensations once peculiar to the Surrey. As for "The Polish Jew," where in the new adaptation is the vagabond which Carl Sontag played and left Matthias to a lesser actor? Where is the sterling excellence that made it a standard German play? Where, indeed, is there anything in it to attract before ten of the clock?

A clean theatre, a fresh carpet, and a few enlivening gas jets! They strike one pleasantly on entering, but newness is an effect which soon wears off of anything, and in any case "the play's the thing." One was driven to admire the cut of Mr. Sheridan's winter boots, and the security of his leggings, or the comfortable promise of Mr. Bradley's fur-edged great-coat, for costume has become a study in these days, when its peculiarities are passing so rapidly away, and we are in uniform the world over. What will become of the stage when Swiss peasant girls no longer wear criss-cross hodies, when there is not a steeple-crowned hat in all the Tyrol, not a sabot in Normandy, not a mantilla in Spain—when only the pig-tailed Chinaman and the turbaned Turk will adhere to the garments of tradition?

One has a certain respect even now for a heelless shoe, as something characteristic of the past, or of that distant land of which we know nothing; and when that one young coryphée in "Michael Strogoff" crosses the stage in white-heeled slippers among her flat-footed companions, every one in the audience, from gallery to pit, observes that heel, and reverts its intrusion. That young woman has not the true artistic fervor to carry her beyond the first rung in the professional ladder, or she would have chopped off that heel before the last dress rehearsal.

A story was told in print not long since of an Arab who, upon being shown one of Gérôme's oriental pictures, spat upon it with contempt, because the garments of the figure in the picture did not come in their proper consecutive order—a circumstance which humiliated the great painter most deeply. You will find a round hundred easily to pick to pieces the unities in the costumes in "Michael Strogoff," but Michael himself looks well in the daring clash of blue and green, and Nadia's fur anklets have a look of Russia, even though it be midsummer in Siberia, and anything which is furry and odd-looking is popularly supposed to be Russian, and who is to say nay? The views of the untraveled are as vague as the popular idea of the æsthetic dress, for the stage-manager who mounted "Patience," clad the chorus in the costume of Greek nymphs, and trimmed them like the decorative-school sampler. They gave us a glimpse of the tastes of the cult at the Baldwin when they produced the "Colonel," but who did not give the genuine article a thrill of recognition, as if they had known it all their lives, when Mrs. Carmichael-Carr glided to the piano from out a Greenaway page, somewhere in the cold recess of the stage at Dashaway Hall, the other night, at Mrs. Henry Norton's song recital. What a delightful evening it was, by the way. How charmingly Mrs. Norton sang, and what a pleasantly varied programme she gave. Who can say which they liked best—those smooth-flowing Rubinstein songs, the tricky melody of Gounod, the irresistible little German songs, or the quaint simplicity of the old English ballads? Everything that is early English has an irresistible charm just now, from architecture and china to ballads; and perhaps the response was just a little quicker to their naïveté because of this new-old fancy. How long a song does live!—for they may twist it into a new dress of words with every succeeding generation, but it holds its own, and its lineage remains as traceable as that of the oldest and proudest Norman baron in England. How many hundreds of years have people been singing "We won't go home till morning"? No doubt the sentiment has existed since Noah, at least, and it did not take them so many cycles to set it to a tune.

BETSY B.

Gestinger carries with her forty trunks containing her trousseau. The baggage of the remaining company weighs about six thousand pounds. She begins at the Grand Opera House on the twenty-first of February. The managers are already arranging the sale of season tickets.

—EMERSON'S MINSTRELS, AT THE STANDARD Theatre, will begin their last week on Next Monday. They are going to make a country tour. Charles Reed opens in the great New York sketch, "Muldoon's Picnic Party," on the 30th of January.

—"MICHAEL STROGOFF," AT HAVERLY'S CALIFORNIA Theatre, will close with the end of next week. On Wednesday afternoon, January 25, there will be a grand special matinee. On the evening of January 30 there will be produced in grand style the great London success, "The World."

Henderson publishes a letter in a Chicago paper contradicting the statement that he attached the wardrobe of the Melville Troupe.

Miss Jennie Lee and Mr. J. P. Burnett will leave for Australia in February.

## PATTI'S PETTICOATS.

Madame Adelina Patti is certainly justified in being proud of her trousseau, which is said to be the finest in the world, says the Chicago Herald. Her reception dresses include eighty-three garments, beside one hundred concert robes, which may be worn at full-dress gatherings the same as on the stage. Her costumes are immaculate. Among the new garments designed by Roderique, of Paris, for her American tour, one cost twelve thousand dollars. The foundation of turquoise satin, embroidered in a Japanese floral design, is profusely garnished with Maltese point lace, worth thirty-seven dollars a yard. Another is of cream satin, heavy as rep, and non-crushable. The train is round, full court, trimmed with a crown rubbing, heavily lined, and set so as to show the cluster of lace ruchings placed on the under edge. It is cut bouffant, and bangs so as to fall in heavy folds from the pointed hasque. The petticoat is made of bias satin, the bottom being finished with the finest kinetic-pleating, two inches deep, overhung with a fringe of gold thread. Above this an arch extends across the entire front, diapered in gold embroidery, forming a base for golden autumn leaves and oak and silver poplar, worked in silver and gold. From these, as a foundation, springs a magnificent bouquet of yellow Marshal Neil, Duchess of Edinburgh roses, and white japonicas, mingled with violets, narcissi, marguerites, and stalks of silver wheat. This bouquet is band-embroidered, and tapered to a single crimson rose, just reaching the point of the hodie. The Pompadour corsage is trimmed with a band of colored embroidery, passed around the neck and carried to the right, finished with an elongated bouquet of satin roses. The sleeves are of Brussels bobinet, covering the elbow and top of flesh-colored undressed kids, with a hand of embroidery. At a recent Saturday matinée the dark-eyed songstress appeared in a lustrous satin of ciel-blue, made with a pointed basque and princess train. The front consisted of a narrow apron, trimmed with nine horizontal bands of mulberries, roses, and field-flowers, wrought in garnets and silver and cut-steeled beads. Bell-flowers, with garnet pendants for the stamen, divided each band. Two long strips were laid on the sides, separating the panels, which were in two parts. The upper covered the hips, with folds sloped to the tournure; the lower consisted of longitudinal side-pleats, stitched to the dress three inches from the top of the plaiting, and finished at the bottom in wedge-shaped points. The juncture of the train with the sides was concealed by two large flies, made of garnet moire, striped with two hands of black. A lace plastron filled the triangular corsage, ornamented at the throat with a medallion of the garnet passementerie. Elbow-sleeves of satin were trimmed with bow-shaped ruchings of lace. Mousquetaire gloves, one bracelet, and dainty Spanish slippers of blue satin, ornamented with solid gold buckles, garnished a magnificent costume. The skirt differs somewhat from other dresses, inasmuch as the train was lined with ruffles of net. Among her new dresses is a unique costume made of chamois plush, sprinkled with silver dressing. The train is covered to the depth of twenty inches with silver fringe. A tablier of plush is quite covered with ruffles of leather, embossed with flowers in silver interlacing. This is an original design, and, although it is a favorite costume of the cantatrice, her fastidious maid refuses to "put it," unless the lights are turned low enough to show the silvery beauties of the garment. Another satin of azure is covered with Spanish lace drapery, and the front has the appearance of a flower-bed. A short embroidered satin robe is covered with tiny bouquets of colored roses. An exquisite ribbed silk of forget-me-not-blue is made over white tulle bung with sprays of mignonette. A silk peasant bodice is laced over a chemisette of tulle, tastefully trimmed with sprays of the delicate flower. On the train of an ivory velvet large pink and white camellias are disposed. Panels are visible through a lattice-work of seed pearls, and a pointed apron is fairly crystallized with cut beads. The corsage is à la Pompadour, with crystal fringe and camellia bouquet. Another royal robe has a lace underdress of the Renaissance style, made with white transparent satin terminating in a long train of mousseline de soie. Over this is a tight-fitting basque tunicle, flowing at the ends and fastened with knots of white satin. A ruby satin petticoat of a demi-trained robe is covered with old Malines lace, caught up here and there with white satin bows of ribbon. Another of Madame Patti's dresses is an indigo Genoa velvet, trimmed with flounces of chinchilla; low-necked and short sleeves, finished with point d'Aurillac lace; arms and neck covered with silver netting. Still another is a walking suit of Russian flannel of storm-cloud purple, covered with Santiago embroidery with facings of seal. A costume of the finest jet cashmere, combined with French moire, is trimmed with floss embroidery open-worked on the cashmere. All her robes de chambre are cut short, made in skirt and basque, and profusely trimmed with lace. The peerless warbler is partial to amber silk stockings, destitute of embroidery. She is equally fastidious about night-dresses, and robes herself in soft surah satin gowns of blue, flesh, and pale green, a low yoke, with skirt set on in narrow pleats, trimmed at the throat, wrist, and down the entire front with a cascade of soft cream lace,

## DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

The Cincinnati papers vouch for the following incident: When Miss Annie Louise Cary was about to leave that city a Pullman car with a stateroom was attached to the train on the Pan-Handle road at her special request. Before she reached the depot a hurly fellow asked for the coveted stateroom, and got it by asserting that he was Miss Cary's agent. When Miss Cary arrived she found the stateroom in possession of the big man and two others, who turned out to be commercial travelers, and who coolly refused to give up the room. As the train rolled out of the depot Miss Cary was seen standing undecided in the aisle, while the conductor was expostulating vainly with the men. Directions were telegraphed to the first station to drive out the men at whatever cost.

The critic on Byrne's *Dramatic Times* has long had his curiosity piqued concerning the subtle art by which Mary Anderson, as Juliet, in the balcony scene, manages to bring her figure into such graceful prominence, although wearing a heavy dress with a very long train. He finally discovered the secret the other night, in New York. He observes: "I watched closely, and discovered that some person stood behind the curtain with a firm grip on Miss Anderson's skirt, which he, or she, kept taut all the time. There was something extremely funny in the spectacle. Every time Miss Anderson moved toward the wings, her long dress was bailed out of her way by this unseen assistant, in a fashion which suggested the theory that Juliet was being pulled from the balcony into the house by her petticoats." This is a comment upon the methods of the so-called "spontaneous" actress.

Some of the New York papers are scoring the new life of Genevieve Ward, just published. It contains many curious admissions. Due prominence is given to Miss Ward's marriage at sixteen to a worthless scoundrel (the book says "nobleman") named Guerhel, and, of course, "one of the handsomest men in Europe." The nobleman, of course, promptly deserts her and engages himself to another, subsequently appearing mysteriously in his wife's apartments, during her temporary absence, and going through them after the fashion of a sneak-thief, as we must suppose is the custom of Russian nobleman. It also incidentally, but rather broadly, calls attention to the fact that Miss Ward's "physical developments" are not of the first order. The *Mirror* says, in remarking upon her conduct with H. R. H. Albert Edward: "The whole hook reads like a paid advertisement of Miss Ward's intimacy with that conspicuous scapegrace, the heir apparent to the British throne; for it abounds with fulsome praises attributed to him of Miss Ward's beauty and genius. Frankly, we do not believe a word of it; for, albeit a libertine in his younger days, he was never looked on as a simpering idiot."

Mademoiselle Croizette is not yet married, and the wedding appears to be indefinitely postponed. Serious opposition on the part of the gentleman's family is vaguely hinted at in the newspapers. The lady has written a letter to the manager of the Comédie-Française, offering to abstain from drawing her salary during the period that her present delicate state of health shall prevent her from acting. This is generally understood to be a neat and indirect method of announcing to the public that she does not intend to retire from the stage, at least for the present. The Comédie-Française is to be congratulated on the fact, as it would be hard to find any one to replace Mademoiselle Croizette in certain of the more intense and melodramatic rôles of the repertoire. Two other beautiful Parisian actresses are said to be on the point of entering the circles of the aristocracy through the sacred gate of marriage, namely, the lovely and lively Marie Magnier, of the Gymnase, and pretty Alice Regnault, of the same theatre. The future spouse of Mademoiselle Magnier is reported to bear no less a title than that of duke.

Howard Paul, London correspondent of the New York *Mirror*, writes that "Pinafore" Gilbert recently managed the rehearsals of "Foggarty's Fairy" in person. He further remarks that this was very unwelcome to the actors, since "Gilbert anywhere—I am speaking of him personally, and not of his works, clearly understand—is a nuisance, because of his rude manners and insufferable airs, but Gilbert at rehearsal is a rare treat. The actors dread contact with him, and are heartily glad when his pieces are launched and they see the back of him."

The Parisians are running after Oriental spectacles. The latest is an opera by Madame Olognier, produced at the Renaissance. It is Arabian in plot, and is called "Le Saïs," or "The Runner." The hero, Haghib, disdains the charming Fatime, and is smitten with the Sultana Terfida. Meeting the sultana on the banks of the Nile, he passionately embraces her unceremoniously. An assault of this nature upon royalty is punished by death, but the lovely young princess only mildly reprimands him; whereupon, with audacious eagerness, he tries to do it again. She retires with her scandalized maidens in confusion. Terfida is to be married next day to a pacha. Haghib



surprisingly penetrates the mystic harem. Terfida receives him with affection; and, although granting him her love, is resolved to obey the sultan, and marry the pacha. But, finally, after various adventures, the two escape to a far-off country, where, at the close of the opera, they are about to start a new tribe.

It is said that—Dumas is writing a brilliant play.—Salvini is going to play King Lear.—Bernhardt is going to play in Paris a new drama by Sardou.—"Lohengrin" may not be produced in Paris on account of the anti-German prejudice.—Rossi opened on Monday in New York.—"Odette" is to be played in London.—Mrs. Langtry is to play, in February, Dora in "Diplomacy," at the London Haymarket.—McKee Rankin has paid four thousand dollars for a new play called "The Angel."—Lester Wallack is to play "The Colonel" in New York.—Patti puts her birth year as 1845.—Barrett made a success in New Orleans—"Lionette," which Fanny Davenport played recently in New York, is stolen from Dumas. A paper enlarges upon her "splendid display of carnal beauty and passion."—Mrs. Florence and Maggie Mitchell began as ballet girls.—"Under the Mistletoe," "The Squire," and "The Fisherman's Daughter," are the latest London successes.—Toole, the comedian, has opened a new London theatre.—Jossely is giving concerts in Brooklyn, New York.—Sam Colville has gone to Paris in quest of theatrical novelties.—Edwin Booth has leased the New York Grand Opera House. He goes over to play at the London Lyceum next season. Henry Irving and company will take his place in New York.—Willie Seymour has married Fanny Davenport's sister, May.—Boucicault has arranged with a manager to visit Dublin once every year. He has three new plays, "Amadaun," "Boyne Water," and "Sinlamor." They are said to be striking and sensational.—Catherine Lewis will head an opera company of her own next season.—Marie Biere, the originator of virtuos throwing, is going to leave the stage.—A London paper advises a newly-married hurelesque actress not to retire, but continue "kicking and winking to the public half undressed."—Marie Colombier has retired from the stage. The Parisians thought her too fat to act.—An Eastern paper ungallantly hints that Fanny Davenport wishes she were thinner, and talks about her "tired corsets."—Mrs. Kendall, the London actress, is going to play in Browning's "In a Balcony."—Barton Hill is supporting Booth.

#### Obscure Intimations.

TOMBSTONE, A. T., January 13, 1882.  
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Would you publish in your column of "Old Favorites" a poem entitled "The Beautiful Snow"? It was claimed to have been written by a fallen woman, and there has been some controversy as to the authorship of it. If you can procure it, and will publish it, you confer a favor on a subscriber.

What is this poem, "The Beautiful Snow"? Has any one ever heard of it? Is it any relation to "The Burial of Moses"? And if so, what?  
"Severa"—Thanks for your letter. We do not care, however, to enter in any arrangements at present.  
"Sir Hildebrand"—Too long. We are sorry, but can not print it. What shall we do with the MS?  
"A California Love Song"—Declined.

The sum of one dollar has been left at this office for the "San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission." The Secretary may receive the same upon calling for it.

"That Fool Joe"—Declined.  
Does any reader of the *Argonaut* receive a paper called *La Ville de Paris*? And if any reader does, will he send one number to this office for examination? He will confer a favor by doing so, and the paper will be returned.

Has any reader of the *Argonaut* a copy of a poem describing the attempt of a jealous lover to skate with his dulcinea to death over the "dangerous ice of a lone lagoon"? The Secretary may receive the same upon calling for it.

The correspondent who sent in some extracts from the *Utter County Gazette* will accept our thanks, but we do not care to print them. This *Gazette*, to a certain extent, a fraud. Some years ago an individual who had a genuine copy had some thousands of fac-similes printed, and now every man who owns one thinks it is genuine. They are scattered all over the country. Every now and again some editor "discovers" one, and proceeds to make extracts from it. It is becoming just a trifle wearisome.

—MANY THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE YEARLY ARE saved from dangerous fevers by the exercise of a little timely care in the matter of properly cleansing the system in the spring season from the accumulated impurities which, if left undisturbed, breed disease. As a purifier Ayer's Sarsaparilla acts directly and promptly. A single bottle will prove its merits.

—LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is a remarkable remedy for all those painful complaints and weaknesses so common to our best female population. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

—Dr. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.

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Wm. Emerson.....Manager

LAST WEEK! — OF — LAST WEEK!

EMERSON'S MINSTRELS!

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Continued Success of EMERSON'S JOCKEY CLOG.  
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POPULAR PRICES! POPULAR PRICES!

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(Formerly California Theatre.)

Proprietor and Manager.....J. H. HAVERLY.

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In the new, grand, realistic, dramatic pageant, in five acts and ten tableaux, entitled

MICHAEL STROGOFF!

Produced as in Paris and London.

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And a company of absolute merit.

THE SCENERY GEMS OF SCENIC ART.  
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By urgent request, a WEDNESDAY MATINEE on January 25th will be given. SPECIAL SUNDAY PERFORMANCES. Monday, January 30—THE WORLD!

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An Elegant COUTIL CORSET, to order, for \$6. Worth Under Garments, (specialty,) Children's Corset Waists, Cashmere and Merino Union Suits, Shoulder-Braces, Hygienic Corsets, Hose and Skirt Supports, Emancipation Waists and Suits. (SEND FOR CIRCULAR.)

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## CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 18th day of January, 1882, an assessment (No. 2) of Twenty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 25th day of February, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the twenty-second day of March, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.  
Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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AMERICAN WATERING PLACES.

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DURING THE WINTER MONTHS

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## PERU'S PRESIDENTS.

The rapid spread of the presidency in Peru is extremely embarrassing to General Patricio Lynch. A few weeks ago he brought the administration of Provisional President Calderon to an abrupt termination by seizing the Chilean men-of-war in the harbor of Callao. On the 1st of December he established Chilean civil tribunals in Lima and Callao, in place of the local courts, whose sittings had been suspended by the judges retiring to set themselves up as presidents of Peru in various interior departments. Lastly, the gallant Lynch has suppressed the municipal government of the city of Lima. The postoffice and custom-houses have been in Chilean hands ever since the fall of Callao and Lima. There is now nothing left of the regular administrative organism of Peru. But the task of the Chilean commander is by no means ended. The astonishing vitality of the Peruvian people is shown by the rapidity with which they have put forth new presidents, chiefs of departments, and all kinds of civil and military functionaries as fast as the old ones have fallen before the decrees of General Patricio Lynch. There are now ten actual presidents of record in Peru out of a possible one million two hundred and seventy-three thousand one hundred and eighty-two, the latter being the estimated number of male inhabitants above the age of twenty-one years.

First, there is Calderon, of whom nothing has been heard since he went down into the hold of the Chilean man-of-war, but whom, we may be sure, General Lynch has not yet killed, or we should before this have received news of the annihilation of the Chilean nation by Minister Hurlbut. Then there is Montero, lately Vice-President, but now "Chief of the Executive power of Peru." The others are all Presidents by virtue of self-appointment, and in opposition to Montero. Pierola, however, was once actually in possession of the executive office, and his title has been saved from lapsing by the continued recognition of him as President by the representatives of all the foreign powers except the United States. Caceres comes next. He was lately an ardent Pierolist, but growing jealous of the more rapid preferment of some of his associate generals, he, on November 24th, proclaimed himself "Superior General and Political and Military Chief of the Departments of the Centre." There are five others—Mas, Juarez, La Torre, San Roman, and Frias—who, like Caceres, are Presidents by personal proclamation. They were lately prefects or leaders of the hosts of Pierola or of President Calderon in various departments—Ica, Arequipa, Ayacucho, Piura, and elsewhere—who set up governments on their own account when Calderon was succeeded by Montero, whom none of them would recognize, and when Pierola's fortunes became so desperate as to forbid all hope of his return to power. Lastly, there is General Patricio Lynch himself, who, though he is not for an instant to be compared with even the humblest and least educated of his rivals in the matter of proclamations, especially in respect to frequency and length, still exhibits a grasp of minor administrative details—such, for instance, as in causing his commands to be obeyed, and arresting the other presidents when they get in his way—which leads unprejudiced observers to predict that at the end of the race he will be found some distance ahead of all his competitors.

This list is manifestly imperfect, as it is based on mail advices now two weeks old. Since the departure of the steamer *Cratichero Colombo* it has no doubt been considerably extended, for the presidency of the country is the favorite profession of the Peruvian citizen, and has peculiar attractions at this season of the year on account of the ease with which proclamations can be posted on the senna trees, which abound in every part of the country, the hot sun causing a viscid gum to exude from their bark, rendering it unnecessary to use tacks, on which a heavy customs duty is laid. We can, with reasonable certainty, even in the absence of positive information, add the name of Señor José A. de la Puente to the list. This gentleman was, until December 10th, the "Director" of the penitentiary at Lima. When General Lynch, on the 7th, turned Cesar Canavaro, the alcalde, or mayor of the city, and the whole municipal council, out of office, and installed in their stead, Señor Adolfo Guerrero, as "Political Chief of the Department of Lima," he asked Señor de la Puente to be good enough to remain at his post and see that the prisoners didn't get out. With the lofty spirit and somewhat irregular language of a Spanish grandee, the director replied that he was keeping that jail without pay, and he had no intention of continuing in such an unprofitable occupation under a Chilean tyrant, of Irish extraction. Why should he, when the fair field of the presidency lay open to him? As soon as he had finished writing his request to Señor Guerrero to appoint some one to succeed him—"in the discharge of the sacred, social interests confided to his [my] vigilance"—these are his words—we may be sure he sought the nearest tree, and posted up a proclamation naming himself "Moral, Political, Religious, Civil, and Military Chief, Superior General, and Head of the Executive functions of the Republic of Peru." This infinite subdivision of the presidential office is quite as annoying to the diplomatic corps as to the Chilean commander. It is difficult to be "near the Government of Peru" when that Government is strewn all over the republic from Piura to Tarapaca, and from the sea-coast to the remotest trans-Andean department.—*New York Times*.

A St. Louis clergyman related in a recent address, that on one of his transatlantic trips there was an Irish bishop on board who snored like two men. In the next cabin to him were two ladies, who complained to the steward that they couldn't rest, and the steward snavely asked the bishop if something couldn't be done in the premises. "Certainly," said the bishop, and next day there hung a placard in the grand saloon which said:

NOTICE.  
The bishop will snore  
From eleven to four.

"It was at Rockland," says the *Belfast Journal*, "and the steamer was blowing off, making noise enough to wake up a policeman. A man and woman stood talking on the wharf. He had his head bent down, and she was yelling something into his ear, when the steam suddenly shut off, just in time for every one for two miles to hear that woman say: 'And don't you forget, John, to put on your thick red drawers Sunday!' And if John did forget it, it was not because he did not hear what she told him."

An exchange says the difference between a hungry man and a glutton is, "One longs to eat, and the other eats too long."

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Modern Mariana.  
You come not, ah, you come not;  
I watch with weary eye  
From my window as the crowded  
Balloons go floating by.  
Each bears its human lading,  
But bears it from me aloof,  
And never rattles a grapple  
Upon our lonely roof.

Along its rails of iron,  
An hundred miles an hour,  
The ex-steam horse is hurried  
By the Keely motor's power.  
It flashes past the station,  
And away, outspeeding the storm,  
But in the passenger-catcher  
I do not see your form.

The trees are red with autumn,  
But in the leaf-strewn mead  
I miss the old familiar tracks  
Of your velocipede.  
Only the streamlet's sighing  
I hear, and the forest's moan,  
Though the ears of love are keener  
Than any microphone.

When the children toy at twilight  
Sometimes with the phonograph,  
I hear again your well-known voice,  
Again your merry laugh;  
Then I start up and listen,  
But I catch no further tone,  
Though north and south, and east and west  
I sweep my megaphone.

The carbon points are lighted,  
The opal globe 'gins glow;  
Oh, my absent lover's colder  
Than is the Alpine snow.  
Barriers more fell than oceans  
Have severed us apart,  
And the tasimeter finds no warmth  
Within his icy heart.

Upon the wall of my chamber  
The instrument I see  
Through which, in happier moments,  
You used to whisper me;  
But never the call-bell ringeth—  
Nay, so many days have flown  
That the silly spider has built her web  
O'er the rusting telephone.

But hark! what is that music  
Comes o'er the distant hill?  
Hush, tumult of my bosom!  
My beating heart, be still.  
Hark! nearer, clearer, dearer  
Comes the familiar tone;  
It is my lord, my life, my love!  
I know his xylophone.

## Grant Operatively Treated.

If you want a receipt for the ponderous mystery,  
Known to the world as Ulysses S. Grant,  
Just snake some old deacon from out the consistory,  
Boil him and save out his nonsense and cant.  
Take equal proportions of parties political,  
Democrat, Radical, Greenback, and all,  
A mind not disposed to be too hypercritical,  
Roll the whole mixture up into a ball;  
Then harden it well after perfectly fusing it,  
"Cover with hair that inclines to be red,  
And set half a dozen newspapers abusing it,  
And there you have got great mystery's head.  
Take then a small measure of business capacity,  
Daintily tinged with the bloom of the rose;  
And bridge it well out with prodigious rapacity,  
And plaster it on to the ball for a nose.  
Then two narrow slits that express perspicacity,  
Flood them with glances pretentiously wise,  
Emball them in glares of abnormal audacity,  
And there you accomplish the wonderful eyes.  
Cut a long slash at the corners rectangular,  
Fill the interstices full of sharp teeth;  
Then let in an organ, long, strong, and triangular,  
Giving it plenty of play in the sheath.  
Arm it with phrases renowned for rapidity,  
Platitudes, buncombe, and trifles of speech,  
And widen it out to display its avidity.  
For any and everything found within reach;  
Inspire the result with that hermaphroditic  
That reconciles mercies abundant with drouth,  
Then take this grand essence of homogeneity,  
And you've got pretty close to the style of the mouth.  
And that's all there is to this wondrous profundity,  
A marvelous head and some little rotundity.  
—*Brooklyn Eagle Liar*.

## A Family Circle.

## CANTO THE FIRST.

I claim your kind attention just to tell you in a song  
About a happy family 't which I myself belong,  
Who always keep their spirits up to ninety in the shade—  
I think we are about as warm as families are made.  
There's Fan and Loo for merriment are fairly on the job,  
And then there's brother Robert, too, (for short we call him Bob);  
And Jane's a gal you all should see, and then there's  
Ma and pa,  
Oh, we're a merry family, we are, we are, we are!

## CHORUS.

Fanny plays at honeypots, Loo's the gal to skip;  
Bob's the finest whistler that ever cocked a lip;  
Jane can play a tune or two upon the gay guitar;  
Oh, we're a merry family, we are, we are, we are!  
CANTO THE SECOND.  
We used to take in lodgers, just to give the girls a chance  
To get a chap who'd take them to a theatre or dance;  
But pa would get upon a spree, and often in the morn  
They'd wake and find their waistscoats and their other things in pawn;  
Or else he'd borrow coin of them, and when they had no more  
He'd quietly give them notice, just to ease them off the door,  
And the gals would say: "You naughty boys, how dare you go so far?"  
Oh, we're a merry family, we are, we are, we are!

## CHORUS.

Fanny plays at honeypots, Loo's the gal to skip;  
Bob's the finest whistler that ever cocked a lip;  
Jane can play a tune or two upon the gay guitar;  
Oh, we're a guitar-y family, we are, we are, we are!  
—*Latest Comic Song of the London Drawing-rooms*.

## MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,



Woman can Sympathize with Woman.  
Lydia E. Pinkham  
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S  
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure  
for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.  
It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.  
It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors thereto checked very speedily by its use.  
It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.  
It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.  
That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.  
It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.  
For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.  
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for inquiry. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this Paper.  
No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.  
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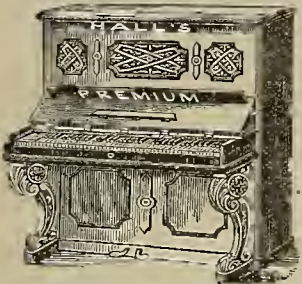
**RESOURCES.**

Bank Premises.....	\$150,000 00
Other Real Estate.....	5,225 35
United States Bonds.....	626,977 35
Loans on Real Estate.....	134,868 00
Loans on bonds, gas, water and bank stock.....	132,198 35
Loans on other securities.....	577,443 96
Loans on personal security.....	1,106,004 27
Due from banks and bankers.....	392,457 61
Money on hand.....	398,669 34
<b>LIABILITIES.</b>	<b>\$3,523,844 23</b>
Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,759 13
Due Depositors.....	1,888,655 07
Due Banks and Bankers.....	174,370 53
Dividends unpaid.....	59 50
	<b>\$3,523,844 23</b>

R. H. McDonald, President.

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# The Argonaut.

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SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 28, 1882.

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## BUMMER AND LAZARUS.

A San Francisco Sketch.

In the good old days when emigrants, not tourists, wended their way by land and sea to San Francisco—that is to say somewhere in the “fifties”—an insinuating and almost too friendly dog made his appearance one evening, toward dinner-time, in a Montgomery Street restaurant. He was not, strictly speaking, a yellow dog; but a critical eye might have detected that plebeian tinge in his hide. His head, however, was well posed; he was strong and squarely set, and wore an air of purpose, though his vacillating tail betrayed a wistful wriggle at times, and a glance at once sneaking and calculating stole out from the corner of his eye as he took in the restaurant and its occupants. With this exception, he maintained an easy, indifferent demeanor, like an animal of assured position—one, in fact, who owns a human attendant—and the waiters, accustomed though they were to canine audacity, were deceived thereby into permitting his presence. For a moment he stood irresolute, looking hurriedly about him, but even then covering his mental anxiety by a sportive fly-snap. Seeing two gentlemen enter by different doors at the same moment and approach the same table, his uncertainty vanished. He instantly placed himself between them, and observing that they wore miners’ shirts, (which was considered a guarantee for generosity in those times,) he beat the floor once or twice with his tail in uncontrollable satisfaction. While they talked to the waiter he divided his attentions between them, always appearing most deeply engrossed with the one who was not looking at him, and in this way beguiling each into the belief that he belonged to the other. Their repasts appearing, he permitted himself to display a sincere but modest interest in their character, and as each gentleman, in the progress of their meal, threw him small portions, he swallowed them with great speed and an unmoved countenance, following the movement of his benefactors’ jaws with unspeakable eagerness so long as they moved or the viands remained within view.

“Your dog?” one miner inquired of the other. Apparently aware of the query, the animal began to retire with modest haste.

“I thought he was yours,” answered number two, who had called the waiter to inquire about dessert. “Dog belong to the ranch?” he asks.

“No much,” retorts the indignant servitor. “We had a terrier, but he’s petered out; passed in his checks last week. That’s Bummer—Git! Vamose! No, you don’t—Blamed if he aint, though; and what’s more, you can’t stop that dog; he will do it. Ha, ha! see him put, will you. Just see him dust.”

The animal thus described and apostrophized had burriedly backed away under the recognition of the waiter, keeping one eye on a partly-emptied dinner-plate, the other on the door, and, disregarding the personal remarks and expletives addressed to him, seized the remnant of food on the first, and slipped through the latter just in time to avoid a kick, which a person entering at the moment received vicariously.

“Beg pardon,” said the waiter to the newcomer, who rubbed his shin with an aggrieved air; “meant it for Bummer.”

“Who is Bummer?” demanded the injured party of the small group who had actually taken the trouble to look up the loosely-planked and brilliantly-lighted street to see him disappear round a corner with his dishonest booty.

The waiter replied frankly, “That’s him,” and added: “I judge that beast’s been kicked out’n here more’n forty times; but ‘tain’t no use. He’s back as reg’lar as he goes.”

“Who does he belong to?”

“Nobody; that dog’s bis own master.”

“And his name?”

“Why, that came to him natural,” said the restaurant functionary, with a grin. “Ain’t he a bummer? a reg’lar one, too!” and he laughed with such a genuine enjoyment of the fitness of the title that he was ever after believed to be the dog’s sponsor.

But the waiter was not in possession of Bummer’s entire biography. The dog had an inner life that was not to be read by the careless eye of a chance observer, and, though he bowed to no master’s collar, was the slave of no imperious whistle, he was not alone; he had a friend, or rather a dependent. About a block and a half distant from the restaurant whence he had fled, Bummer paused in Leidesdorff Street, opposite the old Clay Street market-house. Making his way through and under piles of loose boxes, old champagne baskets, refuse oyster and fruit cans, he came to a sheltered and secluded nook wherein reposed a fellow-canine of helpless and miserable appearance, before whose languishing eyes he deposited the food he had stolen, sniffing at it to encourage his invalid charge’s appetite, and complacently pricking his ears and licking his own chaps as he mentally reviewed the feat. Poor Lazarus—such was the name of Bummer’s protégé—had suffered from a painful turn in Fortune’s wheel; he had been run over, and, after a few ear-splitting yelps, bad sunk in silence and seeming death on the cobbles ensanguined by his gore. He was a parti-colored, loose-limbed, waggly-beaded beast, with flaps of drooping ears, a groveling mouth, and a self-convicted

eye that never stood the test of an honest gaze. He was a gutter-dog, with mean ideas, a cowardly temper, and a servile tail that wagged propitiously at everything and nothing. Without intelligence or fixed principles, he was ready to attach himself to any one, and had passed the greater part of his life—when not experimenting with longevity under wagon-wheels—in following and being repulsed by strangers. The fate he had so long tempted at last befell him, and, stretched bleeding on the hard stones, he would in a few moments more have received his final quietus from a second attack of wheels had not Bummer, with licks and sniffs of consolation, restored his consciousness, and induced him to move out of danger. His injuries had been severe, his illness long and complicated; but for the faith and energy of Bummer he must have expired of want and pain. Now, however, he was convalescing rapidly; the remnant of porterhouse steak brought strength and vigor to his shaken frame, so that he sat up against an old orange-box, and, as he gnawed it, told his companion how happy he should be soon to take one of those zigzag runs up and down the street, sniffing and careering aimlessly about, as only a lunatic dog can. Soon was this ardent hope to be realized. Within a week of the evening of Bummer’s appearance at the miners’ table he entered the restaurant, according to custom, with a wary eye for the boots of the waiters, and lagging behind him, with a half-uncertain, wholly-apologetic air, came Lazarus, his sprawling figure looking all legs and ears, and an all-pervading sense of his own lack of graces giving him the appearance of just having dodged one kick, and confidently expecting another. At that time the genus from which Bummer received his title was a distinctive one in the city of the Pacific. In the rapid and not quite healthy growth of the place, how could it be otherwise? Bummer and his companion soon became city features, and by and by, in the scarcity of items—albeit unconscious of the honor bestowed on them—they received occasional mention in the columns of the press. Fortune’s smiles did not spoil or alienate them; they preserved their original characteristics most consistently, and were the same dogs in full tide of popular favor as when they covertly begged and stole by turns, and forgathered under bulkheads and market-lumber to crunch and gnaw their filched meats. Bummer, true to his Bohemian instincts, preferred the streets to a settled dwelling. Too amiable to wound any patron by an abrupt refusal to accompany him homeward, and become acquainted with the conveniences of his back-yard and his dog-house, he preferred, after apparently accepting his invitation, and going along at his side some distance, to suddenly remember an engagement made previously with Lazarus, and, with bent head and lowered ears, to turn about and make off down hill at a keen run, leaving his beguiled companion to stare after him, and perhaps send a few verbal compliments and a flying missile in the same direction. As to Lazarus, no one ever thought of adopting him, and, as he seemed well aware, he was merely tolerated because of his more showy friend’s regard for him, which continued as firm as it ever was through all the mutations of the three years of their known existence.

Whether the drooping dullness of the times had anything to do with it or not, the increase and multiplication of street dogs at this period became an alarming pest. The ears of the City Fathers became disturbed, and by slow degrees their mental forces were set in motion. An enactment against unowned—and, therefore, unmuzzled—dogs was the result, a pound was established, and stray animals slunk into corners to evade the terrible arm of the law.

It was in this trying moment that Bummer and Lazarus were enabled to test that popularity that has so often failed those it has allured into trusting its evanescent charm. How they learned the meaning and force of the statute no one ever proved satisfactorily. It was printed in good type, on a certain day, in all the papers, that any dog (without favor) found unmuzzled in the street should be arrested, carried to the pound, and, if unclaimed within four-and-twenty hours, should be shot. On the morning of the appearance of that publication, Bummer came alone to breakfast in the restaurant. He seemed troubled and uneasy, and many persons inclined to the belief that he had perused an early edition of the *Alta*, and was naturally depressed in consequence; but this has never been substantiated. Bummer was certainly an accomplished dog, a deep thinker, and a keen student of human nature; but it has failed to be established that he could read, and it is best to rest the source of his knowledge on the fact that he was a close observer and a good listener. What more likely than that he overheard his own name in discussion in this very connection, and, by attending to what was said, understood all? It is sufficient to know that he advised the non-appearance of his friend Lazarus for the present, and Lazarus, having the wisdom to be guided by his more astute companion, retired behind the truck-pile on Leidesdorff Street, where he had spent the days of his affliction, and received his rations duly from the sagacious purveyor who still dared to face the public and watch his interests. Bummer’s next move was to address himself by a persistent gaze and immovable attendance to two young Bohemian newspaper “boys,” who were always hountful to him on pay-day, and who had even—as he was well aware—in flush times, increased their order at the restaurant-table on his account. Speech was invented to disguise thought. Bummer had no

need of it; he looked his wishes, and the two Arahos to whom he appealed were not hard-hearted. Such as they had they gave unto him—namely, the help of their pens; and to their unselfish credit let it stand that, while the work for which they were engaged and paid was always left to the last moment, they at once set about their task in Bummer’s behalf, and paused not until it was completed. It was a petition, addressed to the city council, praying that the dogs Bummer and Lazarus (being masterless and dependent on their own efforts for a livelihood) be exempted from muzzle-wearing and arrest. Its tone was at once respectful and colloquial, boasting the double charm of simplicity and terseness. A very short biographical sketch of the appellants was given; in allusion to the names borne by them, an explanatory word was offered thus: “The elder or more responsible of the pair received his title from the meek audacity and presuming humility of his manners, his jaunty insolency, and the admirable instinct with which he copies the bearing of his human models, unnumbered specimens of the genus, as your honors can see by reference to your constituency, being immediately under his notice at all times. The other animal received his name from an afflicted party whose history is chronicled in a sacred and ancient volume which is believed to have hitherto escaped your honors’ attention.” With this introduction, and an entreaty for their exemption, made up in good style and properly signed by the best mercantile and professional names on the coast, the friends of Bummer and Lazarus conveyed the two animals to the lobby of the City Hall, then on Kearny Street, opposite the Plaza, and on the second floor. A modest rap was heard at the door of the council-chamber; the whole body was in convention, but each grave and wise signor glanced toward the entrance as the janitor opened the door, and saw Bummer in advance, with the petition tied to his collar, and Lazarus sprawling in the background. At a word from the presiding spirit of the solemn conclave, the paper was detached from his neck, and, with a short howl, wrung from his agitated feelings, Bummer retired back into the lobby to await action on his and his friend’s case. It was during this trying ordeal that the only evidence of temper ever betrayed by this remarkable dog was noticed. Lazarus, whose levity only damaged his own interests, was foolishly sniffing at everybody’s feet, and gyrating round the place in a ubiquitous manner, with neither object nor reason in his conduct. The full measure and weight of pending fate pressed Bummer’s bear alone; and, disgusted with his companion’s silly conduct, he yielded for an instant to anger, and snapped at one of his loose-jointed legs as he passed him in full career of idiotic motion. Within an hour the great minds assembled in the inner hall had agreed, and their agreement was favorable to the two friends, who were thenceforth permitted to rove at will, free from muzzle or fear of arrest; though one of the dignitaries afterward observed that “it was a put-up job, for there wasn’t a dog in the Bible, for he’d looked it through a-purpose.”

After this ordeal the favored animals knew no care but of their own creating. Too much favor is sometimes dangerous; in their case it had the drawback of indigestion; for, not understanding how to refuse food, and much being offered, they were sometimes obliged to suffer the consequences of over-indulgence. Bummer grew very stout, and one night, being seized with a fit of curiosity on the subject of fires, he accompanied the engines to South Park, where a conflagration was going on. There were a number of buildings burned; the excitement was great; in an evil moment Bummer, who had so far forgotten himself as to become excited too, got in the way of the hose, and was thrown over, trampled on, and killed, being no longer quick or agile enough in his movements to get out of the way in time to save himself. When his death was announced to his faithful and attached comrade no one was by to witness the effect of the dreadful tidings, and a correct judgment of the sorrow of Lazarus can only be formed by the sequel. For some days, if not weeks, the unhappy survivor did not appear in public; he must have remained in seclusion during the day, and issued forth at night into streets as dreary and deserted as his own altered life. Meantime, the fire company, in whose service, or in his ill-judged attempts to serve which, poor Bummer had lost his life, recognizing in him a public hero, had his skin stuffed and mounted in their engine-room, in such an extremely natural manner as to elicit much admiration. On the occasion of a civic display very soon afterward, this company “turned out,” and, mounted on a stand, poor Bummer’s vivid effigy accompanied them in parade. The day chosen chanced to be one on which poor Lazarus had ventured forth, a wretched ghost of his former self. On reaching Montgomery Street he met the pageant, and, raising his sad eyes, beheld his former patron’s figure carried aloft before the engine. The howl he uttered is said by those who heard it to have been blood-curdling. It was the last sound he was ever known to make, for, raising his bead higher than he had ever held it before, he seemed mutely to appeal to heaven against such mummery, and then started homeward, never more to appear in the theatre of San Francisco affairs. When, on the removal of some rubbish on the corner of Leidesdorff Street, his remains were discovered, no one was by to suggest a taxidermist; but that may not have been from lack of good feeling as much as from the necessity for chloride of lime.—Margaret Mer in Lippincott for February.



## THE GATES FAMILY MYSTERY.

By Edward Thornton.

## II.

"I am sorry, captain, to hear you express any doubts of the success of your immigration plans; I supposed they were so carefully made and so strongly supported by the best commercial element that success was assured."

It was Mr. Gates who spoke, addressing Captain Merry, at dinner that evening.

"To be honest, Mr. Gates," replied the captain, "and I am giving words to these doubts for the first time, neither the best plans nor the strongest backing can turn the desirable portion of the tide of immigration toward the Pacific Coast States, particularly California."

"You surprise me," said Mr. Gates, in a tone—whether designedly or not—which attracted the attention of William T. Coleman, Hamilton Smith, and Mr. Ohleyer, who were not many seats removed from Mr. Gates; or it may have been the action of Mrs. Crocker, Mrs. Flood, and Mrs. Gates, who had been in active conversation with the three gentlemen, and, strangely enough, had engaged them all in political discussions, that directed a general attention to Mr. Gates.

"You surprise me, indeed. I thought that for an organization having the standing of your immigration association it would only be necessary for you to invite immigrants to secure them."

"I entered into this movement," the captain said, "with your idea; but my opinion has been changed. To speak plainly, we find that we can induce only that element to come here of which we have too much already—idlers, criminals, and agitators. In any European country we can find as many of them as we will pay passage for; but the industrious, well-to-do classes go elsewhere. It would surprise some of you, gentlemen, if I should tell you the opinion entertained abroad—yes, and in the Eastern States—by the class from whom we have tried to draw settlers. I have learned some opinions about our State that were not quite pleasant to hear. Young men with small properties, men of families, first-class mechanics, who have accumulated some means of their own which they seek to invest in homes of their own in a newer country, say to our agents: 'No, we can not go to California; property has no rights there and labor no protection.' One intelligent New Hampshire farmer said: 'Why, I had rather emigrate to Ireland than to California. Your State can't make laws for itself, and the government at Washington won't make laws for you. Ireland, at least, is controlled by a government that cares enough to retain it to make laws for it. But what have you? Neither the power at home to make laws governing immigration and import tariffs for your own protection, nor the influence at Washington, three thousand miles away, to have those laws made for you. No, I will go to Iowa—near enough to the head of the dog to help swing the tail.' Others say: 'You allowed yourselves to be ruled by a mob holding your municipal offices; how do we know that will not occur again? You have always failed to get from Congress laws controlling Chinese immigration; what guarantee will you give that you can prevent Congress removing the duties on wines, and thus ruin your principal industry? You are a people under the control of a government that only acknowledges you to refuse to give you government; and you ask us to embark our fortunes in such a rudderless ship?'"

Captain Merry stopped suddenly, looking almost alarmed at realizing how earnestly he had spoken, and how intently he had been followed by every one at the table. Possibly he would have looked more alarmed had he known that more than one of his listeners knew the words he attributed to other people were in fact the expression of his own convictions.

"What, then, must we do?" asked Mr. Gates, apparently losing some of his interest in the subject.

"Do? That's just it; we are powerless to do anything, except wait until the Pacific Coast representation in Congress is large enough to command a hearing."

"And that," said Mr. Flood, "strikes me as akin to waiting to learn how to swim before going into the water. Our representation depends upon population, our population upon immigration, and immigration upon an improvement, if not a total change, in our laws."

"You can go further than that," Mr. Crocker said, "and say, that without a change in our laws which will encourage desirable immigrants to come here and settle, we can not, with any reason, hope for a great increase in our commerce. I stand in this matter on exactly the same ground that my friends Coleman, Merry, and Scott occupy. They want to sell goods, and we want to transport them. If the Pacific Coast had but one-tenth the population it is capable of supporting, the demand for goods which San Francisco would manufacture and supply, and the railroads would transport, would be increased a hundred fold. So, if it is as Captain Merry says, we find ourselves in a peculiarly unpleasant position, it strikes me, toward a government three thousand miles away, that has the power but not the time or inclination to give us the laws we know would so benefit us."

"You are not the first I have heard complain within the past week of that indifference to our demands on the part of the government at Washington," Mr. Coleman said to Mr. Crocker, after the moment's silence which followed the latter's remarks. "A few days ago," Mr. Coleman continued, "there was a meeting in my office of merchants having claims on the Geneva award. It is now nearly ten years since England paid to the United States that award; and, although our claims have during all that time been persistently urged, we have received nothing."

"Yet," Mr. Gates added, "all Eastern claimants, excepting the insurance companies, have been paid in full, during that time, and your claims are as just and entitled to as much consideration as theirs. It must be an exasperating thought to you claimants to be kept from your just share of the award, millions of which are still undivided."

"That is just it," Mr. Coleman rejoined. "It is exasperating. Our claims amount to several hundred thousand dollars, but they are held by scores of our heaviest firms, who are not in danger of suspension for want of the money they ask for and are entitled to; yet that makes the injustice

and indifference with which they are treated none the less galling."

"Surely, gentlemen"—it was Mrs. Gates who spoke—"we can send a round-ohin of grievances to the government at Washington. Mr. Ohleyer has just told me of a growing feeling of restlessness among the farmers of the Sacramento Valley, which seems so much a part of what Captain Merry and Mr. Coleman have said that I shall ask him to repeat what he has told me. You see," she added, laughingly, "I am anxious you should all have your scold out—it may relieve your minds."

Thus appealed to, Mr. Ohleyer, a stern-visaged Alsatian, who, although unconscious of the forces which had, apparently by accident, brought about a meeting between himself and Mr. Gates, and the subsequent invitation to dinner, began to suspect that there was some sort of political purpose in his being there. Finding himself at the table opposite Hamilton Smith, President of the Hydraulic Miners' Association, against whose interest the Farmers' Association, of which he was an officer, was waging a bitter war, the stranger had resolved to say little or nothing about the cause of "Anti-Slickens," of which he was a champion, until he should fathom the purpose of his surroundings. He was the most surprised person at the table, consequently, when Mrs. Gates called upon him to repeat what he had said, for only then he realized how much he had talked under her skillful leadership. But, being appealed to, he answered quietly, and without any embarrassment:

"I have been so stupid as not to express myself clearly to Mrs. Gates. I have no grievance against the government at Washington, although I am a foreigner"—with a grim smile. "In fact, though you may find it hard to believe, I have no grievance—to tell—for the very reason that I am a foreigner. If I were a native of this country I might tell what I think the people I am associated with have a right to expect from the government they help to support."

"But, Mr. Ohleyer," said Mrs. Gates, "you at least said that the farmers in the valley were sorely impatient recently about the indifference of the government at Washington to their wants."

"I probably did, madam, and I will explain, if you wish, the circumstance that caused the unusual feeling. About a month ago a man, a countryman of mine, came to Marysville, and at once instituted inquiries about slickens-covered land, with the avowed intention of purchasing. After making himself familiar with the country, and acquainted with our principal land-owners, he did buy one damaged farm, paying a good price in cash. He was negotiating to purchase extensively, when he was suddenly called to San Francisco, having the refusal of several farms. When he returned he threw off all his negotiations, and offered the property he had purchased for half the price he had paid for it. This naturally excited a great deal of comment, and the man made no secret of his sudden change of plans. He said he had been prompted to invest considerable in the slickens land, knowing that they could all be reclaimed if the river drainage were improved; and hearing that Congressman Page would ask national aid to that end, he thought the investment safe. Some friends in San Francisco, hearing of his intended purchase, had sent for him, and urged him not to invest, for the reason that the probability of a congressional appropriation was too remote to form a safe basis for investment. They showed him by records that they were right in discouraging any hope of such aid, and as he was new to this coast, and they old residents, he accepted their advice. He stayed among our people for some time, going from town to town, and seeming anxious to talk about his great disappointment, and what a boon it would be for the land-owners if the relief they had a right to expect from the government at Washington was given them. From that his talk drifted gradually into a discussion of the State's ability to afford the required relief, and then into State rights; and in short, gentlemen, I at last found our discontented people openly discussing with this popular man the feasibility of—"

Mr. Ohleyer stopped suddenly and looked about him, possibly impressed with the intense silence. "The feasibility of secession."

"Secession!"

"Yes, the secession of the Pacific States and territories from the Union. I confess that I listened with surprise to the strength of the argument my countryman used with our people, but when he discussed the matter with me, I answered him only in one way: 'The Pacific States are too thinly populated, and immigration is too slow to warrant an independent government—yet.'"

"Which brings us straight back to the original question—how can we secure immigration; population?" Mr. Gates said quickly, but quietly.

He then added, lightly:

"However, the question discussed as an abstract proposition is interesting, and I am reminded that Mr. Smith is the only gentleman here who has not yet expressed his views. As he is engaged in producing gold he probably has nothing to complain of, not even of the Government in the way Mr. Flood has, who is alarmed constantly at the silver hills evolved by some members from the rosin district of South Carolina, or by some Kentucky moonshiner, which Congress is always considering for the regulation of silver."

"Yes," said Mr. Flood, "and the amendments to mining laws proposed and ahly urged to a final passage by the distinguished members from the sugar groves of New Hampshire. These unpleasant uncertainties affecting our silver production do not, as Mr. Gates suggests, affect Mr. Smith's interest, and he may be the one happy, satisfied man among us."

"My happiness and satisfaction at this moment," Mr. Smith said, smiling, "consists chiefly in finding myself for once on the same side of the question as is my distinguished enemy, Mr. Ohleyer. With him, I would meet all discussion of this interesting abstract question with the statement that our numbers are too small, and immigration is too slow to warrant an independent government—yet."

"Oh, Mr. Smith! That I should find a mining man a coward," Mrs. Fair said. "You were asked, 'Satisfied or dissatisfied?' and you have hedged the question, and disappointed me."

"Then, madam, I will not disappoint you. One is not inclined to be particularly satisfied with a party who one

fears is about to break a contract upon which one's prosperity depends. Like all other miners, we who mine by hydraulics secured our ground by United States patents. Cleared of technicalities that amounts simply to a contract whereby we have secured certain specified ground, to work for a specified purpose, which ground, and the right to work it, are guaranteed us by the United States. Now we find ourselves stopped in our operations by action of a State court, and I would not be fairly stating our case if I did not admit that we doubt having the protection of the United States if we proceed to do what we have a contract with the United States allowing us to do. It is an entanglement resulting in distressing confusion to us, and seriously affecting our interests and property. No one knows better than Mr. Ohleyer and myself, how readily and effectively all the conflicting interests of farmers and miners could be settled and harmonized if the government at Washington could only be made to understand what we want, and are entitled to, and give it us."

"Or if," said Mr. Crocker, "we had the governmental power to attend to our own interests, and satisfy our own wants."

Mr. Smith did not reply.

While this conversation was going on, Fanny Gates and Otto Borgesson, who sat next to each other, furthest from Mr. Gates, had conducted an interlined criticism upon the discussion, which they strictly followed. When Mr. Crocker paused for the reply which Mr. Smith did not make, Fanny, placing one hand on Mr. Borgesson's arm, as though to detain him for a moment, when she would return to their critical comments, said:

"Gentlemen, my womanly daring, with nothing at stake, suggests that, for an abstract discussion, yours is too conservative, and to make it less so I propose a prize question, the prize and the winner to be determined by myself, after mature deliberation. Attend, then: Supposing the Pacific Coast States and Territories were not ruled by gentlemen in Congress from Nantucket, and Pittsburgh, and Charleston, who are too busy protecting the fish, iron, and cotton interests to know or care anything about our wine, mining, and wheat interests. Supposing the men of this coast, whose fortunes and pride are involved in the interests of the coast, were to rule and govern this coast. Supposing, then, that our laws were free from every objectionable license in the matter of the elective franchise; that our land laws contained all that is good and nothing that is bad in the land laws of all countries; that our immigration laws were made to serve the interests of *this coast*, and not of Maine or Florida; that our tariff laws were framed to encourage *our* industries and *our* commerce, without regard to those of Chicago or Louisville; that, in our independence, we were in no danger of being called on for men and money to defend a doctrine evolved in the time of Monroe, in the interest of a Union that oppresses us and retards our growth; that we were so free from a government that rules us as a dogmatic pedagogue does a child whose nature, wants, and ambitions he is stupidly ignorant of—so free from such a government as not to be liable to be laid under tribute of money by, for instance, the Chileans, because a New York trader's interests have involved the government at Washington in war; so free, in short, as not to have to offend and be punished by any foreign power the government at Washington happens to quarrel with about a matter we are not interested in; so free, in fact, as to be able to rule ourselves for our own best interests, to protect capital, to encourage labor, to suppress mobs, to remedy the Chinese evil, to do anything and everything ourselves that our interests demand, without having to wait for a practically foreign government at Washington—a continent removed—not to do it for us. What, then, is the answer to my wild prize question?"

"I ask the privilege of trying for the prize," Captain Merry said. "If we stood before the world in truth and reality as you have in fancy pictured us, Miss Fanny, we would irresistibly appeal to millions—yes, millions, of the very people we would want, in a manner no other country ever has. Skilled laborers, farmers, manufacturers, merchants, and capitalists, would then see here such a field for operations as is nowhere else presented in the world. Not only from England, France, and Germany would the classes I have mentioned come to us in a flood of millions, but from the New England and Middle States we would then draw settlers, until every valley from British Columbia to Mexico would have its prosperous village and scores of homes; until every hillside would have its vineyard or flock; until every industry was developed and manufacturing field occupied; until our commerce would exceed what I dare express; until there would be planted upon this Pacific Coast what Nature has arranged there should be—the grandest, mightiest nation of the globe!"

"There, you conservatives, Messrs. Ohleyer and Smith, you have heard our Secretary of the Interior; and now you see a way to obtain the people whose wealth shall make an independent government out here strong and rich enough to do for our harbors, and rivers, and valley-drainage, and our mining interests what the government at Washington will not do." Mrs. Gates said this lightly, in almost a bantering tone, yet she did not fail to notice that her reference to Captain Merry as Secretary of the Interior had caused him to start and flush.

"But now, ladies," Mrs. Gates continued, "let us escape while we may, for the gentlemen will not leave the subject nor the table until they have exhausted the former. They will speculate, abstractly, how Pacific Coast hands would stand in foreign markets; how we could defend ourselves from invaders by land and sea; and altogether go beyond our depth, and all for amusement. Let us escape."

As the ladies left the room, Mrs. Gates whispered to Damon, "Come before the others, and bring Borgesson."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Here we have a Horse race in England. See the Horses run. What little speck is that on the Horizon toward which they are running? It is an American Horse. . . . Why does Lucy cry? It is because her cruel Father will not buy her a Sealskin Sacque. Pretty soon her Mother will come home, and she will get her ear Shifted, and then Lucy will cry on the square. . . . What a strong Gate. The Man who built it has five Daughters, all unmarried. Do you tumble, children? —*Chicago Tribune Primer.*



## SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

Disraeli : Every moment is travel, if understood.

Colton : We ask advice, but we mean approbation.

Cicero : There is not a moment without some duty.

Teligu : Worship without faith is a waste of flowers.

Disraeli : Everything comes if a man will only wait.

French proverb : What a woman doesn't know she'll hide.

Goethe : Every one must think in his own way to arrive at truth.

Chamfort : In love, one who ceases to be rich begins to be poor.

La Bruyère : Love dies of satiety, and is buried in oblivion.

Arabic saying : A learned man without works is a cloud without rain.

Bruis : Coquetry is a net laid by the vanity of woman to ensnare man.

Madame de Bassanville : Politeness is a wreath of flowers that adorns the world.

French proverb : Consolations console only those who are willing to be consoled.

Goethe : When two men quarrel, be who owns the coolest head is most to blame.

Anon : Services to be rendered reconcile friends whom services rendered have estranged.

La Bruyère : One loves wholly but once—the first time ; loves that follow are less involuntary.

Lamennais : Conscience is a sacred sanctuary, where God alone has the right to enter as judge.

J. J. Rousseau : All passions are good when one masters them ; all are bad when one is a slave to them.

Brougham : A lawyer is a gentleman who rescues your property from your enemy and keeps it himself.

F. A. Abbot : The truth is never a beggar ; it rules by divine right, and I will obey it if it ordains despair.

Russian proverb : Many a man wears a ribbon on his breast who had better wear a rope around his neck.

Lévis : To judge of the real importance of an individual, one should think of the effect his death would produce.

Anon : The men who make fewest conquests among women of the world are those who have the best opinion of them.

Afghan proverb : Cold is not kept out with a "For God's sake!" or "For the prophet's sake!" but with four seers of cotton.

Whittier : What is really momentous and all-important with us is the present, by which the future is shaped and colored.

De Bonald : There are persons who do not know how to waste their time alone, and hence become the scourge of busy people.

Disraeli : Next to knowing when to seize an opportunity, the most important thing in life is to know when to forego an advantage.

Madame Roland : There are in this world circumstances which give us for masters men whom we would not make our valets.

Emerson : The man who works at home helps society at large with somewhat more of certainty than he who devotes himself to charities.

Ninon de l'Enclos : A woman is never displeased if we please several other women, provided she is preferred ; it is so many more triumphs for her.

Ebers : Love is a plant that springs up for many who have never sown it, and grows into a spreading tree for many who have neither fostered nor tended it.

French proverb : Do not marry because your wife will be ugly or she will be pretty. In the former case you won't like her ; in the latter some one else will.

A. Karr : Love is the most terrible and also the most generous of the passions. It is the only one that includes in its dreams the happiness of some one else.

Disraeli : If artists were sure of being appreciated, if they were understood, a dinner would become a sacrifice to the gods, and a kitchen would be a paradise.

French saying : When you make love to her, the cold woman says "no," the passionate "yes," the capricious "yes" and "no," and the coquettish neither "yes" nor "no."

Napoleon I. : There may be as much courage displayed in enduring with resignation the sufferings of the soul, as remaining firm under the showers of shot from a battery.

Emerson : How wearisome the grammarian, the phrenologist, the political or religious fanatic, or indeed any possessed mortal whose balance is lost by the exaggeration of a single topic. It is incipient insanity.

Theodore Parker : Man is the biggest product of his own history. The discoverer finds nothing so grand or tall as himself, nothing so valuable to him. The greatest star is that at the little end of the telescope—the star that is looking, not looked after nor looked at.

Persian proverb : One knocked at his beloved's door, and a voice from within said, "Who is there?" He answered, "It is I." Then the voice said, "This house will not bold me and thee." And the door remained fast shut. Then went the lover into the desert, and fasted and prayed in solitude. After a year he returned, and knocked again at the door, and again the voice asked, "Who is there?" And he said, "It is thyself." And immediately the door was opened to him.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 25, 1882.

## ARGONAUT VERSE.

Dolores—A Monotone.

Far off the purple sea-line shimmers  
In the first blush of coming morn,  
And through the western distance glimmers  
The narrow moon's pale silver horn ;  
And sweet and low the birds are calling  
Their loved ones from the bold of sleep,  
And where they caught the dew-drop falling  
The flowers their vigils keep.  
The golden light along the mountains  
Lies like a halo deftly wrought ;  
The murmur of the palace fountains  
With weird-like melody is fraught ;  
And where the deepest shadows linger,  
Beneath the blooming orange-trees,  
Night's robe escapes her clasping finger,  
And flutters in the breeze.  
And in the light, dim and uncertain,  
I see, above the columned porch,  
Through filmy lace and swaying curtain  
A jewel shining like a torch.  
Around it cling the night-dark tresses  
Of one who holds my soul in fee,  
Though fleeting looks are all that hesses  
This love so dear to me.  
I see her dark eyes brightly shining,  
The faint blush on her downy cheek,  
Her small hand in the lace reclining—  
I see them all, and dare not speak ;  
For what am I who thus adore her?  
The child of a forsaken race,  
Whose one joy is to stand before her,  
And worship her sweet face.  
Ah, morning sunlight, brightly glowing,  
You kiss the lips I hold most sweet.  
And purple sea, in distance showing,  
You win the glance I long to meet.  
She only gives me smiles for greeting,  
While others oft may touch her hand ;  
And yet my heart's tumultuous heating  
Wakes hut at her command.  
I am a slave that waits upon her ;  
She is a princess, royal horn ;  
And yet I once was held in honor,  
Where southern breezes bend the corn.  
There I had halls, all brave and spacious  
As those she rules, and courtiers said  
I was a monarch high and gracious—  
Those days are past and dead.  
War brought me to her feet, a minion  
Fit for her pity, not for love ;  
And yet my soul, on soaring pinion,  
Has dared thus high to look and move.  
Say that my skin is dusk, and only  
Fit for the menial place I hold ;  
Heaven leaves no soul unloved and lonely—  
There shall my love be told.

January, 1882.

THOS. S. COLLIER.

"The Body of an Unknown Man."

I came at dawn from out the silent house,  
(The last night's kisses warm upon my lips)  
Wearied the dance, and stilled the revel's rouse ;  
Done the long joys, where these joys found eclipse,  
(The last night's kisses warm upon my lips.)

I mind the street ; it runneth broad and straight,  
(The last night's pressure warm upon my throat)  
River to river, dawn's to sunset's gate ;  
Trees arched it ; one bird waked—I heard its note,  
(The last night's pressure warm upon my throat.)

I mind the wharf—a wharf disused and lone,  
(The last night's whispers sighing in my ears)  
Gray waters weltered 'round each slimy stone ;  
Gray waters weltered through its crazy piers,  
(The last night's whispers sighing in my ears.)

The tide went out. I marked its ebb desist,  
(The last night's glances graven on my brain)  
I heard, below, great horns shriek from the mist,  
Saw ghosts of ships dim drifting to the main,  
(The last night's glances graven on my brain.)

The city woke. I heard its hum and stir,  
(The last night's odors in my nostrils quick)  
I said : Thank God, this is no grief to her ;  
This path she led she strewed with raptures thick,  
(The last night's odors in my nostrils quick.)

Small travail mine ; long-planned and picked my way,  
(The last night's kisses warm upon my lips)  
I stare at noon tide from the glassy bay ;  
Beneath my head the frog swell lazy slips,  
(The last night's kisses frozen on my lips.)

January, 1882.

A. E. WATROUS.

## Discipline.

I cried aloud, and wrung my hands in woe  
When Grief came to my door in mourning guise ;  
I strove to shut the door, and closed my eyes,  
But she stood, patient, there, and would not go.  
Then Pain came down the pathway, sad and slow,  
And Poverty, with brooding anxious sighs,  
And Sacrifice, with face raised to the skies,  
And all Grief's sisters, talking soft and low.  
Long, long I stood rebellious, with the door  
Closed on the grim ranks waiting there outside ;  
My heart beat fiercely, and I paced the floor  
With sighs and moans. But when the daylight died,  
With trembling hands I flung the portals wide—  
And, lo ! hut Peace came in, to go no more.

January, 1882.

FRANK DUNN.

## FASHION GOSSIP.

A pattern robe of myrtle green satin was shown me the other day, at one of our leading bouses. There were twenty-four yards of this rich material, a part of which was intended for the front width. On this was an embroidery, in a sort of pyramid shape, done with chenille and iridescent beads, although gold and steel beads were most predominant. The pattern of the embroidery was the fern design. From the centre of each leaf were pendant little tassels, composed of chenille and beads, which, when made up, would certainly be effective. The waist and sleeves were marked out and embroidered to correspond with the front width. I learned that the price of this robe was two hundred and fifty dollars. Another material had a white satin ground, with a gilly-flower pattern wrought in silver. One can readily imagine what a magnificent robe this would make when combined with some light, delicate shade of plain satin, and how gorgeous it might be, if composed entirely of the silvered brocade. New importations show that the æsthetic patterns have already got into the weaver's bands, and now they come to us in the very richest materials. I was shown, a day or two since, cloth, with a garnet satin ground, through which was woven large golden sunflowers, to be made up with either yellow, garnet, or blue satin. The price of this material was twenty-five dollars per yard. It is not likely that such expensive fabrics will ever be used for anything but tahlies to costumes that are to be displayed on the most especial occasions. At this same place I saw material for tabliers at the price of forty dollars per yard. It was *velours frappé*, of a creamy-pink ground, on which were flowers of a tulip pattern, of æsthetic colors—such as a faded-out bronze, blue, cameo, and dead-gold. In thin goods for evening, the newest is the brocade gauze, which comes in rich cream color, blue and white, and is intended to be made up with plain stuff of the same material. Such a costume can be prepared for one hundred and fifty dollars. The new shades in cheaper goods are found in *drap d'été*, in cashmere douille, and are known as *terra cotta*, *vert de gris*, shrimp, and old-gold. These goods range in price from two dollars and fifty cents to three dollars a yard, eight yards being required for a dress. The dress is generally finished with silk, satin, or velvet to correspond. Gorgeous styles of *appliqué* garniture have been introduced this winter, their prices running from one dollar and seventy-five cents to nine dollars the set, which comprises an apron and applications for the waist and sleeves. Fringe made of satin cords is novel, the price for the best being about eighteen dollars per yard. A garniture formed of jewel-like colored beads and hand-wrought embroidery, comes at two dollars and fifty cents a set. A trimming composed of pear-shaped Roman pearls, chenille, and gold beads, comes at forty dollars per yard. Spangled net is another novelty. The spangles are small, and are artistically scattered over the net, producing a rare and desirable texture for the ball-room. The "Kate Greenaway" is much in vogue as a model, and also the "Josephine." They were first introduced for children, principally for fancy-dress parties ; but older beads, observing how effective they could be made, adopted the same style for themselves. Lizards, mice, spiders, toads, etc., that recently played so prominent a part in the way of decorations for dresses, are beginning to disappear, while painted dresses are becoming more popular. At several recent receptions there were observed the painted toilets—generally done in panels. The work is very delicate. The designs mostly preferred are flowers and peacock feathers. The light shades of heliotrope are again being revived. The "Manderene" cloak is one of the newest wraps that has been imported this month. I saw one direct from Paris. It was composed of black velvet and brocade. The velvet formed a tablier front, extending up the front of the waist. The back was of the brocade, shirred to the waist, with intricate loopings, the sides ending in lappets that met the velvet, just showing the slightest bit of the red lining. Another of these garments had the tahlir front of moire entirely composed of plaits, with plaits of the same forming the sleeves. The body of the cloak was of capucine fleece, lined with diagonal satin, finished at the hase with a deep, heavy chenille fringe. A yoke of the moire extended down the back in V shape, and finished with a large, loose bow of the plaited moire. The demand for costly material and rich garniture extends even to the dress of the little folks. At no season has there ever been such a demand for costly cloths for children as at the present time. The new colors for children are the rich shades of myrtle-green, olive, bright navy blue, and garnet ; but their sombre appearance is lit up by gay striped plushes or silk. I saw one of these imported costumes for a little girl of perhaps five years of age. The underskirt was of red and black striped plush, with the stripes running around. This part was laid in plaits, and peeping out from underneath was a tiny bit of lace ruffling. The upper part of the dress was in the *princesse* style, and composed entirely of fine knife pleatings, the lower part of it being a flounce, plaited and shirred on. The material was of myrtle-green satin, and the price was one hundred dollars. Another one was of pink surah and garnet velvet. The lower part of the skirt was a flounce of surah, cut in V shape, and lined with the velvet, and the openings filled in with Breton lace. At the top of this flounce was a scarf, laid in folds, that met in the back, and there formed a bow with sash ends. The upper part was of the velvet, and made in jacket pattern, edged with ruffings of lace. Ribbons of the two shades, matching the surah and the velvet, were used to tie the jacket together in the front. At the neck was a deep square collar, resembling a sailor collar, and edged with Breton lace.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 26, 1882.

HELENA.

A correspondent writes us to know, says Bill Nye, which in our judgment is the safest seat in case of a railroad collision, as he wishes to settle a controversy with some one. From a long and painful study in this matter, and to our aid a ripe experience, we would say, without successful denial, that the safest seat in case of a collision is the top rail of a reliable fence about four feet



## SOCIETY NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Major R. P. Hammond has recovered from his late long and severe illness, and has gone to Monterey. Miss Gertrude Moore, of José, who was so handsomely entertained by Miss Nellie Trowbridge last week, and whose guest she was at the Grand, is the guest of Miss Kate Felton, at the Palace, this week. Colonel Jack Hays, who has been dangerously ill for several weeks, is now in a fair way of recovery. The ladies and officers of Angel Island gave a hop and supper to a number of their friends on Saturday last. On the day previous Mrs. Captain Bailey gave a dinner to Mrs. General Swift, and to Mrs. Arnold, of Sacramento. The latter lady and Mrs. Reed are the guests of Mrs. Swift this week. Mrs. Meredith, of South Bend, Indiana, is visiting Mrs. D. W. Earl. Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Tahoas, *née* Miss Lizzie Smith, who were married in this city last week, and who went to Monterey to enjoy their honeymoon, have returned. Miss Jennie Hill, a very accomplished pianist and singer of Los Angeles, but for many years formerly a resident of Sacramento, is visiting Mrs. B. B. Redding. Mrs. George Hamilton and Miss Alice Fetter, of Sacramento, who have been visiting Mrs. Charles Miller, have returned home. Mrs. Colonel W. B. Hyde, of Oakland, will break up housekeeping on the first of February, and take a suit of apartments at Tubb's Hotel, where she will remain with her family until the summer season sets in. The first social of the Olympic Club, which took place on Friday evening, the 20th instant, was largely attended, and was a very enjoyable affair. Miss Cole and Miss Hastings, who were so pleasantly entertained at Napa last week, have returned home. George Crocker, Joe Grant, and Dick Pease Jr., were all at the Windsor, New York, last week. Mrs. Cutter and her daughters, the Misses Sophie and Tot Cutter, who have been ruralizing these winter days in the shadows of Mount Diablo, have returned to the metropolis. Professor George J. Gee writes to Professor W. J. MacDougal, of Oakland, that he has fully recovered his health abroad, and that he will leave Southampton some time in February, and arrive in San Francisco during the latter part of March. Hon. William L. Banning, of St. Paul, Minnesota, accompanied by a daughter, is visiting his brother, General P. Banning, at Wilmington, California. General J. Edward Everett, a Boston capitalist, is spending a part of the winter in Los Angeles. Mrs. George Hearst and Miss Maggie Hamilton, who have been putting in a few days each in New York, Washington, and Boston, left for Europe last week. Mrs. Colonel Catherwood is visiting her sister, Mrs. Keys, in San Mateo. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Alvarado are at the Windsor, New York. Surgeon D. F. Price, U. S. A., arrived from the East on Monday last. T. C. Patterson, M. F. Price, T. W. Symone, F. B. Baldwin, and J. D. Chamberlain, U. S. A., were all at the Palace on Monday and Tuesday last. Mrs. J. De Barth Shorh and her sister, Miss Wilson, of San Gabriel, are visiting in this city. J. W. Simonton, of New York, arrived here on Tuesday last. Mrs. T. E. Rowan and daughter, of Los Angeles, are visiting friends in this city. Hon. Jesse D. Carr, of Salinas, is in Washington. Mrs. Seal, of Mayfield, who came up to the city to attend the Tevis party, has returned home. A New York paper states that Oscar Wilde will visit California. Mrs. Jonathan Hunt, of Oakland, returned home from the East on Thursday last. Judge Hunt contemplates spending a few weeks in Los Angeles. Miss Hickman, of Stockton, who has been visiting in this city since November last, returned home yesterday. Mrs. General Burton, of San Diego, who has been spending some months in San Francisco, returned home on Saturday last; Mrs. Burton's daughter, Nellie, now Mrs. Pedronero, is considered one of the most beautiful women in California. Mrs. M. Wilson, of Lakeport, is visiting friends here. Major and Mrs. Levi Chase, of San Diego, have been at the Grand for some time. Mrs. Major Darling has removed from the Baldwin to the Blitz House. Miss Jennie Flood and her brother have returned from Santa Cruz to Menlo. Mrs. Requa, of Piedmont, entertained a number of her lady friends regally on the 20th instant. Mrs. Otis will give a reception at her residence, corner of Franklin and Washington Streets, on Monday evening next. Notwithstanding the inclement weather on Monday last, the receptions of Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Hastings, and Mrs. Layman were made radiant by a continued flow of their lady friends from early until late in the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shay, accompanied by a sister of Mrs. Shay, went to Los Angeles on Wednesday last, where the two ladies intend to remain several months. Mrs. Doctor Tucker, of Alameda, who is about to leave for New York on an extended visit, has rented her handsome residence to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Booth, who are now stopping temporarily at the Grand. Mrs. J. L. N. Shepard and her daughter, Kate, of Oakland, have been visiting Santa Barbara for a few weeks, but will return very shortly. Mrs. Commodore Phelps, of Mare Island, has been spending a few days in the city this week. Mrs. Lieutenant Adams, Mrs. Commander Boyd, and Mrs. Dillingham, all of Mare Island, came down for a few days' purchases on Tuesday last. J. W. Dillenbeck, C. J. Bailey, D. Lisle Tate, H. Burk, and F. Marsh, U. S. A., were all at the Palace on Wednesday last. Lieutenant S. E. Maguire, U. S. M. C., is at the Baldwin. Miss Howell, of Oakland, is visiting friends at Menlo Park. Mrs. A. A. Van Voorhies, Miss Van Voorhies, and Mrs. W. A. Houghton, of Sacramento, have been at the Occidental most of the week. Colonel and Mrs. C. H. Judd and Miss Judd arrived from Honolulu on Wednesday last. Hon. Sir Henry Parkes, a distinguished English diplomat, arrived here from Australia on Wednesday last. Mr. Hawley Chapman, a young gentleman well known in society, and a talented elocutionist, will give a public recital in Mercantile Library Hall on Wednesday evening next. Mr. Chapman is a pupil of George Vandenhoff of New York, the celebrated teacher of elocution, and has given satisfactory evidence of his great ability as a reader on several occasions in this city. Mrs. Clark W. Crocker returned from Sacramento on Tuesday last. Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Simonton, of Vallejo, gave a reception at their residence in that city on Wednesday evening last. Miss Crocker, daughter of C. W. Crocker, is spending a few days in Sacramento as the guest of Miss Jennie Lindley. D. O. Mills Jr., is engaged to be married to Miss Ruth Liv-

ington, daughter of Maturin Livingston, and twin sister of Mrs. George Cavendish-Bentinck. Among the ladies present at the first hop of the season at Willard's, Washington, was Mrs. Jessie Grant. Miss Nellie Stow has been visiting in Sacramento during the week. The *Wachusett* arrived from Alaska on Wednesday last, and among the ladies who were particularly joyful over that event are Mrs. Commander Glass and Mrs. Lieutenant Dillingham. Paymaster C. A. McDaniel, U. S. N., is at the Palace. Mrs. W. B. Bourne and her daughters, the Misses May and Sadie Bourne, went to Monterey on Wednesday last to stay a few days. Mr. and Mrs. David S. Brown were entertained at dinner at the Palace on Monday evening last by Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Hovey. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Atherton, of Honolulu, are at the Occidental. On Thursday afternoon last, at three o'clock, quite a large number of people assembled at St. John's Presbyterian Church to witness the ceremony of marriage of Mr. Thomas W. Chinn and Miss Lillie Smoot, eldest daughter of Hon. D. L. Smoot, all of this city. Among the guests at the Grand is Hon. Joseph Russ, the wealthiest and also one of the most prominent men of Humboldt County. The Palace-Grand hop at the Grand on Monday evening last was a thoroughly enjoyable affair, and there was no abatement either in attendance or spirit, or in the good character of the music; and among the young ladies present on this occasion there were Miss Fannie Robinson, Miss Edmunds, of Boston, Miss Peters, the Misses Cutter, Miss Nellie Hopps, Miss Woods, Miss Nellie Taylor, Miss Andrews, of New York, Miss Herold, Miss Wiggins, Miss Nina Platt, Miss Savage, Miss Eldridge, Miss Perkins, of Chicago, Miss Nellie Trowbridge, Miss Pike, Miss Jackson, Miss La Morte, Miss Felton, and Miss Woodward; there were also present a number of army and navy officers, Mr. and Mrs. Severance, Mr. and Mrs. Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Savage, Mr. and Mrs. Bunker, Mr. and Mrs. Sonntag, Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. Loomis, Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone, Mrs. Coles, Mrs. Perkins, and last, but not least, the Messrs. Woodward, Collins, Dam, Paxton, Dowling, Coleman, Raum, Belden, Oliver, Mix, Roe, Dewey, Curtis, Platt, Hyde, Badlam, Pinkard, Merrill, Hill. The Pacific Presbyterian Church Union, on last Monday evening, held a musicale and conversation. Over four hundred invitations had been issued, and the affair was enjoyable throughout. Mrs. Blake-Alverson, Mr. Sam Mayer, and Mr. Booth gave several vocal selections.

An article on the expenses of bachelor life in a recent number of the *Argonaut* will render the following interesting by comparison. It is from a St. Louis paper: "Can a man marry on two thousand dollars a year? I have been endeavoring to solve the above question for some time, but have been forced to the conclusion that it can not be done. I am a young bachelor, of moderate habits, moving in good society, and have a salary of two thousand dollars per annum. For the past eighteen months I have been contemplating matrimony with a young St. Louis lady, in fact, was to have been married to her last fall, but not being fixed financially, we were obliged to postpone it indefinitely. During the year just ended I kept a strict account of my expenditures, which I find have exceeded my income almost ninety dollars. I have been systematic in my expenditures, and have been careful to spend nothing that a gentleman in my position could avoid. I have perused my expense account very carefully, and have been unable to find anything that I would call extravagant. I herewith add my expense account for the past year, every item of which I consider a necessity, but would be pleased and thankful to any one who will show which of them I could have curtailed without sacrificing my independence and self-respect:

Room rent and board bill.....	\$600 00
Tailor's bill (partly unpaid).....	145 00
Hatter's bill.....	19 50
Shoemaker's bill (partly unpaid).....	24 00
Underclothing, neckwear, etc.....	71 30
Laundry bill.....	67 15
Life insurance on five thousand dollars.....	125 00
Cigars and tobacco.....	186 00
Livery bill.....	95 00
Theatres and public entertainments.....	127 00
Secret society dues and assessments.....	25 00
Christmas remembrances to relatives.....	37 25
Christmas remembrance to lady friend.....	3 50
Church pew rent.....	30 65
Church (Sunday) collections.....	11 00
Public charities.....	183 70
Wines, liquors, and occasional suppers to friends.....	65 40
Doctor's bill, including medicine.....	118 35
Two weeks' holiday, traveling expenses, etc.....	53 75
Newspapers, periodicals, hooks, etc.....	78 00
Barber's bill, Turkish baths, etc.....	19 10
Sundries.....	19 10

Total.....\$2,039 65

I would feel grateful to any one that may have given this subject more study than I, for any hint or idea that would help me out of my difficulty." The St. Louis bachelor seems to be a very similar animal to the San Francisco one.

The call for the meeting on Thursday evening, of the members of the First Unitarian Church, in this city, for the purpose of considering the expediency of selling the church property, brought together a large number of the old members of the parish, many of whom of late years have not been very constant in their Sunday attendance, but who have always retained their interest in the church, and have held their pews, from the early associations connecting it with the cherished name of Starr King, and what is known to-day as Starr King's church. Of course, there was much discussion—a good deal of the old sentiment was aroused. It was advanced by some that there was no legal right to sell the property under the restrictions fixed in the constitution of the church, and which defined the original contract and obligation with those who built the church by voluntary subscription. The objections made by others were from a financial point of view; that if the church were removed to a greater distance it would be much more difficult to meet the current expenses, which even now each year exceed the receipts. On a final vote, the proposition to sell the property was voted down by nearly two to one majority, the vote expressing largely the sentiment of attachment to the property from associations.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## The Fifth Homer Concert.

The fifth afternoon concert was tinged throughout with the warm and poetical color of its introductory number—Schubert's overture to "Rosamunde." It has been well said that Franz Schubert can always touch the heart—"whether you are weary or excited, ill or in audacious health, happy or unhappy, contented or despairing; no matter to what age or to what people you belong." "Rosamunde" might have been better played, indeed. If it were a sentient thing, and could speak its own approval or dismay, it might have protested on Friday against the misrepresentations of certain unpolished passages, or deplored that lack of simultaneousness which is, almost through necessity, the chief fault of an impermanent orchestra.

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, the important feature of the programme, followed the overture. This symphony, well named the Heroic, is regarded by some critics as the greatest and most dramatic of the immortal nine.

Above the first movement, the *allegro con brio*, Beethoven wrote these words: "So knocketh Fate at the portal." And Fate indeed knocks with gloomy reiteration—one half of the orchestra answering the other with the same "terrific unisons." The key is C minor; and if C minor is not dark, and dim, and ebon-dyed, then, as Ehler says, "I know nothing of the color-science of the keys." As the movement progresses there comes a strain in the major E flat, indescribably gentle and calm; but in spite of the inspiration that must be forced upon leader and player by the wonders of the composition, the first movement was poorly given in comparison with the three that followed. The *Andante*, that profound and holy reverie, was interpreted with deep and true control; and in the *Allegro* and *Finale*, which follow with a rush of sublime and irrepressible eloquence, the full hurst of united sound was magnificent.

The Hungarian music, with its striking rhythms and wild melodies, is a mine of wealth from which the more modern composers have obtained many characteristic motives. Prominent among these writers is Brahms, two of whose "Hungarian Dances" were played with much lightness and grace.

The vocal number of the afternoon was sung by Mrs. Murtha Porteous, who was unable to appear at the last concert. This lady's selections were Ardit's "Magnetic Waltz," and "The Maid of Dundee" given as an encore. As on the Orchestral Union evening, Mrs. Porteous was very warmly received, and sang with much ease and pleasantness. The "Waltz Song" is better suited in point of style and musical requirement to her light, high, and pliant voice, than the ballad with which it was followed. Although she endeavors to speak her words plainly, disdains anything suggestive of undignified haste, and is most painstaking, hallads are not her forte. In "The Maid of Dundee" she was decidedly less "true" than we may believe honny Bessie herself to have been. And although that mischance was doubtless largely owing to the apparent nervousness which embarrassed Mrs. Porteous, there was still that lack of sustained and unexhausted tone so necessary to the expression of feeling and pathos.

The "Song of the Rhine Nymphs," originally given at the second concert, was successfully repeated. The rich and remarkable horn effects, the syren song of the nymphs, and Seigfried's funeral march, all of which are included and commingled in this one noted composition, would afford an ordinary writer themes for as many separate works. Wagner's genius, however, can well be profuse and liberal, for it is under no economical necessity.

The "Elegy," by Wolff, is a touching little fancy, and preceded Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," in the quietest way. That overture stands in need of no prelude, with its delicacy of orchestral coloring, its murmuring violins, and world-wide fame. But the "Elegy" seemed a mild plaint of anticipatory regret, after the overture was finished. For though the "Midsummer Night" was every note there, it was not night after all, but a very coarse day, heavy and bright. There were no fairies, no moonlight, no silent woods, and not so much as a glimpse of Puck. But perhaps the last concert of the series will atone for this disappointment, next Thursday afternoon. F. A.

## The Next Philharmonic Concert.

The third concert of the Philharmonic Society is announced for next Friday evening, the 3d of February, which date is the anniversary of the birth of the immortal Mendelssohn. Only a portion, however, of the programme represents the great master. The first number, the hewitching overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream," will be followed by the symphony in A, the "Italian" symphony, which the composer called the "most sportive piece I have composed." With these two works most Mendelssohn lovers are doubtless happily familiar. The rest of the programme is arranged as follows:

3. Recitative and Aria from the "Elijah"—"If with all your hearts.".....Mendelssohn
- Mr. Hugo Talbot.
4. Character-Stueck, (for strings only,) with motto, "Two souls with but a single thought.".....Manuscript, first time.....Edgar S. Kelley
5. Two Spanish dances.....Moskowski
6. Gavotte.....Strauss
7. Praeludium, from "Stradella,".....Flotow
- Mr. Hugo Talbot.
8. Overture, "Ruy Blas,".....Mendelssohn

The enthusiasm with which Mr. Talbot has been greeted in musical circles makes his name a desirable one on the programme, and the selections he has chosen are admirable tests for a tenor's claim to power, sentiment, culture, and versatility. One can not but look forward eagerly to the music of Moskowski—a composer little heard here, but who possesses a strange and fascinating tenderness and originality. Mr. Kelley's career has been referred to in a recent number of the *Argonaut*, and after the successful production of his more ambitious work, there will doubtless be great curiosity evinced concerning the Character-Stueck to be heard at the coming concert. Recalling the entire success which has attended the two previous concerts of the Philharmonic Society, everything promises that the celebration of the 3d of February will be a noble tribute to the memory of the sublime genius of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. A.



## THE GREAT GRAIN DRILL.

A Story of the Secret Operations of Some Stock Brokers in Grain.

San Francisco, July 1, 1882.—It has leaked out that the recent arrest of four prominent brokers of this city is intimately connected with the new departure of the San Francisco Stock Board, by which it has commenced operating in grain. This went into effect four days ago. Day before yesterday the arrest took place. The fact that the four brokers were well-known men—Joe Kynnge, George Yves, Joe Marques, and Bob Morreau—has naturally excited much comment. The cause of arrest does not seem to be generally understood. The prisoners, it is true were at once dismissed when brought up before Judge Rix, but they persist in maintaining an obstinate silence concerning their arrest, which has piqued the public curiosity. We have had a reporter engaged in investigating the matter, and are at last able to lay before our readers the true account of this most peculiar case. The offense with which these gentlemen are charged was attempted burglary, but it was at once, of course, dismissed.

It seems that at about two o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, the special policeman on First and Brannan streets thought he heard the sound of voices coming from the top of the Oriental Warehouse. He went for reinforcements, and he and two police officers secured a ladder, by means of which they ascended to the top of the building. When they reached the roof, a strange scene presented itself. Kynnge, Yves, Marques and Morreau were grouped around a piece of apparatus which seemed like an artesian well-auger. Yves was turning it, while Kynnge held a dark lantern, and Morreau and Marques were apparently giving advice. The officers concealed themselves behind a fire-wall, and waited.

"There," said Yves, as he gave the machine another twist, "like to see any of these grangers get ahead of us. The diamond drill will fetch 'em. We'll tap every warehouse in town. If we don't get on the inside of this wheat market, my name isn't Yves. How does she assay, boys?"

"This don't seem to be wheat," said Marques, slowly, examining the result from the drill, "what is it?"

"I guess it's barley," hazarded Morreau.

"No," said Joe Kynnge, authoritatively, "it's oats. I can tell oats. I have seen them growing up in Sonoma."

This impressed every one, and settled the question.

"Now," said Yves, "shall we go on here, or try the north end of the ore-body? What do you say, boys?"

"We might sink a little further in this direction," said Morreau, thoughtfully; "I am of opinion that the wheat-body trends in a southwesterly direction. We are fifteen feet from the hanging-wall, which should bring us to the ore-body—I mean the wheat—in about four or five feet more. I think we had better go on."

"Go on it is then," said Yves, and he resumed his boring.

"Hist!" whispered Morreau, "what's that?"

One of the officers had been seized with a fit of sneezing, and was stifling his sneezes in his handkerchief.

"Oh, I guess it's nothing," said Kynnge, after some minutes had elapsed, during which the quartette glared uneasily at each other.

"Well, here goes," murmured Yves, as he once more set to work at the drill. "Hallo! What have we struck now?"

"I think," said Morreau, as he carefully examined the chips, "I think it's a horse."

"No," said Joe Kynnge, smelling and then tasting it, "no, it ain't horse, it's hog."

"Yes, a stratum of sugar-cured hams, with traces of canvas. Go ahead."

Again for some minutes the diamond-drill was worked, and again it stopped.

"Aba!" remarked Yves, "we've got it now, boys—this is wheat, sure."

All inspected it carefully, and Morreau and Marques agreed that it looked like wheat. They were contradicted by Joe Kynnge.

"I always thought," said he, "that you fellows didn't know beans, and now I'm sure of it. Those are beans. I know beans. I have seen them growing up in Sonoma."

Somewhat crestfallen, the operations were resumed, and for some time the work went on in silence. Finally symptoms of uneasiness developed themselves. An unearthly smell was dropping in large gobs from the end of the drill. George Yves bore it for a time, but finally it proved too much for him. He fell to the roof.

"Tell the boys," said he, feebly, "that I died at the drill. Good-bye."

And he lay before them, unconscious.

They had struck Limburger.

Despite the gloom and the smell, the rest of the party continued their task. Why paint their many trials? Shall we describe the elliptical-shaped mass of sauer-kraut pierced by the drill? No. Its very name is odoriferous. Let it pass. Nor shall we dwell upon the unmercantable eggs of whose presence the drill soon gave token. The trio shuddered, but toiled on.

Suddenly the drill seemed to pierce some hard substance, and then to proceed with greater ease.

"Evidently a cavity," said Morreau. "Look out! It may contain hot water!"

As he spoke some fluid gushed from the extremity of the drill. It splashed upon the face of the unconscious Yves. His face twitched, his lips moved, and these words fell from them:

"A little bitters in it."

The other three heard his words. One by one they applied their lips to the drill. There was no dispute as to the nature of this find. Yves was lifted up, and as his pale lips were pressed to the generous drill they gradually took color, as did his pallid face.

Suddenly he sprang into the air with a wild shriek of despair.

The drill had passed through the Bourbon, and struck kerosene.

Ross Raymond, the *Argonaut's* New York correspondent, is not Rossiter W. Raymond, of the *Mining Journal*.

## VILLAINOUS SALTPETRE.

Digged from the Bowels of the Harmless Earth, Tall Fellows to Destroy.

Although one would think that in this matter-of-fact age romantic adventure had ceased, yet the experiences of a war correspondent, as given in the December number of *Blackwood*, would go to show that this is an error. The writer was correspondent for a London paper during the Franco-Prussian war. He joined the German forces just before the battle of Janville. "On the morning of that battle," he says, "I found myself on a slight eminence, well out of the line of fire, near a farm, flanked by two high towers, and occupied by two thousand men, under the command of General Von der Tann's brother. I ascended one of the towers, where, in a small room, at the very top, I found a number of soldiers, who had knocked loopholes in the walls, through which I could make out the whole position of the French, and see their regiments massed in order of battle in the extreme distance. But I suddenly found myself abruptly compelled to bring my notes to a close. In a moment all was noise and smoke. The bullets rained like hail upon the stone walls of our tower. I ran hurriedly down to see how matters were progressing below. I found several men lying dead or wounded in the farm-yard. When I got back to the room in the tower, it was more sulphurous than ever. One man had been hit by a ball through the window, and seemed to be *in extremis*; the men were grimy with smoke; the balls were pattering more hotly than ever. Presently I heard a shout from the room above, and a renewed roar of musketry fire; then the pattering of balls ceased suddenly. I rushed to the window, and saw one of those sights which remain fixed upon the memory for life. The Hessian brigade had suddenly taken the French in flank, and poured in a withering fire; the latter had wavered and broken—the Germans rushed on; their bullets rained on the retreating masses. The next adventure was near Meung, where I passed the greater part of the three days of fighting seated amid the bells in the tops of the steeples. On this particular occasion I saw a steeple which, in addition to belonging to a church situated on a slight eminence, was in itself loftier than any other. Little puffs of smoke were perpetually being vomited from the loopholed walls. I came across a Bavarian regiment, and got carried along into the village, only drawing breath at the door of the church. Then I went up to the belfry I had just passed the organ-loft, and got a few steps up the stair, when a shot was fired apparently within a few yards of me. I had not heard the sound of a ball, nor could I see from what point I had been fired at. In a moment more I reached the belfry and looked out. I had just adjusted my field-glass, when I heard a shout, followed by a volley of German oaths, and looked down to see a huge Bavarian standing below in the street take a deliberate 'pot' at me with his rifle, the bullet flattening itself against the corner of the loophole, not three inches from my nose, which I had drawn in with the rapidity of lightning. In a few moments a dozen or more soldiers, led by the Bavarian, appeared at the bottom of the ladder, and simultaneously pointed their rifles at me, with loud commands to descend and surrender myself as a prisoner, on pain of being shot. I was instantly seized when I landed. The big Bavarian asserted that he had been fired at out of the church; that the bullet had just grazed past him, and that he had seen me exactly in the position from which the report seemed to come. I told them of the other individual who had fired at me. They made search at once, and found, crouched up in a corner, a wretched Mobile. There was a general shout to him of "surrender," but not understanding that he might save his life by throwing down his gun, he seemed about to use it, on which the big Bavarian rushed at him, wrenched it out of his hands, and, with one blow of the butt, literally scattered his brains over the floor. When, a moment afterwards, my would-be assassin slapped me familiarly on the shoulder, and laughed heartily at the idea of his nearly having blown out my brains by mistake, I failed altogether to see the point of the joke. Starting from my quarters that night, I had some trouble in finding my carriage. I had to walk for more than a mile over a plain where the carcasses of men and horses were not merely thickly strewn, but frozen into all sorts of fantastic attitudes. The thermometer had been sixteen degrees below the freezing point on the previous night, and men only slightly wounded, who had not been able to crawl to their comrades, had been frozen to death. One man was stiff in a sitting position, with both his arms lifted straight above his head, as though his last moments had been spent in an invocation, and it gave one a shudder in the clear moonlight to approach him. Others were crumpled up in a death agony, and so frozen. In places, many together, French and Germans, were mingled. I think I was more comfortable with bullets pinging in my ears than walking amid the distorted shadows of these dead and stiffened men; and it was quite a relief to see a haystack on fire, and a regiment warming themselves at the ruddy blaze. A couple of days after this we again found ourselves in the presence of the enemy. I had established myself in a low wine shop, which only contained one good bed. The husband, as usual, had decamped for fear of the Germans, and his wife was the solitary occupant. She found a nest for herself somewhere in a loft. I started off early to go to the front, telling her to expect me back late, and have dinner ready for me. There was skirmishing after this till nightfall, and hungry and tired I reached my humble lodging a little after dark, groped my way up-stairs to my bedroom, and was startled as I reached the threshold—I could see nothing—by the feeble pipe of an infant's wail, followed by the moan of a grown-up person, proceeding apparently from the direction of my bed. I struck a match, and there in my bed was my hostess, and by her side an infant that moment born. Not another soul was in the room. She explained in a feeble voice that, having no bed of her own, but only a miserable *grabat* in a loft, she had taken the liberty to be confined in the bed of monsieur, and would I be so kind as to— And here she proceeded to enlist my services. I only mention this incident to show at times what may be required of a war correspondent, and how careful editors should be to select men of varied acquirements and vast experience in all the walks of life."

## UN BALLO IN MASCHERA.

An Analytical Study of the Naughty French Masquerade in New York.

With January, says the New York *Times*, there comes a stir among the lively inhabitants of the French quarter. The bakers and pastry cooks, restaurant people and milliners, modistes and small shop-keepers generally, make ready for the grand Bal du Cercle de l'Harmonie. Besides these, a whole town of people, more or less French, more or less well-to-do, more or less representative of the crowd that gathers at one of the masked balls of the Opera in Paris, is on the alert, and sends a goodly delegation, who, in a staid manner, and with a certain provincial air that comes of America, and the absence of the Parisian atmosphere, enact the *petits crêvés* and *gommeux* of the Boulevards. But as in Paris, at some public occurrence, the initiated traveler finds so many strangers that he begins to ask himself, Where are the French? So at a Cercle ball the Frenchmen are almost submerged by Anglo-Saxons, those pious, God-fearing, proper persons, who only seek the haunts of vice in order to instruct themselves in what they shall avoid. Nothing draws like the naughty. Now, the Cercle ball is supposed to be the naughtiest of the "respectable" masked balls during the season. Hence, Anglo-Saxony invested in the Cercle ball last year to the clear profit of six thousand dollars. Arithmetical persons, with keen faces, who hovered near the box-office this year, maintained that Anglo-Saxony was done for ten thousand dollars this year. And why not? Everything is relative, and, certainly, in comparison with the slow pomp of the Liederkrantz and the procession of the Arion, the Cercle ball is by all means the brightest and gayest that is to be had. In spite of rain and high prices the crowd was great that surged through the doors of the Academy; it was an English-speaking crowd, in the main, and the black coats of men predominated over the brighter dresses of women. But here and there was the familiar chatter of French. Alphonse, Marie, *dis donc!*—there were the old names and old cries. The arrivals came in layers, and may be placed in the following order: First are the out-and-out Germans who patronize the Cercle ball without regard to burning questions of politics on the other side of the water; also, among the waiters, halberdiers, and attendants the Germans are in the majority. After the German army arrive the Americans—dressmakers, minor actresses not performing; the singular men, presumably young, who come in bathing-dresses; the harlequins, persons of a sanguine temperament, who come early in order to have plenty of fun; the boyish men, who look as if they knew their parents would not approve. After these appears the small French contingent, laughing and tripping up the stairs, many of them members of the Cercle, with their families. As the night advances the theatre-goers, the actors and actresses, released from their duties, begin to make their appearance. Men whisper to each other the names of celebrated tragediennes with a reckless disregard of probabilities. The lights, and the somewhat discordant band that brays from the family circle, the increasing crowd, the irregular, fantastic movements of clowns and columbines, begin to affect the lighter heads. Champagne and heavier drinks also begin to tell, and before supper barely commences that species of amusement which belongs to masked balls in full swing. Women in masks dart suddenly through crowds of gaping men, mostly unmasked, as they fill the lobbies. The effect is by some mysterious reasoning considered comic. Many people laugh, and every laugh aids in removing that gloom which, it must be confessed, lies at first heavily over the great assembly. The Academy is decorated prettily without being overdecorated; the quality of the decoration is not remarkable. Eating and drinking are matters of so much importance to this crowd of six thousand or seven thousand persons that separate halls are arranged for the one and the other. Wine and women vie with each other, but, regrettable to say, the wine is the better of the two. The youth who has feasted on French novels, or the baser, but possibly healthier, fare of the dime novel, awaits at a great masked ball unusual beauty in the women. If he is thoughtful enough to drink a little early in the evening, there is no dream that he may not see realized. If he make the mistake of looking at the crowd unstimulated, a sorry deception is revealed. The rarest of all things is a woman beautiful in face or figure at a masked ball. Those who have advantages of person are pretty sure to dress with a taste that is simply execrable. The women in velvet tights, personating men, are among the sorriest. Here and there descends from the boxes a good figure, with a gleaming neck, her face almost hidden by a thick Spanish veil. She dances with her escort and his friends, and then retires to her box. Perhaps she is what she is pretending to be—a lady; perhaps she is not. The club men now begin to appear almost simultaneously with the fastest of the fast women; some are ready for a row; others bear that bored look which they carry into the drawing-rooms of their friends. They form a fringe of gloomy faces around the jolliest of the dancers, and gaze upon the most audacious of the "ladies" with the glassy look of veterans as their skirts sweep about. The contrast is piquant between them and some of the tireless fingers of legs who insist on the fact that it is a ball, and a masked ball, and a ball for gayety, not for gloom. By half-past twelve it is almost impossible to waltz. Bands of women with faces built much after one type, and rounded and powdered on exactly one system, push noiselessly about through the throng. A fracas occurs between two men, and everybody hopes there will be a fight. But there is none. Where are the gay repartees, the clever intriguing, the mysterious interviews, which masked balls (in books) are said to exhibit? Alas, there is none of this. Only a hot crowd, that grows hotter and more boisterous every hour. The Western statesmen in the big proscenium box are evidently of the opinion that things are not half so lively as they ought to be. Doubtless they will be satisfied if they stay long enough. Very few of the other boxes are occupied, and none of them show French faces. Hardly ever at this late hour does one hear French. The French ball resolves itself into a confused mass of humanity, not very disorderly, not very well dressed, not handsome, in which the last person in the world one is apt to meet is a French man or woman.



## TWO GALLIC COCKNEYS.

Their Idyllic Views of the Country and the Guileless Peasants.

One Saturday, toward five o'clock in the afternoon, Alphonse Mesnard came out of the Ministry of Commerce, and when his feet had touched the pavement, he skipped and bounded with a step so light and agile that it would have prevented Morpheus from sleeping. On the same day, at the same hour, Gabriel Rondeau crossed the threshold of the Ministry of the Navy, and no sooner did he reach the street than he burst forth, with a full voice, into a chromatic scale of which Mario might have been jealous. In the evening, these two young men met at the Mabilille ball.

"Gabriel," said Mesnard, "the Minister of Commerce is a great minister."

"Alphonse," responded Rondeau, "the Minister of the Navy is greater still."

"Do you know what measure has been determined on by the eminent administrator under whose orders I work at the rate of eighteen hundred livres a year?"

"And you, do you know the decision taken this very day by the illustrious mariner who employs me in his office at the rate of one hundred and fifty francs a month?"

"He has allowed me a leave of absence of six weeks."

"He has consented to deprive himself of my services for thirty days."

"You have only a month of liberty, and I have six weeks at my disposal, whence I consider that my minister is greater than yours by a sixth."

"A mistake, my dear fellow. It proves that the government can more easily dispense with your services and intelligence than with mine. That's the conclusion."

"How do you intend to spend your vacation?"

"I have only one desire. It is to flee from Paris and its suburbs. Born in the heart of the city, nearly twenty-six years ago, I do not remember to have passed the limits of the department of the Seine. Will you believe it? I am acquainted with sheep only in the form of leg-of-mutton and chop. I know that it is a quadruped which has wool on its back, but I know it only by hearsay. It is shameful to confess, but it is true. I am sick of politics, literature, civilization, theatres, newspapers, and, above all, of the ministry. *Orus, quando te aspiciam!* Which I shall allow myself to translate in this way: 'When shall I drink some unadulterated milk in the shade of an old moss-grown tree?'"

"Give me your hand," said Rondeau. "I, too, have hungered for verdure, for the open air, and for the warm sun. If you were born on the left bank of the Seine, I was born on the right. My long travels have been confined to the suburbs of the city. Once I went as far as Versailles. My family accompanied me to the depot, and our parting was heartrending. But, by my faith, to-day that is of no consequence. I have a vacation, you have a vacation. Let us take wing, and bless the ministers who have given us this leisure."

"Where shall we go? Italy is very far."

"Let me attend to that. A friend has invited me to go and see him. You can come to Mésangerie with me."

"But I do not know your friend."

"I shall present you, and then you can make his acquaintance."

"Will that suffice?"

"*Parbleu!* Before we were introduced to each other I did not know him any more than you know him now."

"That is so. Where does he live?"

"In Poitou. Oh, Alphonse! do you appreciate your good fortune? You are going to behold landscapes which will not revolve on themselves like the diorama. We shall roll on the moss and in the hay. I shall behold the woods—I, who to this day have seen the elm only after being cut into laths."

"Let us start to-morrow," exclaimed Mesnard, enraptured with this rural picture.

"Agreed," said Rondeau. "To-morrow, then, at seven o'clock, at the Orleans Station, and may we travel in the company of charming women, as do the heroes of romance in the newspapers of the day."

"Alphonse, I forewarn you that I reserve the brunette for myself."

"That is fortunate, Gabriel, for I love blondes only."

Vain illusion! They traveled with a commercial drummer, a tutor, an army officer, and an insurance agent. As for charming women, there was not a shadow of them. The more beautiful half of humanity was represented only by a venerable gray-haired nun, buried under the severe folds of her robe.

After a short stay in the city, the two friends intended to proceed to Mésangerie. Between Alphonse and Gabriel the following had been agreed upon: They would start the next day at five o'clock in the morning precisely, and the first to arouse should awaken the other. When separating in the evening, Rondeau said to Mesnard:

"Remember, I depend on your accustomed punctuality."

Mesnard answered: "Don't forget that I rely on your well-known promptness."

That is why they did not leave the next day. The well-known promptness of the one snored until eleven o'clock. As for the accustomed punctuality of the other, it awakened a little before mid-day. Taught by experience, they took the wise resolution of entrusting to the servants of the hotel the care of arousing them at that unseasonable hour when daylight appears and the rag-pickers skulk away. Thanks to that precaution, the departure took place on the day named, and at the minute indicated.

It was a beautiful morning in September. The atmosphere was full of balmy odors, thousands of little birds flew from branch to branch with lively chirpings and joyful flapping of wings, and the sun, which rose in a sky of purple and gold, seemed a wonderful topaz taken from the jewel-box of the Almighty.

"How fragrant it is here," said Mesnard, whose nostrils dilated with pleasure. The fact is, that for two unhappy roses, condemned to inhale Parisian dust all the year, this morning odor was better than all the perfumes of Arabia.

"What a beautiful green are the meadows! What rich

tints! What an endless expanse of emeralds! How pleasant to gaze upon, especially when one is reduced, like us, in point of verdure, to the olive coat of the head-clerk and the leather cushion of the second-clerk."

"Miserable man! Why do you speak of second-clerk and head-clerk?" interrupted Rondeau. "I am no longer a clerk; I am a shepherd, and I answer to the pretty name of Némorin. I would give the fattest and whitest lamb of my future flock to hear an air performed on the flute, the shepherd's-pipe, or the bagpipe. It seems to me that all other sound would be misplaced in this beautiful country. Ah! heavens!"

"What is the matter?"

"Can I believe my eyes?"

"One can always believe his eyes. But what is the matter with you?"

"A flock of sheep, of real sheep, is coming this way. Why, instead of browsing on the tender grass of the field, do they travel, like us, in the dust of the road? Let us ask the shepherd."

Having hastened forward, they approached an individual of wicked mien, who did not carry a crook, but instead, his left hand was armed with a formidable club.

"Shepherd Corydon," said Gabriel, "let us rest a moment in this charming spot. While we are taking shelter in the shade of this old heech-tree, *sub tegmine fagi*, your lambs can graze on the thyme and flowering cytissus, and then they can quench their thirst in the stream of pure water." The shepherd Corydon fastened on his interlocutor a look of suspicion, and twirled his club menacingly.

"What! What! said he; 'I have no time to gabble. They are waiting at the slaughter-house for me and my companions. I am not Corydon; I am a butcher. A couple of fools!' he grumbled, while moving off, sneering at them.

The two men walked on for some time in silence. Suddenly, and with one accord, they stopped and listened.

"A thrush," said Mesnard, in a low voice.

"No; it is a nightingale. What lightness in its roulades! What grace in its trills!"

"What melodious accents!"

"Must I acknowledge it to you?—I have never seen a nightingale."

"I have seen one in the museum of natural history. It was stuffed."

"That's strange," observed Gabriel. "I could swear to have heard already some part of the air that our nightingale is singing." And he commenced to hum it between his teeth:

"Tra, la, la, la—tra, la, la. What is that air?"

"Eh! *Parbleu!* I remember it now!" exclaimed Mesnard. "It is 'L'Amant d'Amanda.'"

"On my word you are right. It is some bird escaped from a concert-hall. It seems to prove that with patience you can teach certain birds any song."

"I have a curiosity to see this nightingale. Where do the sounds come from, Gabriel?"

"From that hedge there."

Mesnard picked up a stone, and threw it with all his strength in the direction indicated. A cry was heard behind the thicket. The two tourists stood stupefied.

"*Sacrébleu!*" said a furious voice, "you have just missed breaking my skull." At the same time appeared a little old man. With his right hand he rubbed his head, and in his left he held a bassoon, hung by a black string to one of the buttons of his coat. "Gentlemen," said the little old man, "may I venture to ask why you stoned me in that manner? What is my offense? It may be that you dislike the bassoon; but I love it, and I wish you to observe that the country is for every one; therefore I have a perfect right to amuse myself by making the neighboring echoes resound with the harmonious notes of my favorite instrument."

"Oh, sir! No excuses, I pray you," said Gabriel. "My friend took you for a thrush, and I for a nightingale."

They hastened away, while the artist, who had never enjoyed a similar gratification, cried to them in the sweetest voice:

"I am Eberlé, professor of the bassoon, and *fagotto primo* in the orchestra of the theatre, at your service."

After an hour of walking, they espied a tavern, which they entered for refreshments.

"What shall I give you, gentlemen?" said the hostess, with a polite courtesy.

"Some milk, chestnuts, and brown bread."

"Would you not prefer an omelette with truffles, an *entre-côte béarnaise*, and a bottle of St. Emilion? While waiting, here is the *Figaro* to pass away the time."

"Are we in the Café-Riche in Paris, or are we in the heart of Poitou?" asked Mesnard.

"Is the country a chimera?" replied Rondeau.

Two peasants, clothed in druggot, with wooden shoes on their feet and cotton caps on their heads, entered the establishment, and took places not far from them, before a bottle of wine.

"At last!" said Gabriel, "here are two children of nature. We are going to know if potatoes are diseased, if the crops have been large, and if the wine will be good this year."

"Your health, Father Bourdier."

"Yours, Father Gaury."

"Have you your Suez still?"

"I sold them to take shares in Panama."

"I made a good stroke in British consols."

"When does your son return?"

"Very soon. He will be admitted as an advocate in five days."

"You are very fortunate. Mine will not receive the degree of doctor until next year."

"Let us go away," said Gabriel. "We are dealing with two citizens of the Place-Royale disguised as peasants."

After staying a week in Mésangerie, Gabriel noticed that Alphonse disappeared invariably at certain hours, and Alphonse observed that Gabriel vanished at a given moment every day.

"Where do you go in the evening, after dinner?" asked Mesnard.

"Where do you stroll in the morning before breakfast?" inquired Rondeau.

"I can tell nothing. I have promised not to speak of it,"

"And I have sworn to keep an inviolable silence."

"You have secrets from your old comrade!"

"Have you not some from yours?"

"Oh, I? That is different. It concerns a young woman whom I must not compromise."

"I, too. My secret concerns a young girl. Do you think I ought to compromise her?"

"Are you not sure of my discretion?"

"Are you not certain of mine?"

"All that I can confess is, that I am the hero of a charming adventure."

"And I of a delightful romance."

"The most adorable simplicity!"

"The most piquant artlessness!"

"Imagine, my dear boy—"

"Fancy, my dear fellow—"

"Fool! What was I going to do?"

"Stupid! What was I going to say?"

"Good-hye, Gabriel."

"Good-evening, Alphonse."

While they conversed thus, two villagers accosted each other mysteriously, and withdrew from observation under a clump of chestnut-trees.

"Well, Father Durand, how do affairs stand?" asked the younger of the elder.

"All right, neighbor Duhois! All right! That's a blessing. What fools these citizens of Paris are! Mine, especially."

"Mine is not less so, I assure you. He is madly in love with my daughter, Valentine, and writes the most extravagant things to her."

"Mine says that he is dead in love with my wife, Lucille, and addresses to her verses without rhyme or reason."

"Never mind, my boy, they have most to laugh at who laugh last."

"You think that they will suspect nothing?"

"They? No! They will be completely dazed, and then we can wring from them that which will enable us to drink their healths at our ease."

"Ah, so! Your wife has practiced her part well."

"Fear nothing there. And your daughter?"

"Don't be uneasy. Valentine has her rôle at the tips of her fingers."

The next day Alphonse said to Gabriel: "I have a favor to ask of you, my friend."

"So much the better, my friend; I was going to ask a kindness of you."

"Can you lend me an embroidered shirt?"

"Have you any perfumery at your disposal?"

"Shall I be inquisitive if I ask you a question?"

"That will depend on the question."

"Why are you obliged to appear more ornamented than usual?"

"Why do you wish to be perfumed more than ordinary?"

"I am going to tell you."

"You shall know."

"I am going to see her this evening."

"I am going to spend this evening with her."

"If you could know my Valentine!"

"If you could know my Lucille!"

"Eighteen years old, and blonde as an ear of corn."

"Twenty years old, and dark as the night."

"A simplicity that can not be found in cities."

"An artlessness that can be found only in the country."

"My love-affair is as sweet as an idyl of Theocritus."

"Mine is as pure as an eclogue of Virgil."

"Oh! When I think of the girls that I have been in love with!"

"Ah! When I think of the women that I have sighed for!"

"I am ashamed of my weakness."

"I blush for myself."

\* \* \* \* \* Two hours afterward Mesnard knocked three times, mysteriously, at Valentine's door.

"Is that you, Monsieur Alphonse?" asked a voice, sweetly agitated.

"Yes, my beautiful angel."

The door quickly opened, and closed noiselessly. The same ceremony took place at Lucille's door. Immediately this double cry resounded:

"Heavens! My father!"

"Alas! My husband!"

Alphonse turned around. He saw the muzzle of a gun six inches from his breast. Gabriel looked up. He saw a hatchet menacing his head.

"Robber!" roared Durand.

"Scoundrel!" foamed Duhois.

"I ought to kill you like a thief."

"I ought to beat you like a dog."

"The law authorizes me."

"The five codes are on my side."

"Mercy!" gasped Mesnard.

"Pity!" murmured Rondeau.

What happened? Alas! let us cast a veil over the affair, or, if we speak of it, let us speak very softly, very softly, so that Theocritus, Virgil, and the rest of them, may know nothing of it. There ensued a scene of extortion. Alphonse and Gabriel remained to sign two bills of exchange of three thousand francs, on sight at ninety days; the one for value received in dried walnuts, the other for value received in cloves of garlic. Mesnard and Rondeau returned in great haste to Paris, but not without having entered a complaint in the hands of justice. And the idyl is being unfolded in the court of assizes.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French.

In the article by Captain Merry, published in last week's *Argonaut* under the heading "Eads's Tehuantepec Ship-Railway," an annoying typographical error crept in, through careless proof-reading. It is the more annoying because it destroyed that part of the argument. Under division sixth, the first word on third line should be *ten* instead of *two* thousand tons. Eads's test is two thousand to two thousand five hundred tons. The writer claimed that it should be not less than ten thousand tons to accommodate the largest ships in service.



## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

A society of "Unfortunate Lovers" has been formed in the town of Herne, England, and already fourteen members are enrolled. An elderly bachelor, who has met with repeated rebuffs, has been elected chairman, and, the organization having been thus happily effected, the particular kind of misery implied in the club name will hereafter know where to go for company. It may be noted, in passing, that those "unfortunate lovers" whose woes date from the successful termination of their suits need not apply.

A Roman jury has just distinguished itself in a murder case, where one Jonata, being desirous, as he subsequently explained, of having the government feed him for the rest of his days, took his stand on a street-corner, armed with a knife, intending to eviscerate the first priest that should come along. The first priest happened to be a muscular young fellow. Him, through pity or fear, Jonata spared, but the next, an aged Dominican, was murdered on the spot. A jury has just found Jonata guilty "with extenuating circumstances."

In the collection of Count Las Casas, at Paris, is a curious letter in English by Napoleon I. "Count Las Casas: Since six weeks I learn the English, and I do not any progress. 6 week do forty and two day, if I might have learn 50 word for day, I could know it 2 thousands and 2 hundred. It is in the dictionary more of forty thousand, even if he could, must 20 bout much often for know it or 20 week, which do more 2 years. After this you shall agree that to study one tongue is a great labor, who must do it in the young aged. Longwood this morning the seven March Thursday one thousand eight hundred sixteen after nativity Jesus Christ."

Here are a few examples of the eccentric affections of great men given by a Paris paper: Alexander the Great loved his horse, Bucephalus; Numa Pompilius, a hind; Sertorius, the same; Augustus, a parrot; Caligula, a horse, Incitatus, whom he made consul; Virgil, a butterfly; Nero, a starling; Commodus, a monkey; Heliogabalus, a sparrow, like Lesbia; Honorius, a hen; Cardinal Richelieu, some little Angora cats; Crebillon, dogs; Lamartine, graybonds; Alexander Dumas senior, a vulture; Gavarni, two green frogs; Alphonse Karr, a Newfoundland dog; Lord Byron, a bear; King Theodorus, four lions.

Between twenty and thirty thousand people die from snake-bite every year in India. Hence it is that several physiologists and chemists are at work to discover an antidote to this virus, which, in its annual effects on human life, is comparable only to a war. Dr. Vincent Richards, who has been experimenting on the efficacy of permanganate of potash as an antidote for cobra poisoning, writes to the *Indian Medical Gazette* that he has obtained some very remarkable results. When permanganate of potash was mixed with cobra poison and hypodermically injected, no fatal result followed, although a fatal dose of poison was used, and the mixture injected into the vein. He adds, however, that before any definite opinion can be formed many experiments will have to be performed, not only with cobra, but also with viper poison.

Lawyer McLean, of Toronto, stood at the altar to be married. The bride was a young blonde beauty, known as Miss Romaine, who had shone for a few months in the best society of that city. A large and fashionable company was present. The clergyman was half through the service when a man hastened up the aisle, tapped the bridegroom on the shoulder, and whispered to him. Then McLean quietly told the minister that the ceremony was not to be finished, and departed, parting from the bride at the door. The meaning of this was that a friend had learned that the girl was an adventuress, and had hurried to the church just in time to prevent the marriage. She was an accomplished swindler, and had operated throughout Canada as an escaped nun, as a missionary from China, and in various other ways.

Says the *Washington Republican*: "Colonel Riley, of Virginia, will receive, by the will of Colonel Preston, of England, recently deceased, a legacy of twenty-five thousand dollars. Colonel Riley was appointed by General Grant United States consul to Zanzibar; and upon the steamer on which he crossed the Atlantic, en route to his post, he made the acquaintance of Colonel Preston, of the British Army, and his son, a little curly-headed boy of about six years, whose bright and winning ways made him the pet of all on board. One day the little fellow fell overboard, and Colonel Riley, who was an expert swimmer, sprang after him, and held the child up until a boat could be lowered away, and both were rescued, and safely returned on board ship. Colonel Preston was deeply moved, and assured the gallant rescuer that he should never forget the noble act. In the lapse of time the incident had almost passed out of Colonel Riley's memory, until reminded by notice of the legacy how deep an impression it had made on the father's gratitude."

The Paris *Evenement* has lately told of a musical monster who makes his income by being bribed to leave every neighborhood in which he takes up his abode with his dreadful trombone. This is a similar case to that which occurred some fifteen years ago. A wealthy Irish baronet took a house in London. He and his wife were elderly, quiet, and childless, and to their consternation the next house was presently occupied by people with about a dozen girls of all ages. There were pianos on each floor, and Sir Nicholas and Lady Chinnery soon found that all peace and comfort had fled. In vain they offered polite remonstrances. If heeded on Monday, on Wednesday it was worse than ever. They resolved, therefore, on retaliation. Their butler was instructed to look out for and purchase that barrel organ to be found about the streets of London whose interior seemed to be in the most excruciating state of disorganization. It was procured, and forthwith the footman was instructed to play it vigorously. The next-doors stood it for a few days, but were then glad to make a compromise.

Frankness is a quality of which we, as a nation, boast, and yet it may be fairly owned that the census returns just given in Bombay put us to shame in one particular. Asked to state their profession or calling, these simple Hindoos have filled up the paper with an accuracy that might in vain be sought for in this country. We can not point to a single avowed imminal; yet in Bombay there are, upon their own confession, twenty-six gamblers and swindlers, one dog-poisoner, and sixteen wizards. Our engravers in wood are "artists," and our shopkeepers "merchants." In Bombay the six hundred and ninety-eight tattooers who inhabit the land designate themselves by no other name, but claim the distinction of the exact art they practice. So, too, the forty-one idol-makers are proud of the craft which lifts them above their fellows, while no mere scribblers of doggerel dispute the palm with the single poet of the province. These evidences of ingenuousness do not exist in Western civilization, and we may sigh for them in vain. Perhaps, on the other hand, Bombay would have been just as well pleased had her gamblers and swindlers, and wizards and dog-poisoner, kept some of this information to themselves.

In the late war between Chile and Peru a curious accident befell an eight-inch Armstrong gun on board the Chilean war-ship *Angamos*. The last time it was fired the gun, which was on deck, slipped out of the trunnion ring, flew backward across the ship, and leaped into the sea. This was the singular end of a rather remarkable history. The gun was supplied to the Chileans before the war by Sir William Armstrong's firm, and proved a formidable terror to Peru. The *Angamos* was previously an Irish pig-boat, and was acquired by Chile for the purpose of carrying this one gun, which, standing off at long ranges of ten thousand yards or so, she could do with impunity. The Peruvians at length sent out their fleet of gunboats to destroy their waship antagonist, when the other Chilean ships, with their short rangers, came into action, and drew off the gunboats all but one, which was sent to engage the *Angamos* at close quarters. The Armstrong gun, however, sent a shower of Shrapnel bullets upon her decks, and the gunboat retreated. As she was nearing port, a pot-shot from the eight-inch gun, fired at long range and high elevation, managed to hit and sink her. The gun, therefore, did plenty of hard work and valuable service before it finally gave way, and was lost in the sea.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## At the Morgue.

Deal gently, preacher,  
With this poor creature,  
So fair of feature,  
So mute and cold!  
One lieth yonder,  
The city's wonder,  
Who scorned to proffer  
Her charms for gold.  
Come nigh and study  
Her winsome body—  
Those lips, once ruddy,  
Now dank and pale;  
The hair, whose sable  
Bestrews the table;  
Would we were able  
To guess her tale!  
The Morgue hath paid her  
Its last grim duty;  
That sacred heauty  
Lies all confessed.  
What impress lingers  
Of baby fingers  
(Was there no ring hers?)  
On yon white breast.  
For this she yielded  
Life's strong endearment,  
Think what her fear meant,  
What her despair!  
Was there no sorrow  
From which to borrow  
Other than sorrow  
For one so fair?  
Father above us  
Save those who love us!  
Read what her hand wrote  
Just ere she died:  
"No friend, no dear one,  
Hath helped or hindered;  
I have no kindred  
In the world wide."  
No stay was given  
Of earth or heaven,  
How she had striven  
Unto this last!  
Honor was left her;  
Ere man bereft her  
Of this one jewel,  
Her spirit passed.  
Spotless and pure,  
She doth endure  
The slab, the sewer,  
The body's shame;  
Her all defending,  
To the storm bending,  
She made this ending,  
Hiding her name.  
Poor soul, and lonely,  
Thy Father only  
Saw thee in mortal  
Anguish that night;  
Saw, and forgave thee—  
Men could not save thee—  
When from its portal  
Thy breath took flight.  
With no derision  
Of thy misprison  
Our pitying vision  
On thee doth fall.  
Would we might aid thee  
Or could have stayed thee,  
Ere Went had laid thee  
Here in Death's hall!

—Edmund C. Stedman.

## The Surgeon's Tale.

'Twas on a dark December evening,  
Loud the blast and bitter cold;  
Downward came the whirling waters,  
Deep and black the river rolled;  
Not a dog beneath the tempest—  
Not a beggar on his beat;  
Wind, and rain, and cold, and darkness,  
Swept through every desert street.  
Muffled to the teeth, that evening  
I was struggling in the storm,  
Through pestilential lanes and hungry alleys;  
Suddenly an ancient form  
Peered from out a gloomy doorway,  
And with trembling croak it said:  
"In the left-hand empty garret  
You will find a woman—dead."  
"Never stepped a finer creature,  
When she was a simple maid;  
But she did like many another—  
Loved a man, and was betrayed.  
I have seen her in her carriage  
Riding, diamonds in her hair;  
And I've seen her starving, (starving,  
Do you hear?) and now—she's there!"  
Up the worn and slippery stair  
With a quickened pulse I sprang;  
Famine, filth, and mean despair  
Round about the darkness hung;  
No kind vision met my glances,  
Friend or helper of the poor;  
So the crazy room I entered,  
And looked down upon the floor.  
There, on the rough and naked boards,  
A long, gaunt, wasted, figure lay,  
Murdered in its youth by hunger,  
All its beauty wrinkled clay.  
Life's poor wants had left her nothing—  
Clothes nor fuel, food nor bed—  
Nothing, save some ragged letters,  
Whereon lay the ghastly head.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
"Nothing!"—yet what more could pity  
Crave for one about to die,  
Than sweet words from one she worshipped,  
(Sweet, though every word a lie!)  
In the morning of her pleasure,  
In the midnight of her pain,  
They were all her wealth, her comfort,  
Treasured—aye, and not in vain.  
And with her now they lie mouldering,  
And a date upon a stone  
Telleth where, to end the story,  
Love's poor outcast sleeps alone.  
Morn not; for at length she sleepeth  
The soft slumber of the dead,  
Resting on her loved love-letters—  
Last fit pillow for her head.

—Barry Cornwall.

## LITERARY NOTES.

The *Magazine of Art* for February contains, among other articles, a paper on the American artist Moran, with a fine engraving of his Colorado picture, "The Mountain of the Holy Cross." Brassey's yacht *Sunbeam*, which made the well-known tour of the world, forms the subject of an article on decoration. Other noteworthy subjects are "Ford Castle," and "The Hill Collection."

"The Senior Partner," by Mrs. J. H. Riddell, price, twenty cents; "The Dickens Reader," by N. Shepard, price, twenty-five cents; "The Captain's Room," by Besant and Rice, price, ten cents; "Civil Service in Great Britain," by D. B. Eaton, price, twenty-five cents; "The Question of Cain," by Mrs. Cashel Hoey, price, twenty cents, are the latest numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Library. For sale at Bancroft's.

T. A. Lyle, an expert accountant, is the author of a work, entitled "The Book-keeper's Companion." It is a chart or map, which simplifies and shows at a glance the whole principle of book-keeping, and tells in an instant where each account belongs. It prevents the experienced book-keeper from making mistakes, and the student from making blunders. It is also a safe and useful guide to merchants and store-keepers in keeping their accounts correct. Published by J. G. Beidleman, 2028 Fairmount Avenue, Philadelphia; price, 75 cents.

"Operas: Their Writers and their Plots," will meet a decided want. It is written by a Philadelphian, whose pseudonym is "Notelrac," and gives, in a concise manner, the plots, and a brief outline of the writer's life, of every prominent opera now played upon the stage, from Mozart's "Figaro" to Bizet's "Carmen" and Boito's "Mefistofele." The writer's aim is to enable the public to dispense with the libretto nuisance, and also to render the great composers and their works more familiar to the rising generation. The book seems to be everything that could be desired, although we do not see in its list the names of several operas sufficiently familiar to warrant a position in the collection. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia; for sale by Joseph A. Hofmann, 208 Montgomery Street; price, 75 cents.

"The First Book of Knowledge," by Frederick Guthrie, F. R. S., is a sort of child's encyclopedia of common things. Under the heading of "Stuffs Used for House-building," for instance, it states the methods of obtaining or manufacturing bricks, concrete, whitewash, zinc, and, in fact, everything that goes to make up a complete dwelling. In the same manner it takes up "Food," "Heating and Lighting," "Writing and Printing," and many other subjects of like importance. The topics are treated in a plain, comprehensive manner, and an exhaustive series of questions follow each chapter, so that the book may be used in the school-room. It is gotten up in a small and convenient form, and contains a copious index—a thing frequently omitted in such works. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

"Mission Life in Greece and Palestine," is the memorial of Mary B. Baldwin, the American missionary to Athens and Joppa. It is written by Mrs. E. P. Raymond, who has already gained quite a reputation for works on the various missions. This memorial is not written in the sanctimonious style which was so marked in the missionary hooks of forty years ago, but more nearly savors of the modern book of travel, although here and there containing enough piety to float it in the religious sea. Miss Baldwin's long sojourn of forty-three years in Greece and western Palestine gave her a good insight into the modern state of these countries. She went to Athens in 1835 as Episcopal missionary, and died in Joppa about four years ago. The book is supplied with numerous illustrations, and altogether forms an interesting description of the localities treated of. Published by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., London; for sale at Bancroft's.

The first book which Doctor Edward Freeman, the English historian, published, was on architecture. It was issued in 1850, and for several years after he continued to write on the same subject. But about the year 1860 he began the series of historical essays which he has since continued voluminously. His last book is on a subject about which little is known by the general public—"Sketches from the Subject and Neighbor Lands of Venice." Doctor Freeman has made three distinct visits to Dalmatia, Albania, and Istria. The result of each visit he published in various English magazines and reviews. They now appear, with many additions and revisions, in book form. There are added a number of illustrations displaying the wonderful architectural beauties of several of these localities, and to one previously unacquainted with these countries it opens up a rich mine of information. Published by Macmillan & Co., London; for sale at Bancroft's; price, \$2.50.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railway was commenced in 1870, running southward from Denver through the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas. The gorge has now attained a wide celebrity, and as the train plunges into the cleft three thousand feet deep, the traveler is perplexed, as he looks far ahead, to know where on the chasm's side the track can find a resting-place. After emerging from the cañon, the line follows the valley of the Upper Arkansas, with its varied scenery of mountain and waterfall. Beyond this is the famous town of Leadville. After Leadville, Fremont Pass is crossed, which is the highest point that has been reached by any American railway. It is nearly twelve thousand feet above sea-level. By the different branches, Gunnison City, El Moro, the San Juan mines are reached, and soon Santa Fé will be embraced in the group. There have been several works written on this railway, among which are "Health and Pleasure in Colorado and New Mexico," and "Colorado for Invalids." The latter is by the well-known Doctor Solly, of London, who wrote several articles recently for *Harper's*. These may be procured from E. E. Johnson, 304 Montgomery street.

The *Californian* for February is the first illustrated number. The leading article is Captain Hooper's, "The Cruise of the *Corwin*," and is an interesting account of Herald Island and vicinity, given in much more extended form than has hitherto appeared. The serial stories by Leonard Kip and Joaquin Millar are continued, the latter being ended in this number. Mr. J. I. Blesdale writes an article on the "Sweet Chestnut." It is illustrated, and gives many points in favor of its growth in this State, where it is a decided scarcity. Some little time ago an application from Australian planters was made for the larger *Marron*, but it could not be obtained in the city. Mrs. M. C. Graham has written an attractive sketch, "Janey," and Evelyn Ludlum contributes "A Sotomoye Evening." The editor, Mr. Charles H. Phelps, has a well-written and thoughtful article entitled "Shall Foreigners Vote?" in which he makes the best showing possible for the affirmative. The usual departments appear, and the number of pages has been increased by sixteen.

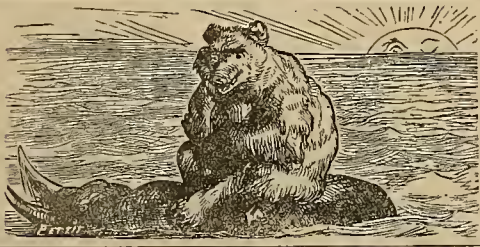
Mr. Hamilton Aidé has prepared for recitation a volume of lyrics and poems, called "Songs without Music; Rhymes and Recitations." Mr. Aidé, who has a very pleasant reputation in England as a writer and musician, is best known in this country as the author of the words and music of the song, "The Danube River."—The success of Mr. Richard A. Proctor's new weekly scientific paper, *Knowledge*, which recently made its appearance in London, is unparalleled in the history of journalism. It has just reached the fifth week of its existence, and has already attained a circulation of twenty thousand copies. A second edition of the first number to the extent of eleven thousand copies was issued.—The first volume of the posthumous work by the late Baron James de Rothschild will soon be published.—Professor Masson drops a hint that at some future day he may publish his personal recollections of Carlisle.—The second volume of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s series of "American Men of Letters" is devoted to Noah Webster.—The Maine Historical Society has undertaken to obtain for its library, as far as practicable, a copy or set of all printed productions of Maine citizens, of both sexes, including non-resident natives.—Senator Bayard possesses an interesting letter from Sir Philip Francis, ("Junius,") written to a brother of the senator's grandfather.



PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1882.

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A great many very worthy people have encouraged by their presence, and perhaps assisted with their money, the two Land-Leaguers now in this city. When we say "worthy people," we mean those of their supporters who are Americans, and do not know any better. They feel a benevolent if foolish impulse to assist "Ireland to be free"—principally because Americans have been doing that sort of thing any time these forty years, and doubtless will continue so to do. These worthy people should know the kind of work going on in Ireland—the manner in which her patriotic sons are striving to free her. At a trial which took place in Cork this week, it was testified that the following order was issued by "Captain Moonlight": "James Sullivan, to be shot in the legs, and his mother and daughter "clipped, for dealing with the Haggertys; Dennis Coakley, "for turning out his laborers, to be shot in the legs; Maurice O'Brien, to be shot in the legs for paying rent." Now, while this may not be the work of the Land League, no one can deny that it is work in the line of their interests, and few will doubt that these murderous scoundrels were Land-Leaguers. They sent a warning, some weeks ago, to a plucky English widow, living near Cork, with her daughters, and no men in the house. They ordered her to leave, threatening her with evil things if she did not. She published the warning in a Cork paper, and with it a few lines, in which she defied them. The Cork editor did not dare to comment upon this matter appearing in his own columns; but neither did the Cork scoundrels dare to molest her. This is the kind of work going on in Ireland. This is the kind of work which many Americans tacitly sanction by their presence at Land-League meetings, or the use of their names as "Vice-Presidents." There were names read at the last Land League meeting in this city which filled us with amazement. And we shall remember them.

Every writer for the press has at times groaned in spirit over the printer and proof-reader. The peculiar and ingenious fashion in which they will at times extract the sense from a sentence has doubtless shortened many an editorial life. Some of their blunders have become famous, as witness the "Adultery Bible," the "Parable of the Vinegar," and Pope Sixtus's excommunication of the printers who should make errors upon his ill-starred edition of the Vulgate. But if it be true, as the master of the bark *Harvest Home* claims, that she was lost through an error in the equation of time, as given in Tennant's "Nautical Almanac"; if it be true, as Tennant claims, that the mistake was due to slovenly proof-reading; if it be true, as the proof-reader would doubtless claim, that the mistake was due to an ignorant compositor—if all these things be true, we say, then let the compositors of America unite in a testimonial to

this most famous among them. He is most famous because his error was more insidious, further-reaching, and infinitely more harmful than any before perpetrated. This testimonial might take the form of a monument. And a monument being funeral in its associations, it might be well to put the compositor under it.

The threatened sale of the Unitarian Church lot on Geary Street calls to the mind of every old Californian the exciting war times, in which Thomas Starr King took such a manly and earnest part. Who does not remember when, through the machinations of certain traitors, some of whom were fitly punished, California seemed on the verge of secession, how Starr King's eloquent voice was heard through the length and breadth of the State, calling on all true-hearted and patriotic men to protest against the threatened wrong? The writer well remembers a scene in an Amador mining town, where some miners, with hostile and Democratic intent, had handed together to drive the speaker out of town. They stopped a moment to listen, and before two minutes had forgotten their inimical intentions, politics, and everything else in their enthusiastic cheers. And who does not remember how, when Starr King lay dying, San Francisco stood in hushed expectancy; and how, upon his death, a great statesman telegraphed from Washington: "Worse than a battle lost!" During the three days that his body lay in state the entire city flocked to view for the last time his remains, and turned out in immense numbers to follow them to the grave. And now, only seventeen years after, his congregation seek to sell the property, and consequently to desecrate his grave by disintering the remains. We hope, for the honor of the city, that this measure will not be carried into effect. Let what is mortal of Starr King rest in its quiet grave. If rude hands threaten to disturb him, those who loved him will affix to his tomb Shakespeare's solemn words:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here.  
Bless'd be the man that spares these stones,  
And curst be he that moves my bones.

The Hospital Committee of the Board of Supervisors has shown a most ungenerous spirit toward the inmates of the hospital. They are making searching inquiries about the liquor bills, and threaten to cut off liquor altogether. This is unwise. Any physician who has ever been connected with a hospital can tell them that liquors are a prime requisite. So are wines. Cigars, too, are of much use. All should be of the best quality. To offer a fever-smitten pauper anything less than Roederer or Mumm, or fine cognac, would doubtless hurt his feelings. He might grow discouraged and die. And then the attending physician would have all the wines and things left on his hands, which, as most physicians are abstemious men, would doubtless annoy him.

The new gas company has a number of miles of mains laid, and the war has begun. The old company has reduced its rates from three dollars to a dollar and half per thousand feet on the lines where the new company's mains run. Elsewhere the rates are unchanged. The new company's rates—two dollars per thousand—its officers say they propose to maintain. The public has long groaned at the high rates of the old company. They sympathize with the new. Theoretically, they will not patronize the old corporation, even though its rates be lower. But in practice they will. A saving of half a dollar per thousand on gas will make some very rigid and stiff-backed men fall down.

The *Post* of this city has of late been printing a number of cuts under the headings of "Men of the Day" and "Current Events." In its Monday's issue it had one with a wealth of headings. Above, it read "Pictures of Current Events"; beneath, "A Camp." It was a very dark picture of mining life—so dark, in fact, that scarcely any of it could be seen. The most plainly distinguishable feature of it was in the lower right-hand corner—the place where the artist's symbol generally appears. In this case the distinguishable feature we speak of represented a despondent donkey.

The new senator from New York, Mr. Warner Miller, has introduced a bill to provide the *Congressional Record* free to our fifty millions of American readers. It would be dreadful tyranny if he should compel anybody to read it. It would be a costly job, but Senator Miller, of New York, is a paper manufacturer—that is the pulp of this cocoanut.

The *Call* of Thursday printed editorially an account of the death of Mrs. Caroline Richings-Bernard, "taken from an Eastern paper." It printed exactly the same account in its Eastern dispatches the week before. This proves that if any one of the *Call* editors reads its dispatches, it must be the telegraph editor.

We are relieved to find the Guiteau jury so level-headed; there was a fear that they might disagree. We are relieved that the trial is over, and that we shall no longer be afflicted with the assassin's diurnal drivell. And we shall be more relieved when Guiteau is relieved of his worthless life.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FITZ-JOHN PORTER CASE—SARGENT'S CHANCES—SOME SECRET HISTORY—TOM OCHILTREE—WASHINGTON SOCIETY—CALIFORNIANS AT THE CAPITAL—THE SENATE AND THE SENATORS—CALIFORNIA APPOINTMENTS.

Washington, January 15.—The very unexpected declaration by General Grant that, after more light and a more careful review of the facts in the Fitz-John Porter case, he had become convinced of Porter's innocence of the treasonable acts with which he stood charged, has taken everybody by surprise. None are more taken aback than those friends of General Grant who have been active in the prosecution of the case, and of those friends no one is so utterly at a loss how to account for this sudden change of opinion as is General Logan, whose able and exhaustive speech in the Senate on the second, third, fourth, and fifth of March, 1880 was deemed conclusive of the facts and law of the case. In conversation with Senator Logan, he informed me that he had had no intimation of General Grant's change of views until they were made public through the press. He also added that he was not prepared to follow General Grant in his conclusion that injustice had been done to General Porter. General Beale expressed to me similar views, and said that while he had the greatest respect for General Grant, and did not in any degree question the sincerity and disinterestedness of his opinions, still he could not agree with him in thinking that General Porter had been dealt with other than justly, when he considered the history and the evidence of the case. Senator Logan has introduced a bill to retire General Grant with a life annuity, and by some ill-natured and suspicious persons it has been assumed that this proceeding of the Ex-President's was to advance his interest; that Senator Logan was advised of the movement, which was in the nature of a political conspiracy to secure the passage of the Logan bill by a conciliation of Porter's friends in Congress. I accept Senator Logan's disclaimer of any knowledge of the movement as conclusive of the fact that in this business there is no intrigue. It is one of those surprises which General Grant seems to delight in, oftentimes to the confusion of his enemies, and sometimes to the embarrassment of his friends.

General Grant was to have been the guest of President Arthur at the White House, but in view of the unkind comment, and the suggestions of undue influence which such a visit would excite, it is now understood that General Grant will not for the present visit Washington. I am impressed with the fact that scandal and lies are important elements in political affairs at this capital—I suppose at all capitals. We in the distant provinces get much of our information from lying sources. It comes to us through the Associated Press, which is managed here by men who are not above the suspicion of interested and mercenary motives. If Washington affairs are as audaciously misrepresented to us in California as California is misrepresented here, then it is not surprising that we should form incorrect opinions and erroneous judgments concerning men and measures at the nation's capital.

Whatever may be said of President Arthur, and whatever estimate may be formed of his wisdom and statesmanship, it is agreed upon all sides that he has the marvelous gift of keeping his own counsel. When interviewed, he listens, asks questions, and gives no sign. Interrogated the other day in a somewhat pointed manner if he had determined upon a cabinet appointment from California, he replied that "nothing was determined till it had been done." This leads me to the conclusion that the appointment of Mr. Sargent to a cabinet position is by no means certain. I conclude also that the probabilities of his success are dwindling to possibilities. I think I can state as a fact that he was not summoned to Washington by the President, and that he has had no intimation from the executive mansion that he will be called to its cabinet councils. The opposition to the ex-senator—the effective and telling opposition—does not come from California; the Desert Land Act and the vindictive assaults upon his personal integrity that come from the San Francisco press do not cut much of a figure in the case. The real strength of the argument that will leave him out of the cabinet—if he is left out—is the statement of his true relation to the politics of California, and the true estimate placed upon his learning, his character, his temperament, and his general intellectual make-up by those gentlemen who have known him and associated with him in his eighteen years of public life at Washington. The Desert Land Act; the fact that Mr. Sargent has been practicing in land claims before the Department; the fact that he is supported by the large railroad interests which have millions of acres of the public domain to be patented to them; the fact that in at least one very important land case he (if Secretary of the Interior) will become the tribunal of appeal to pass upon a question involving a large property in which he is the attorney, in which he has filed a brief, which is still pending, and in which, it is said, he has a large contingent fee—these are the arguments advanced against him. Whether they will prove effective or not will soon be known.

I wonder if I may, with propriety, state what seems to me



to have been an important and unpublished fact in the history of the Chicago Convention? As it is a fact; as it was not told me in confidence; as it was told me with the knowledge that I am the editor of the *Argonaut*; and as I fully believe it to be true, I shall give my readers the benefit of the doubt. In conversing with General Logan the other day, I had occasion to express to him my contempt of the political leadership that managed the Blaine fight at Chicago. Of course I refer to Messrs. Hale, Fry, and Chandler, whom I believed then, and think now, were either traitors to Senator Blaine, indifferent to his success, or utterly incompetent to conduct such a fight. Still, they had been assigned to the leadership. Senator Blaine ought to have been nominated, and could have been nominated, if his leadership had been put under the control of competent, experienced, and earnest friends—such as he had a host of in that convention. General Logan premised by saying that his relations had always been friendly with the senator from Maine, and that they so continued; but that his friendship toward General Grant had determined his course in reference to the presidential candidacy. General Grant, he said, was indifferent to the nomination, and did not want it. He was literally in the hands of his friends. On the evening of the day preceding the nomination of General Garfield, Senator Cameron and himself had an interview with the Blaine people, and agreed that if an adjournment could be had, the corners of a change rounded, and time be given for arrangement of details, the Grant vote would be cast for Senator Blaine. Senator Cameron had in his pocket a letter of withdrawal from General Grant, in harmony with such a programme. Grant, with so strong a vote, could have honorably withdrawn. The Grant leaders, recognizing the character of Blaine's candidacy, preferred that he should succeed rather than any dark horse. He—Logan—believed this would have been accomplished, and that the Blaine men would have accepted the proposition. To his surprise, when the convention met the next morning, the Blaine forces went to pieces, and the result was the nomination of General Garfield. All this was told me by Senator Logan.

I have heard from other authentic sources that Senator Conkling would have preferred the nomination of Blaine to that of Garfield, and so expressed himself when the result was known. I am informed by a lady—one of that little band of distinguished women who acted so serviceable a part in encouraging, by their smiles, and cheers, and waving kerchiefs, the fiery Ruperts of the Grant debate, and who, from their conspicuous seats in the ladies' gallery, gave inspiration to the eloquence of Conkling, Logan, and Emory Storrs—that when the first single vote was cast for Garfield, Conkling smoked the purpose of Garfield and his friends to make him a candidate. Conkling wrote on his card, and sent it to Garfield: "I hear the first neighing of the dark horse as he smells the battle from afar." Garfield wrote on the obverse side of the card: "There is not horse sense enough in this convention to work out the result you suggest."

There is a famous wit and story-teller here, one Tom Ochiltree. I have just come from the office, where for an hour he has had gathered around him a circle of New York politicians, whom he has been entertaining with wit and anecdotes. He is the one of whom George Butler, on one occasion, asked the bar-keeper, in Ochiltree's presence, if he knew who were the three greatest liars in America, and answered his own conundrum by saying that Eli Perkins was one, and Tom Ochiltree the other two.

Washington is truly a cosmopolitan city. There seem to have gathered to it all sorts of people, in all sorts of costumes, from all parts of the world. Social gatherings illustrate this fact in the heterogeneous styles of dressing. Ladies of the foreign embassies bring their own fashions, while the frontier statesman's wife, or the office-seeker's "lady" from the interior, adhere to their local fashions. Costumes by Worth, made in Paris, gorgeous dresses from Mexico and Peru are flaunted in rivalry to the elegant work and blazing colors of our fashionable modistes from San Andreas and southern Alabama. Washington is a free and easy city, where everybody may feel at home, but where everybody—almost everybody—is estimated for his official position. There are more generals, governors, judges, and titled men than the world can elsewhere produce. Every one who has ever been a senator or member of Congress, or has served in his State legislature, or who has achieved a title in the army or the State militia, or been county judge, or judge of a horse-race, is here addressed by his title. It is a custom attending the most casual introduction to give in detailed statement all the offices and honors that the introduced person has ever achieved, as thus: "My dear judge, allow me to introduce my friend, General Blank, who was governor of Alaska, afterward minister to Timbuctoo, formerly member of Congress, and now curbstone secretary to the Consolidated Association of Office-seekers and National Bummers. He expects an appointment to the Potter's-field in the National Cemetery for the Impecunious Dead, and he will remain here till he gets it."

The exclusive tone of official life is somewhat modified by the fact that there are only a few life positions. The senator and congressman, the cabinet officer and clerk, are

every day confronted with the constituent, the primary voter, the ward magnate, the bucolic oracle, "just from home," come down to see the city, and to whom the official must be polite, in hope of future support. It won't do to put on airs, so the bucolic and ward statesmen find themselves on the comfortable sofas of the House of Representatives, smoking cigars in the Senate cloak-room, or taking lunch with the member. In justice to the country visitor, I must admit that he pays for the cigars, lunch, and drinks. The city is constantly filled with young married people, and is, of all others, the place for wedding trips. The capitol, with its rotunda and its atrocious pictures, is the Mecca to which young married love brings its first worship.

Washington is, and always will be, a beautiful city—the Athens, the Paris of America, the social and political centre, the city where men of learning, and wealth, and leisure will come to live. Its plan of construction, its location, its climate, the fact that it is the capital, and the other fact that it is not commercial or a place for manufactures, will contribute to this result. Outside of the official circle, and independent of the transient people, there is in Washington a fixed and excellent society of cultured folk. They are largely of the old families of the South—families in which there is independent wealth, and with whom linger the traditions of a period when it was an honorable distinction to hold office. This class is now being recruited by congenial people from the North and West, who are finding Washington an agreeable place to spend their time and money.

I have seen none of our members of Congress, except Mr. Berry, whom I met at a social gathering. General Miller has been seriously ill, and is not yet fully recovered. Concerning him I hear on all sides pleasant comments. He is intelligent and dignified, unobtrusive and modest in his political associations, exerts a large and healthful influence, and is well esteemed by gentlemen of both parties. His wife and daughter occupy a leading social position, living elegantly and entertaining largely.

I think I do not overstate Senator Farley's position when I say it is one of leading influence on the Democratic side. I hear him well spoken of by those Democratic senators whose acquaintance I have made, and all agree that he is an earnest and intelligent advocate of all measures that concern our side of the continent. General Rosecrans has as yet made but little endeavor in the House of Representatives. Some time is required for understanding the working of the complicated machine called Congress. Frank Page is as energetic as a competent stage-driver on a down grade, with the breeching broke, and a bumble-bee's nest under the tail of the off leader, while Pacheco is as useless as a Chinaman riding backward, with his feet over the boot, while the horses are running away. He lives with Page, votes with him, calls on the President with him, and sneezes when Page takes snuff. When I remember his attitude toward the "gang" in a former gubernatorial campaign, I feel justified in expressing all the contempt I have for his present disgraceful alliance with the men who then assailed him. When I recall the efforts of myself and my friends in his behalf, I feel ashamed to have befriended one whose weakness and imbecility have taken the shape of ingratitude.

Since my arrival, Washington has been visited by Mr. Hathaway, wife and two daughters. Mrs. Hearst and Miss Maggie Hamilton have been here for a few days, on their way to Europe. Governor Low, wife and daughter are at the Arlington. Judge Sunderland is a guest at this house. Governor Kinkead, of Nevada, is also here. Senator Fair, of Nevada, is established in the Sumner House, an annex of the hotel. General Beale is not an improbable Secretary of the Navy, if Mr. Sargent fails in his aspirations for the Interior Department. Edward Carpenter is at this hotel, and is not friendly to the Sargent programme. Mr. Carter, of the Sandwich Islands, minister of the department of foreign affairs, is staying with his daughter in Washington. He is on his way to Europe on a diplomatic mission for the Hawaiian kingdom.

To the list of Californians now in Washington add the names of Mrs. Grattan and Miss Bessie Grattan, guests of Senator Jones, of Nevada, also Miss Julia Sterling, their guest for the winter. The Misses Eyre, with their mother, are to arrive in a day or two, and have taken apartments at Wormley's. Mr. William S. Chapman is in town, staying at the Arlington. Mrs. Andrew McCreary and children are domiciled in Washington for the season.

I had the pleasure of meeting Stuart M. and Mrs. Taylor last evening at the residence of Captain Mullan. They have just returned from Europe, where they have enjoyed exceptional opportunities to see its best society under the most favorable conditions, and I am glad to know that they return good Americans. A glimpse of royalty and palaces has not carried them off their feet, nor made them underrate the land that gave them birth.

In conversation yesterday with a gentleman, formerly Secretary of War, I asked him if he thought General McDowell would be retired. He replied: "He would have been if your Pacific Coast people had not made such an effort for his retention." From this, and what I hear from other sources, I think the general will not be interfered with for

the present. Army influences are for the most part against him, the argument being that younger men are entitled to promotion. I understand that all the California representatives and senators favor his retention. General McDowell has filled a social position that it is probable his successor would not have the means or inclination to occupy. In addition to this, he has converted our unsightly government reservation into military parks, thus furnishing to our city picturesque and beautiful drives.

*January 17.*—To-day, sitting in the Senate chamber listening to a discussion upon the Sherman bill, I was surprised at the entrance of ex-Senator Conness, whom I had not seen since he represented our State in the Senate. Together we spent a pleasant hour, calling up reminiscences of the olden time. Mr. Conness resides in Boston, and has not visited California since he was senator from our State. He is looking well—age has dealt lightly with him. He finds but few senators who were his colleagues in those stormy war times. Those who voted with him for the constitutional amendment that gave freedom to the slave, have nearly all retired from public life, and more than a majority have gone to their last home.

I find the Senate not the Senate of those earlier days when Fessenden, Hale, Sumner, Conkling, Collamer, Baker, McDougall, Morton, Thurman, Douglas, and others fought the good fight for the preservation of the Union and the emancipation of two races from the thralldom of physical and political bondage. Somehow it seems to me that our great men are no longer great; as I come in contact with men of national position, they dwindle to the stature of common men, and, as I measure them, of common minds. As I looked over the Senate, and listened to the speakers discussing finance, pensions, and the Mormon question, I thought that in eloquence, learning, and patriotism they were not greatly the superiors of our ordinary legislative lights, and I wondered whether it was true that our country was declining in the character of its statesmen, or whether it was the result of party politics that did not give to the councils of the nation its best men and its greatest minds. I saw rich men who had bought their places. I saw the agents of great corporations. I saw senators whom I know to have attained their position more through party service than for any achievements of a national and patriotic character; and I am wrong if the inspiration of this day's debate did not come from national banks, financial institutions, and moneyed corporations more than from an unselfish desire to promote the interests of the people. I recognize in Logan of Illinois, in Hawley of Connecticut, in Pendleton of Ohio, in Vest of Missouri, in Beck of Kentucky, in Pugh of Alabama, in Bayard of Delaware, and Lamar of Mississippi, able men. Edmunds of Vermont is, I think, honest, patriotic, learned, sincere, earnest, and great. Our own senators, Miller and Farley, are above the average in mental stature. The senators of the South seem to be in advance of the senators of the North in eloquence, but I have heard no orator. The period of senatorial eloquence has passed. I missed Senator Conkling from his seat, and I wish that he had not made the mistake that retired him from public life, and those other mistakes that make his absence the less to be regretted.

The President is at the forks of the political road. He will be compelled, in a short time, to choose the path of his onward journey. Stalwarts and half-breeds are anxiously expectant whether he will have the daring to blaze out for himself a new, direct, and straight course; whether he will be self-reliant and independent enough to disregard the blandishments of his friends and the threats of his enemies; whether he will have the courage to make himself the President of all the country and all its parts, and not the chief of a party or the leader of half a party. So far his removals from office have been few, and his appointments have been wise. I have abstained from expressing any opinion as to California appointments, because I have not been able to secure such information as would justify me in forming one.

There is no apparent demonstration against Mr. Dodge of the Mint, and I presume that the President will not be in a hurry to anticipate trouble by making removals in our State, except where Senator Miller can suggest appointments that will meet with no opposition. I will venture to say that Mr. James J. Green will not be appointed Marshal, and that John Martin, Esquire, will have to remain content with his present position of Port Warden. I hear of no California name except that of Mr. John F. Swift in connection with the mission to China, but have reason to think that that place will not be accorded to our State, as I think it ought to be. John Russell Young, it is believed, will receive the mission to Japan. Mr. Sullivan will, of course, retain the custom-house, and Mr. Coey will equally, of course, go out of the postoffice when his term expires. Major Backus is rumored as booked for the position of Surveyor-General. Black-and-Tan is not going into the cabinet, will not be Assistant-Treasurer of the United States, nor receive the positions to which he has been so often designated by the Associated Press agents.



## A WILDE WEEK.

Vanity Fair takes Oscar to its Bosom, as told in our New York Letter.

Oscar Wilde has proved a success socially and financially. That clever little Frenchman, D'Oyly Carte, whose Savoy Theatre has given London play-goers such a new and delightful pleasure, and who is going to bring Mrs. Langtry over next autumn, so managed his æsthetic charge that no profaning newspaper interviewer could invade the sanctity of his privacy. Instead of taking him to a hotel, he had the private house of a personal friend ready to receive him on his arrival; and this plan has been continued. He has visited several other places in the same manner. Mr. Carte is, of course, purveyor for the house during the poet's stay.

In like manner, the various receptions were arranged. Mrs. A. A. Hayes first enjoyed the honor of the æsthete's presence. The list of guests was most carefully scrutinized. In this the little French manager also exercised his authority. Only the supremest cream of New York society was given invitations. Mrs. Paron Stevens was there, the quondam Boston grocer's daughter, who gained a place in the hearts of the English nobility when her daughter married one of the profligate Pagets. Mrs. Tom Musgrave, the well-known banker's wife, was also present. She is an important personage. Some years ago, the Wall-Street banker, then a youngish widower, crossed the Atlantic in company with a charming young girl, the highly educated daughter of an English clergyman, who was coming here to act as governess in a wealthy Philadelphia family. The American was deeply smitten, and proposed even on shipboard. The lady's friends approved the suit, and instead of filling the position of governess in Philadelphia, she came to New York as the wife of Mr. Musgrave. The society which had mentally reserved Thomas for home consumption were indignant and outraged at first, but by force of character and accomplishments Mrs. Musgrave held her own, and dictates to the whole party at present. She gives very fashionable musicales this winter, from ten till after eleven; the performers are gifted amateurs. Mrs. Musgrave is, of course, æsthetic, and some of her late gatherings have brought out remarkable toilets. Beside these there were present Miss Everts, daughter of the secretary, Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Mrs. John Lilly, whose clever "Prudence" is appearing in *Harper's*, the Marquise Lanza, who is another connection of British aristocracy, Bishop Potter, of New York—to lend the sanctified dignity of the cloth—in fact representatives of all the best social cliques in New York. Mr. Wilde's appearance on this occasion was not marked by any great peculiarities of style. He waited until the second appearance to burst forth upon the public in the full bloom of pre-Raphaelism. Although his appearance has been described many times before, it may not be out of place to quote the opinion of a New York critic, who remarked that "his face is that of a colossal maiden, with a joyousness wholly Greek; in its lines essentially feminine, but so large that their soft curves indicate none of the weakness which one might hastily attach to the adjective. Otherwise, his broad, sturdy physique is as English as if trained in athletics instead of æsthetics." Before he left, he was secured for the coming Sunday evening by Mrs. John Bigelow, Samuel J. Tilden's neighbor, at Gramercy Park. Mrs. Bigelow is the wife of the former American minister to France and the Court of St. James. She is chiefly noted for the gorgeous parties which she gave to the infant scions of French and British royalty, and also for a treacherous memory, concerning which many very funny stories are related. The hostess received in an early English garb of white grenadine. Miss Kate Field, Mr. Roosevelt, Mrs. Major Comley, and others greeted the poet. Mr. Wilde wore an evening dress-coat of the period, with very wide lapels. In his shirt he wore a single large stud, composed of two pearls and several small diamonds. He wore black knee-breeches, with long black silk stockings and buckled shoes. His collar was narrower than that usually worn by the gilded youth of New York at this time.

At half-past nine o'clock Mr. Wilde went to pay a visit to Mrs. Paron Stevens, at the Fifth Avenue, and next attended a reception given to Miss Louisa M. Alcott by Mrs. D. G. Croly ("Jennie June.") It was eleven o'clock when he arrived, and the parlors were already full. Expectant glances were turned toward the door whenever the bell rang. Mrs. Croly wore a reception dress of purple embossed velvet. Miss Alcott's black silk costume was very becoming, and her fine and pleasant face was framed in a pretty black bonnet with dove-colored ribbons. Miss Clara Morris, who was specially invited to meet Oscar Wilde, who had expressed a great wish to see her, wore a dress of white brocade satin, cut low in the neck, profusely trimmed with pearl and crystal beads. She also wore a pearl necklace. Mr. Wilde drew off part of the crowd which had formed around Miss Alcott. He arrived just as Miss Clara Morris had thrown herself into an arm-chair in the ante-room, "to get a breath of fresh air," she said. Caught by surprise, apparently, Miss Morris started up to beat a retreat into the next room, but half a dozen fair friends led her back. Two profound bows were exchanged, and Mr. Wilde had been presented to Miss Morris. With the greatest expressment Mr. Wilde started forward, seized Miss Morris's hand in both of his, and while continuing to hold it, expressed the great pleasure he felt at meeting her. He told her he had heard a great deal of her from Sarah Bernhardt, adding: "*Elle a du tempérament; c'est assez dire.*" Miss Morris thought of the false Colombine, and a haughty smile curled her lip. Other guests were then presented, and Mr. Wilde was led into the parlor, where he was surrounded and introduced to every one, while Miss Morris resumed her seat with a gesture possibly of vexation. It was expected that several recitations would be given, but in consequence of Mr. Wilde's late arrival this unhappy thought was abandoned. Among the guests were the Anglo-Norman Marquis de Leville, Mrs. Henry Stockbridge, Mr. E. C. Stedman, Mr. Harry Watterson, Mr. and Mrs. John Mack, Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt, Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, and Miss Kate Sanborn.

The following Monday evening Mr. Wilde delivered his lecture, which has been reported throughout the country. The most "utter" sentence in it explained the leaning toward sunflowers and lilies. He said: "We love the lily as the sunflower, not for any vegetable fashion at all; it is

because these two lovely flowers are in England the two most perfect models of design, the most naturally adapted for decorative art—the gaudy leonine beauty of the one and the precious loveliness of the other giving to the artist the most entire and perfect joy." A writer in the *World* on the morning following the lecture, began a series of parodies signed "OW!" under the title of "The Æsthetic Boom," which have appeared every morning since. One of the best is the following:

AVE ROSINA!

[*Impression du Theatre.*]

Ave Rosina! Queen of Mimes and Mirth  
I've looked on thee and turned me toward the sun.  
With thine own silver laugh the streamlets run  
And ripple out their gladness to the earth.  
Thy happy soul informs the song-bird's flight;  
The weird, gray symphonies of winter skies  
Reflect the languid witchery of thine eyes.  
Thy gold-dusk hair is all there is of night!  
And yet, the joyance of that lovely mien  
I'd turn to fire, or death, or sob, or groan.  
Dear Heart, I dare not lose my minor tone;  
I must be Wild, Despairing, and Unclean,  
To clasp thee in a charnel house! Oh, bliss!  
The Gorged Asp of Passion asks but this! OW!

Another New York journal adopts his style in the following bit of "Grandly Classic Gloominess":

Through fragrant woods where dim Arsinoe  
Passes; where bloom of blossom and of bud,  
And perilous passes of Pasiphae  
Make glad the excessive glamour of the blood;  
Where Cretan columns raise the pavilion,  
And blue-veined dappledness of sky survenes,  
I hear the thunder of the prandial gong.  
And all my soul goes out to other sweetly precious scenes.

After the lecture Mr. Wilde attended a reception given by Mrs. John Mack, of Fifth Avenue. The next day he paid the same attention to Mrs. Henry Hurlbut. Miss Kate Field secured him for a luncheon at the Coöperative Dress Association on the 11th. Mrs. Willet, Elihu Vedder, Clara Morris, and others were present. The party lunched in Miss Field's private office, a small apartment on the fifth floor, partitioned off by red plush. On the walls hung panels of Japanese embroidery. The napkins used at lunch were of Japanese paper, white and very heavy, almost like cloth. After lunch every one wrote his or her name on Japanese fans. Mr. Wilde wore a dark-green Prince Albert coat and dark trousers. From his coat-pocket protruded a handkerchief of dark green, and knotted at his neck was a cravat of the same shade. He carried a white ivory stick. Mrs. Willet wore an early English costume. On the following afternoon he went to see the "New Magdalen" at one of the matinees which Miss Clara Morris has lately been giving in New York on Thursday afternoons. In the evening he was given a reception by Mrs. General George B. McClellan.

On Friday he attended the largest affair yet given. The "crush" was at the house of Mrs. Marion T. Fortescue, where for the first time he met Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierra. Mr. Miller at once lauded the "Hub" to Mr. Wilde. "I am glad to see you. New York is a second Liverpool, but go to Boston, and your heart will open like a flower. Mr. Wilde, there are two places in America to see: one is the East and the other the West—Oregon and California, for their natural greatness and beauty. But come and dine with me. I live on the fifth story, with no one above me but God—(after a moment's reflection)—and the man who cleans the snow off my roof." Mr. Wilde simply replied: "I like America—that is to say I like New York." Mrs. Fortescue received in old-gold brocade silk, with peacock-feather fringe and rainbow bead ornaments. Among the guests were Lady Duffus Hardy and Miss Hardy, "Aunt Fanny" Barrow, Mr. Sam Ward, Mrs. John Bigelow, Miss Kate N. Sanborn, Mrs. Charles E. Sprague, Mr. R. K. Mun-Kitrick, Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Bunce, and Mrs. J. W. Bruner, of California.

Later on Mr. Wilde attended a dinner given by Sam Ward, the millionaire gourmet. The adornment of the table was elaborate. One characteristic decoration was a large bowl of Roman punch representing a lake, in which floated a number of water lilies. The centerpiece was of lilies of the valley, bordered with callas, and the *boutonnieres* were lilies of the valley. A feature of the dinner was a "lily" song, written for the occasion by the talented host, and sung by Stephen Massett. This is the opening verse:

Take, O gardener to the maiden  
In whose praise the harp I string,  
Take at noon a basket laden  
With the loveliest blooms of spring;  
Let no orange flowers suggest  
Altar, priest, or man be there;  
But sweet valley lilies cresting  
Roses, than her cheeks less fair.

Mr. Wilde was very much pleased with the song, and called for an encore. Among the guests were some celebrities, including William M. Everts, who chiefly distinguished himself by his usual method of systematic stuffing.

A gentleman who called upon Mr. Wilde, found the apostle resplendent in a pale sea-green silk dressing-gown and old-gold slippers with cardinal bows. He is said, however, to have a great deal of spirit, and a prominent English lady recently related to some admiring listeners that in a certain London saloon, where the Prince of Wales, Oscar Wilde, and Sullivan, (of Gilbert & Sullivan), all were present, the prince requested as a personal favor the well-known song in "Patience" concerning the Greenery-Yallery-Grosvenor-Gallery young man. Sullivan, seating himself at the piano, complied, adding several impromptu verses for the occasion. During all this Oscar maintained a composed attitude, leaning his elbow against the mantelpiece. Of course, under the circumstances, he was the target for every covert side-glance in the room. The song ended, Oscar approached the prince, and remarked: "Sir, you are the only man in England before whom that song could have been sung this evening," and then bowing low, took his leave. His play, "Vera, the Nihilist," will be produced in New York, with Clara Morris in the title rôle. He has submitted it to Miss Morris for her suggestions as to situations. The poem in which he explains to the American people his philosophy, will appear on February 1, in *Our Continent*, Tourgee's new journalistic venture.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, January 19, 1882.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mrs. Senator Mahone wears the finest diamonds in Washington society.

Monsieur Gounod has dedicated to Queen Victoria his oratorio of "The Redemption."

Miss Lippincott, the daughter of Grace Greenwood, is to appear in English opera in this country next year.

Ex-Vice-President Wheeler, who is ill, is seeking health in Tennessee. He is coming to California next spring.

Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper, the daughter of the novelist, is now seventy years old. She lives at Cooperstown, New York.

President Arthur keeps his dead wife's portrait, which hangs in his room at the White House, wreathed with flowers, which are renewed every day.

There are still two Richard Danas—for the boy-baby born to the young Richard bears the name of his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather.

The rumors of Miss Annie Louise Cary's approaching marriage are now said to be untrue. Her intention to retire from the stage is, however, again announced.

M. Gambetta is trying hard to acquire the German language, and to that end baslatly surrounded himself with persons almost exclusively acquainted with that tongue.

Secretary Blaine has cabled his thanks to Baron Steuben for naming his son after him, and has ordered the finest silver cup that Tiffany can make to send to young Blaine von Steuben.

Mrs. Langtry's excellent elocution on the stage is said to be a gift she has inherited from her father, the Dean of Jersey. Much of her beauty, too, comes from that exceedingly handsome dignity.

Baron Nordenskjöld is reported to have never yet forgiven the British nation for neglecting to bestow an "order" upon him. When he passed through London lately he declined to stay for dinner or fête.

Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. is mentioned as a possible occupant of the prospective vacancy in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Mr. Holmes is a man of profound legal learning, but lacks his father's humor.

A wealthy Russian who lately died in Switzerland, named Vanderwies, left his wife thirty-two million dollars in cash and large estates in Russia, to his eldest son fifteen millions and a castle at Lugano, and fifteen millions and a castle at Vairoso to another son.

George R. Sims, the author of "The Lights of London," has just met with an accident which for the time has deprived him of the use of his eyes, and which nearly destroyed his sight forever. In lighting a wax match the top of it flew blazing into his eye, not only burning the lid and the pupil, but also making a blister on the iris.

M. Meissonier, during his recent severe illness, lightened the tedium of his days by painting a splendid portrait of himself. He chose the attitude of an invalid, clothed in a dressing-gown, and seated in an arm-chair. This picture he intends to present to the Lyons Museum, though he has been offered sixteen thousand dollars for it.

Baroness Erlanger, wife of the banker, ordered her carriage to take her to the Ring Theatre the night it was burned. Accidentally the coachman arrived fifteen minutes later than ordered, and the baroness escaped the horrors of the fire. Strangely enough, a like delay prevented her intended visit to the Nice Opera House on the evening it was burned last March.

According to Edmund Yates, so little was the recent sensational marriage expected, that the first intelligence which reached England was a telegram to the bride's sister on the day after the wedding. Lady Mandeville opened a telegram which was awaiting her arrival at Longleat, and found that it contained the startling news that her sister was no longer Miss Natica Ysnaga, but Lady Kaye.

George Alfred Townsend, once the partner of Colonel Donn Piatt, gives in the Cincinnati *Enquirer* a rumor that "Piatt, when in New York some time ago, was struck by a bunko man for twelve hundred dollars, and meekly gave his check on the West Liberty Bank." Piatt's bills made in Paris, where he was secretary of legation a great many years ago, are still unpaid, and the present attaches are occasionally dunned for them.

That bloodthirsty monster, Thibo, king of Burmah, was taken with the desire recently to see some modern plays and opera bouffe performed in the Indian language. He induced the company of the Victoria Theatre in Bombay to visit his capital; but compelled the venturesome actors to appear on the stage, out of proper respect for him, barefooted. The performances took place in the royal palace, and the players were guarded by soldiery.

The Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild paid a pretty, if somewhat exaggerated, compliment to a prima donna the other day. She invited the young lady to dine with her, and after dinner asked her to try the tone of her piano. Not a sound came from the keys when touched. "I had the instrument unstrung this morning, mademoiselle," said the baroness, "that you might see that the only pleasure that I promised myself from your presence this evening was the pleasure of your society."

Mr. Reginald Bunthorne's white lock is modeled upon that which waves among the raven tresses of Whistler, the eccentric artist. Mr. Whistler, by the way, is recovering from his bankruptcy troubles, and from the effects of Mr. Ruskin's savage attack. He is busily engaged upon a number of full-length portraits; and it is said that Mr. Ruskin's onslaught did him more good than harm. Whistler has long been one of the most æsthetic of the æsthètes, and used to cover his floors all over with blue and white rugs and Japanese tea-trays. He was several years ago famous in London for his buckwheat-cake breakfasts.



## SNORING.

Its Effects When Done in a Foreign Tongue.

"It's funny how careless they get about joint powder after they get used to it," said Woodtick Williams to a *Boomerang* man the other day. "It's mighty harmless looking stuff, and you wouldn't think, if you didn't know what it was, that it would blow a man up any quicker than a ball of Nebraska butter. I know when I was sinking on the Feverish Hornet mine, and had a cabin up in Slippery Ellum Gulch, at first we was powerful careful about our joint powder, and kept it in a hole in the side of the hill; but after we got more familiar with it, we got to keeping it in the cabin, and in about two weeks we used to sit on the box when we played Black Mariar and Pedro. After that we found that this kind of groceries worked better if it was kept kind of warm, and we used to put the little cakes of joint powder under the mattress nights, so they'd be kind of warm in the morning to blast with. We had a Polander on the night shift of the Feverish Hornet that the boys called Neuralgia Phlaskowski. He was the worst man to swear nights and snore days that I ever saw. When he used to go down in the shaft and swear a few times in the dialect of his fatherland, the other men had to come to the surface for fresh air. He generally swore till he got excited, and his jaw got cramped on an important bit of profanity, and then he would quit awhile. We called his style of swear the Anglo-Kosciusko swear. It generally jarred the foot wall, and shattered the vein matter so that we had to timber up a little after he got through. His snore was about as blood-curdling as his unique style of swear. He used to snore in his own native tongue. Of course, the force of habit is strongest on a man when he is asleep. That's why he never tried to snore in English. When he seemed to be getting the most comfort out of his slumbers, and had his mouth open so you could throw a ham down his throat, and snored so as to get in all the double f's and q's and z's and Polish diphthongs, and other funny business, it made the floor of the cabin creak, and the cook-stove would fall down, and the clock used to stop, and stock in the Feverish Hornet would go down to terecents a share. Well, Neuralgia Phlaskowski, working on the night-shift, as he did, had to do his heavy sleeping during the day, while the rest of us was to work in the shaft. The day shift consisted of myself and a man named Marco Bozzaris Smith, and the night shift was composed of a picked crew, consisting of Neuralgia Phlaskowski and a man from Zion that we called Anonymous, because we never knew what his name was. Anonymous slept in a tent, because he said he was a little nervous and fidgety like, and couldn't sleep in a boiler factory. So he pitched his tent about a mile down the gulch, where the sound of Neuralgia's snore was partially deadened. About two o'clock p. m. one pleasant July day there was a loud crash in Slippery Ellum gulch that agitated the country for four miles around, and filled the air with fragments of bed-clothes and cooking utensils. We went down to the cabin, but it wasn't there. The concussion of Neuralgia Phlaskowski's snore had set off the joint powder concealed about his bed, and distributed the whole dog-gone ranch over the surrounding scene. We postponed the funeral for two weeks, and asked the prospectors of the State to bring in such fragments of deceased as might be found. At the hour appointed the mourners gathered around a baking-powder can, containing all that was mortal of Neuralgia. Death had worked a wondrous change in the expression of the features of the remains. Very few could recognize the deceased. Mr. Phlaskowski had always been cursed with a fear that he would be buried alive, and Marco Bozzaris Smith suggested that the remains should lie in state for a week or two; but the rest of us felt so positive about his death, that the ceremonies were allowed to go on. This little episode seemed to us like a solemn warning, and after that we kept our joint powder under the mattress of a man who didn't snore in a foreign language. The Anglo-Saxon snore is good enough for the every-day hum-drum of life. When the language of this country isn't good enough to snore with in a mining camp, it's time to adjourn."

Bill's *Boomerang*.

## The Duke's Death.

Kneel here by my side, Lurline," and in obedience to the summons a beautiful girl flung herself in an *abandon* of grief near the bed on which lay the eighth Duke of Twenty-second Street, Rupert Rollingstone. Rupert was dying—dying away out on the West Side. A cold had developed into a quick consumption. The dreaded disease had made known its presence while Rupert was at the house of a friend on Laffin Street. "You can not live more than a week," the doctor had said. "But my people," cried the sick man, in an agony of fear; "they are on Twenty-second Street, and too poor to hire a carriage. How shall I see them?" and he wrung his hands in an agony of despair.

"It can not be done, my lass," said the street-railway superintendent, looking down kindly into Lurline's face. "I would gladly do aught that might ease the last moments of a dying man, but I can not accomplish impossibilities. A car from Twenty-second Street to the corner of Laffin and Van Buren in five days? By my baidom, you jest bravely," and, picking up a pair of shears, he again resumed his occupation of cutting coupons from government bonds. When Lurline had knelt by the dying man, he turned to her and spoke: "Lurline, my darling," he said, "I am dying down. I shall soon be in the sweet pretty quick. But ere I start, I want you to make me one promise—a sacred one, that you will keep forever. Name it," said the girl, in a sob-coked voice. "Whenever you are in a burry, avoid the street-car." "I promise," was the reply. Rupert's face lit up with a sweet, peaceful smile. "Good-bye, my angel." "Bung soir," was the faint response, as the girl's head fell on his breast amid a storm of sobs. "I see heaven," murmured the dying man. "I know it is heaven, because there are lots of street-cars, and they run every three minutes." Rupert was dead.—From "When We Get There," by Murat Halstead in *Chicago Tribune*.

From Francescque Sarey's feuilleton in *Le Temps*, describing the first performance of "Odette": "Every one held his breath. This drama, clean-cut, rapid, almost brutal, reminded one of a duel in which one of two sword-blades, after a brief engagement, buries its ill in the bosom of the other."

## LONGFELLOW'S LATEST POEM.

Hermes Trismegistus.

Still through Egypt's desert places  
Flows the lordly Nile,  
From its banks the great stone faces  
Gaze with patient smile;  
Still the pyramids imperious  
Pierce the cloudless skies,  
And the Sphinx stares with mysterious,  
Solemn, stony eyes.  
But where are the old Egyptian  
Demi-gods and kings?  
Nothing left but an inscription  
Graven on stones and rings.  
Where are Helius and Hephæstus,  
Gods of eldest old?  
Where is Hermes Trismegistus,  
Who their secrets held?  
Where are now the many hundred  
Thousand books he wrote?  
By the Thaumaturgists plundered,  
Lost in lands remote;  
In oblivion sunk forever,  
As when o'er the land  
Blows a storm-wind, in the river  
Sinks the scattered sand.  
Something unsubstantial, ghostly,  
Seems this Theurgist.  
In deep meditation mostly  
Wrapped, as in a mist,  
Vague, phantasmal, and unreal  
To our thought he seems,  
Walking in a world ideal,  
In a land of dreams.  
Was he one, or many, merging  
Name and fame in one,  
Like a stream, to which, converging  
Many streamlets run?  
Till, with gathered power proceeding,  
Ampler sweep it takes,  
Downward the sweet waters leading  
From unnumbered lakes.  
By the Nile I see him wandering,  
Pausing now and then,  
On the mystic union pondering  
Between gods and men;  
Half-believing, wholly feeling,  
With supreme delight,  
How the gods, themselves concealing,  
Lift men to their height.  
Or in Thebes, the hundred-gated,  
In the thoroughfare  
Breathing, as if consecrated,  
A diviner air;  
And amid discordant noises,  
In the jostling throng,  
Hearing far, celestial voices  
Of Olympian song.  
Who shall call his dreams fallacious?  
Who has searched or sought  
All the unexplored and spacious  
Universe of thought?  
Who, in his own skill confiding,  
Shall with rule and line  
Mark the border-land dividing  
Human and divine?  
Trismegistus! three times greatest!  
How thy name sublime  
Has descended to this latest  
Progeny of time!  
Happy they whose written pages  
Perish with their lives,  
If amid the crumbling ages  
Still their name survives!  
Thine, O priest of Egypt, lately  
Found I in the vast,  
Weed-encumbered, sombre, stately  
Grave-yard of the Past;  
And a presence moved before me  
On that gloomy shore,  
As a waft of wind, that o'er me  
Breathed, and was no more.

—February Century.

## Lovers in the Tropics.

Philip—Love, the winds long to lure you to their home,  
To tempt you on beneath the northern arch!  
There, by our household fire, bid Yule-tide come,  
And winter's cold, and every gust of March.  
Clementine—Stay, O stay with me here, and chasten  
Your heart still longing to wander more!  
Ever the restless winds are winging,  
But the white-plumed egrets, skyward springing,  
Over our blue sea hover, and basteen  
To light anew on their own dear shore.  
Philip—The lips grow tired of honey, the cloyed ear  
Of music, and of light the eyelids tire,  
I weary of the sky's eternal balm,  
The ceaseless droop and rustle of the palm;  
Only your whisper, love, constrains me here  
From that brave clime I would you might desire.  
Clementine—Cold, ah! cold is the sky, and leaden,  
There where earth rounds off to the pole!  
Still by kisses the moments number—  
Here are sweetness, and rest, and slumber,  
All to lighten and naught to deaden  
The heart's low murmur, the captured soul.  
Philip—Dear, I would have you yearn, amid these sweets,  
For the clear breeze that blows from waters gray—  
For some fresh, northern hill-top, overgrown  
With bush and bloom and brake to you unknown;  
There, while the hidden thrush his song repeats,  
The rose shall tinge your cheek the livelong day.  
Clementine—Stay in the clime where living is loving,  
And the lips make music unaware;  
While the colibris, that poise unmoving,  
Like winged Loves, mate in the trembling air.

Philip—Love is not perfect, sweet, that like a dream  
Flows on without a forecast or a pain;  
Some burden must betide to make it strong,  
Some toil to make its briefest bliss seem long—  
Ay, longer than the crossing of a stream  
Mist-baunted, lit by moons that surely wane.  
Clementine—Here, for a round of moons unbroken,  
A spell that binds shall your loss requite;  
The fleet, sweet moments shall pass unreckoned,  
And all to our constant love be second,  
And the fragrant lily shall be our token,  
That folds itself on the waves at night.  
Philip—Yonder, or here, and whether summer's star  
Burn overhead, or rains of autumn fall!  
Clementine—Or snows of winter in the frozen north?  
Philip—Love, never doubt it!  
Clementine—Take me with you forth!  
And oh, forget not in that land afar,  
I am your summer—your summer, my life, my all!  
—Edmund C. Stedman in *February Century*.

## THE INNER MAN.

"How does one become a learned and skilful cook?" M. Ferdinand Fère, the eminent *chef* of the Astor House, was asked recently by a New York *World* reporter. Monsieur Fère, white-capped, white-jacketed, and white-aproned, was standing at one side of the spacious kitchen. He led the way to his study, a small room, with papers and books on the floor, desk, and tables, and more books crowding the shelves to the ceiling. "How does one become a *chef*? One studies and one investigates," he said, in reply to the question. "Each day I read, I study. My library is larger than that of any editor, and I study. I have been a cook twenty-eight years. When I began I was eleven years old, and for four years I studied. I served my *apprentissage*, and I was paid nothing; on the contrary, I paid two thousand francs for the four years. Then I was given thirty francs a month of appointments, and it was my uncle's house, too. I stayed there only one month. Now I am *chef*, but I still learn." It may be added that M. Fère's salary is supposed to be greater than that of a United States Circuit Judge. "What does a *chef* study?" he was asked. "What he studies, *mais l'agriculture*, the medicine, the *chimie*; he must know the *chimie* to effect the *reductions*, to determine the *quantité* of—how you call it?—well, of *substance azotee* in a pound of beef. That is necessary, for if one piece of beef has seven grammes of *substance azotee* and another has two grammes, we must know it to cook the beef properly. For a hundred years," he continued, "the *cuisine* has been in a state of decadence, but within the last four years it has improved some. The emperor of Germany has two *chefs*, who are in charge each six months at a time, and they have the rank of colonel of infantry. The advance has been greatly the work of the 'Union Universelle pour le Progrès de l'Art Culinaire.' It has been established four years in Europe, and a section has just been organized in the United States. Have you a diploma to show this gentleman?" he asked of a new-comer into the room—an elderly, slender Frenchman, with clear-cut features, white hair, and a distinguished appearance. "Let me introduce to you my secrétaire, M. Le Comte de Moiseau; he is a count," he added. "Ab!" said M. de Moiseau, shrugging his shoulders in a deprecating manner, "zere is no more titles; it is all past; I am a citizen of zis republique." Then turning away he got one of the diplomas referred to. Upon the lithographed cover are nymphs, cherubini, flowers, fruit, and game, and dishes, and glasses. Inside are spaces for such details of the bearer as his height, hair, nose, (neither of the last two having reference to his culinary ability,) forehead, and age. The mottoes are "Les arts et sciences ont pour patrie la terre," and "La cuisine est l'auxiliaire de la médecine comme la pensée est le précurseur de l'art." Each member is required to speak French, and to pass an examination. The grade given him by the examining committee is written on the diplomas, which are renewed annually, and changed in accordance with the progress in art made by the holder. If the holder develops undesirable moral qualities, his diploma is not renewed. In this way every member will have credentials which will show to the hotel-keeper, or whoever desires to employ him, exactly what he can do, and which will be more trustworthy than any letter of recommendation. There are already branches of the union in all the principal cities of the United States. The union has an organ, *Le Science Culinaire*, published at Geneva. There are three classes of members—active, non-voting, and honorary. To the first belong cooks, who are divided into artists who must know everything about the preparation of a *grand diner* and pupils, and to the second belong persons of allied occupations, such as gardeners, charcutiers, and the like. The general committee is composed of M. J. Fère, G. Droin, the king of Spain's cook; J. Bohers, the *chef* of the St. James Club, London, and J. Favre, of the Central Hotel, Berlin. "We have even a branch in China," M. Fère said; "but not to adopt Chinese cookery; oh non, *par exemple*!" M. Fère said: "I have here twelve cooks; but are there two who are cooks? They can do here what they are told, but when they leave, nothing. The true *cuisine* should start from one point. Thus, game should be game alone. Take a partridge. It is not rich enough, and to enrich it we use other meat. That is wrong. We should take two other partridges and put their essence into the one. But what can we do? When we sell one partridge for seventy-five cents, we can not spend one dollar and a half in enriching it."

"One should begin young if one would be a *chef*," said M. Sebastien Michel, of the Brunswick, which the reporter next visited. "I began when I was thirteen years old, and served an apprenticeship of three years. Then I was a serious workman. That was in 1846. I was then *chef de partie* for a number of years before becoming a *chef*. There are four *chefs de partie*—the *premier saucier*, the *chef de la garde manger*, the *rotisseur*, and the *entremetier*. The *rotisseur* is a more important post here than in Europe, because more roasts and broils are eaten here. All the *chefs* come from France, principally from Paris. No pupils are taken in the kitchens here, and the aids who are hired, and who show some ability, rarely rise above their first post. To become *chef* depends a good deal on chance after you have risen from being a serious workman to being a *chef de partie*. I, who was a *chef* in France, was for three years second at the 'Offman' Ouse before I was made *chef* here. The *chefs* of the noble houses in England, France, Germany, Russia, and other European countries correspond and exchange copies of *grands menus* they prepare, and thus exchange ideas. I do not find that books are of great assistance, for they are mostly by *chefs* of great houses, and the *plats* described are enormously expensive. What we gain from them are ideas. A *chef*, besides knowing about cooking, must be familiar with accounts, and be a good man of business."

CCXIII.—Sunday, January 29.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Potato Soup.  
Deviled Crabs, with Sliced Lemon.  
Boned Chicken. Cold Tongue.  
Mushrooms.  
Brussels Sprouts.  
Fried New Potatoes.  
Roast Beef. Yorkshire Pudding.  
Poor Man's Salad.

Apricot Tarts.  
Oranges, Apples, Figs, Raisins, and Almonds.  
Boven Cutlet.—Boil a chicken in a little soup stock until the bones can be easily separated from the meat; remove all the skin; slice and mix together the light and the dark meat; season with salt and pepper; boil down the juice, pour it on the meat, and shape it like a loaf of bread; wrap tightly in a cloth; press it with a heavy weight for a few hours. When served, cut in thin slices.

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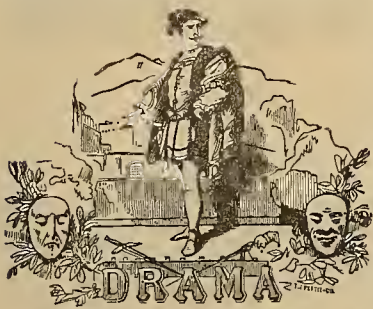
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goes away, and who are said to have tucked a lot of new things into their valise, may have "Esmeralda" among them; or, if not, some one will be coming this way with it before long. A New York success does not remain long untraveled.

What a plaint is rising from the actors of a decadence of interest in them. Modest people that they are, they attribute the decline of the drama to it, and they feel that everything is going to the "demition bow-wows" because the players are no longer swathed in romantic gauze. And yet there never was a time when anything good was better appreciated than now. There is an immense demand—a wild clamor for it. Brains were never so big a capital before. And with the decline of interest—that is to say romantic interest—in the actor, there has sprung up an appreciation of the dramatist, who is, after all, the creator of our long procession of heroes and heroines.

Some one was saying the other day that he had a letter from a friend living in one of the great centres—London or Paris—who complained that he was having a doleful time of it in the early evenings, as there was absolutely not a theatre left to drop into. Everything had been running such an interminably long time that he knew the plays all by heart, and he was tired of the players' faces. And here we are bored because "Michael Strogoff" has been on a month, and we hail with gladness "The World" next week, which will doubtless be an eclipsing spectacle, and the bills announce a lot of new people; but what further developments we are to have in natural history we may not know.

Indeed, there is to be a new bill in every theatre in the town next week, and the veriest epicure will surely find something to his taste in "King John" at the Baldwin, for which they are said to be making much spectacular preparation. Miss Nellie Holbrook has been engaged for Constance, and her heavy style will not be amiss in the rôle of the hapless woman whose

"Grief's so great  
That no supporter but the huge, firm earth  
Can bear it up."

But it was an odd freak to cast her for Julia de Mortimer, with little Phoebe Davies in the theatre to play the gentle girl. At Emerson's there is not only a new bill, but new people; for Charley Reed, who went away a mere fledgling minstrel, comes back with a reputation and a minstrel play, while the Emersons proper go into that cavern of ill-luck, the interior. The Leavitt Company announce a change of bill.

At the Grand Opera House we are soon to have the versatile Marie Gerstinger, of whom the Germans promise such wonderful things. There would seem to be no specialists upon the German stage, and versatility a German actor's training. Every one has a certain degree of respect for the people who do one thing superlatively well, but how much more charming are those who can do a variety of things well enough. One likes to meet them in every-day life, these clever people with many knacks; how much more in the theatre, where one goes to see the accomplishments.

The concert-givers take a vacation this week, but next they go bravely on side by side once more. Memorial days having become popular in music, the Philharmonic will celebrate Mendelssohn's birthday on Friday night, February 3, with a programme largely Mendelssohnian. One of its principal numbers will be the recitative and aria from Elijah, "If with all your hearts." It will be sung by Mr. Talbot, the English tenor, whose fine voice has not been heard in public since the disastrous Fabbri season of opera, which season, indeed, Mr. Talbot almost saved from utter rout; and *rara avis* as the tenor is, what is an opera without a prima donna?

BETSY B.

It is claimed that the present version of "The World," which is to be produced at Haverly's California Theatre on Monday night, differs from that already played in this city some time ago. The Baldwin version is stated to have been a mutilated one.

For purposes of comparison, we append a synopsis of Haverly's version: The story of the drama is of the most sensational character. The interest centres on the fortunes of Sir Clement Huntington, who sacrifices himself to a base brother, and goes to the African diamond fields. The drama (according to the libretto submitted to us) opens with his journey home to succeed to the title and estates of his father, who has died during his absence. The ship on which he sails carries an infernal machine, which has been placed on board to destroy her, so the plotters may secure heavy insurance on a lot of diamonds they have shipped. The ship is destroyed, and Sir Clement and three others escape by means of a raft, after having endured the tortures of thirst and starvation. On arriving in England the hero is compelled to endure distress through the machinations of his brother, who first attempts his murder, and then has him confined in a mad-house, from which an escape is effected, and then the usual triumph of virtue and punishment of vice follows. The scenic effects are said to be striking and beautiful. The first scene is to represent the departure of the ship *Lily of the Valley*, attached to a tug-boat which is to tow her to sea. The second scene is the deck of the ship by moonlight on a summer sea. The infernal machine is discovered in this act, and ends the scene by its explosion and the sinking of the ship. The next scene is the great one of the piece, and shows a raft in mid-ocean with the survivors on board. The remaining scenes are promised by the management to be very realistic and well painted.

On her way to this coast, Madame Geistering stopped to play in St. Louis. A critic in the *Spectator* remarks: "As a specimen of that type of vigorous, well-developed womanhood which the ancient sculptors loved to portray, Madame Geistering is, without doubt, the most perfect I have seen. The rounded, but not too voluptuous, bust, the graceful curve of the waist and hips, and the shapeliness of the perfect limbs, straight as two columns of ivory, and tapering to the most slender and rounded ankles in the world, make up a form that could not fail to delight the artistic eye almost as much as her perfect trained voice pleased the cultured, musical ear. An enthusiastic critic of Henry Irving once called attention to the 'wonderful expression' of that great actor's left leg. So with Geistering—it is to those superb nether limbs rather than to the Teutonic countenance which surmounts them, that the auditor must look for the added emphasis of beauty and expression." St. Louis criticism is peculiar.

Sol. Smith Russell writes that he will pay San Francisco a visit this spring with "Edgewood Folks."

Helena Dineon has been singing with Patti.

#### DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

They are telling funny stories about Clara Louise Kellogg. A St. Louis paper says that she sings songs which turn on loneliness and desolation, and then, when encoored, renders with fascinating bewitchery the old English song, "All Young Maids Should Marry." Of course this never fails to bring down the house. But the other day, when passing through a Tennessee town, she and her manager, Major Pond, took her colored girl in to dinner with them. The haughty blood of the Southern guests and landlord furiously revolted against sitting down with a "nigger." There was a row, in which Kellogg, Pond, the landlord, and the guests took an active part. It finally ended in Clara Louise being left mistress of the occasion; she triumphantly sat down with the "nigger" and manager as sole companions. "Miss Kellogg," says the *Dramatic Times*, "is the especial terror of a great many hotel proprietors. One Chicago man in this business always alludes to her as the great American hotel nuisance." We suppose this last refers to the Chicago proprietor in a room of whose hotel the late Adelaide Neilson, just after Kellogg's departure, found stowed away in a corner the accumulations of dinner scraps saved for three weeks, and by no means in a state of excellent preservation.

The readers of Hardy's novel, "Far from the Madding Crowd," will be interested to hear of the quarrel between Thomas Hardy and the London play-wright Pinero. Hardy dramatized his novel and sent it to Hare & Kendal, managers of the St. James Theatre. They declined it, but shortly after produced Pinero's "The Squire," which is somewhat similar in plot to the novel. Hardy accuses Pinero of piracy. Pinero says he had never seen or read the novel. And so the matter stands undecided. Meanwhile, Kendal and his talented wife are making a wonderful success of "The Squire." The plot is rather striking. A man, supposing his first wife dead, secretly marries the heroine of the play. The first wife turns up, but does not trouble the husband by forcing her presence upon him. The association of the man with his secret second wife has created a scandal in the village; added to the fact is the overhanging shadow of the unfortunate lady's coming confinement. The first wife, however, conveniently dies, and the hero and heroine become publicly married, just in time to reasonably preserve the lady's reputation. A London critic remarks that "apart from the unpleasant and numerous references to the baby that is to be born, the play is fresh and breezy; it smacks of the country, is redolent of hay and clover, and full of remarkable characterizations."

The New York correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* writes of Fanny Davenport's recent rendering of Camille at the Fifth Avenue Theatre: "The most unconsumptive creature I ever saw is the healthy Davenport. With a view to concealing this delightful attribute, all her costumes in this play are made high in the neck and with elbow sleeves. In two acts long white gloves go nearly to the shoulder, and her superb proportions are lashed in till I, for one, dreaded a giving way of some restraining button or a controlling hook, and thought of a green satin waist in former days that suddenly rent from belt to neck, and relinquished the girlish figure of Miss Davenport, who vowed no dress of hers should ever be made again on the Ready Ripper. Luckily in that crisis Fanny Morant was on the stage. The action of the play demanded that poor Davenport should remain and finish the scene, so Morant just pulled off a lace shawl and threw it over the accident, and the performance proceeded calmly. There is very little color in Miss Davenport's Camille. As she presents her, she is a large, healthy, jolly sort of woman, no longer young, and not deeply in love. In the agonizing scene with Duval *pere* she yields without much apparent suffering to the old man; and in view of George Clarke's performance of Armand, we most of us agreed with her that she wasn't sacrificing much. That gentleman made a jumping-jack sort of lover, and was so intensely stagey at times that he provoked laughter instead of sympathy."

Rossi, the Italian actor, has made his reëtrance on the New York stage in the rôle of an adaptation of Alexandre Dumas's "Edmund Kean." The play has for a plot the amorous pursuit of two women—the Countess Koefeld and Miss Danby, the actress—by George IV. and Lord Melville. Edmund Kean, in the first instance, wards off the too apparent attentions of the sovereign, and in the latter case foils the dishonorable designs of the nobleman by carrying Miss Danby off with himself to America. Rossi has made a success of the part, and has taken advantage of the many good situations, which turn almost wholly on the assignations between the interested parties, and their failure through the virtuous efforts of the dissipated actor. There are scenes in very high life, scenes at a very low tavern, and scenes at Drury Lane Theatre. Through all of them the irresistible and predominate Kean carries everything before him with brilliant audacity and uncommon good fortune, bewitching all the women, imprecating all the men, and absorbing all the drink and all the glory in his immediate neighborhood. But the New York *Tribune*, commenting on Rossi's rendering of the part, remarks: "It was observed that Mr. Kean generally went about in full evening dress, and that, even after falling asleep when loaded with Jamaica rum, he rose without a wrinkle in his immaculate shirt-front. So does genius triumph over starch and alcohol."

It is said that—Maeder is writing a play for James O'Neill. Boucicault will not leave Boston before he has produced his new play, "Sail-a-Mor." Henry James Jr., has written a play for Willie Edouin. De Bellville will take a leading part next season at the New York Union Square. The Chase Brothers, of Boston, with fifty companies, are the most successful managers in New England. Charles Frohman has left Haverly's Minstrels. If John Stetson is forced to leave Booth's Theatre, in New York, he will carry away all the interior decorations, which he himself put in at great cost. Rose Eytling has a new play called "The Princess of Paris." Nelson Decker has left the Genevieve Ward Company. Mary Anderson has had so far the most successful season played in New York this year. Robson & Crane are to have a new play. The London success, "The Money Spinner," will begin in February at Wallack's, New York. Genée's new opera, "Rosina," has captured Vienna. Sahibé, lately one of the Egyptian ex-Khedive's harem, has escaped and taken a position in Vienna as opera singer.

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—CHARLES REED, IN THE "MULDOON PICNIC," opens at the Standard Theatre on Monday, Emerson and his minstrels having gone to the country for a brief season. The "Muldoon Picnic" has had a big run recently at Niblo's Gardens, New York, and also in the West and South. It turns on the fight which occurred at a festivity in Muldoon's domicile, and Reed himself, as Mulcahey, is said to be very amusing.

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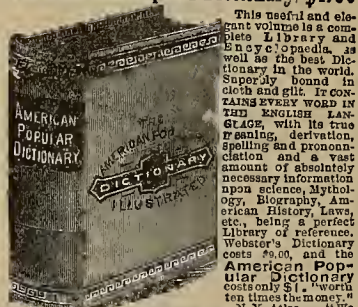
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If I Were a Bank Cashier.

If I were a bank cashier,  
With plenty of stamps to sling,  
For the morning I'd have no fear,  
And live like a very king,  
If I were a bank cashier.

If I were a bank cashier,

Ob, I'd be one of the boys!  
I'd make it hot, never fear,  
The directors should be decoys,  
If I were a bank cashier.

If I were a bank cashier,

I'd watch the directors' tip;  
And when things 'gan to look queer,  
Oh, to Europe I would skip,  
If I were a bank cashier.

—Brooklyn Eagle Liar.

A Foot.

There's music in a lady's foot,  
And well the ladies know it;  
And she who has a pretty one  
Is pretty sure to show it.  
At times you, too, are martyred by  
The nicest little ankle,  
That shoots an arrow through the eye  
Within the heart to rankle.

But when it trips along the street,  
Through wind, and mud, and vapor,  
By sheerest accident you see  
How beautiful the taper;  
And as she steps upon the walk,  
Amid the crowd to mingle,  
Two roguish eyes look up and say:  
"I wonder if he's single?"

—A Gushing Liar.

Third-Class Matter.

[The numerous rulings of the Postoffice Department, in its efforts to distinguish between first and third-class matter, have given rise to perplexities which Postmasters and business men are perhaps better able to appreciate than other citizens.]

The Postmaster sat in his office chair,  
Dishevelled, and wan, and pale;  
His eye was fixed, and his brow was sad,  
And he mopped his face with an inking-pad,  
While anon I heard him wail:  
"Ah, me!"—in a minor key—  
"This is awful. It staggers me!"

Around about him, and on the floor,  
On table and window-sill,  
Were maps, and volumes of postal lore,  
The regulations and guides—a score—  
And documents strewn at will.  
But ever the master's gaze, intent,  
Fixed and blank on the wall was bent,  
And ever, anon, his plaintive cry  
Smote the ear of the passer-by:  
"Ah, me!"—in a minor key—  
"This is awful. It staggers me!"

"Sticker of stamps," I said, "it seems  
Something troubles thy waking dreams;  
Answer, nor look aghost:  
Have they cut thy salary down once more,  
Or has thy mother-in-law gone o'er  
The Stygian stream at last?  
Speak, O master, thine eyes are wild  
And thy brow is overcast."

Quick uprising, like one who wakes  
From a vision of rattlesnakes,  
"Youth," he whispered, "it is not so;  
Keener motives have I for woe,  
Look!" And seizing a book he spun  
Page and title before my eyes;  
"Just received it from Washington—  
P. M. General's last surprise.  
Read!" he thundered in tones so dire  
All my molars began to chatter.  
Meek complying, these words I caught:  
"Last Construction of Third-Class Matter."  
—D. S. Richardson.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1882.

Oscar Wilde.

What time the billows of the fierce Atlantic  
Are highest piled,  
Descends upon us, beautiful and frantic,  
King of the realms of hie-a-brac, the antic,  
Young Oscar Wilde.

Unshorn his wispy locks, his visage hollow,  
But skim-milk mild;  
The beauty of the Belvedere Apollo,  
The artlessness of Jacob Abbott's Rollo,  
Hath Oscar Wilde.

He sleeps upon a clay-bed, strewn with moly,  
Unique, unriled;  
He scorns the rations of the herd unholy,  
On honey-dew, and musk, and roly-poly,  
Feeds Oscar Wilde.

He holdeth sweet discourse in English pristine  
And undefiled,  
Of Satsuma, and Sevres, and the Sistine;  
The florists love him, hut the smug Phillistine  
Hates Oscar Wilde.

Bereft of Burne-Jones, from his native arbors  
Remote, exiled,  
Him now our too barbaric Gotham harbors,  
The loved of ladies, but the loathed of harbers,  
Bolds Oscar Wilde.

For 'tis his art, (and price,) he wears his collar  
Like Byron's Childie;  
And letters he's a clever scholar,  
In afraid I can't afford a dollar  
For Oscar Wilde.—N. Y. Sun Liar.

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It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration,  
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gestion.

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and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.  
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Loans on personal security..... 1,106,004 27  
Due from banks and bankers..... 392,457 61  
Money on hand..... 398,669 34  
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Capital paid up..... \$1,000,000 00  
Surplus..... 460,759 13  
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3 The Little One at Home.  
4 See That My Grave's Kept Green.  
5 Grandfather's Clock.  
6 Where Was Moses when the Light  
7 Sweet By and By.  
8 I Went Out.  
9 Whoo, Emma.  
10 When you and I were Young.  
11 When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home.  
12 Take this Letter to My Mother.  
13 A Model Love Letter.—comic.  
14 Wife's Commandments.—comic.  
15 Husband's Commandments.  
16 Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane.  
17 Marching Through Georgia.  
18 Widow in the Cottage by the Sea.  
19 The Minstrel Boy.  
20 Take Back the Heart.  
21 The Faded Coat of Blue (Night).  
22 My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night!  
23 I'll be all Smiles to Night Love.  
24 Listen to the Mocking Bird.  
25 Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still.  
26 Sandi's Night When the Parlor's  
27 The Cypri's Warning. (Full)  
28 'Tis But a Little Faded Flower.  
29 The Girl I Left Behind Me.  
30 Little Buttercup.  
31 Carry Me Back to Old Virginia.  
32 The Old Man Drunk Again.  
33 I Am Waiting, Kiss Me Dear.  
34 Take Me Back to Home and Mother.  
35 Come, Sit by My Side, Darling.  
36 I'll send by mail, post-paid, any ten of these songs for 10 cents; any twenty-five songs for 15 cents, any fifty for 25 cents. Or we will send all the above one hundred songs, post-paid for 40 cents. Remember, we will not send less than ten songs. Order songs by NUMBERS only. Send one or three cent postage stamps. Valuable Catalogue Free. Mention this paper.  
37 Kiss Me, Kiss Your Darling.  
38 A Flower from Mother's Grave.  
39 The Old Log Cabin on the Hill.  
40 Coming Thru' the Rye.  
41 Must We, Then, Meet as Strangers.  
42 The Kiss I Find the Door.  
43 I'll Remember You, Love, in My  
44 Prayers.  
45 You May Look, but Mustn't Touch  
46 There's Always a Seat in the Par-  
47 lor for You.  
48 I've no Mother Now, I'm Weeping  
49 Mass's in de Cold, Cold Ground.  
50 Say a Kind Word When You Can.  
51 I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.  
52 Nephew O' Seal.  
53 Waiting, My Darling, for Thee.  
54 Jennie the Flower of Kildare.  
55 I'm Lonely Since My Mother Died  
56 Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.  
57 O'er the Hills to the Poor House.  
58 Don't be Angry with Me, Darling.  
59 Filiration of the Fan.  
60 Why did She Leave Him? [other].  
61 Thou Hast Learned to Love An-  
62 other's None Like a Mother.  
63 You Were False, but I'll Forgive.  
64 Whisper Softly, Mother's Dring.  
65 Will You Love Me, When I'm Old.  
66 Annie Laurie.  
67 Sherman's March to the Sea.  
68 Come, Birds, Come.  
69 Love Among the Roses.  
70 Old Arm Chair (as sung by Barry.)  
71 The Sailor's Grave, (the "Caravan"  
72 a Farmer's Daughter; or, Chickens  
73 Oh! I, in golden slippers.  
74 Poor, but a Gentleman still.  
75 Nobody's Darling but Mine.  
76 Put My Little Shoes away  
77 Darling Nellie Gray.  
78 Little Brown Jug.  
79 Ben Bolt.  
80 Good-Bye Sweetheart.  
81 Sadie Ray.  
82 Tim Plinckan's Wake.  
83 The Hat My Father Wore.  
84 I've Only Been Down to see 'em.  
85 Kiss Me Again.  
86 The Vacant Chair.  
87 The Sweetest Son.—death.  
88 Come Home Father.  
89 Little Maggie May.  
90 Molly Bawn.  
91 Sally in Our Alley.  
92 Poor Old Ned.  
93 Men in the Moon is Looking.  
94 Broken Down.  
95 My Little One's Waiting for Me.  
96 I'll Go Back to my Old Love Again  
97 The Butcher Boy.  
98 I've Gwine Back to Dixie.  
99 Where is My Boy To-night.  
100 The Five Cent Shave.  
101 Ring, Not Darling.  
102 Dancing in the Sunlight.


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# The Argonaut.

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SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 4, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## THE GATES FAMILY MYSTERY.

By Edward Thornton.

### III.

In about a quarter of an hour Damon and Borgesson joined the ladies, and, after a minute's conversation with the secretary, Mrs. Gates said, with an emphasis the meaning of which the other ladies seemed to understand perfectly: "Mr. Damon informs me that the other gentlemen will not join us this evening, and that we must console ourselves with the knowledge that *they will all come again*. Now," she continued, turning to Damon and Borgesson, "what proofs will you gentlemen offer to show your appreciation of the monopoly you enjoy?"

"As a slight token, and all that sort of thing," Damon said, "I suggest that Miss Gates be permitted to sing for us."

"Miss Gates accepts with thanks," that lady replied, "and, to punish your impertinence, will not allow you to turn her music. Mr. Borgesson, you may."

Mr. Borgesson did turn her music, and found himself thinking that because her voice was not pure soprano, it was the richer for it; and that, not being contralto, it was sweeter therefore; and that, after all, the greatest possibility for sympathy and feeling lay within the compass and texture of a mezzo-soprano.

"And, Mr. Borgesson, do you not sing?"

"I do." He answered as though he had been asked, "Do you like Paris?" and as though the conventional hesitancy supposed to be necessary to an admission that one sings was a weakness that found no place in his character.

A German duet was the first thing he found in her music with which he was acquainted, and when they sang it together, as he had forgotten the words, he was obliged to stoop over rather near to the music, and, resultingly, her face.

"Ah! this leaning over chairs, and conning the same music-hook, and entwining of voices, and melting away in harmonies! The German waltz is nothing to it." I am positive the young ladies of Irving's acquaintance did not wear their hair as young ladies do now; not so that a fluffy stray tress near the temple, perhaps, might touch and ignite a face held at a respectful distance—as distances go when faces are "conning the same music-book." I am positive, for if they did, being a truthful writer, he would not have approached the subject without saying something about how one such stray tress, accidentally sweeping a man's cheek, will sweep all the blood from out his heart, and send it in a scattering torrent through every throbbing vein, and then sweep it back in scurrying floods to the hot-heating heart; and then, that soft stray tress, sweep it broadcast again, until the conning face near his feels the heat near her temples, and glances up quickly, perhaps, and then down, and then he knows not notes from words, and confusedly hopes that, not being able to see the music, he will know somehow when to turn the page.

Oh, my dear Mr. Simple, the artless woman leaves no stray tress near the temple to sweep a fellow's blood about so. The artless woman binds the stray tress down flat with an invisible net, sir, and you call that artful. Ah! my dear Mr. Simple; my dear Mr. Simple!

### A TREACHEROUS LETTER—A LOVE SCENE IN THE LIBRARY—A CIPHER WARNING.

When he left the Gates's that night, Otto Borgesson walked fast and walked far; yet the cold wind and fog blew not so strong nor so cold as to sweep away, or even chill, the warm touch of a soft stray tress that had ignited his face, but—and she had noticed this, too—left it paler than before. He walked far and walked long, saying over and over to himself: "She is very beautiful, this native, and she is playing with me. She is very beautiful, this native, and no other woman in the world ever had *this* effect on me—and she is playing with me. Is she playing with me? I wonder if a tiger, whose battle-won mate laps his bleeding, quivering sides, enjoys his victory less because, in fighting for her, he has been what men call cruel and treacherous?" He reached his hotel late, went to his room, and wrote as follows:

MY COMRADE-COUSIN: When I left New York I instructed you that I was off for the wilds on a half-understood commission that promised me some adventure, and assured me bountiful pay—two considerations that have controlled us both since our cadetship, eh? I arrived here—when?—this day only, and have already had a new life's experience. Comrade, judge me not insane; to-morrow I will write you all explanations; to-night I must write only of that to which you must pay strict attention to the last detail, and act, as I know you will, as if you knew everything. I am here introduced into a circle of conspirators whose objects, whether they be the invasion of Mexico, the succoring of Peru against Chile or the reverse, the assistance of Japan in some possibly anticipated trouble with China, or the secession of the Pacific States and territories from the Union, I have not yet quite fathomed, though, whatever they be, they are against the interests of the government at Washington. Attend: the knowledge of this conspiracy I must use as a power for my own interests. And thus you assist me: Whenever, after you have received this letter, you receive a telegram from me containing only the word "Now," make haste to the Secretary of War, tell him you have information of treason in San Francisco, and tell him it can only be instantly detected and throttled by conferring plenary powers upon some trusted army officers in San Francisco, who must be instructed to call upon me for information. The Secretary must

confer the power and give instructions by telegram. As I learn more, I will write you day by day, so that you may have much more information to give to the Secretary than I give you now. But this, coming from you officially, will suffice. I enjoy the picture of your amazement, cousin, until you shall hear more from your comrade,

OTTO BORGESSON.

The name on the envelope in which Borgesson placed this letter was "Henry Boyesen," and the address showed him to be secretary to Count Lewenhaupt, the minister from Sweden to the government at Washington. With the letter, sealed, stamped, and addressed in his hand, Borgesson walked out to a letter-box, rested the letter on the edge of the drop, and said: "Perhaps it was the treachery that won the battle, and without it, not his, but the bleeding, quivering sides of another victorious tiger would have been lapped by the beautiful mate." He released his hold, and the letter rattled down inside the box.

Perhaps it was a dawning consciousness of his own artificiality that made Harry Damon that night judge justly of Fanny Gates's position and apparent insincerity toward himself. He questioned himself closely to discover if in his mind there existed a double motive in the determination to speak to Mr. Gates in the morning about the distrust he felt for Borgesson, and his own love for Fanny. He knew that a half-informed observer would attribute his distrust of Borgesson to jealousy, but, curiously enough, he justified his own conclusion that such was not so with the belief that Fanny herself would understand and agree with him without explanation. Having for the time thrown off the incasing artificial shell that had made it as hard for himself as for any one else to understand his real character, he also found that he understood Fanny's position and actions better than he did before. He saw others as well as himself more clearly without this mask. Her charming affectations (how my dear Mr. Simple does hate a woman who is affected!); her fascinating arts of look, word, or dainty, careless touch, had been as much exercised over him as over other men, and no more. Since, at the interesting age of ten years, they had walked with arms around each other's neck and vowed eternal devotion, they had spoken no word of love to each other. And many years, some of distant separation, had passed since then. He had since vowed, in stronger tones, to forever love—well, I can't say love many women; and she—well, again, he knew she had been loved by many men. And now he found himself possessed of two almost positive convictions upon which he proposed to act—that Fanny loved him, and that Borgesson was a bad, wicked man, who might do injury to the Cause, and more than to the Cause—to Fanny. He had about as much evidence to base one conviction upon as the other. But it was not jealousy. Had it been, he would not have determined to impart it to Mr. Gates.

I have said that Fanny had treated Damon as he had seen her treat other men—had placed him under the same degree of devotion. Still there was something more—an interlined story running through their chapter of acquaintance, since her return a year ago. He saw that she instantly resented any lapse from perfect loyalty on his part, but was indifferent to the attentions her other admirers paid to other women.

Despite his droll assumption of superior indifference to the appeals to which ordinary men respond, Damon really was peculiarly sensitive to a number of those temptations, and to none more than to the charm of a pretty face. Yet a half-score of times, for falling never so little under such temptation—sinning only to the extent of a prolonged and low conversation in a shady corner—Fanny had unmercifully scourged him during the rest of the evening; lashed him into turbulent jealousy; seared and lacerated his heart, smilingly, and sent the hopeless sinner to his room, hating himself and the pretty face that caused the moment's disloyalty, where he huiled hope again with the thought that a queen would not punish disloyalty in a subject she did not care to keep. He knew he had been punished, and that she knew he realized what for; and that unspoken mutual consciousness formed one thread of their interlined story. And the night that Borgesson was introduced, after he had seen Fanny devote herself all through dinner and the evening to the task of subduing the Swede, after he had seen her—possibly his own artificiality making keener his perception of her art—exercise a thousand touches of her fascinating power upon the Swede, Damon had gone to his room, thought over all the chapter, giving due weight to the interlineations, and concluded that he would speak to her father.

Why, Mr. Simple, if you had seen Fanny Gates with the Swede that night, you would, the next morning, have told your mamma while that excellent lady was buttering your toast, "When it comes to charming, natural, and unaffected girls, give me Fanny Gates. It's a pity that high-and-mighty Borgesson has made such a dead set for her; and if he had not made such a palpable hit, I'd try my own luck, for that's the kind of a woman for me."

The next morning, when he went to the library, Damon found a note from Mr. Gates instructing him to go to work at once on a pamphlet which should be made to show the comparative wealth, population, and productiveness of France and California, and how light a tax it would be on such a people as the French to restore and keep in order the navigable waters of California. Mr. Gates inclosed in his note some figures, furnished the night before by Hamilton Smith and Mr. Ohleyer, showing the practicability of

preventing the mining debris from flowing into the rivers, and how the debris-covered valley lands could be reclaimed when the rivers were improved and the flow of debris stopped. Damon had read the note, looked at the figures, heaved a lugubrious sigh, with the remark: "A nice, cheerful subject to reduce to a readable, attractive pamphlet for Mr. Ohleyer's constituents," when Fanny entered the room.

"Father, who went early this morning to meet Mr. Borgesson at Prescott, Scott & Co.'s, left a note for me," she said, "telling me to offer my services to you to-day. Can I assist you, Harry?"

"You can, by taking down that volume of French statistics, and tabulating the production, population, and area in acres of the three principal wine districts in France, and then place opposite them the same figures regarding California's three principal wine counties."

"Is that all?" she asked, elevating her eyebrows.

He remained silent a moment, and then said, his cheeks having taken on a little more color: "No, not quite all. I want to tell you, Fanny, before we go to work, that—"

"That I must not bother you by talking."

"That I love you."

She looked up from her statistics suddenly, earnestly, and again fixed her eyes on the city of Rheims.

He laid down his pen, and went to the side of her chair, where she sat at the table before her book.

"Not that you needed to be told so, Fanny, but I thought it best to say so in words before I asked you if you love me."

"And do you ask me now?"

"I ask you now."

She allowed her eyes to remain on Rheims, but held one hand up to her shoulder. He took it, kissed it, and waited for her to speak.

"Well," she said, after a considerable pause, "why don't you?"

"What?"

"Ask me."

"Do you love me?"

There was a much longer pause, during which Harry watched for her eyes, while he slowly kissed the tips of her fingers, one after the other. She did not look up when she said:

"Harry, the day following the successful announcement of our Cause to the world, you may—"

"Speak to your father?" he asked, eagerly.

"No," she replied, looking up, earnestly, again; "you may marry me."

"Fanny!" He knelt by her side quickly, and tried to speak, but she placed a hand over his lips, and continued:

"In the meantime, you may speak to no one about this—except myself. You may each day, sir, tell me that you love me, and—"

"But you know that without my telling you."

"I know nothing I am not told, sir. Remember, I have not said I love you. I only say that when our Cause is known, I can then do better work, being Mrs. Somebody; and the somebody it will be convenient to be you. Now, sir"—she took her hand from his lips, and laid one arm across his shoulder—"now, sir, you may kiss me—you may kiss me—let me see—right here," and throwing her head back she pointed with one hand to the side of her white throat.

When Harry returned that afternoon with the mail, which no one but himself ever took from their postoffice boxes, Mr. Gates was seated at his desk in the library, and his secretary saw at a glance that something had occurred to disturb him. On that account he refrained from speaking of Borgesson as he had intended. He was busying himself with the mail when Mr. Gates asked, suddenly:

"Harry, what do you think of Borgesson?"

"I was about to speak to you about him. I am not impressed that it will be best to trust him too much at first."

"Why?"

Damon had asked himself that same question so often the night before, without evolving any reply, that he now, being asked it suddenly again by another, looked up a little confused. Without waiting long for a reply, Mr. Gates said: "Well, your distrust may be timely; read this." He handed the secretary a telegram. It was written in cipher, which Mr. Gates had deciphered in pencil, and was signed with an initial. "I just received it from Huntington," he added. The dispatch, as deciphered, read:

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The New York World, which was once in the habit of saying "Mr. George Jones, the editor of our esteemed contemporary, the Times," etc., has laid aside its stately courtesy. It puts it this way now: "A vile and venal paper called the Times, published by a dishonest vendor of obscene literature named Jones, contained on Friday last two columns and a half of libelous stuff published at two dollars and a half a line." This painful falling-out between two of our esteemed contemporaries seems to have been caused by the Times attacking the elevated railways. Query—if it gets two and a half a line for attacking them, what does the World get for attacking it?

"So your daughter has married a rich husband," slowly replied the father, "I believe she has married a man, but I understand he is a very poor husband."



## THE PARIS BABYLON.

Our Correspondent Describes the Whirlpool in the Gay City.

The latest event in theatrical circles has been the production at the Gaiteé of Paul Meurice's dramatization of "Quatre-Vingt-Treize." Meurice has put Hugo's famous novel into a series of dramatic tableaux rather than acts. The opening night was Christmas eve. Some of Paris's best actors were represented—Dumaine, Menier, Just, Tallien, Villeray, Gabrielle Gautier, and last, but by no means least, Marie Laurent, who takes the part of the heroine. The play opens in La Sandrai. A party of soldiers, all "blues," discover, in a thicket, a mother and her three children, who have been chased by a party of royalists. The blues adopt the children, and carry the family along with them. Marie Laurent plays the part of the mother with great native dignity and grandeur. She is harefooted and in rags throughout the play, but carries herself like a queen, yet with most unaffected simplicity. In the second tableau, the mother, children, and soldiers are surrounded in a village and captured. The mother loses her offspring, and is wounded; but then comes the action of the drama. Ragged, and half-mad, she sets off in search of them. After various adventures, she hears that they are in a certain besieged castle. She goes thither, and finds the slowly retreating defenders just about to turn them in the abandoned castle before the besiegers. The castle is on fire. No one can penetrate its walls in time to save the children, who are leaning out of a tower window. At that moment the proprietor, the Marquis de Lautenai, who might have escaped by the cellar, climbs to the tower, and saves the little ones. The commander of the blues is so struck by this generosity that he allows the marquis to escape; but he, in turn, is discovered, and sentenced by his nearest friend, who is president of the court-martial, to be shot. This is carried into execution, but not before the judge has himself committed suicide rather than witness the death of his bosom friend. "La petite Lamart" plays the part of the youngest child, the tiny Georgette, in a way that is capturing Paris. There is a scene in an inn at which Danton, Marat, and Robespierre have an interview. The public was disappointed at the shortcomings of this scene, for it was by no means as good as the subject deserved.

On the 28th of December, the Vienna Ring Theatre victims were given a benefit at the great National Academy of Music. It was under the auspices of Madame Edmond Adam, and, like everything else that she manages, was a huge success. The place was packed from top to bottom. The seats were fifty francs apiece, and the proceeds were about fifteen thousand dollars. Many of the boxes sold for two hundred dollars each. Everybody was there. Queen Isabella, Mrs. Mackey, Madame Grévy-Wilson, and many foreign representatives. Besides these, the *demi-monde* was, as usual, out in full force. Prominent dames from that large army occupied some of the principal boxes, and outshone society with their diamonds and magnificent apparel. On Friday, December 30th, a fête and ball were given for the same charity at the Hôtel Continental. This also was under the auspices of Madame Adam, and netted a large sum. The tickets were five dollars each. The cards of invitation were exquisitely designed by Mars, and ran somewhat as follows:

"Œuvre de la Presse Parisienne au profit des victimes de l'incendie du Ring-Tbâtre. La présidente du comité d'organisation vous prie d'assister au bal, à l'intermède, et au souper qui seront donnés le 30 Décembre courant, à partir de 10 heures du soir, dans les salons de l'Hôtel Continental. La présidente de l'œuvre, Madame Juliette Adam."

Madame Adam is still virtually the foremost woman in Paris. Political favor, choice appointments, and everything else come through her. Added to this, she still edits her political organ, *La Nouvelle Revue*, which is the avowed and inveterate enemy of Bismarck, and his intrigues. Madame Adam's house is a marvel of elegance and beauty. The drawing-rooms are graced by rare bits of furniture and bric-à-brac, and are furnished with all the richness and luxury of an oriental palace. Amid all her numerous labors she finds time to dress in the most original and elegant costumes, which are constantly prepared for her by the various *modistes*.

There is, by the way, an Englishman by the name of Redfern, who, under the patronage of the Princess of Wales, has opened in the Place de la Concorde a dress-making establishment to rival Worth. But although he has had one or two fashionable customers, the reputations of Pigot and Worth have by no means been injured by the competition. Monsieurs Houdart and Hoschedé have recently started a new fashion journal, *L'Art de la Mode*, at a subscription price of one hundred francs a year. They have engaged several celebrated engravers and designers. It plans new costumes, and gives full particulars for their make. It has had a decided success, and is a great institution for those who can not well afford the expense of Worth or Laferrière.

The latest fashion among the Paris youths of aristocratic pretensions is a sort of dinner. These entertainments have been given under various names and with divers variations, but the latest is the dinner of the "bracelet." A party of about a dozen young prodigals club together, and each subscribes twenty dollars. With this capital they purchase a bracelet of unique and tasteful design. They then prepare a dinner at some fashionable restaurant, to which they invited an equal number of *hetaire*—the wittiest, and prettiest, and wickedest of their acquaintance. After the meal has been partaken of, with all its accessories of gay badinage and repartee, the bracelet is put up in a lottery. Of course there is decided excitement as to its destination. If a woman is the happy recipient, well and good; but if it falls into the hands of a man, then follows the rivalry of the feminine guests as to whom he will give it. The festive youth has, however, generally made a pre-arrangement with his *chère amie*—if she be present—and so it is most frequently settled with but little delay. The "bracelet" dinners are, of course, very popular, and one would think that they would be speedily adopted by the more moral portion of society.

The new year brings around again the system of *dérennes*. Everybody gives and expects a present, from the tradesman to the acquaintance. Little hoots and shops seem to have suddenly sprung up on every side. The Rue de Lappé is the principal locality, however, where toys and knick-

knacks are sold, and the stores extend for nearly half a mile in a direct line. They disappear, however, at the close of the season. The windows salute the passer-by from every corner, and offer their wares at extraordinary hargains. Ingenious toys make their début at this time, and then fall back into obscurity, only to be reproduced the following year.

The latest novelty in actresses is Mademoiselle Julie Feyghine, a Russian, who has been engaged at the Comédie-Française. It was time that they should get a new actress, for since the loss of Bernhardt and Croizette they have had a poor showing in that line. Mademoiselle Feyghine is a blonde, with beautiful hair and plump figure. Her cheeks are rounded, and her features beautifully regular. She is a daring rider, and in her native land is said to have trained the wildest Tartar ponies. She fences like a master, and rows like an athlete. The few critics and managers who have seen her, predict a great future; but then so many similar prophecies have been made by the same set, that her début, which takes place this month, must first be witnessed.

Speaking of the Comédie Française reminds me of Bernhardt's Russian success. Previous to her arrival interest in Saint Petersburg was very high, and tickets sold at extraordinary prices; but this boom died down two days before her appearance. The audience which greeted her was freezing in their enthusiasm. No applause greeted the immortal Sarah. She played two acts to an icy audience. She opened the third with intent to conquer. The audience preserved its frigidity. The scene arrived where Marguerite Gautier and the father of Armand have the sorrowful interview. The spectators could contain themselves no longer. They rose *en masse*, shouted with a whirlwind of bravos to the triumph of artistic genius. The stage was overwhelmed with floral tributes, and the cheers resounded in quick intervals till the end of the play.

The Paris Bourse has for the past month been a scene of great excitement. Stocks have gone up to astonishing prices, and speculation has been almost universal.

PARIS, January 8, 1882.

BABILLARD.

Englishmen, and especially Americans, in France, must often have wondered at the paucity of good hair-dressing saloons. In all Paris there is not a single establishment which can be even remotely compared with the best saloons of London, and still less with those of New York. Frenchmen only go to the *coiffeurs* when they are impelled by necessity. They do not want to lounge there; they are in a hurry to be gone. The Frenchman of to-day gets his hair cut when it is ludicrously long, and he has his heard clipped short in summer, when it has grown unbecomingly shaggy, after which, unless he shaves, he considers himself quit of the barber for six months. But the number of men who shave, or get shaven, is steadily and alarmingly on the decrease. The har have taken to wearing beards. Gambetta does so, and has long hair besides. Doctors and notaries, who once were staunch and consistent shavers, now let hair sprout all over their faces; and there has been some grievous talk of late about allowing officers in the army to grow their beards. Look at the Senate and Chamber of Deputies—how rare it is to see a single member with the nice, smooth-shaven cheeks and carefully-trimmed whiskers, which impart such an air of official gravity to the countenance. Right and Left, among Royalists or extreme Republicans, you behold beards, beards, nothing but beards. The hair-dressers can not desert any comfort even in the prospect of changes which might overthrow the republic and bring a king to the throne, for the Count of Chambord and the Count of Paris are both bearded men, and—aggravating circumstance—though both are haldish, neither of them wears a false topknot. Altogether, the outlook in the matter of capillary art is a depressing one.

The Clarks, of Cambridgeport, Mass., are now busy filling the order of the trustees of the James Lick estate, "for the most powerful telescope in the world." The general plan in the arrangement of the observatory on Mount Hamilton is to give the place of honor to the seventy-five-foot dome which is to contain the large telescope—thirty-six inches in aperture. Last November a dome was constructed at the northwest corner of the summit plateau, in which was placed a twelve-inch telescope made by the Clarks. Connecting the two domes there is to be a one-story building, containing a clock-room, workshops, a library, offices, and bedrooms for the observers. A transit-house of iron, which was completed this year, stands a few feet east of the smaller dome, and just south of that is the photo-heliograph, with its house. A few feet east of this the six-inch meridian circle, by Repsold, of Hamburg, is to stand, which, with the four-inch transit, (by Fauth, of Washington,) completes the list of meridian instruments belonging to the observatory. The main building is to be made of brick, while a four-inch comet-seeker, by Clark, occupies a dome. The terms of the contract for the Lick telescope with the Clarks call for a thirty-six-inch glass, and five years are given in which to complete it. The sum of fifty thousand dollars is to be paid for it, beside one thousand dollars for the trial mounting. The glass has been ordered of the makers, but has not yet been received.

The New York *World* well describes the use to which the owners of "hohtail cars" put the public. They "make a passenger collect his fare, find out the place where he is to get off, stop the car, and attend to the door. A little more, and he will be reduced to the level of the patrons of the famous Pyrenean diligence, who have to push the vehicle all the way up one side of the mountain, and hold it back all the way down the other."

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* asks that the editor of the *World's* name and that of Mrs. General McClellan be printed in large type, the editor being the only man who had the courage to entertain Oscar Wilde, and Mrs. McClellan the only woman who dared to snub him.

A San Francisco corset-maker has an advertisement in the dailies with a staring head-line, "A Revolution in Corsets." There frequently are, no doubt. But it is indelicate to mention them.

## ARGONAUT NOVELETTES.

The Bridal Tour.

"So you would wed with Alcibiades Doolittle, daughter?" said Thomas Tumsuden, as he fondly stroked the golden head of his only child.

"Aye, father. We love each other dearly, Alcibiades and I. And he is doing extremely well, too, he tells me. He is, as you doubtless know, a law clerk—"

"What a clerk?" "What is a clerk?" "Perhaps I should have said *clerk*, father," said Theodosia Tumsuden, flushing slightly at her parent's ignorance; "perhaps you would have understood me better; hut at Mills's Seminary, where they have inculcated into my mind the purest principles of religion, together with French, music, and drawing, we were always hidden to say *clerk*. It is the English fashion, and more elegant."

"Be it so, my child," said Thomas Tumsuden, fondly, "always talk in the most high-tonedest fashion. Show your brung-up wherever you go. But this young fellow is a clerk, you say?"

"He is more," said Theodosia, "he is a harrister. He has been admitted to practice in the police court and before the justices of the peace, and he ekes out his income by other pursuits."

"What other pursuits?" asked her father.

"He sweeps out and washes the windows for his employers," said Theodosia, with a brilliant blush, "hut, oh, father, he loves me so!"

"There, there, daughter," said Thomas Tumsuden, strangely moved, "do not weep. I peddled peanuts myself when I was a poor boy. He is a good and worthy youth, as I was. He shall have you for his bride. Go, my child—go and prepare your trösi. Never mind the cost."

With a light and joyous step Theodosia Tumsuden put on her sealskin and sallied out shopping.

Did she use up four or five dry-goods clerks that afternoon? Ah, you know not Theodosia! She used up six.

The nuptials were the most genteel, gorgeous, and magnificent that ever transpired in this locality. The bride was the most beautiful, the groom a finer specimen of manliness than ever before known. The ladies' dresses were perfectly elegant, and the wearers were all lovely. It was, in short, the regular wedding.

Thomas Tumsuden gave his daughter a magnificent diamond necklace, ten diamond rings, a diamond tiara, and a check for fifty thousand dollars. To Alcibiades he gave his blessing.

But it was all in the family.

The young couple started on their bridal tour amid the congratulations of rejoicing friends. When they were alone together, Theodosia spoke:

"Alcibiades," she murmured, "let us not make the usual trip through the usual interior towns; I would he far away from the kind though inquisitive eyes of those who know and love me, on this, my wedding-tour. Let us journey far toward the Morning Land, Alcibiades—even to the East."

"Just as you say, my darling," replied Alcibiades.

He let her have her own way. Husbands always do. On bridal tours.

Two months have flown.

"Tumsuden," said a friend to him one day, "did you know that your daughter and her husband were back?"

"No," said T. Tumsuden, hurriedly, "I thought they were still in the country."

"No. I saw them to-day in a poor quarter of the city, and they both looked very wretched."

"Where did you see them?"

"Stevenson Street, near First."

In five minutes T. Tumsuden was at the indicated place. It was a tenement house. As he mounted the rickety stairs and saw the squalid children playing on them, his heart grew sick within him. He reached a door pointed out to him by a frowsy urchin. He knocked.

"Come in," said a faint but still familiar voice.

He entered. What a sight for a father's eye! A bare and cheerless room, uncarpeted, furnitureless—nothing in it but a trunk. Upon this sat his daughter and her husband, with features pinched from lack of food. Between them lay what was evidently their frugal meal—a hologna sausage and four crackers. Where he their diamonds now, ha, ha! and their fifty thousand dollars?

Ah, where!

Tumsuden advanced and opened the trunk. It was empty. But these words, printed on a label, seared themselves into his brain: "Fifth Avenue Hotel."

Thomas Tumsuden had long been threatened with apoplexy. He fell heavily to the floor, with a dull thud.

They had been to New York.

The South shows her ability to spend money for luxuries once more by ordering from a firm of costumers in New York city over a hundred magnificent satin, gold and silk-embroidered costumes for a Mardi-Gras procession and hall, in one of her most opulent cities. The designs for these costumes, which are rarely beautiful and exceedingly costly, all come from the South, are designed and printed by Southern artists, and show admirable acquaintance with the subject of costume in all ages and countries. The execution of these costumes is so fine as to command the attention of all interested in such matters, whether artists, writers, private or professional people.

Toombs, of Georgia, being importuned by a passenger to take his traveling sack from the car seat and let him sit down, refuses because there are other seats. Passenger insists, and Toombs, rather than comply, sits on the floor himself, and gives up seat to stranger. Stranger, learning the specific gravity of the person he has displaced, apologizes, hut Toombs refuses to rise, saying: "Keep it, sir; you are entitled to it for your rudeness," and offered to het the drinks that the stranger was an Atlanta man, because no other would have had such cheek.



## RAMBLES AMONG BOOKS.

## Some Literary Confessions.

Bayard Taylor: No author who is not independently rich can possibly respond to the claims made upon him, and wealth is never attained in this country, or perhaps any other, by the highest, purest, and most permanent form of literary labor. Bryant, in his eighty-third year, could not buy a modest house with all he ever received, in his life from his poems. Washington Irving was nearly seventy years old before the sale of his works at home met the expenses of his simple life at Sunnyside. I have had no reason to complain of the remuneration formerly derived from those works which I know to possess slight literary value. But the translation of "Faust," to which I gave all my best and freshest leisure during a period of six or seven years, has only yielded me about as much as a fortnight's lecturing. I have spent two or three years in collecting the material and making the preparatory studies for a new biography of Goethe, and I have been waiting two years longer for the fitting leisure to begin the work. In order to undertake it, I must own my time in advance. People innocently say: "Why don't you keep a secretary?" Great heavens! I'd rather take a secretary's salary, and buy up two or three months of my own time. Some critics have charged me with attempting too much—trying too many fields. *Trying?* when it was a matter of sheer necessity. I should only be too happy if I were in a condition to give up everything but the one path of literary labor which I know was designed for me—if any ever was.

F. B. Perkins: Good short stories are always welcomed by magazines; and, moreover, the judgment of the editor is usually pretty correct. So far as the forty or fifty stories and sketches which I have written are concerned, it appears to me that almost always the best ones were readily accepted, and that the poorer specimens waited the longest, and knocked at most doors. Perhaps some juniors to myself in this line of literature may like to know how I used to manage. I had a regular scale of periodicals. This was a good while ago, and sundry names now prominent did not then exist. What seemed best I used to offer to Putnam or Harper. What they would not use I sometimes offered to *Peterson's Magazine*, sometimes to the *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post*, and so on; and what I could not otherwise use I could always sell to the *New York Sunday Dispatch* for five dollars. I still have the record which I kept in those days of a great number of stories and other writings, and of their successive offerings and final fate. I believe there are but one or two "sketches" and no "stories" at all which were never published. . . . But I never used to be enraged at a "declined with thanks," even on a printed blank; I only said, "There's so much money that I haven't got," and I immediately effaced the editor's record number, re-writing the first page, if necessary, for this purpose, (the memento of rejection does certainly not help the MS. with the next editor,) and sent it to editor No. 2. One thing I used to be particular about, namely, to be paid for my work. I used to produce the best work I could, just as if there was no money in the world, and then to try and sell it as if there was nothing else. Truly, the result was not much, but my experiments have firmly convinced me that in proportion as one can do good work it will be bought and paid for.

Harriet Martineau: I suppose I must tell what my first paper was, though I had much rather not, for I am so heartily ashamed of the whole business as never to have looked at the article since the first flutter of it went off. It was on "Female Writers on Practical Divinity." I wrote away, in my abominable scrawl of those days, on foolscap paper, feeling mightily like a fool all the time. I told no one, and carried my expensive packet to the postoffice myself to pay the postage. I took the letter *V* for my signature—I can not at all remember why. The time was very near the end of the month. I had no definite expectation that I should ever hear anything of my paper, and certainly did not suppose it could be in the forthcoming number. That number was sent in before service-time on a Sunday morning. My heart may have been beating when I laid hands on it, but it thumped prodigiously when I saw my article there, and, in the notices to correspondents, a request to hear more from V., of Norwich. There is certainly something entirely peculiar in the sensation of seeing one's self in print for the first time—the lines burn themselves in upon the brain in a way of which black ink is incapable in any other mode. So I felt that day, when I went about with my secret. I have said what my eldest brother was to us—in what reverence we held him. He was just married, and he and his bride asked me to return from chapel with them to tea. After tea he said: "Come, now, we have had plenty of talk; I will read you something," and he held out his hand for the new *Repository*. After glancing at it he exclaimed: "They have got a new hand here. Listen." After a paragraph he repeated: "Ah! this is a new hand; they have had nothing so good as this for a long while." . . . I was silent, of course. At the end of the first column he exclaimed about the style, looking at me in some wonder at my being as still as a mouse. Next (and I well remember his tone and thrill to it still) his words were: "What a fine sentence that is! Why, do you not think so?" I mumbled out, sillily enough, that it did not seem anything particular. "Then," said he, "you were not listening. I will read it again. There, now!" As he still got nothing out of me, he turned round upon me, as we sat side by side on the sofa, with "Harriet, what is the matter with you? I never knew you so slow to praise anything before." I replied, in utter confusion: "I never could baffle anybody. The truth is, that paper is mine." He made no reply, read on in silence, and spoke no more till I was on my feet to come away. He then laid his hand on my shoulder, and said gravely (calling me "dear" for the first time): "Now, dear, leave it to other women to make shirts and darn stockings, and do you devote yourself to this." I went home in a sort of dream, so that the squares of the pavement seemed to float before my eyes. That evening made me an authoress.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Battle.

Heavy and solemn,  
A cloudy column,  
Through the green plain they marching came!  
Measureless spread, like a table dread,  
For the wild grim dice of the iron game.  
Looks are bent on the shaking ground,  
Hearts beat low with a knelling sound;  
Swift by the breast that must bear the hunt,  
Gallops the major along the front—  
"Halt!"  
And fettered they stand at the stark command,  
And the warriors, silent, halt.  
Proud in the hush of morning glowing,  
What on the hill-top shines in flowing?  
"See you the foeman's banners waving?"  
"We see the foeman's banners waving!"  
"God be with you, children and wife!"  
Hark to the music—the drum and fife— [strife!  
How they ring through the ranks, which they rouse to the  
Thrilling they sound, with their glorious tone—  
Thrilling they go through the marrow and bone!  
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,  
In the life to come that we meet once more!  
See the smoke, how the lightning is cleaving asunder!  
Hark! the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their  
From host to host, with kindling sound, [thunder!  
The shouted signal circles round;  
Freer already heathens the breath!  
The war is waging, slaughter raging,  
And heavy through the reeking pall  
The iron death-dice fall!  
Nearer they close—foes upon foes—  
"Ready!"—from square to square it goes.  
They kneel as one man from flank to flank,  
And the fire comes sharp from the foremost rank.  
Many a soldier to earth is sent,  
Many a gap by the halls is rent;  
O'er the corpse before springs the hinder man,  
That the line may not fall to the fearless van.  
To the right, to the left, and around and around,  
Death whirls in its dance on the bloody ground.  
God's sunlight is quenched in the fiery fight—  
Over the hosts falls a brooding night!  
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,  
In the life to come we may meet once more.  
The dead men are bathed in the weltering blood,  
And the living are hient in the slippery flood,  
And the feet, as they reel and sliding go,  
Stumble still on the corpse that sleeps below.  
"What! Francis!—Give Charlotte my last farewell."  
As the dying man murmurs, the thunders swell—  
"I'll give—Oh, God! are the guns so near?  
Ho! comrades! you volley! look sharp to the rear!  
I'll give to thy Charlotte thy last farewell!  
Sleep soft! where death thickest descendeth in rain,  
The friend thou forsaketh thy side may regain!"  
Hitherward, thitherward, reels the fight;  
Dark and more darkly day glooms into night.  
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,  
In the life to come that we meet once more.  
Hark to the hoofs that galloping go!  
The adjutants flying—  
The horsemen press hard on the panting foe,  
Their thunder booms in dying—  
Victory!  
Tremor has seized on the dardasts all,  
And their leaders fall!  
Victory!  
Closed is the hunt of the glorious fight,  
And the day, like a conqueror, bursts on the night!  
Trumpet and fife swelling choral along,  
The triumph already sweeps marching in song.  
Farewell, fallen brothers, though this life be o'er,  
There's another, in which we shall meet you once more!  
—Translated from Schiller by Bulwer.

## Sir Nicholas at Marston Moor.

To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas! the clarion's note is high;  
To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas! the huge drum makes reply;  
Ere this bath Lucas marched with his gallant cavaliers,  
And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter on our ears.  
To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas! White Guy is at the door,  
And the vulture whets his beak o'er the field of Marston Moor.  
Up rose the Lady Alice from her bier and broken prayer,  
And she brought a silken standard down the narrow turret stair.  
Oh, many were the tears that those radiant eyes had shed,  
As she worked the bright word "Glory" in the gay and glancing  
thread;  
And mournful was the smile that o'er those heauteous features ran,  
As she said: "It is your lady's gift, unfurl it in the van."  
"It shall flutter, noble wench, where the best and boldest ride,  
Through the steel-clad files of Skippon and the black dragoons of  
Pride;  
The recreant soul of Fairfax will feel a sicklier quail,  
And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm.  
When they see my lady's gawdaw flaunt bravely on their wing,  
And hear her loyal soldier's shout for God and for the king!"  
\* \* \* \* \*  
"Tis noon; the ranks are broken along the royal line;  
They fly, the haggards of the court, the bullies of the Rhine;  
Stout Langley's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's helm is down,  
And Rupert sheaths his rapier with a curse and with a frown;  
And cold Newcastle mutters, as he follows in the flight,  
"The German boar had better far have supped in York to-night."  
The knight is all alone, his steel cap cleft in twain,  
His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory stain;  
But still he waves the standard, and cries amid the rout:  
"For church and king, fair gentlemen, spur on and fight it out!"  
And now he wards a Roundhead's pike, and now he hums a stave,  
And here he quotes a stage-play, and there he tells a knave.  
Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas! thou hast no thought of fear;  
Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas! but fearful odds are here.  
The traitors ring the round, and with every howl and thrust,  
Down, down, they cry, "with Belial, down with him to the dust!"  
"I would," quoth grim old Oliver, "that Belial's trusty sword  
This day was doing battle for the saints and for the Lord!"  
The Lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower;  
The gray-haired warden watches on the castle's highest tower.  
"What news, what news, old Anthony?" "The field is lost and won;  
The ranks of war are melting, as the mists beneath the sun;  
And a wounded man speeds hither—I am old and cannot see,  
Or sure I am that sturdy step my master's step should be."  
"I bring thee back the standard from as rude and rough a fray,  
As e'er was proof of soldier's thews, or theme for minstrel's lay.  
Bid Hubert fetch the silver bowl, and liquor quantum suff;  
I'll make a sitch to drain it, ere I part with hoot and buff;  
Though Guy through many a gaping wound is breathing out his life,  
And I come to thee a landless man, my fond and faithful wife!  
Sweet, we will fill our money-bags and freight a ship for France,  
And mourn in merry Paris for this poor realm's mischance;  
Or, if the worst betide me, why, better ax or rope,  
Than life with Lenthall for a king, and Peters for a Pope!  
Alas, alas, my gallant Guy!—out on the crop-eared boor,  
That sent me with my standard on foot from Marston Moor!"  
—Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

## A LUXURIOUS READING-ROOM.

## The Finished Appointments to be Found in the British Museum.

One of the genuine "sights" in London, (says Percy Fitzgerald in *Belgravia*), and the one most certain to please and astonish strangers, is the great reading rotunda, devised by Panizzi. The visitor suddenly introduced can hardly conceal his wonder and gratification as he gazes round at the enormous chamber, so lofty, airy, and vast; so still, and yet so crowded; so comfortable and warm, like any private library. In the centre is seen the raised circular enclosure, where the officials and directors sit and carry on the business of the room, commanding a good and perfect view of all that goes on; while from it radiate the desks, where readers or writers—for there are far more of the latter than of the former—sit and work. Many are walking about; many standing at the shelves and consulting the reference volumes. The reader's desk is almost too luxurious. Nothing more complete or thoughtfully devised could be conceived. There is a choice of three kinds of chairs—stuffed leathern, cane-bottomed, or highly-polished mahogany—so the most *difficile* as to this nice matter may suit themselves. The height of the desk is carefully calculated. Below there is a place for "stowing away" the hat; in front, to the right, the reader lets down a small padded shelf, on which he can put away his books for consultation; to the left, a book-stand comes out, ingeniously contrived to move in any direction on a swivel or axis, to rise and fall at any angle, with a rack. In the centre is an ink-stand, with a steel pen and two quills; there is also a paper-cutter, a blotting-pad, and a heavy press-weight to keep the book open. Surely this is all *de luxe*, and many a scribbling being is not nearly so well provided at home. Let us consult the catalogue—a library in itself, whose folios are disposed on two deep shelves near the ground, and fitted into the circular enclosure or table which forms the central ring. Here is the whole alphabet, as found disposed in nearly six hundred MS. folio volumes, bound in whole purple calf, and yet being perpetually rebound, the corners being tipped with metal to protect them against wear and tear. A careful examination of the catalogue would of itself result in many curiosities. The authors rejoicing in the name of Smith fill three or four of the folio volumes. The "John Smiths" fill many bewildering pages, which you must go through before finding your own John Smith; but even here our compilers give every shred that may distinguish, and they will mark him conspicuously as a divine "D. D.," or even of "Stoke Pogis," if he have written a respectable number of volumes. London has a set of volumes to itself. The works of the admirable veteran novelist, Harrison Ainsworth, fill forty pages of the museum catalogue. There are "Publishers' Circulars" for forty or fifty years back, and two big volumes of a "Newspaper Index." In this land of catalogues we of course meet those of the "MSS." There are some half a dozen printed volumes, and some in MS. Of these, the most curious are Mr. Cole's, an old antiquary of the last century, who in beautiful handwriting, black, clear as print, and upright, made diligent "collections," copying every curious inscription, letter, bit of poetry, and what not. These he illustrated with rude but truly effective pen-and-ink sketches. For the whole he drew up these wonderful indexes. His eyes and his industry must have been equally valuable to him. There is even a catalogue for the Persian MSS. In short, every help is provided. The next operation is to find the name of the book. Having found his work, our reader fills up a ticket, leaves it in a little open basket with a number of others, whence it is presently carried off through vast chambers and corridors, perhaps for a quarter of a mile, for thus do the shelves ramble away; thence to return to the wedge-shaped enclosure in the great room, where the assistants copy the particulars into their books. The ticket is placed between the leaves, the assistant in the room takes it to the reader's desk, and brings away the ticket to the central desk, where it is deposited in a little zinc compartment alphabetically labelled. The time consumed in this process should not be more than ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. When the reader has finished with his book, and would restore it, he goes to the desk, hands in his book, and receives back his ticket. Till this receipt is given, he is held accountable. The museum reader is a special type. Certainly three-fourths are genuine workers—book-makers, copyists. There are fair "damosels," who work like any copying-clerks, and whose appearance is antagonistic to their drudgery. They have a volume of old letters before them, which they copy out fair for some literary man who has cash and position. Then there are families of copyists—husband, wife, and daughter. Copying, indeed, does not pay, save in the case of manuscript otherwise not procurable. The literary man, even at his desk, with text-book from which he is quoting, though it be a passage of only a dozen lines, will find it far cheaper to sacrifice the printed book, cut out the bit and paste it in, than to spend a quarter of an hour writing it out. There are a few desks set apart, like compartments in a railway train, "for ladies only," and one of the standing jests of the place—perfectly supported, too, by experience—is, that these are left solitary and untenanted. There are some curious contrasts; some ancient, shriveled dame, imprinting delicate pot-hooks and hangers on official paper, while a fair and fresh young creature is seen grappling earnestly and laboriously with some mouldy and illegible manuscript. There are strange old ladies to be seen, somewhat shrunk and withered, for whom the place seems to have an attraction that will be strong even to death. A more piteous sight still is the decayed "hack"—ill-fed, ill-kept, in a state of decay, and who has some little "job" with which to "keep body and soul together." Now, I believe, books are seldom stolen; indeed, a museum book is so ingeniously stamped on the title-page and on certain pages, that it becomes worthless for other purposes, and can not be offered for sale without certain detection. Every print in every volume is thus stamped—it may be conceived that a labor thus must be, in these days of copious illustrations. Without this precaution, they would to a certainty be cut out. The very machinery is helped by the unwearied, never-failing courtesy of the officials—notably Garnet and his brethren.



## SOCIETY.

## The Crocker Reception.

The reception given their friends by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, at their mansion on California Street, on Thursday night last, was a conspicuous society event, and drew out a large number of fashionable ladies and gentlemen, in which the highest social and official element of the city was represented. The elegant costumes of the ladies, together with the artistic and floral surroundings, made the scene one of impressive beauty and magnificence. The most refined and exquisite taste must have been employed in the manipulation of decorative designs and elaborate means of floral ornamentation, while the sparkle of diamonds reflected the light of the brilliantly illuminated drawing rooms and promenades in every direction. The large mirrors in the various apartments were profusely covered with smilax and the rarest of exotics, and the heavy lace curtains were also opulently draped with foliage and flowers. Ballenberg's band discoursed delightful music during the evening, and many were the merry dancers who tripped the light fantastic to delicious strains from Auber, Strauss, Offenbach, and Suppé. The supper, of course—that irresistible concomitant of midnight's delicious revels—was a matchless piece of gastronomic handiwork, and charmed and satisfied alike the sense of sight and taste. The *menus* were hand-painted, and were models of finish and elegance. There were no dancing cards. The whole entertainment, indeed, was of an unusually chaste and elegant character, and suggested a very liberal expenditure and refined taste.

Mrs. Charles Crocker, the hostess, was resplendent in diamonds, and wore a brocade velvet on a pale blue foundation. She was assisted in receiving by her daughter, Miss Hattie Crocker, in a combination of plain and brocade white silk; Mrs. Lieutenant Buford, in a pink gros-grain, trimmed with bands of velvet roses; and by Mrs. Lucy Arnold, of Sacramento. Among those present there were:

Mrs. A. E. Head, Mrs. Butterfield, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. C. McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. Layman, Miss Hattie Rice, Mrs. Hopkins and Timothy Hopkins, General Houghton and Miss Fannie Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sibley Severance, Mr. and Mrs. H. Wetherbee, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Redding, J. D. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. Al. Redding, General Hutchinson and the Misses Hutchinson, Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Wilson, Miss Katie Stive, Misses Nonie and Quica Smith, Mrs. Freeborn and Mrs. Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. Tevis, General and Mrs. McDowell, Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone, Captain and Mr. Bailey, Miss Dearborn, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. Schmiedell, Mr. and Mrs. Babcock, Mr. and D. Yost, Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Woodward, the Misses Eldridge, Mr. and Mrs. Flood, Miss Jennie Flood, Lord Beaumont, Mr. and Mrs. Captain R. C. Hooker, Mrs. Senator Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. May, Miss Coleman, Mr. Graves, Mrs. Slade, Mr. and Mrs. Goad, Mrs. Doctor Spaulding, Judge and Mrs. Wallace, Homer J. King, Mrs. Senator Fair, Judge and Mrs. Sanderson, C. E. Green, and many others.

Mrs. McLaughlin wore a costume of cream-colored satin and seed pearl embroidery.

Mrs. Theodore Payne in *cafe-au-lait* satin and gold trimmings.  
Mrs. Henry Scott in a cardinal satin and white satin front.  
Mrs. C. N. Shaw in a combination of white and red satin.  
Mrs. Mark Hopkins in a combination of red velvet and white satin.  
Mrs. Flood in black velvet and point lace overdress.  
Miss Jennie Flood in a combination of pink and black satin, profusely trimmed with roses.

Mrs. Dean in gold brocade.  
Mrs. R. C. Hastings in a white velvet, gayly trimmed with flowers.  
Mrs. Adam Grant in dark-blue velvet, court train, satin front richly embroidered in flounces.

Mrs. Rutherford in a remarkably beautiful costume.  
Mrs. Coit in a combination of white satin and black velvet.  
Miss Marshall in white satin.

Mrs. Juoqe Wallace in red satin trimmed with Chantilly lace.  
Mrs. Mark Sibley Severance in ombre satin, trimmed with pond lilies.  
Mrs. Drury Melone in a pink moire, point applique front, court train, square corsage.

Mrs. Torbert in plum-colored velvet and silk front.  
Mrs. Swift in a *cafe-au-lait* silk, princess train.

Mrs. H. W. Dodge in combination of blue and pink, court train, and front of white brocade velvet on pink.

Miss Mollie Dodge in pink silk.

Miss May Crittenden in gold brocade, heavy slave bracelets.  
Mrs. Keyes in a very handsome white silk, entirely covered with point lace.

Mrs. Senator Stewart in a red satin with chantilly lace overdress.  
Mrs. Fred Crocker in an elegant white costume.

Mrs. Doctor Spaulding in ruby velvet, trimmed with cardinal satin.  
Mrs. Addie Wallace in pink silk.

Mrs. C. G. Hooker in a white moire profusely trimmed with Chantilly lace.

Miss Woodward in combination of white silk and white surah.  
Mrs. Layman in blue silk and Spanish lace overdress.

Mrs. H. C. Crocker in wine-colored velvet, shirred front of seed pearls.

Miss Torbert in a short blue silk, with a wealth of pink roses upon her pretty head.

Mrs. Head in blue velvet.  
Miss Hattie Rice in a costume of blue silk.

Mrs. Wetherbee in a white silk elaborately trimmed with point applique lace.

Mrs. Schmiedell in a handsome Paris dress.  
Miss Fanny Houghton in an evening plush, striped with white silk.

Mr. Carolan in a claret-colored satin, brocade in gold flowers.  
Mrs. Dearborn in a white silk corsage and bouquet of red roses.

Mrs. Tubbs in a deep garnet brocade satin.  
Mrs. Goad in blue silk, trimmed with roses.

## The Haggin Party

The party given by Mrs. Louis Haggin on Tuesday evening was especially for the young people, only a few married ladies and gentlemen, aside from the family, being in attendance. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. Harry May, Mr. and Mrs. Crittenden Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Macondray, Mr. and Mrs. McAffee, Mrs. C. L. Ashe, Miss Carry Friedlander, Miss Fanny Friedlander, Miss Babcock, Harry Babcock, the Misses Page, Miss Brumagim, Mrs. Coit, and Miss May. The house was tastefully decorated with flowers and tropical plants. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning before all the participants took their departure.

## Notes and Gossip.

The Misses Gertrude and Maud Moore, of San José, who have been in the city nearly a month, during which period they have divided their time as guests between the Misses Nina Platt, Bettie Hastings, Kate Felton, Laura Weller, and Nellie Trowbridge, the latter having made them the recipient of a German, return home in a day or two. C. N. Atwater, U. S. N., arrived here on Sunday last. George Crocker and

Dick Pease Jr. are at the St. James; Joe Grant is at the Windsor, and Ben Holladay Jr. is at the Sturtevant, New York. Mrs. Atherton, who is constantly making additions to her new residence on California Street, contemplates giving a reception during the present month. Sir Henry Parkes and Miss Parkes, who have been at the Palace for a week, left for the East on Monday last in a special car. Mrs. General Kautz gives a reception at Angel Island to-day. George T. Bromley, who is known and liked by so many, has been lying ill at his residence for a number of weeks; his friends will wish him a speedy recovery. Colonel Judd and family, of the Hawaiian Islands, went East on Wednesday last. Ridgely Hunt, U. S. N., a son of the Secretary of the Navy, has been in the city for a week. Captain Baldwin, U. S. A., and Mrs. Baldwin, who came here from the East last week to join her husband, sailed for Portland on Sunday last. Hon. M. P. Deady, United States District Judge for Oregon, and Mrs. Deady, have been at the Palace during the week. James H. Chapman, W. S. Hogg, and Thomas C. Craig, U. S. N., have all arrived in San Francisco for the purpose of proceeding to the *Jameson*, which is ordered East, and leaves in a short time. Now that sunflowers and lilies and bollyhocks are largely worn by fashionable people, it brings to many minds the fact that the first lady in San Francisco to wear sunflowers was the pretty Miss Nellie Wood, who is now in New York. Colonel Frank Shay has returned from Los Angeles; Mrs. Shay, who is an invalid, remained, and also Miss Annie Bell, who accompanied her. Major D. M. Whiteside, U. S. A., who left here for Washington some time ago, is at present in Tombstone. Mrs. M. S. Hammer, of Sacramento, who has been visiting in this city for a month past, has returned home. Mrs. A. M. Hudson and daughter, of Oakland, who have been sojourning in Napa County for four or five months, have returned home. One of the most charming parties of the season across the bay was the elegant reception given Mrs. Captain Bates, at her residence near Berkeley, by her brother, Mr. W. Lindhart, on Friday evening last. Besides Oaklanders, there were quite a number of San Francisco people present, and the costumes worn by the ladies were all elegant; dancing was kept up until two, and a sumptuous repast was served. Mrs. W. S. Chapman and Mrs. W. J. Miller are at the Arlington, Washington. Major E. B. Grimes, U. S. A., late quartermaster at Prescott, Arizona, is at the Ebbitt, Washington. Fred. A. Stevens, son of A. J. Stevens, of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, who was married in this city a few days ago to Miss May Johnson, daughter of the late Lieutenant John H. Johnson, and who is at present on a bridal tour, will soon make Sacramento his permanent home. Lieutenant-Commander A. H. Vail, U. S. N., has been detached from the Naval Observatory, and ordered to the *Wachusett*, now at Mare Island, as executive officer. The second of the series of informal hops given by the officers and ladies of the Presidio, Fort Point, Alcatraz, Angel Island, and Fort Point San José, took place at the Presidio yesterday afternoon, and was largely attended. Willie Hearst, who went East with his mother some six or seven weeks ago, has returned. Mrs. A. A. Taft, of the Palace, has taken up her permanent residence at the Hotel del Monte. A New York correspondent of the *Philadelphia Times* says of Senator Jones: "Senator Jones is the guest of Plunger Walton, at the St. James Hotel. He is a bluff, sailor-looking fellow, with gray hair, a long beard, a rosy face, and an eye full of honest twinkle." The relatives of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid say that the accounts of her illness are greatly exaggerated. Miss Stow returned from Sacramento on Saturday last, accompanied by Mrs. Henry Edgerton, whose guest the former had been. Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. S. Stubbs went East on Wednesday last by special car, but will return during the month. Hon. F. A. Tritle and family were handsomely entertained by Commodore and Mrs. Phelps, at Mare Island, on Sunday last, and on Thursday last they departed for Arizona, of which Territory Mr. Tritle has lately been appointed governor. They stopped over one day at San Gabriel, and were entertained by Messrs. L. J. Rose and J. de Barth Shorb. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Tallman, who were married in this city at the residence of the bride's mother, corner of Union and Gough Streets, are spending their honeymoon at Monterey. B. S. Richards, U. S. N., and Doctor William W. Strew, U. S. A., arrived from the East on Tuesday last. Mrs. L. C. Frisbie and Mrs. J. D. Wheeler, of Vallejo, who have been sojourning in the East for some time, returned home on Tuesday last. Captain W. S. McCloskey and Lieutenant J. G. Leef, U. S. A., have arrived here from the East during the week. Frank Staples returned from El Paso on Tuesday last. Mrs. M. P. Benton and Miss May F. Benton, of Oakland, who have been visiting in Los Angeles during the past month or more, returned home a few days ago. Mrs. B. B. Redding and Mrs. J. D. Redding have returned from—well, it is not fair to even whisper the name of the place just yet. Suffice it to say that their dreams of Arcadian bliss were not realized, and that their anticipated tour of three or four weeks was abbreviated into as many days. Apropos, the Los Angeles *Herald* throws some light on the trip, as follows:

One of the rare and occasional freaks of our climate made a victim of Mrs. B. B. Redding and daughter the other day. They came down to Los Angeles to enjoy the benefit of our semi-tropical climate, their destination being the Sierra Madre Villa. They arrived at this ordinarily genial resort in the midst of a snow-storm. For once the villa was chilly. Stopping there one night, they concluded that they would move on, and got on the train for Colton to intercept the San Francisco train. When they arrived there they found that the snow was ten inches deep, but were piloted by a friend to the hotel, which was full. Finally a gentlemanly young fellow induced his room-mate to surrender the apartment which they occupied in common to the ladies. Meanwhile a gentleman friend telegraphed out to a station which would intercept the incoming train for berths for two ladies for San Francisco. But the train was late, having been delayed by a ditched train east of the San Geronio Pass, and it thundered past the telegraph station, arriving at Colton when the ladies were in bed, and soundly sleeping. The gentleman who had done the telegraphing business interviewed the conductor, induced him to stop a little while, roused up the ladies, and finally got them on the train through the heaped-up snow. Still seeking a climate tolerable, if not semi-tropical, they returned to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel B. Wiggins, (née Miss Kate Smith,) who were married in this city a few weeks ago, and went to Oregon on a bridal tour, have returned; Mrs. Wiggins is one of the most accomplished and brilliant ladies on the Pacific Coast, and the credit for the success of the kinder-

garden system for children of poor and indifferent parents is due almost entirely to this charming lady. Mrs. W. B. Bourn and the Misses Bourn have been spending a few days at Monterey. Captain and Mrs. R. S. Floyd and Miss H. A. Floyd and maid have returned from Monterey. General Thomas J. Clunie and Mrs. Clunie, of Oakland, are visiting friends in Sacramento. Fred W. Day and Miss Emma P. Wiesel, of Sacramento, were married in that city on Tuesday last in the presence of a large number of friends. They received many handsome and valuable presents, and were given an elegant wedding dinner by the bride's parents, after which they departed on a short bridal tour. Hon. Eugene Casserly and Mrs. Casserly and Miss Daisy Casserly have been spending a short time at Monterey. Sir Henry Parker and party were the recipients of marked courtesies during their short stay in Sacramento on Tuesday last. Miss Crocker, daughter of C. W. Crocker, who has been visiting her friend Miss Lindley, in Sacramento, has returned. A wedding took place yesterday at the residence of Mrs. Kinkead, Carson, Nevada, the parties to the contract being Commander Fred Rogers, U. S. N., and Miss Sallie Fall, a sister of Mrs. Kinkead, and also of Mrs. Stuart M. Taylor. Mrs. General W. H. L. Barnes and her son, Willie Barnes, have been spending a few days at Monterey, but have returned. The Palace-Grand hops for February will take place on Monday evening next, the 6th, and on the third Monday of the month—the 20th. Mrs. C. N. Shaw (née Miss Evelyn Towne) gave her last bridal reception at her parlors at the Palace on Monday last, assisted by Miss Hattie Rice, and was the recipient of a large number of calls from among her multitude of friends. Mrs. Alexander Forbes and Miss Maud Forbes, of San Rafael, are at the Ralston House. Mr. and Mrs. F. Cutting have returned from the East and are at the Palace. R. S. Sloan, U. S. N., and J. Dellenbeck, U. S. A., are at the Palace. J. O. Nicholson, J. H. Gibbons, J. A. Dougherty, H. G. Knapp, and A. G. Winterhalter, of the Navy, are at the Baldwin. Mark L. McDonald, Judge Mesick, Harry I. Thornton, Sam Curtis, Professor Blake, Louis Janin, and Judge Moody, arrived here yesterday from Arizona. Mrs. Doctor S. F. Gladwin, who is at the Galindo Hotel, in Oakland, gives a dancing party to about thirty of her friends this evening. It is rumored that before Lent Mrs. Mark Hopkins will give a *musical*, when a prominent tenor will contribute to the musical numbers of the evening. The officers of the United States steamer *Corwin* entertained a party of ladies and gentlemen on Wednesday evening, on board of their vessel. Dancing was enjoyed on the upper deck until nearly eleven o'clock, between thirty and forty participating. Mrs. Smith, and Miss Maggie Morrison, of Sacramento, and Miss Carrie Pierce, of Santa Clara, who have been visiting in Los Angeles, returned on Thursday last. G. W. Carey, of Sacramento, returned from the East on Thursday last, and was accompanied by Mrs. McMahon, a sister of Mrs. R. S. Carey, who will spend some months in California. A Washington correspondent says: "Senator Miller has an only daughter, a bright and vivacious little blonde, who has already turned the heads of the society men toward her, and somewhat thinned the laurels of the Eastern belles." Mrs. F. A. McDougall and her daughter, of Los Angeles, are at the Lick. George S. Welsh, U. S. N., is at the Palace. Dr. R. A. Urquhart, U. S. N., is at the Baldwin. Mrs. Mott, of Sacramento, is spending a few days in the city. D. Freeman, one of the most perfect specimens of a good fellow that there is in the State, and who is monarch of all he surveys when at home, is at the Palace. E. Hubert, U. S. A., arrived here from the East on Thursday last. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Brodick, of Los Angeles, are at the Lick.

The following curious paragraph we take from a New York society journal: "Lord Beaumont, driven from New York by inextinguishable laughter, has brought up in San Francisco, where the mushroom aristocracy of the Pacific slope is at present overwhelming him with its fulsome hospitality." We will waive the latter half if any one will tell us what the first half means.

The Christmas number, observes a London correspondent, kills off the legitimate trade for the time being, and the unfortunate news vendor gets his fingers financially burned every year. For instance, last year there was an extraordinary demand for the *Graphic* Christmas number, and in many instances ten times the ordinary price was paid for numbers. This year the *Graphic* printed six hundred and twenty thousand copies, and the trade greedily snapped them up, and many find the stock left on their hands. English literary taste is very precarious. Meanwhile many periodicals are almost snuffed out by the flood of Christmas numbers, and merely issue an edition that nothing like pays for itself in order that their volumes may not be broken. Publishers here have taken to cheap editions similar to the "Lakeside," "Riverside," "Swampside," "Woodside," "Fire-side," "Outside," and "Inside" libraries. The price is twelve cents. First came Mrs. Brassy's voyage, then "The Ingoldsby Legends," and last "The Ride to Khiva," with more to follow. These have been a big success, but soon the field will be flooded over, and a lot of the literary speculators will wish themselves dead. The moment a thing is announced as a success in London there instantly springs up a host of imitators.

"R. Kemble, of London," as he signs himself, correspondent of *Harper's Weekly*, writes in the present tense of Gaboriau, the late French novelist, as if he were living. He also says that Gaboriau's works are now being translated into English. Gaboriau died in 1873, and all his principal novels, such as "L'affaire Lerouge," "Le Crime d'Orléans," and others, have been translated for seven or eight years. But the English as a rule do not fancy the French novel, and hence ignorance on such matters is pardonable.

"One of the best presiding officers we ever saw," says the New York *Sun*, "was a page in the House of Representatives at Washington, who used to stand behind old Governor Pennington, of New Jersey, when he was Speaker, and tell him what to do."



## ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE.

I went to see "The World" Monday. I found it extremely amusing. Melodrama always has that effect upon me. To my mind, melodrama runs so perilously near burlesque that at times it crosses the line. For instance, when the Red-Shirted Desperado with the Black Beard remarks, with a deep bass voice: "Ha! There is dynamite aboard. We are lawst!" I think it is funny. There was an interesting young person in front of me, who shook in her boots when the Red-Shirted Desperado uttered these words. I shook, too. But I think we were shaking from different feelings.

Talking of shaking, I noticed that at the close of the first act, when the steamer was about to put off, even the smoke-stack was moved. Such was the tense nature of the situation that it wiggled slightly, and then, as if ashamed of its emotion, braced up—or was braced up—and moved off, erect and dignified, as every well-conducted smoke-stack should do. The scene at the back of the stage, too, trembled visibly. In fact, the whole tableau was a moving one.

But it was as nothing compared to the raft scene. The rocking raft, the tossing sea, the scudding clouds—all was motion. It was so life-like that, gazing at the occupants, one almost involuntarily looked to see them heave—to see their bosoms heave, I mean. And when Sir Clement Something waved a handkerchief on the hither side of the sail, (that the audience might see it,) and a ship on the thither side saw through the device and the sail at once, then the audience, too, was moved.

The sudden apparition of this ship, by the way, from amid the waste of waters, was a pleasing innovation on the ordinary stage ship. This kind of vessel, as a rule, makes its appearance at the wing, and painfully progresses across the stage with a series of spasmodic jerks. Not so with "The World" ship. It was apparently pushed up from below, and shot out into the ocean full-ripped, as did Minerva from her papa's brow. Its mode of "wearing ship," too, was much simpler than is the ordinary nautical way. It consisted in simply changing ends, with great rapidity. By this means the danger of missing stays is avoided.

The only possible exception that could be taken to the raft tableau was that the wave on the immediate right of the raft was rather too frisky, and a trifle over-mountainous, as it were. This wave should have his legs sawn off at the knees. This would at once reduce his height and his enthusiasm.

In the third act, when the Red-Shirted Desperado interviews Sir Clement Something with a bottle of chloroform, the play again grows extremely amusing. For delightful though unconscious humor I have rarely seen the dialogue in this scene equaled. And Red-Shirt reveled in it.

The house was packed. The audience was an extremely diversified one. The most lofty pinnacle of Nob Hill was represented. That which is lower than the lowest stratum of its base was also there. There is a geologic law that by catastrophism the lower strata crop up on elevations. In this case the mesozoic or reptilian stratum of society cropped up in a proscenium box. And it stared Nob Hill in the face.

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Now that I have written the above, I am afraid it is not quite clear. The metaphor struck me as a happy one, but as it stares at me from the paper it seems involved. I might even call it convoluted. I will go further—it is the boomerang order of metaphor, and it has laid me out.

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Lest what precedes it should not be clear, I will remark seriously that I think "The World," aside from some scenic effects, the most absurd, not to say ridiculous, dramatic far-farago that I have seen in San Francisco for many a day.

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I went to the Loring concert this week, and enjoyed it, as I always do. There is no finer music to me than that of the human voice. And there is no finer chorus to me than a chorus of male voices. The male voice is *male*—do you recognize the subtle distinction?

I sometimes listen to dreary instrumental music on the piano. Heaven help me, I sometimes do even more foolish things. Piano music is to me only the skeleton of music; it needs the voice to give it flesh, and make it warm and life-like. But then there is a depraved and ghoulish class who delight in skeletons, and keep them in their closets. I believe they call them doctors. I mean the real article of skeleton, of course—everybody has the other. Zulana has one, and I have a select assortment; some hung on wires and articulated, capable of dancing hideously, and rattling their bones at me when I am morose.

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I was seized with a meditative mood the other evening. I had been to see the Leavitt Variety troupe for the second time, and on my return I fell to musing on them and their audiences. And I mused on this wise:

This variety performance is a peculiar one. The performers are peculiar, yet commonplace. It is peculiar that they should have the audiences they do. And the whole thing is peculiarly American.

In the first place, the performers are nearly all Americans. Aside from the gymnasts, they are probably all of American birth. And they are probably all of foreign parentage.

In the second place, the phases of life they represent—poor, stunted, aborted caricatures as their representations are—are all phases of American life. The idiotic scenes representing flirtations between foolish girls and brainless young men are anamorphic views of what is taking place every day in American cities. The Irish household, with its intensely Celtic parents and intensely hoodlumish children, is also true to nature. The Sunday picnic, with its semi-brazen girls and wholly rowdy men, may be seen near almost any large city, in any part of the North, in any month of the season. The tawdry songstress, with a pasty face, who sings sentimental songs in a cracked, uncertain voice and most atrocious method, pleases the American audience. I really believe she pleases them better than would a *diva*. Her "I Am Lonely," "When the Leaves begin to Turn," "Grand-

father's Clock," and all that rot, strike a responsive chord in the American bosom. I am not condemning it; I am not opposing it; I am only stating it.

Turn and look at the audience when something unusually silly is going on—say the smashing of crockery, or the hurling of furniture around the stage; you will see a sea of intent faces, most of them agrin, all of them interested. You will not see one-fourth the interest at an operatic performance; you will not see one-tenth of it when Shakespeare's plays are on.

I am not writing in a pessimistic spirit; I am not a reformer; I only observe. Abler men can point out what they think evils, and endeavor to set them right. I do not say these things are evils. Perhaps I would do nothing to right them if they were. Perhaps, again, I could do nothing if I would. But they are instructive. I like to study my fellow-man. His tastes, I think, are naturally low. It requires centuries of civilization to take the savage out of him. It requires some centuries more to make a gentleman of him. And in nothing is the coarseness or the fineness of his fibre so clearly indicated as in his amusements.

A traveled American was once expressing his disgust at the specimens of humanity he met abroad calling themselves citizens of the United States. He said to a philosophic friend that they were rude, impertinent, boorish, and obtuse. When he had finished his tirade the philosophic friend remarked:

"Well, what will you have? They are Americans; they are perhaps representative Americans. I do not think, nor do you, that our masses of millions are polished and well-bred. Whatever they are, they are what they are. They are the men and women who must build up this country, and abuse of them will not make them any better. Possess your soul in patience, friend, and await the next generation."

But if it should not have improved?

Well, then, the next.

And by that time we shall all be gone, and shall have ceased to fash ourselves about the lesser miseries of this world.

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As I was coming out of the Standard the other night I met Hilary. He had asked me to go to an elocutionary recital with him. Now I would go five miles any day to get away from an elocutionary recital. So I lied about it, and told him I was going out with Zulana to return a call. When I ran against him on the sidewalk I guiltily avoided his eye and endeavored to escape. But he seized me.

"So," quoth he, "this is your call, is it?"

There was nothing to be done. I had to go on and lie some more. I pictured Zulana as being indisposed, as having changed her mind; myself as having strolled down town, as having just "dropped in." But he knew I was lying, and I knew he knew it. And all because I was too good-natured to blunty say "no."

Always lie gracefully. I know an elderly lady whose lies are perfunctory and forced. She lugs them out, as it were. Her social lies come out with a sullen "bung!" like a patent rubber cork out of a cavernous beer-bottle. The social lie should fly out sharply, like a champagne cork, and a frothy foam of accessory, corroborative, and incidental lies should bubble to your lips with it.

I wish I could lie as gracefully as Zulana does. But it is a feminine gift.

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I dined down town the other day at a little stag dinner, which was extremely enjoyable. The only drawback to it I discovered afterward, and then it made me angry. Now, I am used to having club and restaurant waiters spill soup and gravy on me. I do not mind it. It is, I suppose, a modification of the old maxim—God sent gravy and the devil sent waiters. But I am not vindictive. I do not hate waiters. True, if I were an Asiatic potentate I would have a waiter bastinadoed every morning during breakfast, and I would have another put to death with horrid tortures during dinner.

I do not speak hotly, however. Were I an impulsive man I might at times even now be tempted to kill them. As I am not, I suffer in silence. But on this occasion I was moved. I do not care if they spill gravy on my shoulders or back. Or if they carefully place it upon my chair, that I may sit thereon and anoint my trousers. But this time I found a large gob of gravy on the inside of my coat, at about the centre of the small of my back. This I consider as offensive. It is gratuitous gravy, as it were. I can conceive of no feasible way of its having got there unless the waiter blew it down the back of my neck with a quill.

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At this same dinner the conversation fell upon a certain young professional man of this city. It certainly did *fall* upon him, come to think of it—it fell upon him tooth and nail. The grave and reverend signors around the table agreed that he was conceited, overbearing, and finally unanimously concluded that he was "a fool." Privately, I think the animus was because he is successful.

Now, I am not one of those who look with scorn upon young men. Nor, when I was young, did I affect disdain for my elders. There is a great deal of give and take required in this world, and it does not follow that because a man is old he is wise any more than it does that because a man is young he is an ass. I have met old fools and young fools. Of the two I prefer the younger. There is hope for them. But for a man who is sixty and a fool, there is but little. His un wisdom has become a part of him, and he can not lay it aside. Neither does age make folly venerable. The only feeling I have for an old fool is an immense pity, tempered at times with vexation.

I thank Heaven that I was not born a fool. Or if I am one, I thank Heaven that I have not intelligence enough to know it—that I am, in short, a foolish fool. For it has struck me at times that across the dull brain of the foolishlest of fools there must flash the conviction that he is what he is—a fool. But shallow ponds do not give play to tempests, and the fool's fears soon are stilled.

At times I have endeavored to instill into the minds of dullards doubts respecting the keenness of those same minds. I have done it with the best of motives. I have done it

delicately, I hope, for I have never given offense. But I have done it too delicately to give rise to any emotion—even that of anger. For the fatuous fool is in nothing so fatuous as in his ignorance of his own fatuity.

But I am becoming garrulous—perhaps prosy. It comes on with years, you know. Can it be that I am becoming—but no, not foolish, I hope. You may call me a bore, and you will, but do not rank among the fools. ZULANO.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## Hoodlums.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The problem of how to deal with the ever-increasing genus hoodlum, the growth of which is specially favored by the peculiar circumstances of this city, with its Chinese population steadily monopolizing all branches of labor, is one that appears to periodically engage the attention of the philanthropic, without, however, so far as I have seen, any very practical result. The success of the training-ships on the Thames, where the street waifs of London are converted into healthy tars, suggests one channel through which the youthful hoodlum might be diverted into better ways. These training-ships, of which there are three—two being supported by voluntary contributions, and the third maintained by the London School Board—each accommodates about six hundred lads, the majority of whom, after their two-years' training, enter the mercantile navy, while some join the royal navy, very few returning to land employments; and it goes without saying that lads so trained have a great advantage over other lads; indeed, in one instance, of which I happen to know, a lad who left the *Exmouth* three years ago, is already a second mate. The San Francisco hoodlum, physically, at any rate, affords much better material to work upon than the half-fell London Arab; and with every facility at hand here, it certainly appears to me that the establishment of a training-ship on the bay would be as great a success as it has proved on the Thames. Yours faithfully, J. C. HOGG.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 3, 1882.

[The experiment of sending boys to sea on a training-ship—the *Jamestown*—has been tried in this city. It was a failure, through a variety of causes.—E.O.S. ARGONAUT.]

## Decorative Art Notes.

The parlors of the Baldwin Hotel were filled with a fashionable and interested audience on last Monday afternoon, when the Society of Decorative Art of California held its first annual meeting. The reports of the treasurer and secretary showed a very gratifying condition, both of finances and organization, and compare most favorably with the first reports of other decorative art societies. Although an annual report, it is really not much more than half a year's actual work, as the sales-rooms of the society were not opened until the end of June, and it was the end of August before the order department and classes were organized. The history of the society is briefly as follows: Last January a meeting of about a dozen ladies was held in the private parlor (at the Baldwin Hotel) of one of our best known and most esteemed San Francisco ladies, to consider the advisability of forming a decorative art society, and buying out the stock of Mr. Bloomer, of the Decorative Art Rooms, on O'Farrell Street, who had determined to return to New York, and had approached several of his good customers with a proposal that they should succeed to his business, and unite with the commercial element a charitable one. A committee was appointed to examine Mr. Bloomer's proposal in detail, and reported against it, it being considered inadvisable to invest such a large sum—several thousand dollars—in stock, but it was decided that no more favorable time could be found for the organization of a charitable and educational society, having for its object "the establishment of rooms for the exhibition and sale of women's work, the diffusion of a knowledge of decorative art among women, and their training in artistic industries." A correspondence was opened with the New York Society, which extended much kindly and helpful advice and encouragement. Following in its early footsteps, our San Francisco ladies determined to hold an "Art Loan Exhibition," as a means of attracting public attention to its objects, and also to secure, if possible, a reserve fund against possible future contingencies. The success of the "Loan Exhibition" is too recent to need any comment here. Some three thousand five hundred dollars was realized, about one thousand dollars of which has been invested in furniture and materials. The rest is deposited in savings banks, and with the subscriptions from life members—twenty-six in number—gives a very respectable sum against the "rainy day," which, however, we hope will not soon come to the society. In June the house 631 Sutter Street was rented, and put in "artistic" order; the committee on admission first began the work—a difficult and thankless one. There was evidently a widespread necessity for "a diffusion of a knowledge of the principles of decorative art" among the women who looked to the salesrooms of the society for help; but the ladies who had undertaken this department exercised at first a wise and generous leniency, rejected only when work was hopeless, made suggestions personally and by letter, distributed circulars, etc., etc. The improvement in the general character of the work contributed has been very marked. Some contributors have been able to take lessons from the teacher of the society, who arrived from Boston in September, and their later work shows the benefit of this instruction. Eight hundred and seventy-nine articles were accepted, five hundred and seventy of these sold, and three hundred and nine remain in the salesrooms. The sum of one thousand five hundred and eighty-four dollars was paid to contributors, the largest amount received by any one being one hundred and twenty-two dollars, emphasizing the fact, commented on by the *Argonaut* before, that fortunes are rarely made at decorative art. But if we could look into the homes of the Society's one hundred and forty-six contributors, we should realize how truly it has proven itself "a friend in need," and, therefore, "a friend indeed," if only for small amounts. The portion of the report in regard to classes, is worthy of note. It says: "No work of the society is more important or less known than that done in the free embroidery class, at present consisting of twelve young women," who meet on three days of the week, and, according to the character of their nomination—a life member's, or an annual member's—are taught, more or less completely, the simple and intricate stitches introduced from South Kensington, bow to stitch and make up work, sort colors, etc. From this free class will come in the future trained workwomen for the society, and, also, where there is enterprise and capacity, the teacher and keeper of an artistic fancy-store in other places on the coast, such as Marysville, Portland, etc. One of the pupils, when she graduates, expects to go at once to Nevada City. Already these free pupils have been able to earn something, sixty-seven dollars having been paid to them for work on off days. Both embroidery and drawing classes have been self-supporting, as also the order department; but the society calls on its generous friends again this year to renew their membership, (five dollars a year,) and enable it to extend its work and influence. It is proposed to secure this year the services of a thoroughly competent teacher of decorative design, china painting, and water-colors, and in time, if the growth and success of the society justifies it, it is hoped that it may practically become a thoroughly equipped training-school for women in industrial art. Some one may say any such attempt will be premature for the next ten years; but there are straws which show how the wind blows. Some half-dozen young women graduated in Boston the other day, and immediately secured positions with manufacturers, their salaries averaging two thousand dollars a year. Avenues are daily being opened to women, who only need thorough technical training to enable them to take competent possession. California, with such possibilities in the direction of manufacture, with silk culture an assured thing, and a successful jewelry factory employing nearly one hundred workmen, can not afford to be indifferent to the success or failure of a society of decorative art which, in spite of its receipts of four thousand eight hundred and eighty-five dollars and seventy-five cents for a little over half a year, has many difficulties still to overcome, and is vitally dependent for support on the cordial cooperation and assistance of an appreciative public, whose subscriptions alone can be looked to to pay rent and book-keeper's salary.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 1, 1882.



## LITERARY NOTES.

*Macmillan's Magazine* for January contains, among other articles, "Carlyle's Edinburgh Life," "Morley's Life of Cobden," "English Church Courts," and the continuation of Julian Hawthorne's interesting story, "Fortune's Fool."

"Two Years in Oregon," by Wallis Nash, is intended for a sort of descriptive hand-book of that fertile and interesting State. The various counties and localities are carefully described with reference to history, soil, statistics, etc. To any one intending to settle in Oregon this book will prove of value as a guide for land and surroundings, but it will be interesting to the casual reader for its descriptions and local history. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White, 23 Dupont Street; price, \$1.50.

"Arsiesis," by Sx, is another book of trashy, amateur verses which certain publishers periodically issue for part cash and part guarantee. It consists of a long-winded "poem" bearing the title name, and added to it is the additional infliction of a number of shorter pieces of as much ability as the first. The binding to this volume is, of course, very elegant. The bindings always are. But this is the only elegant thing about it. "Within are dry bones." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.25.

"Sensation and Pain," by Doctor C. F. Taylor, of New York, was originally delivered as a lecture before the New York Academy of Sciences, and is a review of all the results of scientific experiment and observation made for many years by various American and European savants. It gives many curious anecdotes concerning the perceptions and influences affecting different minds and temperaments, and proves the interesting and instructive study of the subject. Published by G. F. Putnam's Sons, New York; or sale by Bancroft; price, seventy-five cents.

"Suicide," by Doctor James O'Dea, of Ontario, Canada, is a monograph that seeks to trace the causes of self-destruction from beliefs, tendencies, external influences, and other things affecting the mind, rather than from the causes usually deduced by the new statistical scientific methods. He gives a historical review of suicide through the ages, and a full account of the physical and personal causes of suicide, he gives a series of chapters devoted to the prevention. It is ably written, and gives many good points. Published by Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.75.

Doctor H. H. Kane has already written several works on the dangers and prevalence of the opium habit. He has now made a study of its most popular form—"Opium Smoking." He traces it first from China; thence he follows it to San Francisco, from whence, he says, all the rest of the Union acquired the habit, and finally through the various cities East and West. It shows that this is an important question for the future American nation to wrestle with, and one that will tax to the utmost the energy and ingenuity of its people. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale at Bancroft's; price, \$1.

The Literary Market : It appears that the total custom duty levied on books imported into the United States realizes not less than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.—From the sale of her commonplace and inartistic " Birthday Book," Princess Beatrice, of Great Britain and Ireland, has within a few weeks received fifteen thousand dollars.—Mr. Bentley, the English publisher, has brought out a cheap edition of " The Ingoldsby Legends," and sixty thousand five hundred and thirteen copies were subscribed for on the day of publication—a fact which ought to convince the reluctant Briton that cheap books will " pay." It is sold for sixpence, and illustrated by distinguished artists.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* appeared as a penny paper after January 1, but it is doubtful whether it will be possible to give the same quality of paper, since the blank sheet must cost very nearly a penny at present, and the staff of the journal includes some of the most dashing spirits of the English universities, who do not write for amusement, but for money.—The Longfellow " Birthday Book " has sold seventeen thousand copies, and the Emerson and Whittier " Birthday Books," published later, have each reached about nine thousand. The unusual care with which the selections for these books were made entitles them to an exceptional popularity.

Books in prospect: Frederick Douglass's autobiography is to be republished in England. — Heinrich Duntzner, already well known by his biographies of Goethe and Schiller, has been engaged for some time upon a new life of Lessing. The book is to be illustrated with fac-similes and portraits. — Professor Grot is preparing a biography of the naturalist Laxman, who conducted the first Russian expedition to Japan, in 1793. — Samuel Waddington has completed his survey of the sonnet in English poetry by adding to his "English Sonnets by Poets of the Past" a similar selection of sonnets by living writers. The *édition de luxe* of "Fielding's Works," of which Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. are preparing one thousand copies for the English and two hundred and fifty for the American market, will be "handed in" this country by J. E. Lippincott & Co. The second part of Leopold von Ranke's "Universal History" is just out. Like the first part, it consists of two volumes, which treat of the Roman republic and its supremacy. — A complete edition of the works of the Russian novelist Dostoievski is in course of publication. It will consist of fourteen volumes. — Messrs. Longmans & Co. announce Wood's popular "Strange Dwellings; A Description of the Habitations of Animals," and Major G. Whyte-Melville's novel, "Kate Coventry," at sixpence each.

Miscellaneous : A sale of works of art and of old furniture which once belonged to Honoré de Balzac lately took place at the residence of his widow. Many of the articles bore annotations in Balzac's own handwriting, and most of them were purchased by friends of the late writer. A speedy publication of a new series of Coleridge's "Fragminalia," the first of which appear in the current number of *Blackwood*, calls out Canon Venables, who asks if any one knows what has become of the "Fly-catchers" of that great poet and philosopher, and, if they are still in existence, he begs that a selection from these interesting and suggestive "Adversaria" may be given to the world. As he remembers the passages read aloud in the rectory drawing-room at Hurstmonceaux by Julius Hare, these note-books were full of noble thoughts which one would not willingly lose. — Very serious objections are expressed against Mr. Payne's new and complete translation of the "Thousand and One Nights" and one writer even goes so far as to hope that if the work ever passes beyond the limits of private cir-

ulation, steps may be taken for its immediate suppression. Mr. Lane's translation did not include more than a third of the original, and was very carefully edited.——The Duke of Hamilton has determined to sell in June next the invaluable library which even surpasses the famous Blenheim Library, lately sold. The Duke's collection owes its origin to Beekford, the *virtuoso* and the author of "Vathek," most of whose important books and manuscripts, which he got together at Fonthill, having come to the grandfather of the present duke through his marriage with Beekford's daughter. This son-in-law of the author was also an ardent lover and collector of things rare and beautiful in literature and art, and he added noble treasures to those accumulated by Beekford. The manuscripts alone number eight hundred, and one of them is unique, being the *Divina Commedia* of Dante in folio, each page illustrated with a picture drawn in outline with a pen. Many of these drawings are by the hand of the famous master Botticelli, who was a great admirer of Dante, and, as is well known, designed the drawings from which Baccio Baldini engraved his illustrations in the Landino edition. This manuscript, therefore, is a most interesting example of the fifteenth century art, and the drawings are pronounced to be the finest and most original illustrations of the kind ever produced.

like a madman, which made me once or twice nearly run over people. My night's rest was disturbed by phantoms, and the morning brought me no relief. I felt miserable, and, what was worse, even in my waking hours the phantoms did not fade from my eyes.

A week passed, and I had become a mere shadow of the strong, healthy man I had previously been. I could reproach myself only with not having returned the hag to its proper owner. I had not taken a penny of its contents. But I always carried the hag with me, and with feverish anxiety and trembling hand I felt in my pocket from time to time to see that it was still there.

I had noted the address given in the advertisement, and so I drove at noon on the tenth day to 75 Grattan Street. It was the place where I had driven the young lady. The door stood wide open. I called a boy to hold my horse, and went up the stairs. I asked a girl I met for Miss Berkeley, and she thought that such a person lived on the attic floor. I went up higher, and knocked at the door I presumed to be the right one. I could not help feeling that I had been a rascal, and only the consciousness that I was at last going to do right gave any ease to my conscience.

For a moment the darkness prevented my seeing the interior. The windows were dim with dust, smoke, and dirt, and some broken panes were pasted over with paper. A table and two chairs, with a miserable bed, made the whole furniture.

"Step softly, Death is here," said a trembling voice, in which I only too well recognized the young lady whom I had brought there ten days before. But how she had changed in this short time! Her cheeks were hollow, her face was pale as death, and her eyes had an unnatural brightness.

When I had gained the necessary self-command, I said, with my face turned away—for it was impossible for me to look on myself as other than a cowardly villain :

"It is too late!" she whispered sadly. "He for whom

"It is too late!" she whispered, sadly. "He for whom that money was destined is no longer living. Here he lies. He died some hours ago. Yesterday you could have saved him—saved us both—but now it is too late, too late!"

And she went on murmuring to herself, "too late, too late!" as if she had fallen into a heart-rending stupor.

Suddenly the poor woman rose slowly from the chair where she sat by the death-bed, and, after walking up and staring at me, gave a hollow cry which thrilled me to the marrow of my bones.

"It is only right that you should know what you have to answer for," she said. "That is your work. You can be proud of it: it has been a complete success."

She laughed wildly—it was more a mingling of laughing and crying—and looked at me.

"He was my husband," she went on, after a while. "We lived apart; why and wherefore, is nothing to you. For three years I heard nothing of him. During this time I lived out as governess, and earned that money which you hold in your hand. May God forgive you for what you have done!"

Here she had a severe fit of coughing, and when she took the handkerchief from her mouth it was wet with fresh blood. The hectic flush on her cheeks burned deeper than before, and I could plainly see that she had not much longer to live in this world.

"At last he found me," she continued, weakly, "and wrote, begging me to him. I came. He lived in this hole in sickness and poverty. Had I not lost my gold then, I would have taken him away, and cared well for him. He died of hunger. We have had no food for the last three days, and there is no other fate for me but to follow him. Oh, you have done a manly deed! Look there—your work!"

She drew a cloth from the face of the corpse; it looked almost a skeleton, and the sorrow of the sight overpowered her. She threw herself over it, and sobbed violently. This emotion brought on another fit of coughing, with a frightful torrent of blood, during which she expired. Her disease had gone too far for her to survive the shock of her husband's death, and if she could not die in his arms, she died by his side.

Terrified, I spread the sheet over the two dead forms, and hurried to call the landlady. I still held the gold in my hand. It seemed to burn like fire, and I would have hurried it from me if I had not had a duty to fulfill. The landlady was very indifferent about the fate of the unfortunate pair. She merely said that nothing different had been expected, but she was much pleased when I asked what they owed, and proceeded to pay her.

I went to an undertaker, and arranged with him for a fitting funeral for the couple united in death. I could not and would not seek for their friends and relatives to draw suspicion upon myself. It was now clear to me why the advertisement for the loss of the money appeared but once. The poor souls had not the means to pay for a repetition.

I followed the coffins to the grave. No stone marks it; but I know it well, and it often follows me in my dreams.

The very same day I drove to the Hospital for Consumptives, and put the rest of the bag of gold in the collection-box, for I would rather have died of hunger than have kept a penny of it.—*Freely Adapted for the Argonaut from the German by Emma Frances Dawson.*

"I am disappointed with the Atlantic."—*Oscar Wilde*.  
 "I am even more disappointed with Mr. Wilde."—*The Atlantic Ocean*.

LOST.—Yesterday, in a back, a bag of gold. The finder is earnestly entreated to bring the money to No. 75 Grattan Street, three flights up, where he will receive a liberal reward.

I knew well what this last passage signified, for I had already in many cases learned that this common expression allowed great latitude. A liberal reward meant perhaps from one to five dollars and a glass of beer. That would he fine amends for resigning fifteen hundred dollars. I laughed in scorn, and my chagrin was great. My heart hardened toward the person who had inserted this notice, and I no longer felt the least desire to part with my newly-found

sent about all day with the sack of gold in my pocket.



## VANITY FAIR.

The last fashionable engagement—that of Mr. D. Ogden Mills Jr., son of the California magnate, to Miss Ruth Livingston, daughter of Mr. Maturin Livingston, and sister of Lady Cavendish-Bentinck—is creating, observes the *American Queen*, much comment. It is significant, inasmuch as it is really the first entering wedge of Western money into New York society. No family holds its head higher than that of Livingston, and this particular branch has always been especially noted for their extreme aristocratic ideas, and endeavors to introduce the manners and customs of English society into that of New York, where they have long held a prominent and controlling position. After their return from a season spent in London, some two years ago, where they received great attention, even from the Prince of Wales, as foremost representatives of American aristocracy, they modeled their household entirely on the English plan. The guests present at Staatsburgh-on-the-Hudson, their country seat, were invited, it is said, to visit their preserves, which embraced a few almost tame rabbits and imported pheasants, while the two or three neighboring farmhouses which they owned were pointed out as the abode of their "tenantry." In fact, they did more to introduce and foster the terrible disease of Anglo-philism, which has run such riot among us of late, than any others. One daughter finally married an Englishman—Lord Cavendish-Bentinck—which, of course, increased the high respect and admiration already felt for them by society at large. And now, after all this glorious record, the gossips are holding up their hands in holy horror at the idea of a Maturin Livingston marrying a Mills! Well, we think she might do worse. Mr. Mills is, no doubt, an estimable young man, has a superabundance of that gold which is necessary even to a Livingston, and then, besides, Whitelaw Reid has married into the family, so that Charles A. Dana would say it has a powerful mind. No, on the whole, it is not a bad match, and the gossips had better turn their attention to the discovery of the exact number of other young ladies who were disappointed in not capturing Mr. Mills.

The Prince of Wales thinks no color so pretty as hay in a horse, but the princess admires the white, and has for her own particular use several very handsome animals of that color. The favorite carriage of the princess is a light clarence, hung rather low, plainly but exquisitely finished, and the workmanship of a St. Petersburg coach-builder. Her daughters, the young princesses, have ponies, gray and black. Some are of the stout Canadian breed, but all are so gentle and sagacious as to deserve the term which the ladies apply to them of "cunning little mites." When seen in the parks the ponies are a feature of the drives.

The London Grosvenor Gallery, home of all that is eccentric and bizarre in art, was recently thronged by a crowd of illustrious and fashionable guests to witness the private view of the Winter Exhibition. The most attractive feature of the exhibition this year is a collection of over two hundred of the finest pictures painted by the Royal Academician, Mr. G. F. Watts, one of the greatest of English living painters. He is old, and is rich, too; for art in England means painting, and painting is marvelously well paid. He occupies "Little Holland House," a something more than villa on the Holland estate in West Kensington, directly opposite Great Holland House. Lady Holland, since Watts's earliest days of art, has been his constant patron, and there is no sweeter picture in the collection than his portrait of Lady Holland, wearing a hat of the Riviera, a thick, wide straw mushroom, which throws a shadow over the brow and half-way adown the pretty nose, while the rosy lips smile in depreciation of this assumption by a lady of quality. Yet this artist, so enviable in his art-career, has experienced a most crushing heart-sorrow—the loss of the woman he deeply loved, and whom nobody, scarce, can gaze upon without loving. When she was but little more than a child, the rich painter sought and won the hand of the beautiful Ellen Terry. The neighbors near Little Holland House are fond to this day of telling the visitor how peerlessly lovely this strangely winning woman looked as she galloped upon her shapely mare round about the verdant alleys of Holland Park. But one day the shadow of a deep sorrow fell across the seared heart of the great painter. The bird had flown. Mated, too. Ah, well! Then came the splendid stage-career. His misfortune reminds one of the late unfortunate Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, who, while in California, never tired of talking about his "Sweet Wild Rose," but returned to New York only to find that Rose had forsaken his home to live with Bierstadt, the artist. It was the cause of Ludlow's speedy death.

The late John Anderson, the tobacconist, spent large sums in jewels, and among his purchases for a daughter was a brooch as large as an egg and shaped like a peacock. It had a golden head with diamond eyes, and its body was composed of a single pear-shaped pearl, with tail feathers of sapphires and emeralds. Mrs. Judge Jones, a relative, had Tiffany make a duplicate of this brooch. To his granddaughter, the wife of ex-senator Wagstaff, Mr. Anderson, when she was married, presented a pearl necklace of great value.

There is, says a New York paper, a great deal of uncertainty among social leaders whether or not they should include General Grant's family in the Murray Hill red hock. That gallant commander, it is averred, has habits of exaggerated conviviality, such as become Grand Army banquets—even Union League dinners—but are a trifle inappropriate to "high teas" and "small and earlys." On the other hand, the Grant mansion is one of the most sumptuously appointed in New York, and the Grant dinners are expected to be uncommonly appetizing—when they are given. One judicious person suggests that a clever way to circumvent the hilariously hospitable ex-President would be to put his son-in-law, Sartoris, and Mrs. Sartoris on the general visiting list, on the ground of being English, and thus secure the entrée to the Grant entertainments without involving the risk of intimacy with that festive pensioner of the American people. It is a curious fact, by the way, that while everybody looks

askance at the idea of formally including the Grants in the *beau monde*, the McClellans are immensely popular in society. Mrs. McClellan's Thursdays are eagerly awaited, and the *salon* McClellan is of the very first in point of style and exclusiveness.

A recent Eastern acquisition to evening dress—when the wearer has pretty arms and neck—are birds or doves perched on the neck or shoulder straps; these are fastened in such a manner that they look as if they had stopped in their flight to find a resting-place, and had been imprisoned there. Jewel-eyed spiders and scorpions also occupy the same position on the fair wearer.

An old scandal in diplomatic circles has been revived by the return to this country of three of the persons involved. These were at the time *attachés* of the French, Spanish, and Brazilian legations at Washington. It will be remembered that winter before last, at a grand entertainment given by one of the foreign ministers resident there, it was charged that these three young men enticed a young lady of high social rank into an upper room of the house where the entertainment was given, got her disgracefully intoxicated, and acted in a most outrageous manner. This led to the recall in disgrace by their respective governments of all three. This was the story as told at that time. It was also said that Secretary Blaine made it a subject of diplomatic correspondence, and requested the recall of the offenders. But a Washington paper now states that the story of the misconduct of these young men, so far as stated, is pretty generally correct, except that among those who knew the parties and circumstances the young lady was as much at fault as the others. She was intoxicated before leaving the supper-room, and went to the up-stairs room voluntarily, laughing, singing, and otherwise acting the part of a theatrical song-and-dance woman. It is not denied that the young men were under the influence of wine. Secretary Blaine did not request their recall, but, on the contrary, stated privately to friends at the time that he thought the action of the several governments in recalling them was hasty and unjust, and no more blame could be attached to the men than to the girl herself, as investigation proved. It may be laid down as a rule that any young woman who drinks champagne had better—well, had better not drink too much.

The Vanderhills have been for several years preparing their magnificent houses in New York. They have searched, through experienced agents all over Europe, to obtain the rarest and most costly works of art and articles of *virtu*. They have had columns of description in the New York papers concerning the paneling, statuary, frescoing, and furniture. They gave an opening party the other night, and issued fifteen hundred invitations to New York society. But they were snubbed—utterly snubbed; for, out of the number invited, scarce one hundred responded. This is probably due to the irregularities of certain members of the family, rather than to a social desire to crush the *parvenus*.

Complaints come from England, says the *Hour*, that the anxious exclamation, "What is your step?" is heard in hall-rooms more than ever. This anxiety is not misplaced, for the sight is a very ludicrous one when a devotee of the "rock-away" pairs off with a disciple of the *trois-temps*, or when a "hopper" finds himself encircling the waist of a "chandelier crawler." The latter seems to be less in favor this year. Rapid dancing is becoming more popular, and the few votaries of the languid style are obliged to keep more closely under the chandelier than ever in order to be out of the way of possible collisions. Some sort of unanimity in the style of dancing adds greatly to the general effect of a hall-room. As things are now, the bird's-eye view of a London hall-room shows a couple gyrating as slowly as it is possible to gyrate under each chandelier, and looking much as if they were going to sleep, while the outskirts of the crowd are occupied by flying waltzers, whose proximity looks highly dangerous. The centre is filled with lurching "rock-aways" and those curious beings whose favorite waltz consists of a hop into the air on either foot alternately.

Mr. Jackson, the young American who has become the favorite friend of the King of Wurtemberg, has ceased to be a citizen of the republic, having sworn allegiance to the country wherein he has come to high honor. He has lately been made a baron and a privy councillor, and his breast is covered with decorations bestowed on him by the Austrian emperor, by his royal friend, and by the King of Saxony. A correspondent of the Boston *Herald* says that the father of this youth, who is both modest and intelligent, was a relative of Stonewall Jackson.

A practical joke has been played on Captain and the Honorable Mrs. Newenham, of Maryborough House, Douglas, County Cork, Ireland. Invitations to a ball were sent in their names to all the medical men and solicitors, and even many trades-people, their wives and their daughters, received this invitation, and two hundred families were asked who were not on visiting terms at Maryborough. Cards were also, as a matter of course, sent to the garrison, which included the Rifle Brigade and the Scott Grays. The acceptances poured in on Mrs. Newenham, (Lord Kensington's sister,) whose table was covered with neatly-worded replies from scores of people, who must have thought that at last they were about to roam through the plains of their social paradise. The next morning's local papers contained this crushing notice: "We are requested to state that it is not true that a dance is to take place at Maryborough House, Douglas, on Friday, the 16th." The Cork dressmakers are naturally gnashing their teeth, for they were inundated with orders for new hall-dresses.

The Princess of Wales was once almost as tasteless in dress as her mother-in-law. Even yet her example of screening a neck of rather lengthy proportions has given a ridiculous habit of muffling in England to many of the short and most apoplectic of dames. But the visits of this charming lady to Paris have gradually developed a genuine fine taste, and the Princess of Wales is fast becoming as much of a sovereign dictator in dress as Eugénie was. When last in Paris she appeared almost always in black.

## THE QUEEN'S LOVE.

Or, How She H'isted Him.

An Historical Love-Story in Four Hystericals. Freely Adapted from the Argonaut from the Commonplace of Some Person or Persons Unknown.

## HYST. I.

Queen Elizabeth, "the maiden queen," loved the chivalric Earl of Essex. Hers was a wild, infatuate love, such as the "glorious Sorceress of the Nile" bore for Mark Antony. She, a queen upon whose head the crown of England sat nobly, made love to one of her courtiers—a favorite.

One night Elizabeth sat in her royal hower, her head bowed on the finely carved table, and the folds of her gorgeous gold-embroidered night drapery hanging loosely around her. A light tap startled the queen from her reverie. She raised her head, brushed back her hair, and asked who wished admittance at such an hour.

"Annette," was the reply.

"Ah! my chambermaid," said the queen, as she opened the door, and a huxom lass, with bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and raven tresses entered, and courtesied most gracefully. "Thou art welcome, good Annette, hut methinks thou comest late."

"There is a man at the wicket, my lady," replied the girl.

"Annette, a man! Speak'st thou true?"

"Yes, my lady."

"'Tis an unseasonable hour for a visit; hut did he state his business?"

"He said he wished to see the queen."

"Knowest thou his name, Annette?" And the queen gazed into her maid's face searchingly.

"Yes, my lady; 'tis the Earl of Essex."

"Then admit him at once."

"Into the reception-room, mistress?"

"No; here."

Annette was dumfounded, for never before had a man entered the private chamber of England's queen.

Elizabeth looked at the wondering girl a moment, when, seeming to guess the cause for wonderment, said:

"Thou needst not wonder, Annette; he comes on business pertaining to the kingdom. Admit him."

The maid courtesied, and withdrew.

## HYST. II.

The queen now dressed herself hastily, and sat down. Soon the door was pushed open, and handsome, gallant Essex entered. He approached the queen, and grasped her extended hands.

Annette now prudently withdrew, and England's mighty sovereign and her lover were alone.

Annette was fly.

They talked for a long time, and words which breathed of love were spoken. Ah! little thought Essex then that the hand he was covering with kisses would, ere many months, sign his death-warrant.

As the tower clock tolled the hour of midnight, the courtier rose to depart. The queen drew a costly and genuine diamond ring from her finger, and placed it in his hand, saying: "Noble Essex, if troubles of state envelop thee, return this ring, and thou shalt not be forgotten."

The earl again raised her hand to his lips, and left. As the door closed upon Essex's stately form, Elizabeth threw herself upon the rich couch, and sohhed aloud:

"Oh, what love I have for thee, noble Essex, yet I can never call thee mine!" and while she yet lay there sohhing, the lover earl was traversing the moonlit street, gazing upon the ring—the queen's talisman.

Reader, is it not great to be the favorite of a queen?

I should smile.

## HYST. III.

A different scene was not long afterward enacted in the same room. A dozen courtiers stood around the same queen—Essex's lover—as she sat before a table to affix her royal signature to a document that lay before her. Her eyes wandered uneasily over it, and her hosom rose and fell with emotion. The document before her was the death-warrant of Essex. He had been drawn into a plot by some nobles and his own rashness, and now lay in prison.

She thought of the ring she had given Essex, and every moment she expected to see the royal talisman brought to her. The nobles grew impatient, and one asked:

"Why does not the queen sign?"

That broke the stillness, aroused the queen, and with an unsteady hand she signed the death-warrant.

Alas, poor Essex! His noble goose was cooked.

## HYST. IV.

After the execution of Essex the queen grew peevish and retiring, and was often heard sohhing in her apartments. The missing ring was more than missed—it was a mystery. She had dispatched a trusty person to examine the body of Essex, but the ring was not found thereon.

But at last it came to light. One day a messenger arrived in great haste at the palace, with the tidings that the Countess of Nottingham was dying, and desired to see the queen. The queen hastened to her, and as she approached the death couch, the countess drew a ring from her hosom and held it up. The queen sprang forward, tore the well-known hauhle from the trembling hand, and in a loud voice demanded how it came into the possession of the countess. Then the dying woman told her. Poor Essex, when arrested, remembered the injunction of his royal lover, gave the ring to the countess, heggling her to convey it to the queen. But her husband, a hither enemy of the earl's, persuaded her to keep it.

The countess implored the queen to forgive her, hut with the fury of an enraged tigress the queen sprang forward, violently grasped the dying woman, saying:

"May God forgive thee, woman—I never can!" and immediately left the room.

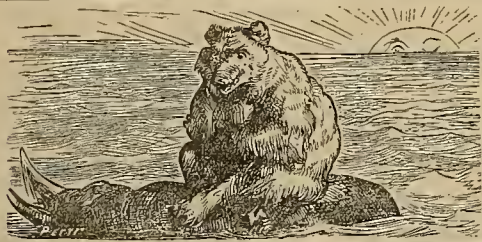
The maiden queen never recovered from this dreadful shock. She died a number of years afterwards—a victim to her love.

Let us drop a tear to her virgin memory.—*F Story, San Francisco Call.*



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FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1882.

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In the discussion which is now raging over the Board of Health and the Quarantine Officer, our sympathies are decidedly with the medicos, and not with the *Examiner*. The motives of Doctor Lawlor cut no particular figure in the case. He is doubtless working for Lawlor, and his anxiety to see that all the Chinese passengers arriving here are properly vaccinated goes hand in hand with his desire that he be properly paid. But it is of no consequence to the city who vaccinates the Chinamen, so long as they are vaccinated. It is, of course, a question of vital interest to the consignees, since they have the bills to pay. But they have the privilege of giving the work to whomever they choose. We use the word "work" advisedly. The struggle for the privilege of vaccinating the Mongolians has degenerated into something very like a fight for a street contract, and we shall have the doctors under-hidding each other, until the "fee" for each Chinese case will fall below the present market rate—twenty-five cents. This competition, however, is a healthy one. It will probably result in the Quarantine Officer's retaining his vaccination business, possibly at lower fees. He has the inside track. It would be wise for him to make concessions, if he wants to keep it. There is such a thing as pressing the ship-captains and consignees a little too hard. In the grand grab game which goes on all around in this port, they sometimes become restive. And a round thousand dollars for vaccinating that number of Chinamen would make almost any one squeal.

It is unfortunate for President Arthur that he should be put upon the anxious seat so soon after the close of the presidential honeymoon. It is even more unfortunate that, having sinned, his repentance should be accompanied by half-hearted confessions. The withdrawal of the name of Nichols for a West Virginia postmastership—said to have been done at the dictation of Mahone—is ascribed to the boldness of "a presumptuous clerk" in placing the name of a personal friend on an unsigned commission. This is rather a small hole for the executive to crawl through. There are clerks and clerks, but the unfortunates who occupy subordinate positions in the departments at Washington are not presumptuous, as a rule. They devote their faculties to hanging on by their eyelids, and not risking their heads by filling in blank commissions with friends' names. So, too, with the instructions forwarded to Tiescott. Thirty days after they had gone, the President read them "with astonishment and alarm." Yet Blaine the President read the draft, modified it, read it again,

and approved of it before its dispatch. The ex-Secretary claims to have the various drafts in his possession. He may have to produce them before the affair is over. But he had better look to himself, or they may trot out a "presumptuous clerk" on him.

The people of Brooklyn having succeeded in banishing the bobtail cars from their city, the New Yorkers are now exercised over the same topic. It will probably result in the bobtails disappearing from Gotham. They are an invention either of the Evil One or some grasping street-car superintendent, and they are a nuisance. We hope that San Franciscans may take up the crusade against them here. Only the other day a woman was nearly killed in descending from one of them, the driver having started before she was free of the step. It is a simple matter to insure their disappearance. Let passengers refuse to put their fare in the box, and give it up only when some one comes for it. Or, if not called for, they can leave it on the seat. The companies will very soon come to the conclusion that it is better to pay a man to collect fares, start and stop the car, open and shut the door, etc., than to make the passengers do all these things.

The Mormon question is likely to become the subject of practical legislation at this session of Congress. Salt Lake has sent a delegation of practical men, who say that the condition of affairs there is no longer supportable; that the issue has already come between the Gentiles and Mormons—between republican government and a sham ecclesiasticism; that it must be met and disposed of; that this bogus hierarchy, a compound of ignorance and insolence, must now, and without further delay, be brought in subordination to republican government and law, or it will in time so grow in strength and in defiance of our civilization that it can only be crushed out by the expenditure of blood and treasure. The remedy proposed is to repeal all laws organizing the territory that allow the people thereof to elect a legislative assembly; take from the Mormons the privilege of enacting laws; and in lieu of an assembly elected by popular vote, let there be established a legislative council composed of eleven members, who are to be appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, to be chosen from among the residents of Utah, and charged with the duty of legislation. Over this body the governor shall preside, with the veto power. All laws are to be subject to the approval of the general government. This deprives the Mormon element of all legislative authority, takes away from them the right to sit on juries in criminal cases, and brings the institutions of Mormonism and polygamy under the control of those citizens of the territory who do not belong to an organization that is disloyal to the government, and sets at defiance the laws of the country and the customs of Christian civilization. A bill embracing these general provisions has been introduced into Congress, and is quite likely to become a law. Neither party can afford any longer to remain indifferent to this last of the two barbarisms.

It is to be hoped that President Arthur and Secretary Frelinghuysen may succeed in their endeavors to mollify the Chileans. By continuous telegraphing, and by repeated and humble interviews with the Chilean minister, this happy result may be brought about. We have greatly sinned. But, like the chosen people, we are very sorry for it. We have taken our scapegoat, and loaded him up with all our diplomatic sins. We have formally cursed him, and sent him off into the wilderness. Blaine is the bearer of our burden. And now our leader, Moses, and the high priest, Aaron—that is, our worthy President and Secretary Frelinghuysen—are beating their breasts, and calling upon the people to clothe themselves in humiliation, sackcloth, and ashes. Let us all endeavor to stay the Chilean wrath to come.

There be worse cranks of the press than of the people. Let one of these incorporeal individuals get cranky on a particular subject, and forthwith it goes editorially mad. Emotional insanity breaks out all over it, and virus emanates periodically. These eruptions, like hoils on the human body, show that the blood is pyæmic and thin, and needs a tonic. Nobody pities a man with a boil; nobody sympathizes with a pustular newspaper. Both are nasty things, and both are avoided. A huge vesicle broke out on the face of the *Evening Bulletin* on Thursday last, and spread over the greater part usually devoted to editorial bosh. It was the worst boil that paper has yet exhibited, discharging only thin and watery serum. For nearly two weeks it had not exhibited even a pimple indicative of its Spring Valley disease, when all of a sudden it burst out on Thursday with an inflamed cuticle a column long. It had one of its worst fits. It uttered a great many things that were incoherent, and was as cranky as Guiteau. It spit at the Board of Supervisors, who had refused to give it the city official printing, and abused them because they had instructed the city attorney to bring a test suit to have determined as speedily as possible the legal construction of the constitution on the subject of free water. It harked at the Spring Valley Water Company because it wished a speedy settlement of the same question. It put

forth a side growl, and showed its teeth at the Supreme Court, as a caution what might be expected in some future eruption. The *Bulletin* once—it was in its youth—had normal blood with plenty of red corpuscles in it. Of late years it has had a lack of stimulating, nourishing diet, and it has got poison in its veins, its brain is softening, and its skin breaks out at intervals. In its paroxysms it has queer notions. It imagines itself a demi-god, and issues edicts to officials, to corporations, and to citizens, like an autocrat. On the water question it fairly thunders when it speaks. A few years ago, when the Constitutional Convention framed a new constitution, the *Bulletin* discovered that the water question would be put at rest if the constitution were adopted. "Free water will be abolished by the new Constitution," cried out the *Bulletin*. "Down with a Constitution that abolishes free water for capital." But the people adopted this constitution. Forgetting how it had raved yesterday, and burning with a fevered brain and parched lips, the *Bulletin* still kept crying out: "Water! water! free! water forever!" Last fall it marshaled all its force and declared war, with "Free Water" on its banner. It went into the city election with a list of candidates for every office, from Mayor down, pledged to its contest against the water company and its ratepayers. At the polls every one of the *Bulletin's* nominees, excepting the city attorney, was overwhelmingly defeated, and the one exception was barely elected. But the *Bulletin* has got its brain into such a cranky state that it is unable to realize the force and effect of a popular verdict. And so it keeps on haying at the moon. Latterly it has been afraid that the Supreme Court would, before long, set this water question at rest by some judicial determination. Everybody, except the *Bulletin*, desires it to be finally adjudicated. To this end the Board of Supervisors, a week or so ago, directed the city attorney to have it determined. This does not suit the *Bulletin*. It demands that the question be left where the *Bulletin* can probe it. It must be kept an open sore, so that the bad blood of that paper may ooze out through it. We do not know whether the *Bulletin's* malady is past cure. It might be that a prescription after the formula laid down by Judge Hunt would cure it; but even then its disease would probably break out in some new form. In all probability we shall have to endure it, with the comforting reflection that editors, like other people, have to die, and there always will be sores on the body politic, and cranks of the editorial guild.

There should be some provision made in this city for the inspection of the machinery, ropes, etc., connected with the numerous elevators in use here. We have inspectors of boilers, fire wardens, market inspectors, etc., but we need some one to look after the elevators. In most of the large commercial houses down town there are elevators, and accidents are constantly occurring on them, of which the public never hear. It would be instructive to know the number of persons killed and mutilated by elevator accidents in this city during the last five years. It would be larger than most people think. In the principal hotels of the city the elevators are larger, stronger, and safer than are the mercantile elevators. But even these, it seems, can not be relied upon. In the Baldwin, the other day, the elevator gave way, and fell to the bottom of the hatchway, fortunately without seriously injuring any one. But it is not many months since the fall of an elevator in one of the Market Street lodging-houses killed two persons. These conveniences are used by all of us, more or less. There are those, of course, who rarely use an elevator, but they should bear in mind that when they do their risk is no less than that of the attendant who is in it constantly. One of these days we shall have a good, healthy accident—the fall of a capacious elevator, with some solid men in it. Then the dailies will write sensation articles about the subject, the victims will be hurried, and the matter attended to.

The remarks made in last week's *Argonaut* concerning the disposition of the funds being collected in America by wandering Land-Leaguers, are corroborated by a letter from a lady living in Ireland—herself an Irishwoman—to a relative here. She says: "All parts of the country are in a very 'unsettled state. There would not be such troubles in Ireland if the Irish communists in America were all dead, or 'had common sense enough to study the real interests of 'their countrymen. Of all the money being collected to 'assist the wretched poor, about one hundred and fifty 'pounds per week are being distributed. All the rest is 'being pocketed by those interested in keeping up the agitation.'"

Doubtless Mr. Oscar Wilde feels annoyed at the "guying" the Harvard freshmen subjected him to. But it is perfectly defensible. The Good Book says, "Answer a fool according to his folly." And that is what the fresh young men of Harvard have done. There is no monopoly of folly, and any man may, if he chooses, be the same kind of a fool as is Mr. Wilde. Yet his folly has a streak of profit in it, and the jingling of his cap and bells is echoed by the jingling the dollars at the door.



## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SIGHT-SEEING AND SOCIETY IN WASHINGTON—BLAINE'S SENSIBLE FOREIGN POLICY—THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS AND FREE TRADE—JUDGE FIELD'S STRENGTH IN THE LATE CINCINNATI CONVENTION—AN ÆSTHETIC INTERVIEW WITH OSCAR WILDE.

January 24.—Yesterday was fixed by the Senate Committee of Foreign Relations to hear arguments upon the various bills and resolutions concerning Hawaiian commercial reciprocity. The minister of the Hawaiian kingdom, Judge Allen, who, by virtue of his seniority, is dean of the diplomatic corps, was present. Mr. H. A. P. Carter, Minister of the Interior, (on his way to Europe,) with others interested as refiners of sugar at the North and growers of cane at the South, were also in attendance. The free-traders in Congress will hold on to this treaty. Those who desire a reciprocity treaty with Mexico and the States of Central America will not consent to its repeal. I doubt whether the protectionists proper will dare to make the issue on the revocation of this treaty. Aside from the question of revenue, or the price of sugar, or the treatment of the hired laborers from Scandinavia or Portugal, there are broader and more important questions involved. Political considerations will determine all this business of Hawaiian relation to the United States of America. Refiners or sugar-growers, with their anti-monopoly delegations, their paid lobby, and their interested advocates, will, in my judgment, cut a very unimportant figure in the adjustment of our political, social, and commercial relations with the Sandwich Islands.

There has been a very lively diplomatic correspondence between our government and the government of England in reference to these islands. The traditions of our State Department, since a time before our civil war, uphold with steady resolution the determination that no foreign power shall obtain undue influence over these islands, or obtain upon them a foothold that will, in any contingency, permit them to become antagonistic to American interests. Secretary Seward, it will be remembered, kept an American ship of war in the harbor of Honolulu during our civil war. Secretary Fish is the author of the present treaty. Secretary Evarts, after evidencing an intention of abandoning the tradition to which I have referred, was compelled to back down. Secretary Blaine brought to the discharge of his duties as Secretary of State a determination to uphold the American doctrine—the Monroe Doctrine—the doctrine of national self-respect. In his correspondence in reference to the isthmus canal, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and the Chile-Peru embroglio, he took an advanced position, and the only one consistent with the dignity of a nation that numbers over fifty millions of people, and which, by virtue of its numbers, its intelligence, its form of government, and its geographical location, is charged with the destinies of this hemisphere. As Americans, we have always applauded the English for the assertion of their rights among all the nations; we have admired them for making their flag respected. It is time now for American statesmanship to assert itself in a fearless and resolute maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, which, I take it, means that we will mind our own business, and that all other nations, England included, shall be compelled to mind theirs.

This doctrine Secretary Blaine began to assert with commendable emphasis. It is a position which, when understood by the American people, will be appreciated by them and upheld by them in spite of the misrepresentations of English journals, and those "American" journals, the *Herald*, the *Times*, and the *Evening Post*, of New York, whose editors, writers, and proprietors are English, with English views in reference to American politics.

When the correspondence of the State Department becomes public, it will be seen that by far the most spirited chapter is that concerning the Sandwich Islands, in which Secretary Blaine laid down, without equivocation or limitation, the declaration that the United States of America would not permit any foreign country to obtain domination over the Sandwich Islands; that it would not permit them to be Asiaticized; that it would not permit the introduction of Anglo-Indian coolies, with a reserved right of British jurisdiction over them through English tribunals; that the government of the United States would not permit these things to be done, even with the consent of the Hawaiian government. The government of the United States will do one of three things: It will maintain with the islands a reciprocal treaty, or will give them a military protection, or will annex them as a part of our republic. This is in accord with the opinion of all political parties. It is in harmony with the desires and wishes of all intelligent classes, and it is the spirit of a diplomatic correspondence with England that has been had. It is the spirit of the diplomatic consultations that have been held at Washington between the State Department and the British embassy. It is the spirit of the letters of instruction from our State Department that preceded King Kalakaua on his trip around the world, and more than that, it is the spirit of our present State Department, under the direction and control of Secretary Frelinghuysen.

The price of redwood lumber or Oregon pine, the cost of

sugar in California, the dollars lost or dollars won from revenue, will cut no figure in the legislation that will ultimately control the commercial and political relations between the United States of America and the Sandwich Islands. There is no question of a national character more important to the Pacific Coast than this. We shrink from a military protectorate as something not at all in harmony with our institutions. We do not desire to annex these islands, as all sorts of embarrassing complications would be likely to arise. Let the Sandwich Islands maintain their independence, govern themselves under favorable treaties with our country, and let their people and their business men have firm confidence that they are not to be abandoned to English intrigues, and that in no possible contingency, this side of a disastrous war in which the United States of America should be defeated in arms, will any foreign country be permitted to control the Sandwich Islands, or float its flag above them.

January 25.—I am surprised to learn what real strength Judge Field had in the Cincinnati Convention, and how seemingly probable would have been his choice as the Democratic presidential candidate, if he had been properly supported from his own State. If California had done what I think it ought to have—that is, to have given him united, earnest, and zealous support—I think it possible that he would have been to-day the President of the United States. He would, I think, have obtained a great support from the property interests of the nation, and received a large following from a class which, being compelled to choose between a candidate from civil or military life, chose Garfield as one more likely to continue the financial affairs in an unchanged condition.

My wife and myself were on Friday evening invited by Senator and Mrs. Blaine to meet Oscar Wilde, the utterly utter young man from England—the æsthete, who is engaged in painting the lily, and giving a new perfume to the beautiful in nature—the Bunthorne of "Patience," who has come to this benighted land in pursuit of the beautifully engraved greenbacks of our national currency, and the exquisitely coined images of our golden coins, by advertising the æsthetic opera that caricatures him, by lecturing, and by the sale of his poems and photographs. Of course we went from pure curiosity, as the papers are filled with ridiculous accounts of his appearance, his dress, his deportment, and conversation. I expected to find an empty-beaded fop, in absurd costume, who would amuse by "expressing himself in terms too deep for me," and leaving me to wonder "what a very singularly deep young man this deep young man must be." I was disappointed in part. Oscar Wilde is, I think, playing us Yankees for coin; but he is nobody's fool, and I found myself admitting that he was not destitute of ideas, and speculating as to "what a very cultivated kind of youth this kind of youth must be." He is certainly not an every-day young man, nor a matter-of-fact young man, nor a commonplace young man, but a most intense and soulful-eyed young man, and altogether an ultra-poetical, super-æsthetic, out-of-the-way young man. That there is something in him beyond the joke he is practicing is evidenced by the fact that he graduated with leading honors at Oxford. He is well born, and is the associate of men in London of highest culture. His head is large, his face is strong but heedless, his figure manly and well-proportioned. He parts his long, thick brown hair in the middle and it sweeps his shoulders. His dress is a claw-hammer of fashionable cut; his waistcoat, white, and cut *décolleté*; his white cravat is carelessly fastened, and upon his shirt front he wears a cluster of pearls and diamonds; knee-breeches of black, with black silk stockings, low patent-leather pumps, with a black bow-knot and without heels; gloves of delicate pearl-color, one-buttoned, and worked with black, go to make up his costume. His manner is languishing and affected, his voice low, his laugh musical.

On being presented to Miss Dodge—Gail Hamilton—she prodded him with the direct inquiry: "How long is this joke to last?" Its directness staggered him, and, after a stare of blank amazement, he replied, with an interrogatory in every letter: "J-o-k-e? It is my life." He then explained somewhat at length that the movement, which he did not claim to have inaugurated, was to have, and already had, worked a revolution in London, and that its practical results were already to be seen in the improvement of art, in the encouragement and promotion of taste, in the adornment of homes, and in making the useful and practical in life more beautiful; that these results are already observable in the architecture of homes, in furniture, in the mechanical arts, and in all departments where cultivated taste could find an opportunity to displace the common, the coarse, and the vulgar. A part of the evening he spent in Mr. Blaine's apartment. In the half hour's conversation Mr. Blaine had with him, discussing the question of German immigration, English politics, and other incidental matters, he exhibited a vigor of thought and directness of expression that indicated both brains and culture.

This highly-poetic, super-æsthetic, and peripatetic young

man will visit California in the spring, to see the emerald green of our grain-fields, and the wild flowers of our hills, and such other objects of beauty as our coast may present.

January 26.—The Potomac front of Washington is said to be malarious, and the White House unhealthy. I see many men in Washington who, in the early morning, look as though they had passed a malarious night, and as though the miasmatic influences of Washington had penetrated to the very marrow of their bones. I am of the opinion that this story of malaria is largely political, and industriously circulated to secure an appropriation of a million of dollars to reclaim the Potomac marshes. Perhaps the White House is unhealthy, and it may be right that a more commodious residence should be erected for our republican king, but there is no scarcity of persons who are desirous to become its tenants. That old age nor infirmity of constitution does not fear to reside in it is evident, as even Samuel J. Tilden is willing to dare the malign exhalations of its surrounding parks and pleasure grounds. I do not suppose that there is a native-born American in all the land who would not be willing to risk his health in a four years' residence in the executive mansion.

It is seriously proposed, however, to build another, allowing this to be used as the business office of the executive department, and thus separating the social from the political, so far as it may be accomplished by having a private residence. Social and political lives in Washington seem to be incapable of separation. Some public men, I know, have made the effort—and it is only partially successful—to keep their official business out of their homes; but the residence has no double bell, one for the footman and one for the visitor, and, if a double entrance is provided, one for the office and one for the drawing-room, the independent constituent who has paid the money of his vote and his influence is bound to take his choice. The female side of the business is simply astounding. Everything in petticoats that comes to Washington seems to have a license to go anywhere she pleases, from the White House to the Anatomical Museum. Sight-seeing is a constant occupation, and everything, from the cupola of the Capitol to the common waiting-room where the murdered Garfield fell, is an object of curiosity. Cabinet day, and the senators' day, and the members' day throw open the houses of all these people to a mob of incongruously dressed females, who come down to Washington to see the sights, and who need not go home without the right to say that they have visited every name that is on the political scroll at Washington. The country "school-marm," down for a vacation, can take a hack for a dollar and a half an hour, and twenty-five cents' worth of cards, written by herself; then, after three afternoons of calling, she can truthfully report that she is on visiting terms with all the political magnates of the land. It is a dismal sight, on those reception days set apart by the wives of members of the cabinet, Supreme Court judges, and senators, to see the mob that invades their apartments. Still I do not mean to say that the country "school-marms," or the Mrs. Moriarty's whose bushands have "influe[n]ce," are not quite as presentable in dress and deportment as the average wives of average congressmen, and some of the wives of some of the men in more distinguished positions.

Washington is the very Mecca of the young married couples. They gather here from all parts of the country, usually with only a day or two to remain, and there is so much for the young couple to do that the bride carries with her a weary look, as though she had been somewhat overworked. They go everywhere, and see everything, from the Soldiers' Home to the tomb of Washington and the soldiers' cemetery, on the Arlington Heights. "I may never come again," thinks the expectant grandmother, and she is anxious to take it all in.

The California colony in Washington put up a very good practical joke on our Honorable Tom Shannon. There is here a large lobby—a ragged regiment of curbstone statesmen who hang upon the ragged edge of political life, sparing the world for grub and grog, and eagerly anxious to ascertain the purpose and business of every newcomer, that they may strike him for a piece. Thus our Thomas was a subject of mysterious interest. He had been a member of Congress and Collector at San Francisco, and they were deeply solicitous to aid him, if he had any little bill on hand that there was money in. And so the job was put up, and some of these people were confidentially posted. They were told in the strictest secrecy that Shannon was here as the agent of the Board of Trade, with unlimited authority to draw for money to defeat Eads's Tehuantepec railway scheme. The result was that every few moments for an entire day, and up to the midnight hour, Shannon was taken confidentially aside and pumped for coin, till he finally dropped on the little joke, and smoked out the jokers. Shannon expects—and he has reason to—that the revenue discussion will ultimately result in the appointment of a Tariff Commission, to which he would like to be appointed, and of which, if appointed, he would be an intelligent and useful member.



THE THREE GREENS.

The Curious Experience of a London Jeweler.

Shortly after the Crimean war an individual, whose right arm was encased in splints and hung in a sling, entered a magnificent jewelry shop, the proprietor of which was a Mr. James Green. The stranger had that in his appearance generally styled *distingué*. His carriage and garb revealed the military veteran, and his manners the finished gentleman. At the door bailed an elegant cabriolet, and the good taste of its owner was made apparent by the plain but neat livery of the groom, and the choice trappings of the handsome blooded horses.

The stranger stated that he was desirous of procuring a complete silver table service, rich, solid, and elegant, with but little ornamentation. Could Mr. Green prepare such a one for him? The goldsmith answered, of course, in the affirmative, and showed several patterns to his visitor, who then described very minutely the style in which he wished the articles to be made, and asked by what time they could be got ready. At the same time he insisted on punctuality, saying he must use the set at a reception he would soon give at his new residence in Leicester Square. Green promised to have it done in three weeks, and then the two parties discussed the terms.

The jeweler very carefully made all his calculations, and demanded twelve hundred pounds. The stranger reflected a few moments, then said he had determined on getting a service at a cost of fifteen hundred pounds, and requested Mr. Green to add as many more pieces to the set as would fix the price at that sum. Mr. Green thanked the gentleman for this mark of confidence, and inquired of him to whose recommendation he owed his patronage.

"No one has recommended you to me," replied he. The jeweler looked up in surprise. The stranger, who had hitherto worn an air of dignity almost amounting to austerity, now became more friendly, and continued:

"I'm a soldier. I have served for years in India, and more recently in the Crimea. At Balaklava I received a severe wound in my right arm and hand, which will perhaps disable the member for life. My patronage you owe to your parents, grandparents, and, in fact, to the whole line of your ancestors."

The jeweler was amazed and bewildered. His parents and other ancestors had long been dead, and could not have referred the soldier to him. The latter apparently enjoyed Mr. Green's perplexity, and smilingly continued:

"I will make myself clearer. When, in consequence of this unfortunate wound"—here a sudden twinge in his arm made him start painfully—"I was compelled to leave the service, I resolved to settle down in London. While riding out the other day I was attracted by the appearance of your splendidly furnished shop, but more so by the name on your sign, for mine is precisely the same. To this simple reason you owe the present visit of Colonel James Green, of the Grenadier Guards."

The jeweler expressed his delight at the honor of being the namesake of so distinguished a warrior, and after a few more phrases of this sort of conversation, reverted to the business in hand.

"May I now inform you," said the jeweler, with some hesitation, "of the conditions which must generally be complied with previous to making a sale?"

"No," said the colonel, sharply, "I have my own way of doing business. You and I do not know each other, and although my order is not an uncommonly large one, yet it amounts to a sum with which you can not credit a stranger. I will therefore pay you one hundred pounds cash down for a surety, the remaining fourteen hundred pounds when I call for the service."

Mr. Green accepted the proffer with profuse thanks. "You need not thank me," the officer interrupted. "As I remarked, I always have a way of my own, from which I never like to deviate. Now, do me the favor to take my portemonnaie from my coat pocket; my unfortunate Balaklava wound"—the colonel again winced with pain—"has lamed my right arm and hand completely."

Mr. Green expressed his sympathy in the warmest terms, carefully pulled the portemonnaie from the veteran's coat pocket, opened it at the latter's desire, and from four or five new notes took one, which the colonel requested him to keep. Mr. Green wrote off a receipt and placed it in the old pocketbook, which he then very carefully restored to its resting-place. He then assisted the colonel to enter the carriage, and the groom—Colonel Green could not drive on account of his injured arm—rapidly drove off in the direction of Leicester Square. The jeweler, though much overjoyed, was a cautious business man, and notwithstanding the considerable deposit, proceeded to make his safety certain.

In the "War List" he readily found the name and rank of his customer, just as they had been given, and from the estate agent who rented out the splendid mansion in Leicester Square he had ascertained that it had recently been occupied by Colonel James Green, of the Guards, and that the latter had brought the most excellent recommendations from his banker and sundry other distinguished personages.

In the course of three weeks, at the end of which the set was to be done, the colonel often came into the shop to see how the work was going on, and always discoursed so affably with the goldsmith that the latter could not find sufficient words of praise for his genial customer when speaking to others about him. At last the service was completed. It was placed upon a large table in the counting-room, and covered with a cloth of blue velvet. Punctual at the stipulated time in the afternoon Colonel Green entered the shop, his elegant cabriolet with blooded horses remaining before the door in care of the groom.

The officer stepped into the counting-room, and Mr. Green, swelling with pride, removed the velvet cloth from the service. The colonel, though usually a quiet man, declared that it surpassed his expectations, and insisted upon paying the entire one thousand five hundred pounds, and also upon the jeweler retaining the deposit of one hundred pounds as a douceur for the satisfaction he had given.

"You owe me no thanks, my dear Mr. Green," said the colonel, the delighted goldsmith. "Give me your hand, and I can receive my heartfelt acknowledgment for this superb masterpiece."

The jeweler's beaming countenance on grasping his namesake's hand can be imagined.

"Now to business," said the colonel. "Be so kind as to take out of my pocket-book and count off your one thousand five hundred pounds, for I do not wish to tarry a moment before showing your *chef d'œuvre* to my wife."

The jeweler hastened to comply. He took from the officer's breast-coat pocket a card-case, a set of ivory tablets, and a silk purse, through whose meshes glittered some five or six sovereigns—but no pocket-book. Upon the colonel's request he then examined all of his pockets. The search was futile.

"Strange! Incomprehensible! Could I have lost it, or been robbed?" muttered the colonel, audibly, perplexed and provoked. "What o'clock is it?" he suddenly asked.

"Twenty minutes to five."

"Good! It is time enough. You must make yourself serviceable to me once more, my dear Mr. Green, and act as my secretary. You know I can not use my right hand. Will you have the goodness to write a few lines for me to my wife?"

With these words the colonel stepped to the jeweler's desk, on which lay some writing paper, printed with the name of the firm. Taking a sheet, he placed it before the jeweler, saying: "This will do; my wife knows that I am here." He then dictated, and the jeweler wrote:

MY DEAR WIFE: Have the goodness to send me at once fifteen hundred pounds, through the bearer. You know where the money is kept. I am in immediate need of it; therefore do not detain the messenger, who is a trustworthy person. Your affectionate husband, JAMES GREEN.

"Thank you," said the colonel, after perusing the epistle. "Michael," he cried, "take this letter, ride home as fast as you can, and return at once to this place with that which my wife will give you."

The groom took the letter, bowed, and quickly rode off. Fifteen minutes, a half-hour, nearly an hour passed away, and Michael did not return. The colonel waxed impatient, and wished that he had gone in person for the money. The jeweler essayed to tranquillize him, but ineffectually.

"I have always regarded the fellow as honest and trustworthy," said the colonel, "and have on several occasions intrusted him with large sums of money, though, it is true, never with so much as at this time. Fifteen hundred pounds may have proved too strong a temptation for him." Pulling out his magnificent gold watch, he continued: "I will wait just seven and one-half minutes longer, for that is exactly the time it takes to drive hither from Leicester Square."

The seven and a half minutes were gone, and the groom had not come. The colonel could contain himself no longer. "Do me the favor, Mr. Green, to call a cab," he said, in the greatest impatience. "I shall go home myself, and will return within half an hour."

The cab was soon at the door.

"Quick, to Leicester Square!" cried the colonel to the coachman. "A half-crown extra, if you will drive well."

The cab drove off as rapidly as the horses could go. The goldsmith, meantime, had the service packed up, and then waited for his patron's return. The clock struck six, seven, eight, nine. The colonel did not come. Something unusual must have detained him; but the jeweler felt no anxiety, for had he not still the service and a deposit of one hundred pounds?

Tired of waiting, at last he closed his shop at half-past nine, and went home. His wife, who had long been expecting him, had grown sleepy, and was slumbering on a sofa. An open letter lay in her lap. Mr. Green stepped lightly to her, intending to wake her with a kiss, when his eyes fell upon the letter.

"What is this?" he cried, dumbfounded, as he recognized his own handwriting and the letter he had just written for the colonel.

The reader can readily guess the sequel and the connection.

True, there existed a Colonel Green, who had served in India and the Crimea, and had been wounded at Balaklava, who had rented the house in Leicester Square, and who possessed a considerable fortune, but, alas! he was not the Colonel Green who had ordered the silver service. Heaven knows by what means the sharpers had gained knowledge of all the facts and circumstances upon which they constructed their admirably ingenious plan.

The man personating the groom, of course, was an accomplice; and the letter which Mr. James Green had penned for the pseudo Colonel James Green was delivered by him to the jeweler's wife, who did not hesitate a minute to deliver to him the fifteen hundred pounds, because she recognized her husband's handwriting upon the paper stamped with the name of the jewelry firm. Who the sly rogues were never came to light.

Of new oil paintings at the winter exhibition in London, two, which are just completed, and which will be on view at the Academy, possess special interest for historical reasons; one on account of the artist who has painted it, the other on account of the subject of the work. Mr. Millais's portrait of Cardinal Newman is spoken of as a marvel of life-like accuracy, while Mr. Cowley's picture of Beaconsfield's death is full of the sadness which its title suggests. The ghastly pallor of the dying nobleman's features, the traces of suffering which pinched his face, and which were beginning to relax as sensation became numbed, are marked with real power. The grave attendant physicians and the few sorrowing friends in the apartment are disposed with great skillfulness and effect. Each of the faces is a portrait from life, the three doctors and Lord Rawton having given several sittings to the artist.

George W. Childs's collection of clocks, foreign and domestic, is said to be valued at thirty thousand dollars. For one of them, cased in onyx and verde antique, and crowned by a female figure in silver, Mr. Childs paid five thousand dollars.

"Persons desirous of sitting on a tack without any intimation of when they will be allowed to rise, should communicate with me at once."—*Ex-Senator Sargent in Chicago Tribune.*

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

It was a lively day among the telegraph messenger boys in New York the other day. Two of them were rushing at breakneck speed to a restaurant to get a message from a gentleman, when at the end of a hall down which they were racing they encountered a plate-glass mirror, twelve feet high and eight feet wide. Supposing it to be a continuation of the hall, they rushed on, past the restaurant door in the side, and shattered the mirror from top to bottom, destroying three hundred dollars worth in the twinkling of an eye. Of course the boys were not hurt.

The hat is an important article of church furniture, but it must not be passed round in an actual sense—at least in the buildings under the control of the Established Church of England. At Leyland, in Lancashire, the other day, the proper plate not being forthcoming, Mr. Joseph Culshaw proceeded to collect the offertory in his hat, and the churchwardens—though they seem to have made no objection to receiving the money thus gathered—promptly proceeded against him for "indecent behavior in church," the magistrates taking their view of the action, and fining Mr. Culshaw a matter of twenty shillings.

A gentleman in Warren, R. I., who has sometimes assisted in the transmission of messages by telephone, owns a beautiful pet dog named Pat. The dog, having lost sight of his master, went to the telephone office in search of him, and the operator, understanding the object of Pat's visit, called for his master at a place where he thought he might be, and informed him that Pat was looking for him. He was immediately answered, and placing the instrument to the dog's ear, he at once evidently recognized his master's voice, and started for the door, greatly excited, and asked, in a dog's language, to be let out, that he might go in pursuit of him.

Not long ago, in a Paris police court, Poulinier, a former government clerk, and a quiet, retired old gentleman, was charged with assault. This singular lapse from virtue is thus explained: M. Poulinier had received an anonymous letter, announcing that a person who had heard of his antiquarian pursuits had left him by will a collection of remains of prehistoric animals. When the antiquary had classified the collection, one of his friends brought an acquaintance to see the bones. The irreverent new-comer took up a specimen of *stravarius* and pronounced it to be the blade-bone of a shoulder of pork, whereupon the irate antiquary nearly fractured the critic's skull with one of the specimens.

It seems incredible that any person should prefer death by cremation rather than offend against social etiquette by shouting for help. This, however, is actually what occurred lately in Panihatti, Bengal, if the *Indian Mirror* may be believed. As the wife of Bahoo Kall Nath Bannerji was lighting a fire one morning her clothes accidentally ignited. She might, nevertheless, have been saved had she at once cried out, as there were several people in the adjoining rooms. But our contemporary says that this was forbidden her by the rules of the Zunana, which would have been violated had her shrieks reached the ears of the adult male members of the household. The poor creature accordingly kept silence until it was too late for assistance to be of any avail, and within an hour or two she died in great agony.

A table published in the *Buffalo Courier* shows the quantity of wind, measured in miles, which passed over the principal cities of the United States during the year ending November 30, 1874:

Names of Cities.	Miles.	Names of Cities.	Miles.
Augusta, Ga.	35,703	Indianapolis, Ind.	49,384
Baltimore, Md.	53,563	Louisville, Ky.	56,375
Boston, Mass.	66,634	Milwaukee, Wis.	90,482
Buffalo, N. Y.	80,314	Montgomery, Ala.	44,007
Charleston, S. C.	65,484	Nashville, Tenn.	35,931
Chicago, Ill.	80,673	New Orleans, La.	67,076
Detroit, Mich.	61,572	New York, N. Y.	88,621
Duluth, Minn.	61,308	Norfolk, Va.	70,779
Eastport, Me.	79,803	San Francisco, Cal.	34,896
Erie, Pa.	84,883	Savannah, Ga.	59,943
Galveston, Tex.	86,731	St. Louis, Mo.	81,846
Philadelphia, Pa.	81,577	Washington, D. C.	64,619

NOTE.—The record for Philadelphia was incomplete, but it showed eighty-one thousand five hundred and seventy-seven miles for less than eleven months.

A singular case is being discussed before the civil tribunal of Marseilles. A man and his wife, Mr. and Madame Rivoire, were out boating. The boat capsized, and both were drowned. The wife had made a will leaving all her fortune, more than nine hundred thousand francs, to her husband. Now the heirs of the husband demand the payment of the sum. Yes, but did Mr. Rivoire inherit from his wife? The two fell into the water simultaneously. Which of the two died first? If it was Mr. Rivoire, he did not inherit anything. If it was Madame Rivoire, the fact must be proved. The witnesses throw no light on the subject, and the point will finally have to be decided on medical evidence. The wife, it appears, sank immediately; the husband struggled. But one doctor maintains that Madame Rivoire lived the longest owing to the state of syncope in which she necessarily remained some time while under water before life became extinct.

Specimens of what the postal clerks have been called upon to decipher are given below, copied from envelopes sent from or to the Lawrence postoffice, the capitals being given as found in the directions:

As Written.	As Meant.
Illinose Do White	Dwight, Illinois.
Lowistony M	Lewiston, Me.
NaScAi	Nashua, N. H.
La Wel	Lowell, Mass.
S F c Clafonery	San Francisco, Cal.
Philahddia	Philadelphia.
Nowmarquette Co N H	Newmarket, N. H.
Fawriore	Furnace, Mass.
h. h. hill	Hill, N. H.
Physipee C	Pacific Corporation.
East Oborn	East Auburn, Me.
Hamens Bury	Amesbury, Mass.
folhrivvour Mass	Fall River, Mass.
lorne mass	Lawrence.
lorine Mass	Lawrence.

The letters, directed as above, are known to have reached their proper destination simply through the efficiency of the postal clerks.

The street-car drivers of New York prefer all-night work at small wages, provided the streets are clean, to any other employment they are likely to get, "because," as one of them remarked recently, "there's everything lying around the streets, if you can only find it." One driver has a nice overcoat on, which he picked up in the middle of the street one evening, and one night he picked up a pocket-book containing one hundred and thirty-five dollars in bills. The drivers do not undertake to find owners for this discovered property; in fact, they carefully avoid looking at the "lost" advertising columns of the newspapers. One driver, who described himself as a fool, being persuaded by his wife to prefer a quiet conscience to a roll of bills, took a five-hundred-dollar diamond ring he saw glistening in the street to the Wall Street broker who advertised its loss in the morning paper. It cost the driver half a day's wages in going to the office of the broker, who was overjoyed at the sight of the missing ring. He said that he was very much obliged, that the driver was an honest fellow, that here was fifty cents to reward him, and he had better go and get some beer with it. In pleasant weather the drivers give their attention to little else than watching for lost articles. Some estimate the total at one thousand dollars a night in the summer. Early one Sunday morning a driver hauled in a pail of fresh milk which he saw standing by the track. One night a driver picked up a quarter of beef, which he sold for five dollars, and shortly after a ten dollar gold piece. Misfit clothing and other articles which can not be used are sold for what they will bring. One driver saw a very handsome box on the street, and opened it secretly in the stables, so as not to have to divide. To his consternation he found in it the corpse of a new-born child, which somebody had disposed of in this fashion. A night or two afterward he left for the driver of the car coming after him a similar looking package, in the same neighborhood, thinking it might be the twin of the infant that chance had bestowed upon him. To his disgust and chagrin he learned afterward that the package contained a handsome suit of clothes just from the dealer's.



## TRUTHFUL TALES.

## He Caught On.

Gobert, who long appeared in the French theatres and circuses as Napoleon I. in all the pieces in which the career of the conqueror from Toulon to St. Helena was depicted, was abominably lazy, and had a poor memory, and whenever he had to read a letter or a dispatch in his part, made it a rule to have the letter duly copied out, so as to save study. On one occasion the emperor, having received an important dispatch from his aide-de-camp, was to read it to the assembled staff, and ask the opinion of his generals. The part of the aide-de-camp was taken by an inveterate and merciless practical joker named Gautier, who, being but too well aware of the infirmity of the noble mind of his chief, substituted a sheet of blank paper for the written dispatch.

The moment came. The aide hurried in and presented the dispatch. The emperor opened the paper, perceived the joke, frowned, knit his brow, and, with a gesture of command, handed the dispatch to Gautier, and said: "Read the dispatch to the staff, colonel, while I look at the map." The aide paused, became flustered, broke down, and was soundly hissed.—*New York World.*

## An Unstylish Tile.

"Shoot the hat!"

Beatrice Brannigan's voice rang out loud and clear on the morning air as she stood in the vine-covered woodshed in the rear of her father's residence, and languidly fired some red-flannel shirts into a tub of hot water. He to whom she spoke lounged in careless grace over the low fence that separated the ancestral demesne of the Brannigans from the broad acres of the Mahoneys. Vivian Mahoney and Beatrice Brannigan had grown up together from childhood, and loved each other with a wild, passionate love that not even the fact of his having taken Cleopatra Corcoran to the United Sons of Erin picnic could dispel.

"Where did you get it?" she cried.

"What?" asked Vivian.

"That dice-box," said the girl, bursting forth with a merry laugh.

"It is my father's pet hat, Beatrice," he replied, "and he only lets me wear it on my birthday."

"If there was a hat like that in our family," she said, "I would get my name in the papers on account of it."

"How?" asked Vivian, eagerly.

"I would," she said, a cold, cruel smile coming over her features, "give it to the Historical Society."

From that moment their lives lay in different paths.—*Murat Halstead in Chicago Tribune.*

## Not On the Figs.

On the boulevard a crowd gathers round a lady and a hackman, who are engaged in a lively discussion over the question of the fare. Suddenly a gentleman of rigid countenance and official bearing cleaves his passage through the crowd, and says sternly:

"Here, here! What's all this row about? What's the matter?"

"The matter is that this woman owes me for driving her round for two hours, and won't pay me for more than an hour and a half."

"Ha! Well, madame, what have you to say to this? Let us hear your side of the question."

"I took this man's carriage just an hour and a half ago, and I'm willing to pay him for that, but not a centime more."

"Hum! Well, driver, you are sure there's no mistake—that it is two hours?"

"Quite sure, your honor."

"Well, and you won't pay him for more than an hour and a half, madame?"

"Not one single solitary moment more than an hour and a half."

The stranger reflects a moment, and then says severely:

"Well, settle it between yourselves; it is none of my darn business!" and walks rapidly away.—*Le Figaro.*

## How She Hooked Him.

Traveling into town about dusk, Mr. Hendricks had occasion to call at the mansion of an esteemed friend, who had, among other worldly possessions, two or three very fine daughters. He had scarcely knocked at the door, when it was opened by one of those blooming maidens, who, as quick as thought, threw her arms around his neck, and before he had time to say "Oh, don't!" pressed her warm, delicate lips to his, and gave him as sweet a kiss as ever swain desired or deserved. In utter astonishment the worthy gentleman was endeavoring to stammer out something, when the damsel exclaimed:

"Oh, mercy, mercy! Mr. Hendricks, is this you? I thought it was my brother Charley."

"Pshaw!" thought the gentleman to himself, "you didn't think any such thing." But, taking her hand, he said, in a forgiving tone: "There's no harm done; don't give yourself any uneasiness; though you ought to be a little more careful."

After this gentle reproof, he was ushered into the parlor by the maiden, who, as she came to the light, could not conceal the deep blush that glowed upon her cheeks, while the bouquet that was pinned upon her bosom shook like a flower-garden in an earthquake. When he rose to depart it fell to her to wait upon him to the door; and it may be added that they there held discourse together for some minutes—on what subject it is not for us to say. As the warm-bearded youth plodded homeward, he argued with himself in this wise:

"Miss Allen knew it was I who knocked at the door, or how did she recognize me before I spoke? And is it probable that her brother would knock before entering? She must be desperately in—pshaw! Why, if she loves a brother at that rate, how must she love a husband? For, by the great squash, I never felt such a kiss in my life."

Three weeks after the incident above described, Mr. Hendricks was married to Miss Allen. Did she ever confess that the kissing was not a mistake? Probably not.

The Bohemian X. has written a short article for a newspaper, and goes to the counting-room to draw pay therefor.

"There are sixteen francs coming to you," says the cashier, handing him a louis; "give me four francs change."

"Four francs!" exclaims the Bohemian with dignity, "do you think, sir, that if I had had four francs I should have written that article?"

## INTAGLIOS.

## Dream Pedlery.

If there were dreams to sell,  
What would you buy?  
Some cost a passing bell;  
Some a light sigh,  
That shakes from Life's fresh crown  
Only a rose-leaf down.  
If there were dreams to sell,  
Merry and sad to tell,  
And the crier rang the bell,  
What would you buy? —*Anon.*

## In Visions.

I sink in dreams. Low, sweet, and clear,  
Your own dear voice sounds in my ear;  
Around my cheek your tresses twine;  
Your own loved hand is clasped in mine;  
Your own soft lips to mine are pressed;  
Your head is pillowed on my breast.  
Ah, I have all that heart holds dear,  
And I am happy—you are near. —*Anon.*

## A Dream.

I dreamed the old dream over at last—  
It was all in a night of May;  
We sat and swore, 'neath the linden-tree,  
That our faith should endure alway.

We swore and swore, again and again,  
And we prattled, and fondled, and kissed;  
And then, that I might remember the vow,  
She fastened her teeth in my wrist.

O darling! with your beautiful eyes,  
O sweetheart! biting and charming;  
The vows, I am sure, were all very well,  
But the bites were rather alarming.

—*Translated from Heine, by Louise C. Moulton.*

## Sleep.

When to soft Sleep we give ourselves away—  
And in a dream, as in a fairy bark,  
Drift on and on through the enchanted dark  
To purple daybreak—little thought we pay  
To that sweet bitter world we know by day.  
We are clean quit of it, as is a lark  
So high in heaven no human eye may mark  
The thin swift pinion cleaving through the gray.  
Till we awake ill fate can do no ill,  
The resting heart shall not take up again  
The heavy load that yet must make it bleed;  
For this brief space the loud world's voice is still,  
No faintest echo of it brings us pain.  
How will it be when we shall sleep indeed?  
—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

## Rondeau.

O happy Sleep! that bearest upon thy breast  
The blood-red poppy of enchanting rest,  
Draw near me through the stillness of this place,  
And let thy low breath move across my face,  
As faint winds move above a poplar's crest.

The broad seas darken slowly in the west;  
The wheeling sea-birds call from nest to nest;  
Draw near and touch me, leaning out of space,  
O happy Sleep!

There is no sorrow, hidden or confessed,  
There is no passion, uttered or suppressed,  
Thou canst not for a little while efface;  
Enfold me in thy mystical embrace,  
Thou sovereign gift of God, most sweet, most blest,  
O happy Sleep!

—*Ada Louise Martin.*

## Last Night I Saw an Armed Band.

Last night I saw an armed band whose feet  
Did take the martial step, although they trod  
Soundless as waves of light upon the air.  
(Silent from silent lips the bugle fell.)  
The wind was wild; but the great flag they bore  
Hung motionless, and glittered like a god  
Above their awful faces while they marched.  
And when I saw, I understood, and said:  
"If these are they whom we did love and give,  
What seek they?" But one sternly answered me:  
"We seek our comrades whom we left to thee;  
The weak, who were thy strength; the poor, who had  
Thy pride; the faint and few who gave to thee  
One supreme hour from out the day of life—  
One deed majestic to their century.  
These were thy trust; how fare they at thy hands?  
Thy saviours then—are they thy heroes now?  
Our comrades still; we keep the step with them.  
Behold! as thou unto the least of them."  
Sball do, so dost thou unto us. Amen.

—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

## A Dream.

Here—where last night she came, even she for whom  
I would so gladly live or lie down dead,  
Came in the likeness of a dream, and said  
Somewords that thrilled this desolate, ghost-thronged  
room—

I sit alone now in the absolute gloom.

Ah! surely on her breast was leaned my head,  
Ah! surely on my mouth her kiss was shed,  
And all my life broke into scent and bloom.  
Give thanks, heart, for thy rootless flower of bliss,  
Nor think the gods sever though thus they seem.  
Though thou hast much to hear and much to miss,  
Whilst thou thy nights and days to be canst deem  
One thing, and that thing veritably this—  
The imperishable memory of a dream.

—*Philip Bourke Marston.*

## Sleep.

Clothe me in dreams, O sweet, sad wraith of Sleep!  
Wrap me from head to feet in garments white  
Of mystic dreams; with stars of radiant light  
Gemmed here and there in these pale clouds that  
weep!

For tired heart, and weary brain doth leap  
With one great thro' toward the dim Unknown  
That holds long rest for earth-born sigh and moan.

Shroud me in pallid dreams, O ghost of Sleep!  
Lay your wan fingers on my aching eyes,  
And bid Life's other phantoms flee away  
Into the solemn shades that have no day,  
Where, broodingly, eternal silence lies!

Then whisper, soft as moon on frost-wreaths hoar,  
"Dream, worn-out one, dream here forevermore!"  
—*Fanny Driskoll.*

## THE INNER MAN.

The proper base of the Marseilles fish soup, *bouille-a-baisse*, is *rascasse*, says the *New York World*, the Provençal popular name of a large, most ill-flavored, but far from ill-flavored fish—the great red *scorpena*, from whose proper name caught on the lips of the Acadian fishermen our ancestors doubtless took the familiar name of the American "sculpin." The name of *bouille-a-baisse* indicates the true method of preparing it. It is a "boil-down" of fish, and it can be made, with proper care, as good in America as in Provence. Take any one of our own good, solid bottom-fish you can get, cut him up into small pieces, together with a number of other small and savory fishes. Put the whole into a stew-pan, with onions, with a small clove of the "vanilla of Marseilles," called by the profane "garlic," with parsley, bay-leaves, fennel, abundance of pepper and salt, a good pinch of saffron, (fine curry-powder will do as well,) a tomato sliced, and a good tablespoonful of pure olive-oil. All these should be put into the stew-pan cold, and well shaken together until the whole mass takes the color of the saffron or the curry-powder, as the case may be. Then pour in cold water enough just to cover the mess, and set the stew-pan on a very hot fire. Boil it down for from five to ten minutes, have some thick slices of bread ready in a dish, pour the *bouille-a-baisse* over these slices of bread, and serve it up at once.

A satirical sketch of a Roman epicure at table represents him as by no means wanting in discrimination; but it was during the concluding years of the republic that Roman luxury combined taste and refinement with splendor and prodigality. Lucullus was a marked improvement on Sylla. It must have been a well-regulated as well as a magnificent establishment that enabled the host, when Caesar and Pompey invited themselves to supper on condition that he would make no change on their account, to sustain his reputation as an Amphitryon by simply telling an attendant, "We sup in the Apollo." There is another story of his saying to his chef, who had taken less pains on account of the absence of guests: "Did you not know that Lucullus supped this evening with Lucullus?" The sum to be spent on a supper in the Apollo was fixed at fifty thousand drachms, about one thousand four hundred pounds. This is intelligible if we bear in mind that the Roman epicures were in the habit of sending to the most distant countries for delicacies peculiar to the places, of breeding rare birds for the table, and of incurring boundless expense in pisciculture. The story of feeding lampreys with human flesh sounds apocryphal, but the fish-pond formed an indispensable accessory to the villa, and some of them made pets of their eels and mullets before eating them. We learn from Cicero that Crassus mourned the death of a piscine favorite, and Pliny says: "You would find it easier to get a chariot harnessed with mules from Hortensius, than a mullet from his fish-ponds."

The tea-brokerage business was begun in a small way forty years ago, and has been constantly increasing, until it has become an immense specialty. The commission is a half-cent a pound, and the smallest amount that a broker will sell is five packages. He obtains samples from the importer, and gives his customers an opportunity of carefully testing the article. Hence, in a tea-broker's office the kettle is always boiling, and the centre-table has its extended array of tea-cups. The drawing is carefully weighed, and one must turn a silver half-dime, this being the usual weight. Generally a score of samples are tested at the same time, in order to make comparison. The tea-traders first try the aroma, and then sip it, in order to get the flavor. What nicety of taste must be required to fix values in this rapid manner! An expert tea-taster, however, will not only designate the price, but often specify the part of China in which the crop was grown. Tea-tasting is said to be a gift, and some can never succeed, while others at once display skill. A good taster must be of a rather nervous temperament, because tea appeals to the nervous system, and the business is, therefore, one in which the latter is severely tried, and sometimes is shattered. Tea-brokers are sometimes obliged to taste three hundred samples in a day, and during the business season two hundred is an average. One reason for this excess is found in the fact that a broker may be employed to buy the entire stock for some important house. Hence he must exercise great care; but while he makes great profits, his health suffers to a corresponding degree. The constant effect of such a stimulant, indeed, can not be escaped. Tea enters the system by inhaling, and also through the mucous membrane, and lastly by the stomach. The result, as has been stated, is distressing to the nervous system, the consequences being varied according to personal idiosyncracies. They are, however, of sufficient importance to have a place in the medical record. The tea-broker must also resign the social nature of tea-drinking, and when he comes home at night with a mouth irritated with professional tasting, how annoying must be the announcement that "tea is ready." The leading tea-brokers are rich men, but, as in many other specialties, they have to pay for their success.

This season's truffle crop, according to Parisian advices, though of unusual excellence, is a failure so far as quantity is concerned, owing to the drought which prevailed throughout the south of France during the months of August and September. The truffles Perigord, the best of which come from Sarlat and Brive, bring from four dollars to seven dollars a pound at Paris—inferior varieties such as those of Etampes, which are sadly lacking in perfume, being quoted at three dollars. Though as yet no method of artificial cultivation has been found more easy than that of setting out plantations of oaks, it is gratifying to know that the ingenious manufacturers of Paris have undertaken to correct by art the deficiencies of nature, and so have compassed the production of artificial truffles made of frost-bitten potatoes, blackened by means of a solution of salts of iron, and "aromatized" with an agreeable and inexpensive extract derived from coal tar.

CCXIV.—Sunday, February 5.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Clam Soup,  
Veal à la Chartreuse.  
New Potatoes Green Peas. Parsnips.  
Boiled Tongue, Mayonnaise Dressing. Baked Beefsteak.  
Beet and Celery Salad.

Orange Cake, Italian Cream, Apples, Bananas, Prunes.

VEAL A LA CHARTREUSE.—Line a copper mould with fat bacon; lay sliced carrots and turnips around the edges; then cover the bottom with a force meat, and put in a fricassee of veal. Cover the top of the mould with a paste, steam it an hour, and serve it turned out upon a dish.

## TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

If you wish to use goods of full weight and absolute purity, see your grocer supplies you with

KINGSFORD'S  
OSWEGO  
STARCH.

ROYAL  
BAKING  
POWDER.

WALTER BAKER & CO.'S  
CHOCOLATE.

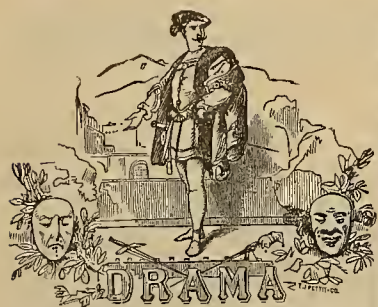
ARBUCKLE'S  
ARIOSA  
COFFEE

WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.,  
AGENTS.

121 and 123 Market Street,

SAN FRANCISCO,





Has every one been to see "The World"? Not that vast, intangible sphere which young men start out to see so soon as they have attained their majority, if a good fairy have put a long silk purse in their pockets, but that very complex affair at Haverly's California, which is the joint property of so many people that it must be a big world to go round; for Haverly, the stupendous, announces an engagement with Brooks & Dixon for the production of Colville's "magnificent, etc.," which was written by Paul Merritt, Henry Pettit, and Augustus Harris. Whom does the play belong to? The question is perplexing, but not serious. The point is, is it wicked enough? Well, yes—considering that its tortuous plot reveals a forger and counterfeiter, a dealer in false diamonds, an infernal machine put on a ship to blow up an insured cargo, a very crooked partner in the money-lending business, a prowling, false-bearded, chloroforming burglar, a would-be fratricide, bigamist, and betrayer, a magistrate who commits a sane man to a lunatic asylum, a very estimable young man who is cheated of his titles and estates, his wits, and his sweetheart. Messrs. Haverly & Colville, Brooks & Dixon, Pettit, Merritt, and Harris may really be said to have taken a very sweeping view of this wicked, wicked world. One should always make the world twice wicked, like this. It looks well and sounds well. All the pathetic writers do it, and all those dear, good, innocent people who have never brushed skirts with a crime in their lives, and who can only have found it out in the morning papers, have a way of shaking their heads sadly, and saying, with a knowing look: "This is a wicked, wicked world."

They have put very few of these dear good people into the new play. Indeed, aside from the hero and heroine, there is not a leading character without a choice assortment of all the vices. Even Mrs. Harry Huntingford, the villain's wife, has a little history to which she alludes at intervals as "her wretched past." There is no shadow of reason why the poor woman should not have had as comfortable a past as any one, and been equipped with a good moral character to carry her through this highly seasoned drama; but then she would have had no opportunity to be grand, gloomy, and peculiar, and no contrast to cheerful Mary Blythe, a nice little girl, who has not had time to have any past. There is little trace of Miss Nellie Cummins, of the old California, in Miss Ellen Cummings, of the new; for the lady had not even the bare promise of talent when she went away, while in "The World" she is cast in a rôle which does not half tax her powers. It is much that she makes it so interesting, when the authors send her prowling about for such excessively peculiar places for a lady's meanderings. Many queer customs must obtain in the sensational world, for Mr. Harry Huntingford, out for a morning stroll, with his fiancée upon his arm, takes in his money-broker's by the way, and sends in his card, "Sir Harry Huntingford and lady," and his little financial visit ends with a most unpleasant accumulation of domestic difficulties. Somehow one does not look for a procession of females in a money-lender's office, but in "The World" they wander in and out as if they were upon a familiar parade-ground; and the bills say "every act is a study, every scene a life-picture." Perhaps they go to look at the money-lender, who is, indeed, something of a curiosity. Perhaps the one redeeming feature of Roland Reed's Isador de Montmorency is, that he seemed to quite share the sentiments of the audience concerning that fearful and wonderful creature whom he has evolved out of a vividly red wig and a set of singularly brief coats. The like was never seen either in the heavens above or upon the earth beneath; and when Mr. Reed spoke his text in that remarkable gibberish which he has built out of cockney English combined with that of the variety Dutch specialist, his own disgust with himself was so evident and so hearty that he could not resent a very cordial fellow-feeling on the part of his audience. Roland Reed is a very clever burlesquer, but he fell upon an isle of shoals in character-acting. Who can imagine a drama like "The World" in the genius-hallowed walls of old Drury, or upon the stage of Wallack's, which has long claimed to be the dramatic Belgravia? Think of Eyre as the money-lender, and Tearle as the nine-lived young man who is the hero of "The World." Some find Mr. J. H. Barnes, the new actor, to be very like Tearle in his style, but there is a family resemblance between all these young English actors. Barnes is of a more robust type, as a man has need to be even to act so varied an experience; for the gentle Tearle has sustained a season of

such adventure none can understand, unless it be those novelists who write stories about slender, steel-muscled young men who, with the air of a faineant, can tear brass and grind drinking-goblets to powder.

Mr. Barnes is a most excellent actor in this special line, and has a powerful physique to carry him through the athletic experiences of Sir Clement Huntingford. Of course we all knew that he would turn out all right when the ship blew him up and the raft floated for twenty-three hours in a wild, open sea, with a distressingly small supply of fresh water, carried apparently in a student-lamp chimney; but when the prowling burglar used the chloroform, which he had promised the audience in a thrilling aside he was not going to use, and the wicked brother, in a very rakish-looking beard, appeared in the doorway as the new Cain, Sir Clement's case began to look very bad.

However, he lived to be clapped into a lunatic asylum, to knock down two or three keepers, a couple of commissioners, and a small boy at a blow when he escaped, and when the revolving scenery disclosed him a moment later executing a most remarkable case of sculling, it was a genuine laugh of amusement which rang up to the very rafters of the theatre. I fear, considering that "The World" is a spectacle, the audience were not duly impressed, for their laugh "Was frequent, and painful, and free."

They laughed at the embarkation in the first act because the *Lily of the Valley* was such a funny little flat craft, and they laughed in the second because she had expanded into such a noble ship. But the explosion of the infernal machine was quite terrifying, and later they were quite subdued to the proper condition of gloom by the tableau of the raft. The effects of light were singularly well managed, and it rocked in a very real-looking waste of waters, while the little group in the foreground had fallen upon such very hard lines that the audience was waxing very sympathetic, when out came a big, red sun just on time, and

"A ship shot up from the under world"

But she shot up with the wrong end first, and set us all thinking of our elementary geography. She saved herself by tacking in such style as to make the curtain fall upon tumultuous applause, and every one forgave her her jack-in-the-box appearance.

Then we had a revolving mad-house, which would have been a thrilling scene but that the stage-carpenter broke up the thrill by appearing strongly outlined against the quiet Thames background, and, while no doubt carpenters are seen upon the Thames, this special one seemed inappropriately placed.

Perhaps, after all, the elevator is the success of the play, both from a melodramatic and spectacular point of view. It afforded us, every one, the most childlike and unmixed delight, when we heard the well-known ring of the electric bell, and the elevator itself glided up and down its airy path with such a natural motion. To be sure, it looked a trifle odd, placed just in the middle of some one's room; but elevators in plays have dramatic license, and it would have been quite absurd to put it out in the ball, where it belonged. We could imagine the carpenter behind the scenes, but not the elevator. It became quite delicious when this commonplace, every-day bit of usefulness became a terrible engine of destruction, and crushed the villain to paste. If the elevator had not been in the parlor this could never have been done, but Mary Blythe gave him a little push into the yawning chasm. She did not push hard enough, so he jumped in, and the effect was the same—he was out of the way—and Sir Clement immediately appeared upon the scene, preternaturally calm, as usual, and as he had no relations left, nothing more happened to him, either by land or sea. There were children who went to see "Michael Strogoff" who could not sleep o' nights for the strange interest the play aroused, but I fancy many a one has had a good sleep after a hearty laugh who has been to see "The World." BETSY B.

Marie Geistering, who opens on the twenty-first inst. at the Grand Opera House, has been creating a sensation in the East. She is at present in Cincinnati, playing a successful engagement. In St. Louis she was the principal attraction. The season opens with "Madame Favart"; but, although this is an amusing and popular opera, it is not her strong card. The piece which has pleased the Eastern critics and audiences more than all the rest is "La Belle Hélène," as given in Geistering's version. It has acquired a new humor and life that only the Germans were able to give it. As first produced in Paris, it was full of wit and fun; but when brought to Berlin, the manager of the opera house at which it was produced immediately realized the intense classical absurdities of which its plot was capable. Calling to his aid some learned and witty students, the opera was quickly made the delicious bit of Homeric fun that it now is. An Eastern paper remarks that one of the most amusing things is the scene in which Menelaus, in the full dignity of his flowing and impeding *peplos*, is vainly endeavoring to jam a dress-coat, tooth-brush, night-gown, and clean shirt-collar into a grip-sack, in order to chase after his erring and eloping spouse. At the Grand Opera House new scenery is being painted, and new stage effects are preparing for the production of this series of operas.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

### The Homeier and Loring Concerts.

The sixth afternoon concert passes into history as one of the most successful of the series. The overture to "Coriolanus," by Beethoven, was played with delicate and close attention to the contrasting voices, whose stern defiance, and persuasive entreaty form the subject of an unusually brief musical representation. Following upon the overture was Bizet's remarkable and altogether novel "Suite Arlésienne," the successful rendering of which was the orchestral feature of the afternoon.

One falls in need of a new and unworn vocabulary when asked for a description of music so entirely out of the ordinary. The four movements of the "Suite" are a "Prelude," "Minuet," "Adagietto," and "Chimes." To a puzzled but contented hearer, the first of these seemed most like a varied but harmonious assortment of little solos, deftly joined and fitted into a perfect whole. No instrument is neglected; the strings, the horns, the flutes, and all the goodly company have each, in turn, their proud, if fleeting, moment of important prominence. Partiality is shown ever so slightly to the cello, perhaps; but nothing else possesses a tone confidential enough for the melody which falls to the part of that instrument. The effects are all unlooked for; and the "Prelude" alone stamps the composition with the mark of originality. This quality, however, does not disappear in the "Minuet," whose merry, unsophisticated measures fairly carry one away with impulsive enthusiasm. The "Adagietto" touches a little deeper. Taken by the strings alone, this appealing and unaffected imagination seems to rise like a gentle exhalation, or like a perfume turned into sound. With perfect reasonableness this movement was redeemed. The "Chimes" are characterized by an odd, persistent bit of rhythm that asserts itself to the very end, and the "Suite," as a whole, is a wonder of wit, grace, and interest.

Wagner's overture to "Lobengrin" was less free from flaws in point of truth and spontaneity than other numbers of the afternoon. The beautiful *motif* for which it is celebrated was held in a happy light, however, and the cumulative force of this predominant idea, (which reaches up to a marvelously fine climax,) was well directed, and cleverly withdrawn.

In the "Nightingale's Song," by Masse, the next number in order, Miss Wandesforde achieved a delightful success. The selection was admirably suited to her unfettered voice and sparkling style, and was given with an ease and unpremeditated grace that reminded one truly of a liquid bird-song, floating down from moon-lit, bosky shade. Mr. Koppitz's flute accompaniment should be specially mentioned, as well as the accompaniment to the encore, "Murmuring Zephyrs," by Jensen. This lovely thing also showed Miss Wandesforde to be in exceptionally good and charming voice. She has never sung here more pleasingly or more artistically.

The "Dance of Death," by Saint-Saens, and Lange's "Arabian Serenade," have both been given and noticed before. They were well played, and the latter was encored. "The Entrance of the Gods into Walhalla," by Wagner, completed the programme. A benefit concert will be given to Mr. Homeier, (who has received no compensation for his services,) on the afternoon of the 17th.

The Loring Club rendered an unusually choice programme on Thursday evening. Among the concerted numbers, an extremely interesting composition by Dudley Buck, entitled "The Nun of Nidaros," took chief place, and received an effective interpretation at the hands of Mr. Loring. The pleasure of listening to a baritone solo by Mr. Nello was included in Tours's exquisite setting of "Stars of the Summer Night," and a bright little conceit, called "The Chafer and the Flower," was deservedly encored. The other choruses, all neatly and musically sung, were "The Warrior's Prayer," by Lachner; "Slumber Song" and "The Bird and the Maiden," by Naret-Koning; "The Young Musicians," Küken; "Serenade," Mendelssohn; "Champagne Song," Zöllner. The club was assisted by Mrs. Henry Norton, who sang "Oh! Ma Charmante," by Sullivan, in only fair voice, but the Rubinstein song, "Gold Rolls Here Beneath Me," with beautiful fervency and abandon. In "Fair is my Love," by Hatton, and "Love, the Pilgrim," by Blumenthal, Mrs. Norton was also delightful, but by far too brief. F. A.

On the 25th of January, when Adeline Patti made her first appearance in New Orleans, at the St. Charles Theatre, in a miscellaneous concert and the garden scene from "Faust," Madame Gerster appeared in "Traviata," at the French Opera House. Both houses were crowded, and both performances were very successful.

Hortense Schneider, the famous Grand Duchesse, now the Countess de Bionne, has retired to Italy, where so much is not known. She is forty-nine years old, and is said to be worth two hundred thousand dollars. The ex-Khedive, Ismail, and the Prince of Wales did not attend the wedding.

In New York, banjo-players, often genuine negroes, always burnt-corked, are hired to entertain guests at Murray Hill fashionable musicales.

## DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

The "Money Spinner," at Wallack's new theatre, is the latest New York success. It is by Pinero, the English playwright, and has recently been enjoying a long London run. Miss Rose Coghlan, California's old favorite, Harry Edwards, Osmund Tearle, Gerald Eyre, and William Elton sustain the leading parts. The plot and action of the "Money Spinner" were stolen bodily from the French; but this fact was not discovered until two London critics, after ransacking their awakening memories, suddenly detected its identity with Adolphe Belot's "Une Joueuse." The two detectives were "An Occasional Playgoer" in several London dramatic journals, and the talented critic of the London *Daily News*. Pinero, in his published defense, hinted that "Playgoer" and the critic must be one and the same individual, and other papers seem to think so too. However, although Pinero is making a bigger fight with Hardy, the novelist, about the "Spinner" being an audacious dramatization of "Far from the Madding Crowd," and although "Playgoer" and the *Daily News* critic still further demonstrate the fact that the first of his trio of dramas was stolen from Edmund Pailleron's "Petite Pluie," yet the London public and press, with but few exceptions, hail him as the "coming man," and designate him as the "English Sardou." Many, while acknowledging the three plays to be plagiarisms, urge Pinero to come out boldly and own up; that he has done nothing to be ashamed of, but has done what every great dramatist has done since the days of Rome. The scene of "The Money-Spinner" is laid in a Paris gambling house, kept by an old debauché and his two pretty daughters, Millicent and Dorinda. Millicent, from the marvelous manner in which she swindles visitors, is called the Money-Spinner. Both girls marry. Millicent's husband, who is an escaped embezzler, tries to cheat the husband of Dorinda, a young Scotch lord, but is discovered, forgiven, and set right again with his former employer, by the generous Scotchman, who had formerly been the lover of Millicent. The plot is not a strong one, but so cleverly put are the intensely amusing and often highly pathetic touches, that the play proves very popular. Miss Coghlan takes the part of Millicent, while Gerald Eyre is the embezzler, and Osmund Tearle the Scotch Lord.

Catherine Lewis has had a row with an actor at the New York Fifth Avenue Theatre, when they were playing "Madame Favart." It seems that an English actor named Leslie, who is playing leading male parts, has for some time excited her jealousy by the various ingenious methods in which he excites laughter and applause. The other night, when the fair Catherine came on to the stage arrayed in the scant robes of Madame Favart's Venus masquerade, Leslie, as Favart, introduced a gag about her being "here, and already undressed—I mean dressed—for the part." The *prima donna* stopped, shuddered, looked appealingly at the audience, and, when she left the stage soon after, gave three audible sobs. In the green-room she attacked Leslie with much anger. Leslie asserted, and was sustained by the rest of the company, that it was an old gag, and had been in the play for years. However, Catherine has left the combination, and Emma Howson has temporarily taken her place; but it is said that Emily Melville will fill the position eventually.

The Prince of Wales has given Mr. Bruce, whose company lately played "The Colonel" before him, a costly onyx scarf-pin, set with diamonds, as a memento of the performance.

It will be remembered that recently, on the production of Sardou's new and very *decollé* play, "Divorçons," at the Palais Royal in Paris, Mademoiselle Chaumont, the première, threw up her rôle and left the managers in the lurch. Her part was immediately taken by Mademoiselle Jane May, an actress concerning whom the Paris papers, and especially the *Figaro*, are recalling many singular reminiscences. Two years ago Jane May made her début as *ingenue* at the Gymnase. She was quite popular for a time with the public, and particularly with that part of the public that is in the habit of sauntering into the green-room, and aiding the actresses to a little more than eke out scanty pittance. This latter popularity was, of course, due to the charming roundness of her youthful form. One night she bade farewell to her position. She had determined to run a "Café Concert," where the pretty little songs which she and her gentlemen admirers composed should be sung, and where burlesques and vaudevilles could be allowed greater freedom in spicy plots. As her male following included Alexandre Dumas, Goudinet, Edmond Pailleron, and Montigniet, she was not at a loss for subject-matter. Previous to the carrying out of the scheme, a few *chansonnets*—perhaps composed by Jane May—were submitted to *la censure* previous to publication. It was decided by the government's guardian-angel that, if the wit had been a little less uncovered in its style, the songs would not have had to be rejected on the ground of intense obscenity. All this unexpected harshness wounded the susceptibilities of Mlle. Jane May, and she betook herself to the provinces. There she met and married an actor. She had just returned to Paris when



the "Divorçons" affair occurred, and, taking the chance, she has charmed the public anew by her rendition of the part.

Many attacks are being made by the Paris press upon the French Academy for their action in regard to a recent play. The play is by M. Ohnet, the critic on the *Constitutionnel*, and an author abundantly blessed with the rare attribute of money. The drama is entitled "Serge Panine," and was given the dramatic prize of fifteen hundred francs by the forty immortals. Its author is already so wealthy that he framed the fifteen bank-notes, and hung them in his study. Its plot is odorously immoral and tragic, involving all the depths of murder and adultery. It takes with the public, which makes the critics all the more angry. They assign its success to the "natural situations" in the piece, and say that were it not for the author's wealth and position, it would have miserably failed.

Marie Roze, the opera singer, is not likely to return to America while her present London boom lasts. She is the guest of royalty, and is continually feted by the aristocracy. She keeps her name before the public in every way. Recently she wrote a letter to a London daily, in which she inveighed against those artists who leave "candle-ends" alight and loose lucifers in the dressing-rooms. She calls for public reproof on their carelessness, and moralizes on the danger of fire. The letter is said to refer to Her Majesty's Theatre, and a London paper hopes that "Madame Marie Roze will call the attention of the theatrical fireman next time she discovers a stray candle-end." The other night the Queen had her at Osborne, to sing before a select audience, which consisted of herself, the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, and Prince Leopold. Among other numbers, she sang the love aria of the late unfortunate Prince Poniatowsky, who, after a romantic life, died some years ago in London. It met with great appreciation; but the success of the evening was the "Habenera," from Carmen. Prince Leopold, after the recital, held an animated tête-à-tête with the pretty prima-donna, and congratulated her upon her having so aptly caught the royal ear.

It is said that—George Rignold will pass through San Francisco in March, en route for Australia.—Emelie Melville will sing the principal part in "Manola" at the Fifth Avenue, New York.—Augustus Harris, of Drury Lane, London, visits America this summer.—Haverly is recovering in New York from a severe illness.—Harry Edwards acquired much glory for the way in which he conducted the New York "Lamb's" reception the other evening.—Lester Wallack has purchased "The Squire" from its London owners.—"Youth" will follow "The Money-Spinner" at Wallack's new theatre in New York.—Osmond Tearle is going to leave Wallack's on account of Rose Coghlan's rule.—The Greek play in Boston is gorgeous, and a success.—Edwin Booth has no intention of building a new theatre in New York.—The Scotch Kennedy family is singing to good houses in New York.—Harrigan's play, "Squatter Sovereignty," has made a big hit at the Comique in New York.—Herman Merivale's "Faust" has just been produced at the London Globe Theatre.—Miss Lydia Thompson, Miss Maude Branscombe, and Miss Ella Chapman were all sporting together in one of Byron's old burlesques, a short time ago, at the Royalty Theatre, London.—Anna Dickinson, after playing Claude Melnotte, thinks she will abandon male parts.—Verdi, the composer, has invented a new musical instrument.—Saint Saens is busy composing "Henry VIII."—The Comédie Française will withdraw suit against Bernhardt, if she will appear in a new comedy by Sardou.—Ellen Terry is to appear as Juliet at the London Lyceum.—Donizetti's "Duca d'Alba" is completed by Salvi.—"Der Lustige Krieg," the latest success of Strauss, is to be brought out in Berlin.—Henry Irving is going to bring out Mortimer's new version of "Robert Macaire" at the London Lyceum.—Dumas's new comedy will be brought out at the Paris Vaudeville.—Cazaraun has sold for six hundred pounds a new comedy to Clarke, of the London Haymarket.

#### Obscure Intimations.

The Washington Territory bard, who sent us some lines entitled "Meeting of the Columbia and the Snake," some weeks ago, with doubting words as to their reception, was so cheered by our insertion of them, that he has sent us some more. In order to more fully convince him that we have no prejudice against Washington Territory verse, as such, we print this also:

#### THAT HAT.

Do you remember, when you layed  
Your little hat against mine, love;  
When we sat in the garden,  
Under the vine, love;  
When I wound my arm, around the charm;  
And told thee to never mind, love;  
For any thing fair, if around there,  
I was sure to find, love.  
You told me there, out in the air,  
You would not be left behind, love;  
That you'd be sweet; if I'd be neat,  
Utterly delicious, and kind, love;  
And ease thy fear, and not be so queer.  
You said you thought it would be fine, love,  
To always be near, and ever feel dear,  
By having my hand in thine, love.  
So the hats lay, around all day,  
While we sat talking our minds, love.  
Far in the night, when the moon's soft light,  
Made you look so sweet and divine, love;  
I drew the night; then with many a sigh,  
You told me you ever would be mine, love.

"G. B. W."—We did not preserve the arcaic spelling, fearing that you might not be able to read it. But we knew it all the same, and here it is:

Good Friend for Jesus SAKE forbear  
To digg T-E Dust EndoAsed HERE  
Blesse be T-E Man T spares T-Es Stones

And curst be He  $\frac{1}{2}$  moves my Bones

"A. B. A."—We do not think it would interest our readers.

"O. G." Marysville.—The name does not strike us favorably. We would not like to give you the labor without an assurance. Still—

"B." Oakland.—No, Spooendyke did not "die at Seville in 1505." We wish he had. Unfortunately, he still lives.

"Asmodeus."—It would neither be understood nor appreciated by the majority of our readers. Declined.

J. S.—"Thesis on the Moon": It is so long ago that MS. has been destroyed or lost, since we can not find it.

"Manola, or Day and Night," is the title of the new comic opera produced by the Conley-Barton Company at the New York Fifth Avenue Theatre last Monday. It is an adaptation of Lecocq's "Jour et Nuit," now running in Paris.

"THE MULDOON PICNIC," AT THE STANDARD Theatre, has drawn full houses all the week. It will continue till further notice. Charles Reed is a success, and bids fair to prove extremely popular.

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Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees held on the thirty-first day of January, 1882, an assessment (No. 17) of Thirty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 26, No. 309 Montgomery Street, Nevada Block, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh day of March, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the eighth day of April, 1882, at the office of the Company, at eleven o'clock, A. M., to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

A. W. HAVENS, Secretary.  
Office—Room 26, No. 309 Montgomery Street, Nevada Block, San Francisco, Cal.

#### DIVIDEND NOTICE.

## OFFICE OF THE STANDARD CONSOLIDATED MINING COMPANY.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, dividend No. 38, of Seventy-five cents per share was declared, payable on Monday, February 13, 1882, at the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company in New York.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.  
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Hop Bitters—Co.—I think it my duty to send you a recommendation for the benefit of any person wishing to know whether Hop Bitters are good or not. I know they are good for general debility and indigestion; strengthen the nervous system and make new life. I recommend my patients to use them.  
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## ANOTHER CATHOLIC MIRACLE.

Bergamo Dancing Virgin vs. Rovato Winking One.

Bergamo is one of the most picturesque of Italian towns, and it has a history of which it has a right to be proud. Nevertheless, it is in one respect painfully inferior to many other Lombard cities, for it has never had a miracle, or been in the possession of any really first-class saint's bone. Milan, which is within sight of Bergamo, can boast of the body of a local saint, who in his lifetime could throw off a miracle with perfect ease and in the most impressive manner, and even Rovato, a neat little town of no sort of consequence, has the picture of a Madonna which has repeatedly winked. The people of Bergamo feel that their piety has not met with the reward that night naturally have been expected, and they regard it as an indelicate thing for citizens of other towns to speak of miracles in the presence of a Bergomask.

In the chief street of the upper town of Bergamo—for the city is built partly on a hill and partly on a plain—stands the convent of San Domenico. It is a large building, hemmed in by houses on either side of it, and decidedly gloomy in appearance, but it has a garden surrounded by a cloister, which is one of the prettiest and most quiet little nooks imaginable. The convent was partly suppressed several years ago, and is now occupied by only six monks, who are understood to be merely tenants by sufferance, and are liable to be turned out by the government the moment it can make up its mind what to do with the building. The poor monks have rather a dismal life, and if ever a cheerful miracle was needed, it is needed by the six lonely and faithful followers of St. Dominic.

Not very long ago Father Joseph, whose cell window looks out on the cloister, went to his room after supper with the intention of clearing off certain arrears of prayer, resulting from his having overslept himself on two or three occasions, when he became aware that an unusual light was shining in his window. He immediately looked out, and beheld on the opposite wall of the cloister a vision of the Blessed Virgin. She was surrounded by a bright circle of light, and was clothed precisely as she was when she appeared to the child Bernadette. He could see her features distinctly, and her mouth seemed to wear a sad, sweet smile. The knees of Father Joseph knocked together with joy, and he instantly ran to summon his brethren to witness the first real miracle ever vouchsafed to Bergamo.

The other monks hastened to Father Joseph's room, and beheld the gracious vision. There could not be the slightest doubt about it. They all saw the Blessed Virgin surrounded by the mystic light, and they understood that she had appeared to reward them for their faithfulness. Still, the superior, Father Anselmo, was a cautious man, and he charged his monks to keep the miracle a secret. He knew that the syndic of the town was an old Garibaldian officer, a companion of the famous Bergomask Nullo, who was one of the bravest of Garibaldi's brigands, and Father Anselmo knew that were the story of the miracle to come to the ears of this wicked man, he would in all probability send a file of soldiers into the convent, and arrest the fathers on the charge of working miracles.

For three successive nights the miraculous vision of the Blessed Virgin appeared to the monks of San Domenico. There was but one thing needed to complete their happiness, and that was that a miraculous cure should be wrought in their cloister as an attestation of the genuineness of the vision. Unfortunately, all the monks were in the best of health, and, though Father Joseph volunteered to break one of his legs so that the Virgin could have the opportunity of miraculously mending it, Father Anselmo said that voluntary leg-breaking was wrong. On the fourth night, when the six monks were all assembled to wait for the glorious apparition, a startling incident occurred. Instead of the Blessed Virgin, there unexpectedly appeared on the cloister wall an illuminated vision of a hold looking young woman with very scanty petticoats, and with one leg in the air—in fact, an unmistakable lady of the ballet.

At first the monks crossed themselves in horror, believing that the devil was attempting a rival miracle of his own, but Father Anselmo, with great presence of mind, pointed out that the new supernatural visitor could not be other than Saint Mary Magdalen, and that her appearance was another proof of the interest taken by the blessed saints in the children of St. Dominic. Thus reassured, the brethren gazed on the beautiful vision with great earnestness, and Father Tommaso announced that hereafter he should make the Magdalen his patron saint, and that he did not believe there was another saint to be compared with her in beauty.

The fifth night of the great miracle of Bergamo arrived, but neither the Blessed Virgin nor St. Mary Magdalen appeared. In their stead came a horde of supernatural visitors that nearly frightened the monks to death. Wild animals, Egyptian pyramids, comic Englishmen, drunken friars, Garibaldi himself, and a succession of profane young women from a Parisian theatre disoriented themselves on the cloister wall until the monks—with the exception of Father Anselmo—decided that the occupants of the bottomless pit had broken loose. The superior, however, was not easily alarmed. He hastily went out into the garden, and, looking up, noticed a bright light on the roof of the convent. He lost no time in ascending to the roof, where he surprised two graceless young students of the University of Pavia in the act of working false and disreputable miracles with a magic-lantern.

The Roman Catholic Church will never officially hear of the fancied miracle of Bergamo. The monks of San Domenico are sadder than ever, and it is evident that the chances that the reproach will be taken away from Bergamo are at least as doubtful as they were two months ago.—*New York Times*.

The London correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer tells in a late letter a few facts concerning Blanchard, the great pantomime man. He writes a pantomime every Christmas, which is regularly produced at the Drury Lane. He has been writing now for forty years. One would think that he would have become exhausted ere this, with such a long series of plays, but he has sense enough to cater to the latest public taste, and hence has preserved his freshness. His last piece took advantage of the "Kate Greenaway and Walter Crane" craze, and juvenile, and in fact adult London, became enthusiastic over the queer bonnets and old-fashioned hats. He only comes under public notice once a year, the remainder of his portion being spent in retirement.

One of the hardest things is for a man to come out from a round game of cards.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Chicago Maid.

I.  
We watched the shooting star go  
Falling through the sky;  
She was from fair Chicago—  
A poor New Yorker I.

II.  
With dress a la Camargo,  
And with her hair awry,  
With wiles from fair Chicago  
She made me fairly die.

III.  
She'd laid a bard embargo  
On my heart and eye;  
I could not leave Chicago;  
From her I could not fly.

IV.  
She'd money in Wells-Fargo,  
She'd gold a mountain high;  
She'd suitors in Chicago—  
She'd a sailor very nigh.

V.  
I vowed I'd make that tar go;  
I vowed I'd dare or die;  
To lure her from Chicago,  
There's nothing I'd not try.

VI.  
I schemed like an Iago,  
And, Bagstock-like, was sly,  
To drive him from Chicago—  
To make him quickly fly.

VII.  
I gave him Chateau Margaux,  
And then I gave him rye,  
Till he abused Chicago,  
The apple of her eye.

VIII.  
Then, like a modern Argo,  
Sailing off to sea,  
He fled from fair Chicago,  
Leaving the maid to me.

—Puck's Annual.

## A Vegetable Villanelle.

I want to be aesthetic,  
And with the aesthetes stand,  
With a lily on my bosom,  
And a sunflower in my hand.

I love the fragrant garlic,  
The onion makes me weep;  
And should I die to-morrow,  
With daisies let me sleep.

—A Hackensack Liar.

## A Psalm of Dados.

Lives of aesthetes all remind us  
We can make our raiment fine,  
A dados of correct design.  
—Chicago Times Liar.

## Sahara and the Swede.

"When Peter led the first crusade,  
A Norseman wooed an Arah maid"  
Beneath the tropic moon.  
And as they cooed together there  
It makes one think of silverware—  
Namely, a dessert spoon.

—Unknown Liar.

## A Man of Mettle.

A man of mettle should be lead  
And have, of course, a bullet head;  
He should have "brass" and lots of "tin,"  
And with magnetic glances win.  
A man of mettle should be tough,  
With face well bronzed by weather rough;  
His figure should be wiry, and  
Five-penny nails should tacks each hand.  
A man of mettle should attract;  
Have iron sinews for a fact;  
And his zinc-wiring mind should show  
A mine of knowledge he would know.  
A man of mettle should not break,  
And if he "antes" for a stake  
He should have antimony, though  
For this old nickel catch him, Oh!  
A man of mettle who is "shot,"  
Feels it next day an one-ful lot;  
And no one can dis-pewter fault  
Like this will make his head cobalt.

—A Detroit Liar.

## The Epidermis Epidemic.

Quoth Harry: "The United States—  
Pride of the brave and true—  
With murders, frauds, and other crimes,  
What is it coming to?"  
Said Ned: "Now, hear me witness, Ilal,  
I swear by all creation,  
If small-pox doesn't lose its grip,  
'Twill be a vaccine-nation."  
—Chicago Tribune Liar.

## The Knowing Kentucky Kid.

My country cousin, frugal Will,  
Oft comes to town and bides with me;  
A day, a week, a month sometimes,  
He has the freedom of my key.  
Think you 'tis love that brings him here?  
Conjecture you why cousin Will  
Oft comes to town and hides with me?  
Behold! he saves his hotel bill.  
—A Louisville Liar.

## A Mediaeval Moan.

The sordid world grows cumbersome,  
And oh, the smell of the marjoram!  
My weary soul is cumbersome,  
And her corpse went over the miller's dam!  
My soul is weary of sage and rue;  
Camomile flowers are tasteless, too.  
I am too weary, utterly,  
Her corpse went over the miller's dam!  
And folks address me tut-tut-erly—  
And oh, the smell of the marjoram!  
I never had nothing to do with her,  
But I am quite utterly utter.  
—Hugo-Oscar-Dusenbury-Wilde.

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No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVE PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box. Sold by all Druggists.



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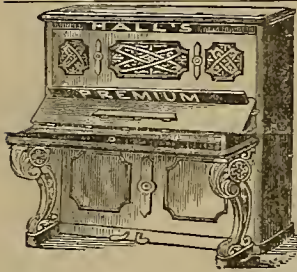
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Other Real Estate.....	5,225 35
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Loans on Real Estate.....	134,868 00
Loans on bonds, gas, water and bank stock.....	132,198 35
Loans on other securities.....	577,443 96
Loans on personal security.....	1,106,004 27
Due from banks and bankers.....	392,437 61
Money on hand.....	395,669 34
<b>LIABILITIES.</b> \$3,523,844 23	
Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,759 13
Due Depositors.....	1,888,655 07
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# The Argonaut.

VOL. X. NO. 6.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 11, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CONTEST FOR U. S. MARSHAL—PAGE VS. MILLER—MISERABLE OFFICE-SEEKERS—GENERAL McDOWELL'S ENEMIES—SARGENT—BLAINE AND HIS ASSAILANTS—JUDGE SAWYER'S BILL—A VISIT TO THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE—THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION—THE PRINTING AND ENGRAVING BUREAU—AN ATTACK ON NEVADA—THE PACIFIC COAST DEFENDED.

Washington, January 31.—I understand the history of the contest for Marshal to be this: When General Miller came to Washington he had not determined as to whom he would present for that place. Page was pushing Jim Green, formerly Controller of our State. General Miller ascertained that if Green's name should be sent to the Senate, it would provoke a very lively opposition, and might cause some damaging disclosures. Page was persistent, and, in time, persistency became obstinacy, till obstinacy degenerated into an insolent determination to have his own way in defiance of the senator. W. W. Stow and others recommended P. Crowley, and afterward a Mr. Ellis, of San Joaquin. The present marshal was earnestly pressed. General Miller desired to secure a name upon which the delegation could unite, when he discovered that Page and Pacheco—always Page and Pacheco—had, unknown to him, filed Green's application with the Department of Justice, and resolved to push him in spite of General Miller's wishes. Thereupon the general goes into Page's congressional district, and takes up Mr. Moses Drew for United States Marshal. This puts the stage-driver in the attitude of dropping Green or opposing an active and prominent Republican in his own district, and a man who is eminently qualified for and eminently deserving of the place.

The feud between Miller and Page is irreconcilable, as it ought to be. The vulgar self-complacency of the member from the second district; the intrigue through which he has toiled up to the position of chairman of the Committee on Commerce; the little job that gave Pacheco also the chairmanship of a committee; his general ignorance and coarseness; his endeavor to override Senator Miller; his personal manners; his loyalty to the vile squad of California thieves who haunt this city and its departments; his entire disqualification in point of learning or information, and his utter ignorance of all commercial training; the fact that he represents an interior district—mountain roads and Concord stages—instead of a metropolis, the ocean highway, and ships, have all made him the subject of comment not altogether to his advantage, and not at all to the credit of California politics. However, Jim Green will not be United States Marshal for California.

A more close observation of the legislative bodies, and a more intimate acquaintance with public men, have impressed me that there is a higher standard of integrity, a better general purpose, and more patriotic motives governing at Washington than the general public has been led to believe. I think no one can sit through session after session in either house without being favorably impressed with the earnest and honest efforts of the great majority of our public men. I observe a disposition toward economy, a watchfulness of the public interests, and a general desire for the public welfare that place our congress in favorable comparison with the legislative and governing bodies of any other nation. The financial condition of the country is the best evidence that senators and representatives are not unmindful of their duties, and are intelligently and honestly performing them. There is a disposition on the part of the press and the people to criticize and suspect our public men, and to assume that they are not as unselfish and as patriotic as they ought to be. Party feeling sometimes runs too high, and it is undoubtedly true that party interests do often outweigh the public good. The very nearly equal division of parties, which now exists, has a tendency to keep both in the line of duty.

There is a class of people in Washington for whom I have a great contempt, not unmixed with a profound sympathy. It is said there are more than a thousand persons now in Washington seeking office. Poor, out at elbows, out of heart, living in cheap rooms, feeding at cheap restaurants, button-holing power for place, waiting for something to turn up, asking for office, all the way from a cabinet office to night watchman. If I ever turn pious, experience a change of heart, and am ever found praying, it will be in thankfulness to the

good God that, through luck or divine Providence, I am spared the humiliation of hanging about Washington for place.

Those journals unfriendly to Mr. Blaine, which have criticized his diplomacy with so much severity, have been utterly confounded by a statement published by him through the *Washington Post*. It is a complete and overwhelming refutation of all the calumnies that have been so industriously spread to his prejudice. It demonstrates the fact that, while he was energetic and pronounced in his strong dispatches, there is not a word or sentiment that is not staunchly American, that is not intended to give moral support to unfortunate Peru, and that is not calculated to advance our commercial interests on the Pacific. England is upholding Chile, and if Chile is allowed to crush out the national existence of Peru by robbing her of her guano and nitrate beds, by annexing all her more valuable territory, and by imposing upon her the payment of twenty millions of dollars of moneyed indemnity, which—being first deprived of her resources—she can never pay, it will give to English merchants and English ships almost exclusive control of the commerce of the Pacific.

Let Mr. Blaine's enemies dare to make his continuance in public life depend upon this issue, and the result can not be doubtful. If it is "Jingoism" to assert the influence of our government and its fifty millions of people in favor of an oppressed and unfortunate sister republic in this hemisphere, and thereby to advance the interests of American commerce and American merchants, then "Jingoism" should become a popular issue and a popular war-cry.

It appears that Mr. Trescott, before leaving Washington, had two long interviews with President Arthur, and at that time the President was in full accord and sympathy with every sentiment embodied in Mr. Blaine's dispatches. Blaine fights from the bottom magnificently. I wish the assassin had allowed him to remain at the top. Four years of his kind of diplomacy would have made America honored among nations.

February 1.—The story of the attempt at retiring General McDowell runs thus: General Sherman, when in California, received, or supposed he received, from General McDowell some slight that wounded his *amour propre*. Perhaps it was in reference to his and the President's excursion to Oregon. Upon his return to Washington, he talked in a way concerning General McDowell that indicated much feeling, and amounted to indiscretion. He demanded of President Hayes that General McDowell should be placed upon the retired list. The President sent for an official high in military position to furnish him with a list of vacancies in the retired list, and with those who, by time of service, were liable to be retired. After fully informing himself of the true position of affairs, he determined, for causes which I will not mention, to retire General Ord, and, recognizing the efficiency of General McDowell in his position, resolved to retain him. Had President Garfield lived, General McDowell would have been in no danger of being retired. President Arthur has no especial love for General Sherman, and he has an especial reason not to love John Sherman; hence, it is not probable that General McDowell will be interfered with. The really active exertion in this direction comes from Colonel McPherson, who expects to be appointed brigadier-general when General Pope is advanced to the major-generalship, vice McDowell, retired. Behind McPherson are Grant and Sheridan, his friends. The attempt to elevate this officer over the heads of seniors in age and rank will meet with great opposition. The Pacific Coast's support of General McDowell is so unanimous and pronounced that it is not deemed probable that he will be disturbed.

Mr. Denny, now in the Chinese consular service, is suggested for minister to China, and guerilla Mosby is to be advanced to the post of consul-general. The State Department to-day received some information not calculated to advance the interests of either of these gentlemen. Mr. Secretary of State Frelinghuysen has listened with patience to a very emphatic statement of facts concerning the character of General Mosby, and his conduct in China, that renders the possibility of his recall greater than the probability of his promotion. Mr. John F. Swift's name is before the department, strongly supported by a part—I think nearly all—

of the California delegation. I have no such information as justifies any expression of opinion as to the result.

Secretary Frelinghuysen, as senator, voted for the Hawaiian treaty, and has expressed himself unreservedly in favor of maintaining it. Ex-Secretary Windom also, as senator, voted for the treaty, and is equally outspoken in his determination that it shall not be disturbed. Senator Windom is now chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations.

I think the appointment of ex-Senator Sargent to the cabinet, as Secretary of the Interior, is determined upon, and that this resolve of the President is not likely to be changed. There are, however, many persons who think the matter is still in debatable ground. Justice Hunt will be retired, and rumor says that the present Secretary of the Treasury, Judge C. J. Folger, will be given his position, and that ex-Senator Conkling will be called to the President's cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury. Senator Conkling has not, since I have been here, visited Washington. I will venture to express the opinion that Judge Folger will retain the portfolio of the Treasury, and that Senator Conkling will not return to public life except as United States Senator from New York. The President is holding neither levees nor receptions. He will respect the six months of mourning for the death of Garfield.

I hear but little of California appointments thus far.

February 2.—The diplomatic correspondence between the United States and the ministers at Chile and Peru is now published, and is the topic of especial interest. Not that the public, or even the newspapers, would give the matter unusual attention if it did not afford the enemies of Secretary Blaine an opportunity to subject it and him to severe and, in my judgment, unjust criticism.

This correspondence is so voluminous that none but those who are particularly interested in it will be likely to give it careful perusal. It is so voluminous that even the largest of our great journals have undertaken to do nothing more than print partial extracts from it. I have read it with great care; and, while I recognize that through it there runs a decided animus in favor of protecting—perhaps I should say favoring—Peru, there is no sentiment expressed in it and no position taken that does not indicate, on the part of Mr. Blaine, a beathful Americanism, and a becoming sympathy for the people of a sister republic, whose very existence and nationality is being crushed out by a power as implacable after victory as it was cruel and relentless in war. Through this correspondence there is seen the emphatic personality of the ex-secretary. It is a magnificent and splendid personality that reflects the power and endeavors to assert the influence of a people and a nationality; that dares to declare the right of the republic of the United States to assert itself concerning the affairs of sister republics in this hemisphere, and dares to be the friend of right and the ally of the wronged and oppressed. With a devilishness and an ingenuity characteristic of the enemies of Mr. Blaine, some of these journals are endeavoring to implicate him in the endeavor, for his own gain, to use his official position to advance certain private claims against the Peruvian government, and that, to this end, he favored the establishment of Calderon in power. This insinuation is in the very face of the most emphatic rebuke and even denunciation of the entire scheme and the men who are engaged in it. It is charged that this correspondence was had while Garfield was unable to attend to his business, and before General Arthur had commanded an intelligent knowledge of the workings of the State Department. Unfortunately, however, for those persons who desire to place the entire responsibility of what they regard as an over-heroic policy, and one that was intended to precipitate our country into war with Chile, the part of the correspondence that is now styled as "insolent and overhearing" was had since President Arthur has been in office, and since he has assumed to exercise the full prerogatives of his executive position. Since Secretary Frelinghuysen has come to the State Department it is true that the whole tone of the correspondence has changed. It is now conservative, which, being interpreted, simply means that it is timid, non-committal, irresolute, and cowardly. It is alleged against Mr. Blaine that all this Stalwart Americanism was the bid of a demagogue for the applause of the American people. Perhaps—but if we are to have any demagoguism



United States of America I would prefer that it display itself in this direction, rather than in utter and cowardly subservience to foreign governments, foreign immigration, and the commercial and moneyed class that ever holds the national honor as of less regard than the material interests of the country.

Judge Lorenzo Sawyer, of California, has prepared and forwarded to Senator Miller a bill for the reorganization of the federal judiciary. It is a conceded proposition that some change is imperatively demanded. The Supreme Court is hopelessly in arrears in its business. Nearly one thousand cases now encumber its docket. In other words, the business of the court is nearly five years behind. The bill doubles the number of judges, enables them to divide into two tribunals and to sit together in banc for the hearing of certain and more important cases; it increases the number of circuit judges, increases their jurisdiction, takes away certain frivolous causes for appeal, and makes the machinery of jurisprudence capable of performing the duties that are now or may hereafter be imposed upon it. As this bill was printed in San Francisco by Bancroft & Co., it has doubtless been examined by those of my readers in California who give to such matters their attention, and I need not more definitely particularize its provisions. It has been favorably received and commented on by men learned in this direction, whom I have seen. I find that Judge Sawyer is largely known on this side by his decisions, and is held in favor as a jurist of high character. In event of enlargement of the court, there is no doubt but that he would be called to the National Court of Appeals, and there is no doubt but that he would adorn the position with his learning, integrity, and great industry.

February 3.—Some countryman remarked of Washington, that in the patent office one could see everything that man had made, and at the Smithsonian Institution everything that God had made.

Yesterday, for the first time, I visited the institutions on the south side of the avenue—the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, the Agricultural Department, and the Smithsonian Institution. Upon arriving at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, I was directed to register my name, residence, and occupation. In the column for occupation I wrote *Argonaut*. The colored gentleman assigned to our party as a guide, looking over the entry, asked me if I knew Donaldson, Jacobs, or Torres. I answered that I did not. He replied that they were halloon ascensionists, and, being in the same line, he thought I might know them. He informed me that Torres was killed, and asked me how the business flourished in California; said he was once in that line himself, traveling with the Philadelphia Circus, and meant to return to the business next year.

The Bureau of Printing and Engraving is altogether the most interesting department I have visited. It is here, upon a multitude of presses, worked by a multitude of men and women, and with the most perfect and delicate machinery, that the government paper-money is made. Here the plates are engraved and the printing done. The Agricultural Bureau is not especially interesting. It may be doing a great deal of good in the way of scientific investigations, analyzing soils, distributing seeds, and investigating remedies for the pests that destroy vineyards, orchards, and farms. It looked to be a very dull affair, and most of the agriculturists whom I saw were sitting in very easy chairs, in very comfortable rooms, smoking their pipes of meerschaum, and reading papers—I presume agricultural journals. The farm-house is a very spacious and costly one. The museum contains all kinds of plants, fruits, vegetables, grains, seeds, stuffed farm-yard fowls, dorkings, cochins, game chickens, speckled polands, wild turkeys from the West, and game of all sorts. Curiously enough, all the fruits, from the mammoth squash down through specimen pears, peaches, and the lesser fruits, were of wax—doubtless the result of the peculiar red soil of which the government farm is composed. If our Government was rich enough to give us all a farm of this kind, with its palatial building, its beautiful green-houses, where palms, and ferns, and tropical flowers are raised to make bouquets for the wives and daughters of officials, and houtonnieres for senators and members of Congress, I should be most glad; but, somehow, the thought intruded itself that this agricultural business is an extravagant and costly plaything, from which the real farmer who toils with ax and plow gets but little practical benefit.

The Smithsonian Institution is, so far as I saw anything of it, a great museum; instructive, doubtless, and interesting—one of those things which a great government ought to establish and maintain. It gathers historical facts connected with our continent, its races of men, and its animals. It is scientific. It is the repository of the vast learning out of which speculative theories are invented concerning the pre-historic times. It is rich in specimens of men, beasts, birds, and fishes, and the costumes of races. It has a few shriveled and uninteresting mummies. A stuffed walrus challenges one's attention as he enters. There are also a rhinoceros, an ichthyosaurus, a Himalayan tortoise-shell as large as a two-horse coach, a kangaroo lizard in skeleton, thirty feet long, an Irish elk eight feet high—a splendid animal that antedates the Pope, St. Patrick, and the Land-League—huffaloes from the plains, a glyptodon from South America, a crocodile from Florida, a megatherium, with all sorts of birds, beasts, fish, fowl, and reptiles from all the eras of the earth's formation; Chinese, Japs, American Indians, in wax, and costumed in their native dress; pottery of their making, with ornaments and weapons of defense and the chase; idols and cooking utensils; fans, fish-hooks, and musical instruments; pipes and knives; axes and arrow-heads of stone; cradles and toys for their babies; canoes and war-boats, with thousands of interesting objects, among which one can wander and speculate concerning the habits and characteristics of those races who antedate our times on this continent. Congress has just completed for the Smithsonian Institution a magnificent and very beautiful structure for its use as a museum. This building is just now being furnished for occupation, and will in time become the most attractive feature of Washington.

February 4.—Dakota has a delegation in Washington endeavoring to promote the passage of a bill for its division,

leaving Northern Dakota as a territory, and Southern Dakota to be admitted to the Union as a State. This will meet with opposition. The Democrats of the older States look with disfavor upon the increase of Republican senators.

The senators of Texas have in view a division of that State, and may not be unwilling to favor Dakota as a precedent for their admission when they come knocking at the doors of a Republican Senate for the admission of Democratic senators. The senators from Nevada, I think—Senator Fair I know—will be disposed to favor the new comer.

The New York *Herald* has a tremendous editorial upon our poor little Nevada; calls it the "boy fiend" among States, and, with some degree of emphasis, compares it with the city of Hartford, in Connecticut, which, with a population as great as that of Nevada, has but the fraction of a member of Congress, while the Silver State has a whole representative and two senators.

If I were a senator of the United States I would like to answer that editorial, and all the other sneering insinuations that are cast against Nevada because it is limited in population. It would have been less a national calamity if the whole State of Connecticut had been sunk, and in its place a fish-pond had been created, than that Nevada had been left an unexplored wilderness.

I neither underrate Connecticut, nor its history, nor its achievements, nor its learning, nor its patriotic service for the country; but if it had been a fish-pond or ornamental lake, and the New York *Herald* and all its writers had been drowned in it, the country would have prospered, would have survived the war, and would have gone on in its prosperous and splendid career. To the preservation of this Union, and to the prosperity and splendid career of the nation the people of the State of Nevada have largely contributed, and are now largely contributing. The three hundred millions of its gold and silver yield was poured into the lap of the nation at a time when money and credit, based upon known resources, were as indispensable to the prosecution of the war, the maintenance of the Union, and the preservation of the life of the nation, as was the blood and valor of all the men who approved the course of the *Herald* during those trying times. Nevada has not only given of her own treasure, but her mines have been the work-shops where the miner's apprentice has served his time, and gained the knowledge that has enabled him, in Colorado, Utah, Arizona, Montana, Idaho, and New Mexico, to unearth the fabulous treasures that are making the nation rich, and without which there would not be money enough in America to float the New York *Herald*, explore Africa, search for the North Pole, nor to educate boys at Hartford, or purchase the wooden oats and wooden nutmegs of all Connecticut.

It is not a new thing, this, for the politicians and editors of the older and larger States to sneer at the West. It has been going on for a generation, and yet in that generation, while New England has stood still, and the South has not advanced, and the middle coast-line States have not been unduly prosperous, the young West, with its new red-top hoots, has marched onward and upward to a splendid empire. I have seen Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Kansas, Nebraska, California, Nevada, and Colorado lay broad and deep the foundations of prosperous States where I have known primeval forests, unbroken plains, uninhabited mountains, and, though not as old as the Ancient Mariner or the Wandering Jew, I have haggard grouse within the present city limits of Chicago. I have been lost, and wandered for a night on a prairie in Illinois. I have hunted buffalo on the plains of Laramie, and shot antelope where now stands the city of Denver. I crossed Colorado and Nevada when within their borders there was not a white man's house, and I have seen California developed from Indian savagery and Spanish-Mexican half-civilization to its present respectable position in the family of States. I have found this West of ours always liberal when New England was narrow; always generous when New York was selfish and mercenary; always patriotic when the New York *Herald* was doubtful, and the South was rebellious. When in national legislation New England was solid in her prejudices and the South was solid in her treason, I have seen the senators and representatives of our young States, governed by patriotic motives, casting their votes and using their influence for the advancement and preservation of the whole Union. I shall live, I hope, to see the West outnumber the East in population; to see Chicago and St. Louis rival New York in wealth; to see the little despised "boy fiend" of the eastern Sierra with railways, with a population of farmers working her productive valleys, with her old and new mines pouring out an undiminished stream of wealth. I shall see California recognized for her splendid capabilities of soil, climate, and commercial position; and I shall see the centre of population, enterprise, learning, and wealth not more distant from the State of Nevada than it is now from the State of Connecticut. Then San Francisco will be equal to New York in the essentials that make a great commercial metropolis, and then the *Argonaut* will be as well known for its honest opinions as the New York *Herald* for its enterprise, and as influential, by reason of its independence, as the *Herald* is useful as a vehicle for advertisements.

Who is this Creature with Long Hair and a Wild Eye? He is a Poet. He writes Poems on Spring and Women's Eyes, and Strange, unreal Things of that Kind. He is always Wishing he was Dead, but he wouldn't Let anybody Kill him if he could Get away. A mighty good Sausage-Stuffer was Spoiled when the Man became a Poet. He would look well Standing under a Descending Pile-driver.

The following peculiar advertisement we take from the *Courrier de San Francisco*: "Demande.—Un mari ayant perdu sa femme demande une servante d'un certain âge et de bonne moralité, pour aider sa fille dans les soins du ménage. Point de 'scrubing' que la cuisine."

"Of course it is not proper to mention it in print, but did you ever remark upon the marvelous ambiguity of the terms 'neck' and 'ankle' as applied by young ladies to their own persons?" asks the *Boston Transcript*.

## MERRY MANHATTAN.

Our Correspondent Tells of the Gayeties in New York.

The last week in January was a busy one for New York society. On Monday night the Family Circle Dancing Class, or "F. C. D. C.'s," gave its second German at Delmonico's. Colonel Delancy Kane was present, but did not lead this time, as he has at nearly every German this season, Mr. Lispenard Stewart having taken his place. As is the fashion, colored lights were the rule for illumination, and a predominant pink tint cast its mellowing influence over the gay assemblage. Mr. Stewart started the cotillion at half-past twelve. It was to have lasted—as by invitation—until two o'clock, but the hour of breaking up more nearly approached four. This was owing to the marked absence of married ladies, particularly the pretty ones; so that the unmarried and eligible helles could use their own sweet wills. The old families were out in full force—the Livingstons, upon one of whom young Mills, who was also present, is said to have designs; the Rutherfords, the Roosevelts, and others, as were also Mrs. Paron Stevens, Mrs. General McClellan, Lady Glover, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Miss McAllister, and others.

A party which was, however, awaited with much more interest was the first "Bachelors' Ball," at the Hotel Brunswick, on Thursday. The "Bachelors" number about forty young society leaders, who each subscribe one hundred dollars, and are entitled to six invitations each. This time Mrs. Maturin Livingston, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Iselin, and Mrs. Francis Rives received the guests. No one would have imagined it, but the German, which was led off by Doctor Dawson at twelve o'clock, began somewhere about one A. M. to suddenly and mysteriously grow scarce. Young ladies glanced anxiously around for engaged partners. But the Roosevelt, the Astor, and the Livingston had disappeared, together with about fifty other young bloods. Then, of a sudden, some horribly cruel individual dropped into the ears of a tender and anxious mamma hints of a French entertainment somewhere over in another quarter of the city. The anxious mamma went to somebody else to obtain particulars of this foreign innovation, but was very soon satisfied; and then the news began to fly about the room that the "Cercle Française" was at that moment in full blast, with its wicked though pretty French "nuns." It was a lamentable fact, but it was only too true; and the New York *Jeunesse dorée* spent the remainder of that night at the "Cercle."

On Monday evening the Union League Club gave a "ladies' night," at which ex-Secretary Evarts, his wife and daughters received the guests, who were mostly personages of political and military standing. At the last receptions dancing was inaugurated, and the innovation was continued on this occasion. At about eleven the jam of the crowd which kept pouring in was at its highest, when, suddenly, Bernstein struck up a lovely waltz of Waldeufel's. In a moment a hundred couples were whirling over the floor, and fresh arrivals from the various rooms and corridors of the building were gathering to the dance. The supper was very elaborately gotten up, with imitation alligators and fish, and other creatures as centre-pieces. The different members had lent for the occasion gems of art, by Millet, Gérôme, Leroux, Munkacsy, and others, among which was "Love's Whispering," by Max, which Mr. D. O. Mills contributed for the evening.

But the crowning event of the week was the amateur "Patience," given by society ladies and gentlemen at Chickering Hall, for the benefit of the "Home for the Aged." In December last Mr. Eugene Conger conceived the idea, and proceeded to carry it into effect. He is a distinguished amateur himself, and has gotten up many similar affairs of less magnitude. He soon found that the maids and youths of the upper tendom were not so tractable and easily drilled as paid choruses are. As he himself had the part of Colonel Calverly, he called in professional aid in the person of Mr. Ryley, who has lately been playing "Bunthorne" at the Standard. Mr. Ryley came upon the scene with great and awe-inspiring dignity. He began to instruct the "twenty love-sick maidens," but they were not precisely amenable to instruction. He then quietly explained the necessity of hard work. They saw the point, and settled down to the task of learning to be artificially graceful. One thing that they especially objected to was the lying full length on the floor in worshipful recumbence before their poet. Finally Mr. Ryley persuaded one lady to "flop" limply, languidly, and lankly to the ground, and soon the rest followed. Among the ladies were Miss Remsen, Miss Turnure, Mrs. A. A. Hayes Jr., and Miss Morgan. Clever Miss Schenck was "Patience," while Mr. Gardner Howland took the rôle of "Bunthorne." Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Rutherford, Mr. Gillet, and Mr. Johnson were among the "Heavy Dragons."

Friday night was the date of the first of the two performances. All the tickets had been sold weeks before, and the attendance was nearly two thousand each evening, which, at three dollars a ticket, netted nearly ten thousand dollars. Mr. Cruger had paid D'Oyley Carte two hundred and fifty dollars for the use of Sullivan's orchestration, and the Philharmonic Society furnished a picked orchestra. On the evening of the performance the street was choked for two blocks with carriages. At a quarter-past eight o'clock the curtain rose on the rapturous group of maidens. Every young man in the audience gave a vigorous "haw-haw" to view his society lady friends in such complete prostration, soulfully twanging huge cymbals. The amused youths were, however, well provided with sunflowers and lilies which they plentifully cast upon the stage. It was the feminine turn to laugh, a moment after, when the "Heavy Dragons" entered in red jackets, and with a military strut. The maidens wore exquisite costumes. One was made to imitate a large white lily. Another resembled a poppy. A third represented a bouquet of flowers. Many of them were charmingly painted by hand in daisies and sunflowers. The crowning effort was a dress made entirely of peacock feathers. The ladies in the audience all carried bouquets of either sunflowers or lilies. "Bunthorne" was made up to imitate Oscar Wilde, and was immensely successful in the attempt, both in dress and attitude.

NEW YORK, February 1, 1882.

FLANEUR.



## SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

## Epigrams from the French.

Daniel Darc publishes in the Paris *Vie Moderne* the following witty "Formulaire Parisienne"—Dada: Cheval qui mène—à Bicêtre. Enigme: Désir de femme. Epouse: Chasse réservée. Fée: Jeune personne qui mène tout à la baguette. Fille: Boîte à malices. Flatterie: Piège à serins. Fleur d'oranger: S'épanouit particulièrement sur les terrains vierges. Cependant on en a vu fleurir sur des terrains cultivés, par exception, et tout à fait accidentellement. Foyer (conjugal): Petite glacière de ménage. Fou: Celui qui ne pense pas comme nous. Gorge (côté des femmes): Précipice où il est doux de se laisser choir. Goupillon: Petit halai de saints lieux. Honneur: Ornement précieux que les maris ont le tort de faire porter par leur femme. Qui leur font porter parfois—dit-on!—un ornement moins précieux.

Sardou in his new play, "Odette," puts into the mouth of Dieudonné, à propos of young mothers: "Mon cher, la maternité, c'est encore ce que les maris ont trouvé de plus ingénieux pour conserver leur femmes. Ça isole la place, ça immobilise le troupes adverses... et ça laisse souffler la garnison." Another axiom à propos of women whose reputation is not spotless: "Le luxe, mon cher, est un désinfectant."

Hippolyte Taine, the historian, is the author of these *mots*: A man only arrives at a competency by the work he does himself; if he acquires riches, it is by the work that he makes others do. Kind politeness is the late fruit of advanced reflection; it is a sort of humanity applied to small actions and daily speech; it bids man soften himself toward others and forget himself for others; it constrains pure nature, which is selfish and coarse. There are several kinds of wit. One kind, thoroughly French, is simply reason itself, the enemy of paradox, a sort of incisive good sense, having no other use than to render the truth amusing and visible, the most piercing of arms in the hands of an intelligent and vain people; this is the wit of Voltaire and of the *salons*. The other kind of wit is that of improviser and artists; it is nothing but inventive *verve*, paradoxical, unbridled, exuberant, a sort of fête given to one's self, a phantasmagoria of images, of points, of odd ideas, that dazzles and stuns like the movement and illumination of a hall. Such is the wit of Mercutio, of Beatrice, of Rosalind, and of Benedict. They laugh, not from a sentiment of the ridiculous, but from a desire to laugh.

## Prose Poems from the Chinese.

*A Woman Before Her Mirror.*—Seated before her mirror, she gazes at the moonlight. The bamboo blind is down, and breaks the entering light; it seems as though all through the room one sees jade shivered into a thousand atoms. But instead of combing her hair she lets down the bamboo blind, and the moon appears yet more brilliant, even as a woman clad in silk, who lets her robe fall.

*The Porcelain Pavilion.*—In the midst of the little artificial lake there rises a pavilion of green and white porcelain. It is reached by a bridge of jade that curves like the back of a tiger. And in that pavilion friends clad in bright robes are drinking together cups of lukewarm wine. Gaily they converse or write verses, pushing their hats a little back on their heads, or tucking up their sleeves. And in the lake itself, where the little bridge, reflected upside down, looks like a crescent of jade, there are also friends in bright robes, upside down, in a pavilion of porcelain.

*The Stairway of Jade.*—Under the sweet light of the full moon, the empress remounts her stairway of jade, all glimmering with dew. And the hem of her robe softly kisses the edge of every step—the white satin and the jade resemble each other. The light of the moon has burst into the apartment of the empress; as she passes over the threshold she is all dazzled; for before the window, upon the curtain that is embroidered with crystal pearl, there seems to be a company of diamonds disputing for the light, and on the floor of pale wood there seemeth to be a circle of dancing stars.

*Characters Eternal.*—Even while I make verses, I watch from my window the swaying of the bamboos. I let characters fall upon the white paper; afar off one would fancy that plum-tree leaves were falling crosswise upon snow. The delightful coolness of mandarin oranges passes away when a woman carries them too long in the gauze of her sleeve—even as a white frost vanishes in the sun; but the characters which I have let fall upon the paper will never become effaced. [Any one who has noticed the peculiarity of Chinese written characters will appreciate the extremely poetical simile.]

*The Fan.*—The young bride is sitting alone in the perfumed chamber, into which the bushand entered for the first time only the evening before. In her hand she holds her fan, whereon these characters are written: "When the air is stifling, and the winds are still, I am beloved, and they beg the boon of refreshment from me. But when the winds arise, and the air grows cold, I am disdained and forgotten." And while reading these characters the young woman dreams of her spouse, and sad thoughts, like clouds, wrap themselves about her. "Now is the heart of my husband young and ardent; my husband comes to me that his heart may be refreshed. But when his heart shall have become chill and tranquil, will I not, perhaps, be disdained and forgotten?"

*The Emperor.*—Upon a throne of new gold the Son of Heaven, blazing with precious stones, is seated in the midst of his mandarins, like a sun surrounded by stars. Gravely do the mandarins converse of grave things, but the thought of the emperor has flown away through the open window, and even to the pavilion of porcelain, where sits the fair empress, surrounded by her women, like unto a dazzling flower in the midst of foliage. It seems to her that her beloved carries too long at the council, and wearily she waves her fan. And a faint breath of perfume kisses the emperor's face. "My beloved sends to me, with a wave of her fan, the perfume of her mouth." And, blazing with precious stones, the emperor arises and walks toward the pavilion of porcelain, and leaves the astounded mandarins gazing on each other in silence.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Ice-Fields of Death.

When sparrows build, and the leaves break forth,  
My old sorrow wakes and cries,  
For I know there is down in the far, far north,  
And a scarlet sun doth rise;  
Like a scarlet fleece the snow-field spreads,  
And the icy founts run free,  
And the herds begin to bow their heads,  
And plunge, and sail in the sea.

O my lost love, and my own, own love,  
And my love that loved me so!  
Is there never a chink in the world above  
Where they listen for words from below?  
Nay, I spoke once, and I grieved these sore,  
I remember all that I said,  
And now thou wilt hear me no more—no more  
Till the sea gives up her dead.

Thou didst set thy foot on the ship, and sail  
To the ice-fields and the snow;  
Thou wert sad, for thy love did not avail,  
And the end I could not know;  
How could I tell I should love thee to-day,  
Whom that day I held not dear?  
How could I know I should love thee away  
When I did not love thee anear?

We shall walk no more through the sodden plain  
With the faded bents o'erspread,  
We shall stand no more by the seething main  
While the dark wrack drives o'erhead;  
We shall part no more in the wind and rain,  
Where thy last farewell was said;  
But perhaps I shall meet thee, and know thee again  
When the sea gives up her dead. —Jean Ingelow.

## A Song of the North.

"Away! away!" cried the stout Sir John,  
"White the blossoms are on the trees;  
For the summer is short and the time speeds on,  
As we sail for the northern seas.  
Ho! I gallant Crozier and brave Fitz-James!  
We will start the world, I trow,  
When we find a way through the northern seas  
That never was found till now!  
A good stout ship is the *Brebus*  
As ever unfurled a sail,  
And the *Terror* will match with as brave a one  
As ever outrode a gale."

So they bade farewell to their pleasant homes,  
To the hills and the valleys green,  
With three hearty cheers for their native isle,  
And three for the English queen.  
They sped them away beyond cape and bay,  
Where the day and the night are one—  
Where the hissing light in the heavens grew bright  
And flamed light a midnight sun.  
There was naught below save the fields of snow,  
That stretched to the icy Pole;  
And the Esquimaux, in his strange canoe,  
Was the only living soul!

Along the coast like a giant host  
The glittering icebergs frowned,  
Or they met on the main like a battle-plain,  
And crashed with a fearful sound.  
The seal and the bear, with a curious stare,  
Looked down from the frozen heights,  
And the stars in the skies, with their great wild eyes,  
Peered out from the Northern Lights.  
The gallant Crozier and brave Fitz-James,  
And even the stout Sir John,  
Felt a doubt like a chill through their warm hearts thrill  
As they urged the good ships on.

They sped them away, beyond cape and bay,  
Where even the tear-drops freeze;  
But no way was found by a strait or sound  
To sail through the northern seas;  
They sped them away, beyond cape and bay,  
And they sought, but they sought in vain,  
For no way was found, through the ice around,  
To return to their homes again.  
Then the wild waves rose, and the waters froze  
Till they closed like a prison-wall;  
And the icebergs stood, in the sullen flood,  
Like their jailers grim and tall.  
O God! O God!—it was hard to die  
In that prison-house of ice!  
For what was fame, or a mighty name,  
When life was the fearful price?

The gallant Crozier and brave Fitz-James,  
And even the stout Sir John,  
Had a secret dread, and their hopes all fled,  
As the weeks and the months passed on.  
Then the Ice King came, with his eyes of flame,  
And looked on that fated crew;  
His chilling breath was as cold as death,  
And it pierced their warm hearts through.  
A heavy sleep, that was dark and deep,  
Came over their weary eyes,  
And they dreamed strange dreams of the hills and streams,  
And the blue of their native skies.

The Christmas chimes of the good old times  
Were heard in each dying ear,  
And the dancing feet and the voices sweet  
Of their wives and their children dear!  
But it faded away—away!  
Like a sound on a distant shore;  
And deeper and deeper grew the sleep,  
Till they slept to wake no more!

Oh, the sailor's wife and the sailor's child!  
They will weep, and watch, and pray;  
And the Lady Jane, she will hope in vain  
As the long years pass away!  
The gallant Crozier and brave Fitz-James,  
And the good Sir John have found  
An open way to a quiet bay,  
And a port where we all are bound.  
Let the waters roar on the ice-bound shore  
That circles the frozen Pole,  
But there is no sleep and no grave so deep  
That can hold a human soul. —Elizabeth Doten.

At a restaurant.—*First Diner*—"Here, waiter, I say, found it, this game is too much so." *Waiter (blandly)*—"Beg pardon, sir, but you're mistaken, sir. It's the other gentleman's fish at the next table, sir."

"I see that John Kelly wants to know what a *coup d'état* is. A *coup d'état* is for revenue only."—General Hancock.

## AMERICANS IN SAXONY.

## Our Dresden Correspondent's Notes on German Comparisons.

The slow-going Germans are amused at the quick ways of the Americans. They smile about the short time in which Americans "do" things—Europe particularly. A German lady, quite amused and, at the same time, disgusted, told of an American, a newspaper man, well known in Eastern circles, who spent three days in Germany, and wrote up the country in as many letters as he had spent hours within its limits. Visiting the Rhine, the "Wine Interests of Germany" occurred to him as a subject of especial interest for a letter; consequently he devoted one half-hour to the thorough study of the subject.

To the "American woman" is accorded the virtue of good taste. As concerns taste in dress, she is given rank above her French sisters; but the Germans do not very gracefully grant the French first rank. However, in speaking of the tasteful dress of American women, it is slyly insinuated that money will buy fine clothes, and that the time the German women give to improvement ought to show results if devoted to fashion.

On the whole, there seems to be a repugnance felt toward the English commensurate with the friendliness shown the Americans. The stiff, haughty manners of the English are uncongenial. There is somewhat of a feeling of resentment at the pouring into Germany of the poorer English families, who come to Germany to maintain a style of living they can not afford at home.

Americans, as a rule, are well liked and pleasantly received; but whatever is disagreeably American is termed Yankee. The English are in great measure responsible for the use of this word. In Saxony particularly, the English, desirous of the monopoly of teaching, have most assiduously and successfully impressed upon the minds of the Germans that Americans, educated or not, speak miserable English. Perhaps the grammatical structure may be correct, but after all it is only "Yankee English." The prejudice is wide and deep-set, as was testified to by the experience of an educated young American lady. Desirous of assisting herself by teaching, she sought a position where she might teach English. Upon stating that she was an American, ever came the answer: "I prefer some one who speaks 'real English.'" At last, in despair, she answered that she came from Leeds, where for several months she had visited relatives. Immediately were her services secured, and her English unimpeached by the "real" English-speaking ladies living in the same house.

Our German hostess, speaking English fluently, was told by an English friend that if she would overcome the bad habit of speaking as the Americans do, her English would be excellent. A few Germans who have friends and relatives in America attempt to stem the prejudice, but to no avail. It is unjust, unfair, unreasonable. Nevertheless, "Yankee English" is at the same discount that Yankee gold is at a premium.

Immediately on arriving in Germany it is noticeable that social life here is very different from social life in America; that the social structure is most complex, and deserving of careful study. After a week's experience, however, an artist might not incorrectly symbolize German social life by the two articles indispensable to all social gatherings—the coffee-cup and beer-glass.

The first Sunday was especially noticeable as a day of pleasure and recreation. Families, as a whole, either went out to walk in the fresh air, or received friends at home. The clatter of German in the adjoining room bespoke visitors for the afternoon. After a cordial invitation from our hostess, we were ushered into a room well filled with ladies—evidently a ladies' afternoon party. A table neatly spread with a snowy cloth, and provided with a delicate china cup and saucer for each guest, stood in the middle of the room; around it ranged the seats of the visitors. All were busy; not a member of the party was without work of some kind. A fair-haired young artist on the right did some elaborate needle-work; her neighbor, a teacher, was crocheting; next a young opera singer was trilling; the old ladies of the party, without exception, were knitting. A cordial greeting was given by all present; then work and conversation was immediately resumed. The band-work, so mechanical through long years of practice, did not in the least interfere with the conversation, that turned for the most part on classical plays that had been seen and enjoyed, classical music that had been heard and appreciated, and fine pictures that had been seen and studied. Of course, the surroundings and opportunities in a German city would give occasion for such topics of conversation; yet the rare intelligence and keen judgment of these German ladies would put to shame the flippant, shallow conversations heard in more pretentious circles of their American sisters.

The coffee-pot held the place of honor in the centre of the table, and frequently went the rounds. Through a long afternoon this little company worked, and chatted, and drank coffee, each member of the party looking as comfortable and bappy as though it were a pleasure to live.

"Do the American ladies knit?" asked one of the party a question probably suggested by my curious gaze directed on her work. "Not on Sunday," was the only answer my limited vocabulary in German would allow. "Not on Sunday!" This was a bombshell. The clicking of needles stopped, side conversation ceased, work and hands rested upon the table, all eyes turned on me, and an expression of astonishment appeared on every face. Most impressively came the question "Warum?" (Why?) Perhaps the answer savored a little of maliciousness: "They think it wicked." "Wicked! wicked!" exclaimed all with one accord. Each looked at her neighbor, and echoed "Wicked!" Asked one: "Would the Americans really think we were wicked could they see us to-day, sitting with our friends, enjoying life, and at the same time busying our fingers?"

The hostess came to my relief by saying: "Oh, the American ladies from the West are not so *schrecklich* (terribly) pious as the ladies from the East," and turned attention to the omnipresent coffee-pot that again went the rounds. Soon the lamps were lighted and the cheery company departed.

DRESDEN, December 31, 1881.



SOCIETY.

Mrs. Atherton's Party.

The most delightful social event of the present week was the party given by Mrs. Atherton, at her handsome new residence, on the corner of Octavia and California streets, on Thursday evening last. The invitations were sent to unmarried people exclusively, and a pleasanter collection of young ladies and gentlemen was probably never seen under any one roof in this or any other city. At an early hour carriages commenced to arrive, and before half-past nine nearly one hundred and sixty people had presented themselves as participants in the evening's entertainment. The music, supper, and all other accessories, were in splendid harmony with the exquisite interior, which, when the merry dancers moved to and fro, seemed like some brilliant fairy scene. Mrs. Atherton and her daughters looked very attractive in their handsome costumes, and received and entertained their guests in a superior way. Among those who were invited, and who were for the most part present, were:

Miss Lena Ash, Miss Fannie Friedlander, Miss Minnie Donahoe, the Misses Blanding, the Misses Durhrow, Miss Coleman, Miss Lizzie Spotts, Miss Mary Crittenden, the Misses Parrott, the Misses Polhemus, Miss Blanchard, Miss Woods, Miss Haggins, Miss Kittle, Miss Hattie Myrick, the Misses McAllister, the Misses McMullin, the Misses Puge, the Misses Smith, Miss Stone, Miss Welch, Miss Adams, Miss Hubbard, Miss Babcock, Miss Fisher, Miss Lucas, Miss Crockett, Miss Bowie, Miss Lander, Miss Jarboe, the Misses Griffith, Miss Barker, Miss Dart, Miss Matthews, Miss May, Miss Jennie Flood, Miss Fray, Miss Morgan, Miss Payton, Miss Platt, Miss Reynolds, Miss Townsend, Miss Bullard, the Misses Elliott, Miss Sullivan, and the Messrs. Durhrow, Friedlander, Coleman, Mix, McDowell, Platt, Wallace, Friedlander, Carter, Froelich, Maxwell, Flood, Page, Ous, Nicholson, Fortune, McKinley, McAfee, Wilson, Fisher, Fray, Redington, Kirkpatrick, Griffith, Mizner, Payson, Greenway, Parrott, Pomeroy, Godefroy, Hubbard, Jones, Pitcher, Upshur, Lincoln, Elliot, Lucas, Small, Scott, Talbot, Lewis, Sheldon, Spotts, Underhill, Van Rensselaer, Wilson, Washington, Scott, Stuart, Sharon, Whiting, Shroeder, Wheeler, Spencer, Smith, Woods, Ashe, Allen, Bowie, Coleman, Balfour, Babcock, and some others whose names we do not now recall.

The Reception at the Palace.

The long-talked-of reception by the ladies of the Palace took place in the parlors of the hotel last evening, and was a brilliant affair, and reflected great credit upon the Committee of Arrangements—Mrs. Judge J. S. Hager, Mrs. General W. H. L. Barnes, Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, and Mrs. H. L. Dodge. Among the guests invited and who were present were most of the ladies and gentlemen of the Palace and Grand Hotels, a large number of army and navy officers, and other society people. The parlors were tastefully draped and ornamented with cut flowers and evergreens, and the costumes of many of the ladies were strikingly beautiful. Dancing commenced at a little after nine o'clock, and was kept up until after midnight, and an elegant supper was served. The list of guests who accepted was as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dodge, Judge and Mrs. J. S. Hager, Mr. Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Miss Fitch, Mr. Sheldon, Mrs. and Miss Ashe, Mr. Ashe, Miss Fay, Miss Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. Loomis, Miss Felton, Miss Fisher, Miss Stone, Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Layman, R. B. Woodward, Mr. and Mrs. W. Dean, Mr. Corbin, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brown, Miss Godyle, Mr. Gilmore, Miss Myrick, Mr. and Mrs. Elliot, Mr. and Mrs. A. Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin, Miss Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Austin, Mr. and Mrs. Mark L. Severance, A. Davids, U. S. N., J. S. Severance, Miss Andrews, Mrs. Mathey, Mr. Godefroy, Mr. Froelich, Mr. and Mrs. De Meán, Mr. and Mrs. Jenks, Miss Trowbridge, T. Webster, T. Collins, E. Kinney, Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Scott, Com. Labrano, Mr. and Mrs. Ross, Miss Woodward, H. Smith, Miss Smith and Mrs. Smith, Miss Friedlander, J. S. Phelps, Mrs. Alfred Pott, Dr. McCarty, General McDowell, Hugh Tevis, Henry McDowell, Mr. Cushing, Misses Eldridge, Osgood, Hooker, Mr. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards Jr., Mr. Buckley, Miss Pomeroy and Messrs. Pomeroy, Colonel and Mrs. R. Smith, Miss Sedgwick, Lieutenant Hubbard, Dr. Carter, Mr. Berry, Major Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, Mr. Eugene Dewey, J. T. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Fehorn, Mrs. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. C. Weller, Charles Belden, L. Mizner, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hooker, General and Mrs. Barnes, William Barnes, Mr. Sofield, Mr. Dering, Mr. and Mrs. Harrington, General Keys, Misses Cutter, Miss Brumagim, Mr. and Mrs. Collins, Miss Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Sonntag, Mr. and Mrs. Newton, William Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Moore, Mr. and Mrs. P. Donahue, Mr. Paxton, Mr. and Mrs. Brittain, Mr. and Mrs. Blanding, Misses Blanding, Mr. and Mrs. Torbert, Miss Torbert, A. Page, G. Page, Messrs. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford, the officers of the *Colombo*, Mr. Arnold, Mrs. Buford, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Crocker, Miss Crocker, Miss Kohl, W. Payne, Mr. and Mrs. D. Melone, Mr. and Mrs. Soto, E. Weller, Mr. and Mrs. Duamas, L. D. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Swift, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Trauman, Mr. and Mrs. Carolan Allen, J. St. John Boise, Misses Wallace and Messrs. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. N. Shaw, several officers of the *Jamestown*, Dr. and Mrs. Burgess, Dr. and Mrs. Bowie, Pay Director and Mrs. Fulton, Mrs. Phelps, Miss Malliard, N. T. Smith, Mrs. C. E. Hooker, Miss Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Prescott, Miss Reynolds, Miss Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Stanwood, Mr. H. Redington, Mr. and Mrs. Wetherbee, Mr. Harry Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Montague, Mr. Heynemann, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Tallant, Dr. and Mrs. Bucknall, Miss Hastings, Mr. Chamberlin, Mrs. Durhrow, Fred. Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. Perine, Mr. and Mrs. Mark McDonald.

The Theobald-Ynell Wedding.

A quiet wedding, but one of very marked elegance, took place on last Monday evening at the Archepiscopal residence on California Street, Rev. Father Pendergast officiating. The groom and bride were George, eldest son of G. J. Theobald, the well-known shipping and commission merchant of California Street, and Miss Hettie Yoell, second daughter of a prominent lawyer of San José. Only the immediate family and a few intimate friends were present. Promptly at eight o'clock the groom arrived. Shortly after the mother of the bride entered, escorted by Governor P. H. Burnett, followed by the bride, on the arm of Mr. R. W. Theobald, eldest brother of the groom. Father Pendergast stood awaiting them, and immediately after they had taken their position Mr. R. W. Theobald yielded his place to the groom. The service was short but impressive. The bride was unanimously declared by the ladies to be a "perfect dream," and it was said with truth that San Francisco never saw a lovelier one. The ladies were attired as follows:

The bride wore a renaissance dress of sapphire blue velvet, embellished in a pale gold ground; the tails of the coat, as long as the satin train, were caught by a drooping bow. The front of the skirt was composed of small draperies formed by elaborate tucks, lengthwise, and jabots of lace, forming the richest effect. About the neck was arranged a scarf of lace, forming a fichu at the waist, and falling each side of the small papiers to the bottom of the dress. Soft cream roses completed the

Mrs. G. J. Theobald, mother of the groom, was clad in violet silk, *en traine*, point lace and diamonds.  
Mrs. E. A. Yoell, mother of the bride, dark green plush and silk.  
Mrs. Irving M. Scott, wine-colored silk, imported bonnet.  
Mrs. D. J. Tallant, magnificent black silk *duchesse* lace.  
Mrs. N. T. James, elaborate black velvet.  
Miss A. Theobald, London smoked silk.  
Misses Emma and Lizzie Theobald, both attired alike in green silk.  
Miss Allie Yoell, sister of the bride, wore a handsome wine-colored silk and velvet.  
Mrs. Charles Doane, shepherdess plaid silk, profusion of point lace.  
Mrs. T. W. Johnston, elaborate white silk, *en traine*, wreaths of pink lace.

The following gentlemen were present:

Mr. G. J. Theobald, Governor P. H. Burnett, Mr. Irving M. Scott, Mr. G. D. Newhall, Mr. D. J. Tallant, Mr. Samson Tams, Mr. N. T. James, Mr. T. W. Johnston, Mr. R. W. Theobald, Mr. F. Doane, and Mr. J. Theobald.

The bride was the recipient of a great number of beautiful presents. The happy pair left on Tuesday morning for a trip through the interior, and will be absent for several weeks.

The Last But One of the Palace-Grand Hops.

The last but one of the Palace-Grand Hotel hops took place on Monday evening last, and was, as usual, an enjoyable affair, and was graced by the presence of the following named ladies and gentlemen:

Madame Berton, Madame De Sota, Mrs. Wightman, Miss Grimm, Major Whitney, U. S. A., Lieutenant Late, U. S. A., Lieutenant Patterson, U. S. A., Lieutenant Chamberlain, U. S. A., Lieutenant Bailey, U. S. A., Miss Fannie Robinson, Mr. Eugene Dewey, Miss Nellie Hopps, Miss Hull, Miss Ruth Hall, Mr. Froelich, Mr. Collins, Mr. Loyal, Colonel C. W. Brush, Mr. and Mrs. Lehman, Miss Katie Felton, Miss Jeannette Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Giffin, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Estee, Mrs. and Miss Pierce, Miss Mamie Cole, Mr. and Mrs. Temple Spotts, Mrs. Colonel C. L. Weller, Miss Laura Weller, Mrs. and Miss Adams, Menlo Park; Colonel and Mrs. George P. Andrews, U. S. A., Presidio, commanding post; Miss Andrews, Sprague, Alcatraz; Miss Herold, Fort Point; Mrs. Archibald Forbes, Mrs. Maud Forbes, Miss Annie Jackson, Miss Hatch, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sonntag, Mrs. W. P. Harrington, Mrs. Laton, Fred Laton, and Lieutenant and Mrs. T. Dix Bolles.

The next and closing hop of the season will take place on Monday, the 20th instant, and already a number of gentlemen are moving in the matter of making it a grand success.

Mrs. General Kautz's Reception.

According to our announcement last week, Mrs. General Kautz gave a reception at Angel Island on Saturday afternoon last, which was largely attended by the officers and their ladies from Fort Point, Angel Island, Alcatraz, and the Presidio, and a number of ladies and gentlemen from this city, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. C. Sonntag, Mrs. John McMullin and Miss Rebecca McMullin, Mrs. Adams and Miss Carrie Adams, Miss Torbert, Miss Perkins, of Chicago, Miss Crane, of Oakland, Messrs. Parrott, Heynemann, Webster, and others. Dancing was kept up for nearly three hours, the music being by the Eighth Infantry Band.

Hop at the Navy Yard.

An informal hop took place at the Navy Yard on Wednesday evening last, which proved to be a very agreeable affair. The dancing was in the chapel, and lasted until after midnight. Among those who were present were Commodore and Mrs. Phelps, Mrs. Lieutenant Adams, Chief Engineer Fletcher, Captain and Mrs. Cook, Colonel and Mrs. Heywood, Captain and Mrs. Boyd, Dr. and Mrs. Hyde and Miss Hyde, Captain and Mrs. Coghlan, Mrs. Cutts and Miss Tolson; also, Major and Mrs. Worth, and Captain and Mrs. Lynch, of Benicia; Miss Perkins, of Chicago; Mrs. Cutter, the Misses Sophie and Tot Cutter, Miss Kittle Wood and Miss Georgie Richards, of San Francisco.

The Wilson Dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wilson gave an elegant dinner at their residence on Monday evening last. The house was charmingly decorated with cut flowers and evergreens, and the menu was unexceptionable. The invited guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Rus. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Miss Hattie Crocker, Mr. M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Flood, Judge Sawyer, Mrs. J. Fair, Mrs. M. Read, Mr. L. Mizner, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Swift, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Torbert, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ashburner, Miss J. Flood, Mr. H. I. Thornton, Mrs. Lucy Arnold, and Mr. F. Wilson.

A Brilliant Gathering at the Crocker Mansion.

On Tuesday evening last a large number of the ladies and gentlemen who owed party calls met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, and enjoyed themselves in a dance. At eleven o'clock a superb supper was served, and in many other ways the evening was one to be remembered.

Weddings to Take Place.

On Wednesday evening next, the 15th inst., Captain Nicholas T. Smith, Treasurer of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, will lead to the altar Miss Mary R. Hooker, a sister of Mr. C. G. Hooker, of this city. The ceremony will take place at the First Congregational Church in this city, at half-past eight p. m., after which there will be a reception at the residence of the bride's brother on Bush street. Mrs. Smith will receive at the Palace Hotel Mondays in March. On Tuesday evening, the 14th inst., Dr. Frederick May, of Baltimore, and Miss Celia Coleman, sister of Mrs. Henry May, will be married at St. Mary's Cathedral. The wedding of John Parrott Jr. and Miss Minnie E. Donohue takes place on Wednesday, April 19th.

Reported Engagements.

Among the newest engagements is that of Miss Laura Belden, formerly of California, and well known in San José and San Francisco society, and Mr. George R. Gibson, of New York. The Beldens, who lived at the Palace so long, are believed to have taken up their permanent residence in New York, having rented and furnished an elegant brownstone front on Fifth Avenue, immediately opposite the Windsor. We announced last week the engagement of D. O. Mills Jr., now of New York, and Miss Ruth Livingston, daughter of Matthew Livingston, also of that city. The

dates of neither of these weddings have been fixed, or at least they have not been announced. The engagement has been announced of Mr. Victor H. Metcalf and Miss Corinne Nicholson, an Oakland lady of high social attainments. Date of wedding not yet announced.

Notes and Gossip.

Captain Charles P. Eagan, U. S. A., who arrived here from Prescott on Saturday last, has been spending a few days in the city. Truxton Beale, whose absence has been an admitted loss in many social circles, returned to San Francisco on Sunday last. W. W. Dodge has returned from Southern California. Mrs. James W. Burling, who has been dividing a good deal of her pleasant time between Philadelphia and Atlantic City during the past year or more, is at present at the St. James, New York. Mrs. E. F. Pope, (and maid,) Miss Pope, and Miss M. E. Pope have been enjoying the attractions at Monterey during the week. Charles Goodall is domiciled at the Fifth Avenue, New York. George R. Wells, J. G. Murray, and George H. Sanderson and wife have been spending a few days at Monterey. Mrs. Jesse Grant (*née* Miss Chapman) was the recipient of marked social favor during her month's stay at the national capital, and was one of a hundred ladies who were elegantly entertained by Mrs. Commodore Garrison in New York, a few days ago, and who drank nectareous decoctions from miniature vessels fabricated from ornamental sugar. Major and Mrs. A. G. Booth, who have taken up their permanent residence at the Grand, have been entertaining Miss Emma Felter, of Sacramento, during the week. Judge and Mrs. McKinstry have gone East. C. A. McDaniel, paymaster U. S. N., is at the Palace. Mrs. Perkins and Miss Perkins, of Chicago, are spending the winter at the Grand. Mrs. Paul Shirley, of Martinez, is sojourning in Southern California. Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Rowan are visiting friends in Batavia, N. Y. Mrs. Ida Rodgers has arrived in New York. Eugene E. Dewey contemplates an Eastern trip, which shall embrace many of the prominent cities, north and south; a number of his friends, club men, and others, tendered him a dinner Friday night. Miss Edmunds, of Boston, is spending the winter in Oakland. Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Jones gave a dancing party at their residence on Pine Street on Friday evening last. Assistant Paymaster John M. Mudd, U. S. N., sails for China to-day. It is understood that the members of the Art Association will give a reception during the early part of the ensuing month. Commander Frederick Rogers and bride, (*née* Miss Sallie Fall), who were married quietly last week at the residence of Mrs. Governor Kinkead, Carson, Nevada, after staying a few days in this city have departed for the East. Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Chapman, who are at present in Washington, will return to California next month. Mrs. W. A. Houghton, of Sacramento, left for the East on Monday last on a visit to her father in western New York. Senator Miller gave another dinner last week to a number of his friends at his residence on Connecticut Avenue, Washington. The Washington *Capital* thus refers to our silver senator: "Senator Fair, of Nevada, launched himself on the profuse sea of hospitality Thursday evening in royal style, by giving a superb dinner party at his parlors in the Arlington in honor of Senator Bayard." On Wednesday next James Scott, a son of the late Thomas A. Scott, will leave Philadelphia in a special car, with a party of fourteen, for San Francisco. Miss Hattie Howland, of Napa, who has been visiting in the city for a week or two, has returned home. C. H. Prescott returned from Oregon a few days ago. Mrs. S. L. Bee, of Boston, is visiting Mrs. Colonel Bee, of this city. The Misses Gertude and Maud Moore, of San José, whom we have referred to many times during their last delightful social whirl in this city, returned home on Saturday last. The "Commerce" party given by Mrs. Wm. M. Gwin at her residence on California Street Saturday evening last was an exceptionally pleasant affair. Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Taylor, of New York, are at the Palace. Ex-Senator Booth has been spending the week in the city. Paymaster Sullivan, U. S. N., is at the Palace. Mrs. Phineas Banning and Miss Banning, of Los Angeles, are spending a few days in the city. J. de Barth Shorb, of San Gabriel, and daughter, are at the Occidental. F. H. La-favour, U. S. N., is at the Lick. Miss Kate Grimm has returned from the East. Colonel Charles F. Crocker and a party of friends left here for Arizona on Thursday morning last. Among the distinguished people at the Palace at present is Madame Barrios, wife of the President of Guatemala, who is accompanied by her five children. Mrs. Doctor S. F. Gladwin, who is the moving social spirit of Oakland this winter, gave another of her charming *dansantes* at the Galindo Hotel on Saturday evening last, and among those present were Governor Purdy, General and Miss Williams, Judge and Mrs. Turner, Judge E. D. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Buckingham, Lieutenants Burke and Doty, of the U. S. S. *Corwin*, Lieutenant Land, of the steamer *Richard Rush*, and some twenty others. D. C. Dodge, superintendent of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, and Mrs. Dodge, are visiting our coast, and are at present at the Palace. J. L. Chamberlain and F. C. Patterson, U. S. A., are at the Baldwin. Admiral Stevens, well known by many Californians, gave, on the 25th ult., at his residence in Washington, D. C., an elegant dinner in honor of the marriage of his daughter—Alice to Mr. Stephen Vail, of New York. Among the guests present were the Secretary of the Navy, Admiral Porter, Admiral Worden, General Beale, of California, General Sherman, and many other army and navy officers. Mr. William Welch has returned with his family from Bodie to his Oakland home. He will shortly leave for Arizona. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Gaines, of Vermont, are visiting their cousin, Mr. T. W. Hopkins, of Oakland. A. Burrell Hayley, who is an officer in the Eleventh Hussars, in her British majesty's service, and who has been a guest at the Palace for the past month, sails to-day for the Sandwich Islands, accompanied by his beautiful wife. Mr. and Mrs. William H. Booth give a "Commerce" party this evening at their new residence in Alameda. About twenty guests have been invited. Dr. R. J. Bowie has taken possession of his new residence on the corner of Buchanan and California Streets. Miss Dearborn, who has been visiting Miss Waters in Sacramento, returned home yesterday. Miss Arrington, of San Rafael, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Cook, on Hyde Street.



## MUSICAL NOTES.

The Philharmonic Concert and the Coming Recital.

One could not but regard the audience which assembled on the occasion of the third Philharmonic concert with especial interest and curiosity, for the Mendelssohnians were supposed to be out in force. February 3d being the anniversary of this graceful composer's birth, a commemorative programme, devoted chiefly to his works, was announced, and the admirers of the charming master showed themselves in goodly numbers, according to expectation. There is something more or less characteristic about thorough-going Mendelssohnians. They are apt to be a one-sided and prejudiced folk; and, as some one has rather severely observed, "their judgment in regard to a work of Mendelssohn's has only the psychological interest of a paroxysm." Before the first tone has sounded they prepare themselves for the enjoyment of cultivated emotion. Their hands are ready with applause the instant that the master surprises us with an unexpected return of the theme. When it is over, they yield to that excess of elegiac fatigue, that sentimental clear-obscurity, which has become their national color. It goes without the saying, that Mendelssohn's keen and passionate mind, his control of musical form, his pure and lovely harmonies, all stamp him as a noble artist; but because of these things it does not follow that one should fall into equal and unconsidered raptures over every so-called interpretation of his thoughts. Such, however, is the practice of the fanatical persons above-mentioned; and is not necessary, therefore, to remark that when, on Friday evening, the wind instruments introduced the "Midsummer Night's Dream," in strains of painful dissonance, the audience, as a whole, did not flinch; on the contrary, they smiled with the same serenity that beamed in their faces when the violins awoke, and hurried, with blessed tunelessness, into that delicate frenzy of fine and bewitching sound. Oh, if the violins alone could have played that overture! As it was, their perfection was needed to atone for a great deal—for the clumsy intrusion of the brass and wind; for false intonations here, and uncertain efforts there; for entire poverty of appropriate effect; to be brief, in each of the pauses where the harmonies are sustained by the wind instruments. But how beautifully the strings murmured in and out! The overture, too, was taken in admirable tempo.

The "Italian" Symphony is rather a lengthy thing with its five movements; but from the *Allegro Vivace* to the *Presto*, they are all so transparent and so symmetrical that one listens with a continued and unwearied sense of delight. The *Allegro* was given with much force and spirit; and the *Andante*, with its deep-voiced *Staccato* of accompaniment, was also thoroughly enjoyable. The *Moderato* was less interestingly played, but the *Saltarello* went hand in hand with its own mood from beginning to end, and in point of execution was a model of freedom, precision, and grace. Mr. Hinrichs infused his players throughout the whole movement with that lively enthusiasm which does away with all listlessness and inattention; and the *Saltarello* was, in consequence, crisp, sparkling and brilliant. The *Presto* was the successful conclusion of a well-rendered number.

Mr. Ugo Talbo, the tenor of the evening, gave as his first selection the beautiful and somewhat trying aria from Mendelssohn's "Elijah"—"If with all your hearts ye truly seek me." Whatever qualities Mr. Talbo may lack as a singer, scantness of breath is not one of them. To adapt what somebody has said of a certain poet, he apparently takes such delight in the sound of his own voice that he begins with great gladness, and is reluctant to leave off; and people seem equally unwilling, on the whole, to have him leave off. He doubtless possesses a smooth and powerful tenor voice, of excellent timbre; but if (to borrow the costly phrase of a nameless critic) Mr. Talbo "has a diamond in his throat," that is precisely where it should not be. And when this figurative jewel shines upon us in song from less contracted regions, when Mr. Talbo gathers himself together a little less violently for every final outburst, and when we learn to feel less solicitude for the safety of his blood-vessels, "her majesty's late first tenor" will receive twice the applause now bestowed upon his well-meant efforts—which is saying a very great deal in regard to the extent of future ovations. In the aria, as well as in his second number, the "Préghiera" from "Stradella," Mr. Talbo was warmly applauded, and loudly recalled.

Mr. Kelley's "Character-Stück," for strings only, was smoothly and beautifully played, and heartily endorsed. It is not so worthy nor so important a composition as his symphonic poem, while its sentimental suggestions pall upon the ear. At the same time Mr. Kelley's comparative inexperience should be taken into consideration, and the unassuming nature of this modest little work should not be forgotten. Moszkowski's two "Spanish Dances," Nos. 2 and 3, which followed, have received much praise, and justly. They are fascinating things, and were brightly played. The "Gavotte de la Reine," by Strauss, reminded one, through the name of this composer, of the recent triumph in Vienna of his operetta, "Der lustige Krieg," but that was about the extent of its mission. The closing overture, Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas," afforded the wood and wind opportunities which, had they been quite neglected, would have left us happier; but the number was given with excellent spirit, and concluded the evening in a pleasant manner.

F. A.

The programme for Mr. Ernst Hartmann's piano recital, which is to take place next Wednesday evening, February 15, is as follows:

Sonata Appassionata.....	Beethoven.
Zuleika (song).....	Mendelssohn.
Prelude.....	Bach.
Nocturne.....	Chopin.
Ballade.....	
Pur di cesti (song).....	Lotti.
Duo for two pianos.....	Kullak, Wehle.
Schubert's Ave Maria.....	
La Campanella.....	Liszt.

Mr. Hartmann's position in musical circles here will doubtless secure him a large and interested audience. He will be assisted in the recital by Mrs. Nina R. Trow and Miss Alice C. Dyer.

## ARGONAUT VERSE.

## A Ballad of Broken Men.

Gentles, I know of defeat:  
I have been out a campaign;  
Served in the storm and the sleet,  
Marched in the mud and the rain.  
Honor I lost, which is bad;  
Life have I kept, which is worse;  
You've all my gleanings of glad  
Here, in the swing of my verse.  
Aye—but what matters all this?  
Fortune, whate'er he her pique,  
Slays not a ghost of a kiss  
Last night that died on my cheek.  
Memories hither arise;  
Mine were not chivalrous foes;  
Insult a poison supplies  
Ranker than injury knows.  
I've in their market-place stood,  
Yea, in their pillory stalled,  
Sport for their ruffians found good,  
Jeered of their wantons' rhald.  
Ghosts of old shames and old wrongs  
Troop—but what matters all this?  
Flee, then, fell, ominous throngs,  
From the white sprite of my kiss.  
I shall know more of defeat;  
This, my first losing campaign,  
I shall renew, recomplete—  
There's without turning one lane.  
Mine's not the head that can hope;  
Mine's not the heart that can plan;  
Mine's not the cunning to cope:  
Courage? Mine's hut of the can.  
Aye—but what matters all this?  
Fortune, whate'er he her pique,  
Stays not the birth of each kiss—  
Hastes not its death on my cheek!  
Thou who hast known me to trust,  
When hast Thou known me to pray?  
Say I not: All is hut just?  
Is there more pliant a clay?  
Hear, then, my prayer—it is this:  
That I, so little who seek,  
From some new birth of her kiss,  
Live hut its life on my cheek.

February, 1882.

A. E. WATROUS.

## The Way of the World.

I climbed the mountain to-day, whose height  
So long had mocked my climbing;  
I wrote the poem whose subtle soul  
Had long escaped my rhyming;  
But the purple mist of the mountain top  
Faded as I drew near it.  
And the poem? Alas! how poor the garb,  
I gave to its glorious spirit.  
Life has denied us—or so we deem—  
The sweetest of all its blisses;  
But what had our portion been to-day  
Had I drained your lips of kisses?  
I think had we won from longed-for love  
All of its promised sweetness,  
That, soon or late, we had surely proved  
Its pitiful incompleteness.  
Yet men will climb to the mountain top,  
Though climbing dispels the glory;  
And poets will sing, though still they fail  
Of telling the perfect story.  
The rose will bloom and the oak will grow,  
To the huds' and the acorns' ruing,  
And men and women will dare to love  
Though love be its own undoing.

February, 1882.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

## Broken Dreams.

I dreamed that life was smiling, and that the spring  
Perennial smiled,  
I woke—oh, it was winter and the wind  
So bitter wild!  
Break not, O heart that thought to bloom;  
Spring light must dawn from darkness gloom.  
I dreamed that love was new, and that your lips  
To mine were pressed,  
I woke—hut you lay calmly, silent, still,  
Asleep, at rest;  
But better, love, that it were so;  
I would not have you see my woe.  
Sleep, gentle flowers, beneath the golding snow,  
My heart can wait;  
Sleep, love, the while across my horizon  
The day grows late;  
Sleep, roses, wake not till the June;  
Sleep soft, beloved, I follow soon.

February, 1882.

CLARENCE T. URM.

## Love.

Crown him with thorns—he is the King of Lies!—  
And place a broken reed within his hand;  
Let him not wander o'er the earth, hut banned,  
We'll crucify him neath these summer skies!  
Cover the beautiful seductive eyes;  
Roh him of arrow, and of rose-wreathed wand;  
Never again across the sunlit land  
Shall he walk forth with smiles and tender sighs.  
Shroud the white, perfect limbs with somhre crape;  
Strew roses dead beneath his wanton feet.  
This is the King whom mortals find so sweet;  
This is the King for whom we wait a-gape.  
Give him no pity; heed not prayers, nor cries;  
Be merciless—he is the King of Lies!

February, 1882.

FANNY DRISCOLL.

## THE DRESS SUIT OF THE FUTURE.

Is there any Hope that Men may be made Things of Beauty?

The Eastern papers have had several discussions since the advent of Oscar Wilde, as to the feasibility of introducing knee-breeches and colors in evening dress, and discarding the somhre sameness of the regulation black dress suit. The New York *Sun* has had one or two editorials on the subject, favoring it, while several other papers, especially the *Post*, print letters arguing against such a measure. Concerning this, the *Nation* says: The effect which the æsthetic movement has already produced, for good or evil, in women's dress, has set many earnest reformers thinking as to the possibility of an improvement in male attire; and the appearance of Mr. Oscar Wilde on the platform in a peculiar and original costume of his own devising seems to be generally regarded as an indication that a serious attempt will be made to modify the uniform evening dress which the laws of society now prescribe for men. In a New York daily, recently, "an artist" strongly urged the immediate introduction of "color" into men's evening dress. With the caution which marks the difference between the practical reformer and the fanatic, he suggested that the first step should be made with the least important part of the masculine uniform, and proposed that, while black coats and trousers should be retained, the Philistines should not be allowed any longer to prevent the children of light from doing what they pleased with their vests, cravats, and gloves, and indicated that a pleasing and beautiful thing for them to do would be to make use of gay-colored silks for vests, with gloves and cravats "to match." This, he thinks, would give us some individuality, and break up the present dull, stupid uniformity, which makes men of fashion indistinguishable by dress, as they already, alas! occasionally are in other respects, from waiters. He mentions, in corroboration of his theory of reform, that a young, handsome fellow of his acquaintance had "a rose-colored silk vest and tie made, and put them on with a black coat and trousers, and the effect was rich, tasteful and festal-looking in the extreme." This proposal, on its face, has nothing wild or impracticable about it, and falls far short of Oscar Wilde's extravagant attempt to get society to go back to knee-breeches and buckles. Reform of the new kind seems based on a belief that the existing taste is hopelessly debased and vulgar, and can only be elevated by showing man how low, and mean, and degraded he really is. But for those who cherish an earnest wish for reform in decoration or dress, the first step is not to look forward with hope, hut back with regret, to put aside the new and reintroduce the old, whether in china or costume. It is impossible not to sympathize with the spirit which is at the bottom of the desire to improve the appearance of men's evening costume. No one pretends that any part of it is pleasing to the eye of man, or what is much more to the purpose, of woman. When girls say, as they sometimes do, in moments of confidential expansion, of a male acquaintance: "He looks lovely in his dress-coat," this, we believe, always taken among experienced women to be a proof rather of infatuation, or, at any rate, ardent admiration, than as evidence that his beauty or attractiveness is increased by a garment which has none of the recognized elements of beauty to recommend it. If we go back to the last century, and inquire what sort of dress gentlemen wore in society, we find that they made use of colors and variety of stuffs exactly as women now do, and with precisely the same end in view—to render their appearance attractive. Society has a corporate existence in Anglo-Saxon countries, mainly, if not altogether, for the purpose of marrying and giving in marriage, and all students of the myterious laws by which the race has arrived at its present advanced stage of evolution and progress know that in matrimony selection plays an important part. Among birds, beasts, and fishes the selection is purely natural. In human society, however, we find that civilization at its highest pitch produces exactly the opposite effect. The law of matrimonial selection, which we see in such effective operation around us, leads to greater and greater attractiveness and display in women's dress, while men's has become tame and uniform. The dress of a fine gentleman two centuries ago in England and France was full of color, and designed to show off the figure, and to render it as attractive as possible in the eyes of the beholder. The dress of the court of Charles II. or Louis XIV. may not have been in itself calculated to inspire the mind with as pure a joy as the Florentine or English of an earlier period; but it was as gaudy and pretty as the tailors of the day could make it. The old state of affairs lasted, with certain modifications, down to the present century, and it was really not until the steam and railroad period that the dress-coat began its triumphal progress all over the world. Again, the effect of democracy has been to produce in society a great tenderness for all sensitiveness of feeling, which was unknown while color and variety in men's dress prevailed. The beaux of a century ago dressed themselves up to the eyes, while country gentlemen wore russet, and other gentlemen, starving in Grub Street, whose names have since become famous, had to go into company in a shabby condition. No one who reads Boswell's account of Dr. Johnson's relations with the society of his day can fail to see that his deficient manners were partly due to his bad clothes. Carlyle, too, never forgot through his life the bitter feeling inspired in his mind by the fine clothes in which the world still dressed itself when he was a boy. Another cause which has doubtless had to do with the universal introduction of the present uniform is the saving of time effected. The gentlemen of the last century belonged to an idle class, and dressed partly to kill time. What is needed in a modern community, in which time has a commercial value, is a costume which can be readily changed, and for rapidity the world has never known one, off the stage, which takes less time for a complete metamorphosis than the present fashion. For these reasons, the æsthetic struggle over a reform in men's evening dress seems likely to be, for the present at least, a losing battle. Black may be the color of the Philistine, and knee-breeches the true breeches of the children of light; but the present social organization of the world seems to forbid the indulgence of the hope that we are on the eve of a great revival in color and form in the dress



## VANITY FAIR.

In the matter of naming "fashionable" children, says the New York *Sun*, it is becoming popular to call boys who are named after their fathers by some foreign equivalent. For instance, instead of Stephen, "Etienne"; for John, the Russian "Ivan"; Joseph takes the Italian "Giuseppe"; Ralph becomes "Raoul." This may be an improvement on the sobriquets "Big John," "Little John," "Old George," and "Young George," so often screamed through a house in moments when it is necessary to distinguish quickly between persons bearing the same name; but it, however, implies a lack of Anglo-Saxon independence to introduce the names of other languages into houses where English is the mother tongue. Fashion now considers nicknames vulgar. Girls are being subjected to æsthetic experiments in the matter of names. Gladys, Alcmir, Otalie, Lois, Reba, Valerie, are among the latest fashions, and many stately, half-forgotten feminines, Edwina, Cyrene, Jacqueline, Dorothea, Theodora, and Vida (feminine of David) are being revived; besides other eccentric names hunted up by people who care more for singularity than euphony. Of these crudities none seem more abominable than Maryiah, the Moslem Turkish form of the Christian name Mary. The custom of giving girls a middle baptismal name is now a thing of the past. Fashionable mothers expect that all their daughters, as soon as they are through school, will choose a new final name and take the family surname as a middle name. A good story is being told of the wife of one of the aristocratic Izzard family of Boston—a lady who boasts in her own right of a great deal of blue blood. She was anxious that her children should have the distinguished names of families with which she was connected, and decided to name her daughter Anne Gwathmey, after an aunt contemporaneous with some great-great-grandfather. Some of her friends remonstrated that Anne Izzard was an awkward combination, but with no effect. After the christening the lady was delighted in her daughter's high-sounding name, until one morning a silver mug arrived covered with repoussé work, except a small plate in the centre, on which was inscribed in crowded letters, "A. G. Izzard."

"The newest fashion in Paris, which is beginning to make its way here—beaded stockings—will probably be discouraged by the better classes," remarks a New York paper. "The fashions of Paris do not always mean those which are affected by the *grandes dames*. A lady who will spend two or three hundred dollars on the beaded embroidery of her stockings apparently intends that they shall be seen. That other fashion, too, of the most elaborate garter-buckles, smacks of the same unrefinement. Tiffany, only the other day, made to order a pair of garter-buckles the substance of which was pure gold and the attachments of four-carat diamonds. Whom he made them for he declined to tell, but the order was from Murray Hill."

The Vanderbilts have already given two receptions in their new residence. The first was the house-warming, at which about a tenth of the invited guests were present; and the second was merely an afternoon reception in honor of Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Vanderbilt's married daughter. The English and Dutch factions, led by about six families, have seen fit to snub them, and hence the absence of so many of those invited. In Vanderbilt's house the picture part of it strikes one as being the richest and most valuable feature of the whole. Of course, the papers described, *ad nauseam*, Lefebvre's nymph frescoing in Mrs. Vanderbilt's bed-chamber, and the famous "Japanese room"; but the pictures have not received so much attention. The painting of the first rank is Alma-Tadema's "The Entrance of the Theatre." It pictures a tall and dignified Roman matron just entering the broad stone doorway of an ancient theatre. The brilliant coloring of her garments forms the principal attraction. Opposite to this is Detaille's famous battle-scene. Vibert has a delightful scene of a monk and a cardinal who have discovered a naughty French novel, and are enjoying its pages. Rosa Bonheur, Meissonnier, Munkacsy, Delacroix, Gérôme, and Millet are all well represented, and the whole forms the finest collection in the country.

At a recent dinner-party in New York some odd dinner cards were used. They were exact imitations of square soda crackers, made of pale silk, trimmed with down and sachet powder. The edges were slightly colored, as a cracker is browned in the baking, and the print of the cutting stamp was copied by the silk being stitched together in places. In the centre, where the name of the manufacturer usually is, was the name of the guest. As they lay upon the pure white linen by the plates, they looked like such fresh, good soda crackers that it was a disappointment to find that they would not break and crumble in brittle mouthfuls.

The *Dramatic Times* thus maliciously refers to three prominent citizens of Gotham: "Coloney Delancey Kane seems to have entirely given up stage-driving in favor of a more social if more effeminate pastime. His attention has been directed of late to the accomplishment known as the German. At no less than three halls during the past week did the gallant and active colonel lead a bevy of young people in that lengthy cotillion which has so greatly displaced the set dances of a few years back. As the German requires a special study on the part of any gentleman who would be a leader, we can without difficulty imagine the hard work and many days of anguish it must have taken the colonel to put aside the manners of the stable in favor of the gentler and perhaps more refining sport. But at any rate the new departure will breed none of that worry of soul which must have distinguished his stage-driving, when he ran over luckless pedestrians, and was requested by the authorities to take out a regular 'driver's license.' Mr. August Belmont, for all his sixty-five years of age, is a very sprightly and active young gentleman. It is one of his little boasts that he has not got an unsound tooth in his head. Mr. Lawrence Jerome is known as a good dinner-giver, but he has the misfortune of having a repertoire of six stories, which he has told regularly at every dinner—where gentlemen alone were present—as been at for the last twenty-five years. People who know him well have learned to suffer in silence, but persons

who have recently made his acquaintance complain vehemently. When he gives dinners it would be simple politeness to let other people be funny."

The *Parisian* of January 10th thus speaks of the snobbishness of some acclimatized Europeans: "We referred the other day to the publicity which certain members of the so-called American colony at Paris seek in journals like the *Gaulois* and the *Evenement*. The series might readily be continued. The names are always the same, the epithets always equally eulogistic. Miss Emmeline van Schaumburg is 'l'une des *queens of beauty* des Etats-Unis'; Miss Walker is 'la charmante fille' of Mr. Walker; Mr. Peixotto, United States Consul at Lyons, bases his claims to glory and public attention on the fact that he is 'auteur d'une excellente traduction en français de la 'Vie du Président Garfield' du Capitaine Mason'; Mr. Field, 'éditeur du New York *Evangelist*, et sa famille, l'une des plus honorablement connues des Etats-Unis.' The American colony in question is, with a few exceptions, the handful of men and women who figured under thin disguises in that now-forgotten monument of sickening flattery, 'Under the Tricolor,' and the principal scene of action where these 'jolies femmes et charmantes et piquantes misses' endeavor to persuade themselves that they are giving the tone, not only to America, but also to Paris, is the splendid hôtel Mackey, with its 'aimable hôteesse et sa charmante et gracieuse fille, Miss Mackey.' Another brilliant centre of American society in Paris is the 'hôtel Hooper,' of which the ornaments are Vice-Consul-General Hooper, Mrs. Hooper, the indefatigable journalist and brilliant novelist—the style of the *Gaulois* is contagious—and last, but not least, Miss Hooper, 'l'aimable et spirituelle fille du Vice-Consul-Général-Hooper.' Now, here a problem presents itself to our minds: In order of precedence, as established by the gold-sticks-in-waiting at the most distinguished European courts, would Miss Hooper, as *aimable* and *spirituelle*, take the *pas* over Miss Mackey, who is only *gracieuse* and *spirituelle*, or vice versa? We appeal to a certain member of the American colony who has been presented to Queen Victoria for the solution of this problem."

No woman who respects herself will henceforth use other than pearl and diamond pins, as they are now considered in London necessary accessories of every toilet. They fasten lace on the corsage, pin the hair, pin flounces and flowers on skirts and bonnets, or wherever feminine fancy may dictate.

Society, writes the New York *Sun's* Paris correspondent, is no longer to be met at the houses of the leaders of the republic. The upper ten are to be found at the assemblies given by the ex-Queen of Spain, the Comtesse de Paris, the Maréchale Canrobert, the Duchesse de Larochefoucauld-Bisacière, the Princesse de la Tremouille, the Marquise de Gallifet, and others. Each of these ladies is the centre of a circle of her own, which does not encroach on that of her neighbor. Ladies do not go everywhere and know everybody now. Yet they all manage to be in the latest fashion, and the saloons of the leading dress-makers are the neutral grounds on which they meet to consult the "master" of the shop. Since the supreme power has been wielded by Worth, it is the fashion to believe that women know nothing about what is becoming to their own sex. Accordingly the dress-maker ascribes all her happy thoughts in the way of toilets to her husband, that genius getting his inspiration from professional artists who sketch new costumes, and are handsomely paid for doing so. It is certain that the male dress-maker takes bolder flights in inventing women's costumes than his wife used to do. He pays no attention whatever to comfort or cost. He has laden ball dresses with beads until it has become impossible to dance in them, and his latest piece of ingenuity has been to cuirass stockings with beads from the ankle to the knee, thereby adding about a couple of pounds to their weight.

In London society, says the *World*, the dancers appear to be divided into classes, known as "rockaways," "hoppers," "chandelier crawlers," and the disciples of the *trois-temps*. The distinction is in the step affected. The disciples of the *trois-temps* are the most rapid dancers, and, as a rule, are to be seen gyrating on the outskirts of the crowd. The "rockaways" are lurching dancers, the "hoppers" are known everywhere, and the "chandelier crawlers" derive their name from the fact that their step is so slow and their air so languid that, in order to be safe from the jostling of more active dancers, they generally remain under the chandeliers, or near the centre of the hall.

Of a late New York wedding, the *Town* observes: "Whatever the reason, the fashionable wedding of to-day seems to be a show far more attractive to the average taste than a new comedy or burlesque, or even a sensational murder trial, with a comic assassin for its star. And this suggests the inquiry, Why should not this general desire be utilized for the benefit of the young couple by charging an admission fee to the entertainment? Beyond a doubt, a very considerable sum could thus be realized to start them on their way, without the painful necessity of selling the wedding presents for fuel and house-rent. The parents of the leading actor and actress could stand at the door to take in the cash. There would be, of course, a regulated scale of prices, from the orchestra chairs in the front pews to the family circle in the gallery. Private boxes in the organ loft and the chancel would, of course, come higher. A pretty penny, too, might be made by selling to the audience satin programmes, let us say, or illuminated books of the play, containing the names of the actors, with their respective rôles, and a detailed description of the bride's costume. It would be an insult to national enterprise to suggest that the cost of these librettos, however sumptuous, could be more than defrayed by the advertisements of the modistes, jewelers, and tailors who fitted out the bridal party, and possibly the various tradesmen who supplied the wedding presents. If to these necessary details could be added a brief account of the courtship, the trials of the youthful pair, Juliet's constancy and Romeo's resolve, and the final relenting of the cruel father, this marriage menu would satisfy the requirements of the most exacting taste."

## LITERARY NOTES.

It is now nearly twelve years since Dante Rossetti published his book of poems. Since then he has at different times published verses and sonnets in some of the London periodicals, but not in book form. His second volume of verse has just been published under the title of "Ballads and Sonnets." The ballads are on legendary or historical subjects, and are written with the exquisite charm and pathos which Rossetti gives to his pictures as well as his verse. In the poems of his sister, Christina, there is a certain amount of icy artificiality that is extremely repelling, and which she only loses once in a while in some little folksong, such as that of a fisherman's wife in despair at the long absence of her husband's boat. With Dante Rossetti it is different. His most trying situations—and in no poetry is true realism and nature so difficult of attainment as in the ballad—are wrought out by a certain tender pathos which soon awakens sympathy. This is not altogether the case with his sonnets, however. There he is, perhaps, surpassed by his sister. In his endeavor to perfect that completeness which this difficult strain requires, he has become complex, and has lost the simplicity which is his sister's characteristic charm. The Rossettis deserve great credit for having done so much to preserve the sonnet in its purity of form, metre, and meaning, for the spurious invasions of various poets had well nigh destroyed it in England. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston; for sale by Bancroft.

Miss Laffan, the Irish lady who wrote clever "Christy Carew" and "The Honorable Miss Ferrard," has just brought out a new novel, "Hogan, M. P." As a sketch of Irish manners and life it is a success; but its plot and action are rather weak. It contains many amusing scenes and stories descriptive of the Milesian character, and many of its pages cause a hearty laugh. Published by Macmillan & Co., London; for sale at Bancroft's; price, \$1.

"Antietam and Fredericksburg" is the fifth of the "Civil War Campaigns" series. It is written by General F. W. Palfrey, and treats mainly of McClellan's command. The author vigorously criticises McClellan, although he thinks that he received rather unfair treatment under the circumstances. There are four good maps accompanying the volume, which illustrate the movements of the Army of the Potomac under Burnside and McClellan. Published by Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale at Bancroft's; price, \$1.

McCarty's "Annual Statistician" for 1882 is at hand. This is one of the most complete and valuable reference books to be had. It contains not only particulars concerning current events and affairs, but a careful chronological summary of the past ages. Beside this, it gives information and particulars concerning agriculture, discoveries, inventions, mathematics, machinery, astronomy, metals, productions, manufactures, and, in short, almost every conceivable subject. For a convenient and compact manual, it can hardly be surpassed. Published and for sale by L. P. McCarty, 816 California Street, San Francisco; price, \$4.

Literary Personalities: The remains of Keats's friend, Severn, are shortly to be placed in a tomb adjoining the grave of the poet, and Lord Houghton is going to Rome to preside at the ceremony. Not a single man of letters was present at the funeral of Harrison Ainsworth. One reason was, doubtless, that he had outlived nearly all his literary contemporaries. Robert Buchanan has recently been to Switzerland, to be married to the sister of his deceased wife, the ceremony not being legal in England; and private letters state that the personal friends of the pair, including a large number of literary people, have promised to receive them socially, as if the union were perfectly regular. The first edition of the Princess Beatrice's "Birthday Book" is exhausted, and a second edition is in preparation. In this amiable young lady were only Miss Beatrice Guelph, how faithfully her work would cling to the publisher's shelf! Charles Reade's sketch of Sir Robert Lush in *Harper's Weekly*, under the suggestive title of "Perseverance," is the first of a series of sketches which Mr. Reade has promised to the *Weekly*. Julian F. Scott, one of the best known citizens of Scott County, Tenn., who was drowned lately while attempting to ford the Emory River, was the original of Mark Twain's Colonel Sellers. He was a schoolmate and personal friend of Mr. Clemens.

Miss Louise Alcott alluded to "Moods," in "Little Women," when "Jo's" first book was reduced one-third, and "all the parts she particularly admired" cut out by the heartless publisher. As this was really the case with "Moods," Miss Alcott has changed the ending, added new chapters, revised the old ones, and issued it again to the public. As it now is, it by no means comes up to that lady's other stories, but it is, nevertheless, a very readable book. At the end of the new edition the heroine does not die, as she did in the old, but lives on. The book forms a very interesting study in the comparison of what Miss Alcott was as a writer at the age of eighteen and what she is now, at the age of—(7). Published by Roberts Bros.; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.50.

We have received "Search the Scriptures," a volume of poems by a local author; "A Primer of Logical Analysis," for the use of composition students, by Doctor Royce of the State University; also, "Capture of California by the Chinese," by R. Wolter, supposed to be written A. D. 1900; all published and for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co. From the State Printing Office we have "The Financial Condition of California," by State Controller Kenfield, and "The Viticultural Report for 1881." We also note "St. Mark's Life of Christ," in three versions; published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, price fifteen cents; and "Higher than the Church," an art legend of ancient times, translated from the German of Von Hillern; published by William Gottheberger, New York, and for sale by Bancroft; price, twenty-five cents.

What will soon appear: W. A. Wilkins, the editor of the *Whitehall Times*, has been writing a political novel, which is soon to appear. John Payne has finished his complete translation of "The Arabian Nights"—a work which has not been welcomed any too graciously. Julian Hawthorne's novel of "Dust" is to be reprinted in this country in the pages of *Our Continent*, the new Philadelphia weekly. Baron Tauchnitz is about to publish the two thousandth volume of his "Library," whose creamy covers are tenderly remembered by every traveler on the continent of Europe. The book suits the occasion in that it is "On English Literature in the Reign of Victoria." The author is Professor Henry Morley. An American edition will be published immediately by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor is desirous of receiving any letters from her late husband which may be of use in the preparation of the biography she has in hand. They will be copied and returned. Address 142 East Eighteenth Street, New York, or Kennet Square, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps will contribute to the March number of *Harper's Magazine* "The Last Words of George Eliot," with extracts from George Eliot's letters to the author. Lord Crawford, the English earl whose body was lately stolen from its tomb, left behind him an unpublished work, entitled "The Earldom of Mar in Sunshine and Shade." This work, which occupied him during the last two years of his life, has been edited by his widow, and will be published soon. Lord Crawford's claim to the earldom of Mar was disallowed by the British Parliament several years ago. Charles Armory's "Life of Copley" will soon be issued from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. About the same time will appear a volume of "Studies in the South," by the author of "Certain Dangerous Tendencies in America." Mr. Tennyson has written a new poem, whose title will recall an earlier one. It is called "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade," and it is to appear in the next number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, the daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, is writing for the first number of *Our Continent* a sketch of her old home at Concord, with some personal recollections of her father. Professor Bryce, of Oxford, the historian of the "Holy Roman Empire," was the author of the article on Mr. Gladstone which not long ago appeared anonymously in *Scribner's*. He has written a companion article on Lord Beaconsfield, which will shortly be published in *The Century*.



## THE POPE'S MULE.

Translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet.

Among all the choice sayings with which our Provence peasants embellish their discourse, I do not know of a more graphic or curious one than the following: For fifteen leagues around my mill, when they speak of a spiteful, vindictive man, they say: "He is like the pope's mule, that kept her kick for seven years."

I have long sought the origin of this proverb. Nobody has been able to enlighten me about it, not even Francet Mamai, my life-player, who has the legendary lore of Provence at his fingers' ends. He thinks, as I do, that it is based upon some old chronicle of Avignon, but he has never heard any explanation of it. "You will only find that in the grass-hopper's library," said the other fellow with a smile. His idea, however, seemed a good one to me, and as the grass-hopper's library lies just outside my door, I went into retirement there for eight days.

It is a wonderful library, admirably arranged, open to poets day and night, and served by little cymhal-playing librarians, who make music for you continually. I have passed some delicious days there, and, after a week of research, (upon my back,) I have at last found what I wanted—the history of the mule, and of that famous kick which was kept for seven years. It is a pretty story, and I will try to tell it to you just as I read it yesterday morning in a manuscript colored by time and well perfumed with dried lavender.

He who did not see Avignon in the days of the popes has seen nothing. Never was there such a city for gaiety, animation, and fêtes. From morning till night there were processions and pilgrimages; streets strewn with flowers and hung with tapestry; soldiers singing Latin in the squares, cardinals arriving on the Rhone with galleys decked with flags and banners floating in the wind. The houses which crowded about the grand papal palace hummed like bees around their hive with the tic-tac of the lace-ooms, the flying of the shuttles, weaving the gold of the chasubles, the little hammers of the sculptors, the music of the lute-makers, and the songs of the weavers. Above was the constant ringing of the chimes, and below the constant drumming of the tambourines upon the bridge. For with us when the people are content, it is necessary for them to dance; and, as the streets of the city at that time were too narrow for the farandole, fifes and tambourines were stationed on the bridge of Avignon, and there, in the fresh breezes from the Rhone, they danced and danced day and night. Ah! happy time and happy city. Halberds which did not cut; prisons where you were refreshed with wine. Never scarcity, never any war. See how well the popes of Avignon knew how to govern their people, and why their people have missed them so much.

There was one pope in particular—a good old man, called Boniface, and, oh, how many tears were shed at Avignon when he died! He was such an amiable and engaging prince; he smiled at you so sweetly from the back of his mule; and he gave you his benediction so politely, no matter whether you were a poor little madder-picker or a grand city magistrate. He was a true Pope of Yvetot—but of an Yvetot in Provence—with something subtle in his smile, a sprig of sweet marjoram in his hat, and not a sign of a sweetheart. The only sweetheart which this good father had ever known was his vineyard—a little vineyard which he himself had planted among the myrtles at Châteauneuf, three leagues from Avignon. Every Sunday after vespers he went to pay his court to it. There, seated in the sunshine, with his mule and his cardinals about him, he would have a flagon of native wine—that beautiful ruby wine which has ever since been known as the Château-neuf-des-Papes. This he would consume very leisurely, while he looked with tender regard at his vines. Then, when the flagon was empty, and the day declining, he would joyously reënter the town, followed by all his chapter; and as he crossed the bridge of Avignon, in the midst of the tambourines and the farandoles, his mule would be inspired by the music to fall into a little tripping gait, while he himself kept time to the dance with his cap—a proceeding which greatly scandalized his cardinals, but which made all the people exclaim, "Ah, the good prince! Ah, the gallant pope!"

Next to his vineyard, the dearest thing in the world to the pope was his mule. The good man was passionately fond of this beast. Every night before retiring he went to see that the stable door was securely closed, and that there was nothing lacking about the manger, and he never left the table without having prepared a great hasin of French wine, with plenty of sugar and spices, which he took to her himself, despite the observations of his cardinals. But it must be admitted that the brute was worth the trouble. She was a beautiful black mule, with a red spots, a glossy coat, large and full hindquarters, and sure of foot. She had a haughty carriage of her little, lean head, all harnessed with pompons, bows, silver bells, and ribbons. She was gentler than an angel, and had a naïve eye, and two long ears which were always joggling, and which gave her the appearance of a good girl. All Avignon respected her, and when she passed along the streets there was nothing in the way of politeness that was not shown to her, for everybody knew that this was the surest way of standing well at court, and that she, with her innocent air, had led more than one person to fortune. In proof of this latter, witness the remarkable adventures of Tistet Vedene.

Tistet Vedene was an impudent rascal whom his father, a gold engraver, had been obliged to drive from his house because he refused to work and debauched the other apprentices. For six months he was seen dragging his jacket through all the gutters of Avignon, but chiefly alongside of the papal palace; for the rogue had for some time been directing his mind toward the pope's mule, and there was mischief in it, as you shall see. One day when his holiness was walking with his beast under the ramparts, behold Tistet thus accosting him, with hands clasped in an attitude of admiration: "Ah! what a noble mule you have there, holy father. Stop a moment while I look at her. Ah, what a beautiful mule! The Emperor of Germany has not one equal to her!" And he caressed her, and said to her, as

sweetly as if she were a young lady, "Come here, my jewel, my treasure, my cunning pearl." The good pope, greatly moved, said to himself: "What a nice little hoy; how polite he is to my mule." And do you know what happened the next day? Tistet Vedene changed his old yellow jacket for a beautiful lace alh, a camail of violet silk, and huckled shoes; and he entered into the service of the pope where hitherto nobody had ever been received except the sons of noblemen and the nephews of cardinals.

Nor did he stop there. Once in the palace, the rogue continued the game which had proved so profitable to him. He was insolent to everybody except the mule, upon whom he bestowed all his attentions. He was always to be seen about the courts of the palace with a handful of oats or a hunch of French grass which he would shake gracefully, looking all the while at the holy father's balcony, as if to say, "Hey! Who is this for?" So well did this trick work, that the good pope, who felt himself growing old, finally allowed him to watch over his stable, and to take the mule her basin of French wine—all of which did not please the cardinals very much, nor did the mule enjoy it. At the times for serving her wine she now saw five or six little clerks, with their camails and their laces, thrusting themselves into her stable, and then, in a moment there was a delicious odor of caramel and spices, and Tistet Vedene appeared hearing the hasin of French wine. From that instant the poor beast's martyrdom began. These cruel profligates brought the perfumed wine, which she so much loved, to her manger, and made her fill her nostrils with its odor; then snatched it away from her and poured it down their own gullets. Nor were they satisfied with stealing her wine, for all these little clerks became like so many devils after they had drunk it. One would pull her ears, another her tail. Quiquet would mount upon her back. Beluguet would try his cap upon her. And not one of the rogues imagined that with a single kick the poor beast could send them all into the polar star.

But no; one is not a pope's mule, a mule of benedictions and indulgence for nothing. The boys had done their parts well, and she was not angry with them. It was only to Tistet Vedene that she wished any harm. When she felt him behind her, her foot itched for him; and naturally enough, such wicked tricks did he play upon her and such cruelty did he concoct for her after his drinking. Did he not one day conceive the plan of making her ascend with him in the bell-tower to the very summit of the palace? I am not telling an idle tale; two hundred thousand people of Provence saw the occurrence. You can imagine the terror of the unhappy mule, when, after having revolved for an hour in a spiral staircase, and climbed I know not how many steps, she suddenly found herself upon the platform, dazzled with light, and looking down one thousand feet, upon a fantastic Avignon, with its market sheds no bigger than hazel nuts, its papal soldiers like red ants, and, stretching across a thread of silver, a little microscopic bridge upon which the people danced! Ah! poor beast! what a panic she was in. The cry which she uttered shook all the window-panes in the palace.

"What is that? What has happened?" cried the good pope, rushing out upon his balcony.

Tistet Vedene was already in the court, making a pretense of weeping and tearing his hair. "Ah! holy father, it is your mule. My God! what will become of us? Your mule has ascended into the hell-tower."

"All alone?"

"Yes, holy father, all alone. Hold! Look up there. Do you not see the ends of her ears moving about like a couple of swallows?"

"Mercy on me," said the poor pope, raising his eyes, "she has become insane. She is going to commit suicide. Will you not come down, unhappy creature?"

Alas! she would have asked nothing better than to come down; but how? The staircase was not to be thought of; she might mount it, but to descend it would break her legs a hundred times. And so the poor animal was roving disconsolately about the platform, with her big eyes full of vertigo and her mind full of Tistet Vedene. "Ah, you ruffian," she thought, "if I escape from here what a kick you shall have to-morrow morning!"

This thought of the kick put a little heart into her legs, and without it she would have dropped. At length the people arrived to bring her down, but it proved a serious affair. It was necessary to lower her with ropes, a jackscrew, and a handbarrow. And think what a humiliation it was for a pope's mule to find herself dangling from such a height, and working her feet like a May bug on the end of a thread, and all Avignon looking at her.

The unhappy beast could not sleep that night on account of it. It seemed to her all the time as if she were still whirling around on that cursed platform, with the city laughing at her from below. Then, too, she kept thinking of that infamous Tistet Vedene, and of the fine kick which she proposed to send after him the next morning. Ah, my friends, what a kick that was to be! The smoke of it would be visible from Pampeluna.

But while this beautiful reception was being prepared for Tistet in the stable, do you know what he was doing? He was sailing and singing down the Rhone on a papal galley, on his way to the court of Naples with a troop of young nobles, whom the city sent every year to Queen Joan to perfect themselves in diplomacy and good manners. Tistet was not of noble birth, but the pope wished to reward him for the care which he had given to his beast, and especially for the activity which he had displayed on the day of her rescue from the tower.

So the mule was disappointed the next morning. "Ah! the ruffian! he suspected something," she thought, as she shook her bells with rage. "But no matter; go along, you wicked fellow; you will find your kick on your return. I will keep it for you." And she did keep it for him.

After the departure of Tistet the mule resumed her former tranquil life. No more Quiquet and no more Beluguet about her stable. The good old days of French wine returned again, and with them came good humor, long siestas, and the little dancing gait when she crossed the bridge of Avignon. Nevertheless a slight coolness was observable in the town since her adventure. There were ominous whisperings along the route; the old men shook their heads, and the children looked at the bell-tower and laughed. Even the good old pope himself had less confidence in his friend than formerly, and when he took his little nap on her

back, while returning from his vines on Sundays, he was always haunted by the thought, "Suppose I should awake and find myself on the top of that platform!" The mule saw all this, and endured it without a word; only when the name of Tistet Vedene was mentioned in her presence she smiled and whetted the iron of her hoofs on the pavement.

Seven years passed in this way, and then Tistet Vedene returned from the court at Naples. He had not served his full time there, but he had heard that the first mustard-maker to the pope had just died suddenly at Avignon, and, as the position seemed a good one to him, he had hurried back to apply for it. When this intriguer entered the hall of the palace the good father had trouble in recognizing him, so large had he grown. But, on the other hand, the good pope had grown old, and could no longer see well without his glasses. But Tistet, not all intimidated, said:

"What, holy father, do you not know me? It is I—Tistet Vedene."

"Vedene?"

"Yes; you know me well—he who used to carry the French wine to your mule."

"Ah, yes, yes. I remember! A good little boy, that Tistet Vedene. And what is it that he now desires of us?"

"Oh, holy father, it is only a little thing that I have come to ask of you. By the way, have you your mule still? And is she well? Ah! so much the better. I came to ask you for the position of the first mustard-maker, who has just died."

"First mustard-maker! You! But you are too young. How old are you?"

"Twenty years and two months, illustrious pontiff; just five years older than your mule. Ah! the gallant beast. If you only knew how I loved that mule! How I languished for her in Italy! Would you not let me see her?"

"Yes, my child, you shall see her," said the pope, greatly overcome; "and since you love her so much, I no longer wish you to live far away from her. From this day I make you my first mustard-maker. My cardinals will cry out about it, but so much the worse for them. I am used to it. Come to us to-morrow at the close of vespers, and we will bestow upon you the insignia of your rank in the presence of our chapter, and then—I will take you to see the mule, and you shall go with us to visit the vineyard. Ha! ha!"

I need not tell you with what impatience Tistet awaited the morrow. And yet there was some one in the palace still happier and still more impatient than he, and this was the mule. From the moment of Vedene's return until vespers the next day, the terrible beast did not cease cramming herself with oats and shooting at the wall behind her with her hoofs. She was also preparing herself for the ceremony.

When vespers were over on the following day, Tistet made his entrée into the court of the palace. All the clergy, high and low, were there—the cardinals in red robes, the devil's advocate in black velvet, the abbots of the convent with their little white miters, the church wardens of St. Agricol, the papal soldiers in grand uniforms, the brotherhoods of penitents, the hermits of Mount Ventoux, the scourging brothers, the sacristans in judges' gowns—all, all were there, even to those who extinguish the candles. Ah, it was a fine ordination, with the bells, the petards, the sunshine, the music, and always those mad tambourines which led the dance down on the bridge of Avignon.

When Vedene appeared in the midst of the assemblage, his noble carriage and beautiful mien sent a thrill of admiration through it. He was a magnificent Provençal, with long fair hair, curled at the end, and a little soft beard, which looked as if it had been taken from the golden shavings which fell from the burin of his father, the engraver. There was a story that the fingers of Queen Joan had sometimes played in this blonde beard, and Sir Vedene had, in truth, the proud bearing and heedless look of men whom queens have loved. This day, in honor of his country, he had changed his Neapolitan vestments for a jacket bordered with roses of Provence, and a great stork's feather of Camarque trembled upon his hood.

As soon as he entered, the first mustard-maker made a gallant salute, then started toward the high steps where the pope was waiting to bestow on him the insignia of his rank—a spoon of yellow boxwood and a saffron coat. At the bottom of the stairway stood the mule, all harnessed, and ready to set out for the vines. As he passed near her, Tistet smiled, and stopped to give her two or three friendly pats on the back, looking all the while out of the corner of his eye to see whether the pope was watching him. The position was auspicious. The mule gave a spring. "Take it! catch it! reprobate! Seven years have I kept it for you!" And she sent after him a kick so terrible that they saw the smoke of it from Pampeluna—a whirlwind of golden smoke, in which fluttered a stork's feather—all that was left of the unlucky Tistet Vedene.

The kicks of mules are not ordinarily so dreadful; but this was a papal mule, and only think how she had kept her kick for seven years! There is not on record a finer example of ecclesiastical spite.

Mahel is Sitting at the Piano, and she is Singing a Song. The Song says he is Waiting for Her in the Gloaming. Mahel appears to be Giving herself Dead Away. He is Not Waiting for Her in the Gloaming at all. He has just Drawn a hob-tail Flush, and he is Wondering whether he had Better Pull Out or Stand in on a Bluff. Mahel Would Touch a Responsive Chord in his Bosom if she were to sing, Take Back the Hand which thou Gavest.—*Denver Tribune Primer.*

Says a French journal: "When a lady receives a visit from a gentleman ought she to rise or remain seated when the visitor enters and when he takes his leave?" If the lady lives here, says a Washington paper, she will rise, without regard to Parisian etiquette, and accompany him as far as the hall, to see that he doesn't carry off a ten-dollar ivory-handled umbrella in place of the dollar-and-a-half cotton one usually carried by visiting statesmen.

"Some recent exhumations in Egypt," says the *Times*, "have brought to light the supposed statue of Potiphar's wife, and competent judges say that if the thing of which was true to life, Joseph was justified in having his coat



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## THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

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The journals of this city have for some days been descending upon fruit and raisin culture, small farming, etc. It recalls a conversation the writer heard on the cars to San Rafael the other day. A lady and gentleman were discussing the various attractions of California for a home, among others, its climate, soil, and productions. The gentleman insisted that there were localities and conditions where, upon twenty acres of land, a family could be maintained in comfort. This the lady questioned. She admitted having seen advertisements that asserted the possibility, but she had not, in her travels throughout the State, seen any such community. Conversation turned then upon the preposterously rosy announcements made by land speculators, the absurd statements concerning the profits of vine-culture, raisin-making, etc., put forth in the interest of land-owners and heartless speculators. In reply to the assertion that these things induced immigration, the lady remarked: "Disappointed and defrauded immigrants, who are not content and not prosperous, do not make good citizens." Upon this we mused, and we make the remark our text. Misrepresentations put out by speculators to induce persons to break up their homes and associations in other States or other lands to come to California, are crimes that ought to be prevented and punished by law. Lying circulars go abroad from California, and are widely distributed, giving the most absurd statements of the value and annual earnings of our farm lands. These statements are at variance with facts, calculated and intended to deceive, in order that some heartless and conscienceless gambler may earn a commission. The fact is, that small farming is, in this State, as a rule, unprofitable; and, with the exception of some few special productions in some particular localities under exceptional conditions, the small farmer can not make a respectable living. For the poor emigrant who has but small capital, or none, Oregon or Washington Territory is a much safer place to make an effort at farming. Our climate is delightful. California is a rich man's paradise. It is a good place for a person with limited means, in good health, who is willing to labor to carve out a new home. But vine-covered cottages surrounded with groves of orange, pomegranate, and olive-trees, with vineyards and alfalfa fields, which yield five crops a year, are not indigenous to our soil. We do not raise the largest pumpkins in the world without planting them and hoeing about them; [they are

not made into pies, except by the chemistry of milk and eggs, duly mixed, sweetened, and cooked. The land that is not irrigable is, in its productions, a gambling proposition—as uncertain as three-card monte or the string game. There is no country where industrious and patient toil, with economy, produces such results as in California; there is no other country in the world where the soil will smile so broadly when tickled with the hoe and well soaked with water; there is no country in the world where, without water and labor, the soil is more uninviting. We have seen the great rich valleys of the San Joaquin and Sacramento for three seasons in succession not yielding enough grass to support their long-eared hares and cotton-tail rabbits. We have seen these valleys, and the tule lands that margin the rivers, a great fresh-water sea, with steamers navigating above the dykes and levees. We have seen floods and droughts. We have seen families with more than the necessities of life, enjoying luxuries and comforts on twenty acres of reclaimed or irrigated land. We have seen poverty and destitution among the owners of broad acres. We have seen beets, carrots, watermelons, and squashes on tule lands that were heavy to lift. We have seen bushels on bushels of clean wheat in bags on the plains of Salinas, and we have seen clouds of dust sweep across the same lands with summer winds, making them bare and desolate. We have every variety of soil, from richest alluvial to nastiest slickens; we have adobe lands so hard baked and cracked by the sun that it is dangerous to ride across them; we have soils so generous, rich, and productive that a single acre is a bonanza of vegetable possibilities. All of which, being interpreted by a sensible person who intends to immigrate to California, means that he should do so intelligently, and that, after mastering the facts, he should rely on no one's judgment but his own. Fruit, raisin, and vineyard farms are obtainable in this State at government prices. There are public lands in every county in the State. But the only way to find them is by going to the land-office. Many of these lands are enclosed and in seeming occupation, and the honest farmer who has gobbled them does not hesitate to lie when asked if there is any public land in his neighborhood. But the family that enters them must have money to fence, cultivate, and seed them. Fruit trees do not produce till grown; raisins are not made till the third year of the vine. A house may be cheaply improvised, but bacon and flour are indispensable. The country store is not an eleemosynary institution, and the country merchant is not indiscriminate in his philanthropy. To irrigate land is expensive. To depend upon God—we mean Jupiter Pluvius, the heathen god—is uncertain, and a year or two of drought is a calamity which nothing but coin can avert. Valley land of good quality may be obtained for twenty dollars an acre, but it takes twenty dollars more an acre to pay for water rights. Land may be obtained in the tules for twenty dollars an acre, but twenty dollars more are required to levee them, and keep them dry. We know of no lands where, upon twenty acres, a person may make a living, that are attainable for less than thirty or forty dollars per acre, and these lands require labor on them to reduce them to a perfect level for irrigation. An institution styling itself the "Pacific Coast Immigrant Association" puts out the following allurements to induce purchasers to invest in lands claimed to be owned by it in Tulare County. It owns three thousand three hundred and sixty acres of land, on which there is a small house, barn, well, and pump. Why the pump should be advertised, when it is declared that the land is "thoroughly irrigated" we leave our readers to guess. Four hundred acres have been plowed, and forty acres sowed in alfalfa. The land cost twenty dollars per acre. It is to be planted to broom-corn, the company receiving two-fifths of the net crop. The crop will be worth one hundred dollars per acre. Almond, apricot, and prune trees and vines are to be planted. The purchaser of a share, representing twenty acres, receives it for four hundred dollars, paying no part of the principal, but nine per cent. interest. And this is the statement:

First year's interest on one share, twenty acres, \$400.....	\$36 00
Water for irrigating.....	20 00
Plowing, \$1.25 per acre.....	25 00
Seed.....	5 00
Planting and care of nursery, not to exceed, per share.....	8 00

Total cost per share.....\$94 00  
Probable profits, two-fifths of the crop, taking last year's yield as an estimate, \$40.00 per acre.....\$80 00  
That is, at the end of the year you will have your money back that you advanced, your land paid for, three hundred and six dollars in your pocket, and trees and vines enough to plant upward of half your land in orchard and vineyard, and, besides, your land will have more than doubled in value.

In plain words, this is the proposition: The purchaser pays ninety-four dollars, and at the end of a year will own twenty acres of irrigated land set out to fruit-trees and vines, and have three hundred and six dollars in coin. If this is not a swindle, it is a most excellent investment. If anybody is idiot enough to give this concern ninety-four dollars in advance, and at the end of a year expect to receive, in land and money, seven hundred and six dollars, we can only say he deserves to be swindled. A very attractive advertise-

ment in the *Bulletin* says: "The Fresno Vineyard Company, with four hundred acres of land, represented by two thousand shares, offers eight hundred shares for sale at 'forty dollars per share.' This land, says the agent, will produce ten tons of grapes per acre. The grapes will sell for twenty-five dollars per ton, or—less cultivation—two hundred and thirty dollars per acre. The annual income on eight hundred shares will be thirty-six thousand dollars. In other words, an expenditure of thirty-two thousand dollars will in one year produce thirty-six thousand dollars, and the parties will own the land. This speculative scheme brings two hundred dollars per acre for a two-year-old vineyard. An investment of one thousand dollars will purchase five acres of land, and return more than eleven hundred dollars the first year. If the Fresno Vineyard Company can sell four hundred acres of land, two years to vines, for eighty thousand dollars, it will doubtless be a very good thing for the company, as the property is not probably worth more than one-quarter of that sum, and will not probably bring the cost of cultivation and improvements for the first three years. Our San Francisco Board of Trade is making an honest effort to encourage immigration. It could not do a better thing for California and its people than to expose all delusive schemes that are entered into by land speculators and adventurers to decoy immigrants to the country. The man or the company that would take an immigrant's money through misrepresentation should be dealt with as a criminal. We are not very enthusiastic over immigrant aid societies. We are not over-anxious that there should be invited the mendicants and paupers from Europe to come over and occupy our lands. We are quite willing to welcome from England, Germany, and Northern Europe a class of industrious, provident foreign citizens, with means to enable them to purchase land, and to become self-supporting. Steam lines, railroad companies, land speculators, and the Roman Catholic Church may find it to their profit to overrun this country with paupers. Our population of fifty millions is rapidly increasing; our public lands are rapidly decreasing. We would save this rich inheritance of our public domain for those yet to be born on American soil, and we would not hasten to give it away; and we would not have anybody swindled out of their money by land speculators, because we agree with the lady whom we overheard on the cars that 'disappointed and defrauded immigrants, who are not content and not prosperous, do not make good citizens.'

The administration has apparently concluded to formally declare war upon Blaine. One of the first steps was the purchase of the *National Republican*. This will be the administration organ, and Gorham will be the crank. Among the dogs of war which Arthur will let slip, Black-and-Tan will not be the least noisy. It is to be hoped that the administration will be more fortunate in the selection of its second organ than it was in that of the first, the *Baltimore Times*, which perished, amid acute financial spasms, after a stormy life of one week. The *National Republican*, being long established, will probably prove more stable. This journal has not had a very savory record. It was purchased by Brady, of the Star Route gang, and used by him as a mud fountain with which to besmear honest men. He selected Gorham for the Chief Excavator—a most happy choice. The paper persistently and bitterly abused the late President, and its files were introduced by Guiteau's counsel at the trial to show the influences working upon the assassin's mind. When the Star Route gang of thieves were threatened, the *National Republican* defended them enthusiastically. In addition to its other merits, the *Republican* possesses the reputation of being the worst journalistic thief in the country. What is bred in the editor will come out in the staff. Altogether the administration is to be congratulated upon its selection of both organ and animal.

It will probably interest some of our local Land-Leaguers to know how the cause in which they are interested is speeding in Ireland. The dailies preserve a remarkable silence on the subject. We will give a few of the most striking occurrences during the month of December. In Bilbo, County Limerick, the tenants of one O'Grady were evicted. By way of reprisal, the Land-Leaguers broke the legs of O'Grady's goats. Near Mullingar lived an aged widow, Mrs. Croughan, and her two daughters. The house was attacked in the night by some masked Land-Leaguers, and the widow fired upon. She escaped into an inner room, where her two daughters were, one of them being ill. The scoundrels burst the door in, fired repeatedly, killed one of her daughters, and wounded another. Cause—they had paid their rent. At Cordal, near Castle Island, Michael Flynn, one of Lord Bantry's tenants, was aroused in the night by a loud knocking at the door. He arose and opened it, when a dozen men entered, seized him, and fired at his legs, breaking them in three places. Cause—he had paid his rent. Near Loughgall, County Armagh, the dwelling of a farmer named McCormack was burned to the ground. Cause—he had paid his rent. At Ballyfarnon, County Roscommon, James Brennan was shot dead through the window



while sitting at his own fireside. Cause—he had not paid his rent, hut had loaned his brother money to pay his. At Baltinglass, County Wicklow, Mr. Fenton, a hoycotted farmer, died. The Land-Leaguers refused to allow the undertakers to bury him. He had to be put to his last rest in a rude, home-made coffin, handled by constables, and it was borne to the grave in the carriage of a friend who did not fear the Land League. The gentleman's name should be known—it was Mr. Fitzwilliam Dick. At Scrahan, County Kerry, lived a widow, Bridget Lenane, and her three children. Toward midnight a gang of twenty men, with blackened faces, hurst into her house. They accused her of being "an informer," and one of them aimed a gun at her. As he was about to fire, one of her children sprang in front of her. The woman was uninjured, hut the child—a girl of seven—was shot through the legs. This is the record of only one month. It is so encouraging, however, that we hasten to lay it before the San Francisco Land Leagues, that they may not falter in the good work.

A special committee of the Board of Supervisors have been engaged in investigating the causes of the extraordinary consumption of liquor at the hospital. These causes are as yet wrapped in mystery; the amount consumed in January, however, was about forty gallons. This can not hut excite the most lively apprehensions for the health of the patients. To the reflective mind it would appear as though they were in danger of what the doctors call *mania a potu*, and what laymen are in the habit of familiarly dubbing James Jams.

The *Examiner* has for some time been carrying on a most praiseworthy crusade against the hay pirates who are rendering our harbor odious all over the world. The evil has existed for years, hut the burdens now imposed on ship-masters and consignees are more onerous than ever. We do not refer to any quarantine fees or regulations. We are of the opinion that the quarantine laws can not be too strictly enforced, and that any inconvenience which may result therefrom to ship-owners, masters, or passengers is inevitable. The public health is of more importance than aught else. We are sorry that the *Examiner* should have been diverted from its true point of attack, and spent so much time and trouble in a skirmish which is unworthy of either. When it was engaged in pointing out the various exorbitant rates imposed in this harbor on everything connected with the entry, loading, and dispatch of vessels, it had the moral support of the business community. One of the most threatening features of the case is the coming competition of the Southern Pacific Railroad. Its managers propose to make a determined effort to secure the wheat export trade of the coast. If harbor dues were low, it is doubtful whether they could secure more than a portion of it. As they are, however, it will be impossible for ship-owners to compete with them, and it is extremely probable that the grain-carrying business of the coast will pass into their hands. Our harbor will cease to be the husy hive of industry that it now is, and the hay pirates will have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

A French Canadian journal, *Le Travailleur*, is pitching into Blaine. In a memorandum to the British minister, dated May 20, 1881, the then Secretary informed him that the Canadians were bringing the small-pox into the United States. This assertion has excited the ire of *Le Travailleur*. It says: "The more this man Blaine insults us, the more we will remain good Frenchmen and Catholics." It threatens the ex-Premier with Canadian wrath, and concludes an eloquent philippic by calling him an "homme has et sordide." These damaging facts we respectfully place at the service of the administration.

The disputed boundary question between Mexico and Guatemala is hy no means settled. A recent number of a Mexican journal, *El Siglo Diez y Nueve*, gives some details regarding the matter. It seems that the offer of arbitration made by the United States government has been refused by Mexico, although Guatemala was willing to accept it. This looks as though Guatemala had the right of the matter, and as if Mexico were unwilling to submit to a fair arbitrament. On the other hand, *El Siglo* claims that the disputed territory has belonged to Mexico ever since she shook off the Spanish yoke, and that even Guatemalan maps have always recognized that fact. The answer the Mexican government made to our offers of mediation was more than cold. Mariscal, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, replied that the arbitration of the United States would be accepted "on no consideration," and that Mexico wanted only her rights, and was going to have them. A significant fact in this connection is the arrival in this city, a few days ago, of Señora Barrios, the wife of the Guatemalan President, accompanied by his family.

The journals of this city are expressing great indignation at the various parties concerned in the marriage of a Miss Willis to one Gottung, a convicted murderer. The persons condemned are the murderer's counsel, the clerk who issued

the license, and the justice who married them. This is unfair. In that much talked of and little read document, the Constitution of the United States, the right of a man to make a fool of himself is expressly secured. It goes without saying that the palladium of our liberties never attempted to deprive women of that inestimable privilege.

It is doubtful if any of the honored and seemingly popular monarchs, kings, or queens of Europe—he of Italy or Belgium, the emperor of Germany or the queen of England—should meet the fate of our late President, there would he felt or expressed for them, or either of them, the same unaffected, sincere, and universal regret that has been entertained for our dead Chief Magistrate. This evidences either that our party resentments are less hitter, or that we hold the law and its representatives in higher veneration. England, and all of Europe, may laugh at our modes of thought; may sneer at our laws, and the forms of our legal tribunals; may criticise the Guiteau trial, its court, its insolent and colloquial prisoner, its gaping and sometimes thoughtless mob, the freedom of public trial carried to the extreme; hut, after all, we shall hang the man who killed our President, and we shall hang him by the universal consent of all our people, after conviction that the wretched man deserves his death. We have lost two Presidents by assassination. It is the penalty of the great office to become the mark for the criminal assaults of malicious and vengeful men; and yet the nation has felt, and the incumbent of the presidential position feels, that he is surrounded by stronger influences of safety, and guarded by stronger hands and truer hearts, than he would find in a body-guard, or household troops, or a standing army. Every pleasant day the President may be seen walking arm in arm with a friend in the crowded avenues of Washington. He rides unattended in an open harouche throughout the city and its suburbs. He is safer, we believe, than the emperor of all the Russias in his prison-palace, guarded by Cossack and Hun, or her majesty of England, surrounded by her Coldstream and Light Brigade gentlemen, and the Horse Guards that do the rougher work of keeping the royal coach free from the swell-mob of London. The people are especially gratified that they may look forward with confidence to Guiteau's death; not that the poor fool is worthy of a brave man's hate, hut that his death may place another moral barrier of safety around the life of the Chief Magistrate of our Republic.

The Oakland jury, who failed to convict a person accused of having violated the Sunday law, doubtless did a very reprehensible thing. But they were a very fair average of juries, and this experience will probably be repeated elsewhere. It will be extremely difficult to get a jury to convict on this charge, unless it be in a picked locality. In the cities and the larger towns conviction will be next to impossible. In the country villages it may be feasible. The country is popularly supposed to be more moral.

The question whether, under the new constitution, the city must pay for water, has at last been submitted to the Supreme Court. It is hoped and believed that an early decision will be rendered. In whichever way the court shall decide, the people of this city will be benefited. The decision will spare the five or six thousand readers of the *Bulletin* the infliction of having to face, once a week, a leading editorial about the dastardly assurance of the Spring Valley Water Works and its rate-payers, in asking that the latter should be relieved from having to pay for water supplied for the protection of property from fire. This is the only topic upon which that paper has, in its old age, been glowingly warm. At times it has been up to fever heat, and its ravings have been pitiable. The *Argonaut* has from time to time tried to administer to it mollifying doses of editorial holuses, hut with no other result than to produce diaphoretic indications. It has become hideously dropsical, and we are satisfied that only Supreme Court surgery can let the water out of its almost bursting cuticle. It is to be hoped that, in deciding the important question involved, the court will be able to find the law in harmony with justice, so that the eighteen thousand water rate-payers shall no longer be burdened with the entire cost of the water supply. It will be a blessing to many to know the hest, and not wholly without comfort to know the worst; and no one will feel hetter satisfied with the court's decision than the readers of the *Argonaut* and of the *Bulletin*—the former because they are all consumers of water, the latter because they are sick *ad nauseam* reading editorial abuse and demagogic falsehood.

The disappointment which the country feels at the sluggishness displayed by the government in the prosecution of the Star Route thieves is tempered by these three facts: 1. Mr. Brewster, the new attorney-general, wears lace ruffles and a distinguished air; 2. His wife possesses great beauty; 3. He comes from one of the most aristocratic families of Philadelphia.

## SARGENT.

Washington, February 2, 1882.—As to whether Mr. Sargent will be appointed to the cabinet, there is no one who can speak by authority. The President is reticent beyond anything that has ever yet been seen in national politics. One of his friends said last night, in conversation with a little conclave of Stalwarts, that in this respect he heat Grant, for Grant would talk with his friends, hut Arthur was uncommunicative to friends and strangers alike. When I arrived in Washington it was a conceded fact that Sargent was to be appointed at once. He himself gave out this impression to senators and other friends. The idea that he was to be Secretary of the Interior permeated that department. He was acting as attorney in important land matters pending before the department, and for this reason there were found persons ungenerous enough to say that he was playing the confidence game for a double purpose—first, to overawe the clerks and subordinates in the Land Office, that they might give his cases prompt and favorable attention; and second, to keep off other candidates for the place. January passed, February is here, and Mr. Sargent is not yet before the Senate for confirmation. There are many who think that he will not succeed. The opposition to him has not come from California. It has come from those who have been associated with him in public life, and who thoroughly know his mental and moral characteristics. The opposition to him is strong, outspoken, and resolute; so far, its movers are confident that he will not be appointed. The *New York Herald*, the *New York Sun*, the *New York Times*, *Harper's Weekly*, (George William Curtis,) the *Evening Express*, (Godkin & Schurz,) the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Cincinnati Commercial*, the *San Francisco Chronicle*, the *Oregonian*, and other and lesser journals are out in open opposition to him. An ex-senator, a Stalwart, and friend of the "gang," says that on Tuesday last Conkling told him that Sargent's appointment would be an unwise one. General Grant, on the same day, told him the same thing, and said that he had so informed the President. Senators Cameron and Logan are not only not in favor of him, hut are openly and aggressively active against him. The Iowa Legislature has asked the retention of Kirkwood, and Senator-elect James F. Wilson has informed the President that here is his opportunity to make friends in the strongest Republican State, and one that in the next national convention will have twenty-six delegates. Now, the inquiry naturally arises—with this Stalwart opposition, with an almost united press against him, with the unanimous opposition of the Half-breeds—where does Mr. Sargent find his strength? It is said here—I do not say it—that it comes from the Central Pacific Railroad. I am informed by private letters that there is some curiosity as to my position in reference to this business. There need not be. I am opposed to Mr. Sargent's going into the cabinet. I think it would be had politics for our State. I think it would bring to the top a political element in California that is had—an element that has always brought disaster. I am not convinced that Mr. Sargent has become in any sense alienated from the devilish gang of thieves and cowards who have so long dishonored him by their influence over him. But I am in no position to defeat him, or to endeavor to defeat him. The men in Washington with whom I might have claimed association have been deprived of office and of influence by the deadly bullet of the assassin Guiteau. If I were ever so much disposed to drive Sargent to private life—where he and his associates, twelve years ago, drove me—I would not have the power to do him harm. I have no access to the ear of any man in office. I have not attempted to see the President, nor any of his cabinet, nor his private secretary, nor any one near to him or them, in reference to this or any other office. I have not forgotten the efforts of Sargent, Gorham, and Carr to ruin my reputation before the Judiciary Committee of the Senate by means as cowardly as they were false. Nor have I forgotten the time when, in vindication of the character of Black-and-Tan, an issue was made upon my reputation for truth and veracity; nor Mr. William B. Carr's attempt to assassinate me; nor his endeavor to bribe my publisher, that the *Argonaut* might be crushed; nor Black-and-Tan's denunciation of me at Platt's Hall as guilty of the crime of perjury; nor the thousand lesser details of a conspiracy, altogether hase and altogether cowardly, and in which I believe Mr. Sargent to have been an active participant. I have not forgotten these things, for they are branded in upon my memory as with a red-hot iron. If I have not opposed Mr. Sargent's appointment, it is not because I have lacked the will, hut the opportunity. When this is received by the readers of the *Argonaut*, Aaron A. Sargent will be in the Cabinet of the United States as Secretary of the Interior, or he will have accepted some office of lesser dignity in compromise, or he will have been forever relegated to private life. Wherever he is, he and his confederates will not respect me the less, and I shall respect myself the more, that I have not turned the other cheek to those assailing and malignant devils who have carried their resentments beyond the confines of politics and p into the domain of my private life.



THE GATES FAMILY MYSTERY.

By Edward Thornton.

IV.

Be cautious regarding Borgesson. Nothing to be alarmed about. I have intimations that he is an officer who left the Swedish army under some suspicion in connection with copies of State papers sold to the Russians. Will send all information our agent can obtain as soon as possible.

Neither of the men spoke for some time after Damon laid down the dispatch. Finally Mr. Gates said, as though he were giving words to a conclusion he had repeated to himself: "There is simply nothing to be done except to do nothing. I don't imagine he knows enough to arrive at a correct estimate of our Cause, and in the future he must be kept here as much as possible, without being at any of our business dinners. I know he can be depended on to come here whenever invited. I told Fanny yesterday afternoon that I should depend on her to secure his loyalty to our house, if not to our Cause."

Damon winced at these words. He, of course, had long understood Fanny's position. He knew that in a score of instances men whom it was desirable should be brought frequently within the influence of the house, and whose interests were not such that they could be made speedy converts, had been made constant attendants by Fanny's art. Yet, knowing this, he had never heard it spoken of, and to hear her father refer to it as though he had ordered his daughter to write a letter, did make him wince for a moment, and then he thought, with a sense of relief, that it corroborated his own estimate of Fanny's manner with Borgesson the night before.

For many weeks after his first visit, Borgesson dined occasionally, and called in the evenings frequently at the Gates's. But though apparently he was welcomed warmly, and his presence caused no restraint, he never heard a scrap of conversation there that would give him any clue to the exact character of the conspiracy he knew existed. This, of course, annoyed him, for he was impatient to lay the plot before his confederate in Washington. It was doubtless the consciousness of his own treachery that kept him from openly asking Mr. Gates for more information, and, playing somewhat in the dark, he was afraid to inquire elsewhere for fear of disclosing, or at least intimating, his own game.

He did attempt once or twice to question his assistants, who day and night were working on the terrible instruments of destruction conceived in the brain of Ericsson. He found those men intelligent, silent workers, but without enough *finesse* to hide the fact that they had been warned against talking with him about anything else than their work. He also discovered that the foreman in charge of the work at night had made a special study of all, and copied many, of his mechanical plans and drawings.

With this unintended hint that while he might not be suspected he was yet not to be entirely trusted, he continued his visits to the Gates's, with the determination to learn something, at least, of the mystery. He soon saw that there was to be no more "abstract discussion" on Pacific Coast independence, or kindred subjects, in his presence, at least at the dinner-table. Ordinary dinner-table topics were ordinarily treated; the new dishes and old wines discussed—

"Sir! I heard you. I caught that sneer as you read that last sentence. "Nice folks, those Gates, to allow their cook and wines to be discussed at their own table." Why, you self-avowed dyspeptic! Do you eschew the play as a topic of conversation when you go to the theatre? Do you ostracise the topic of pictures when you visit the art gallery? And must we go to the opera and talk of the heresy trial? Certainly we must; for when confessed devotees of the greatest of all arts—the art of dining—when worshipping at the very shrine of that art we may not exalt it in words. You are a he-prude, sir, and I hate you, and only wish that hereafter you may dine in proportion to your appreciation of dining; for then you'd speedily starve to death, which would rejoice me, and I'd lunch over your grave in grateful rites to the art you had died for offending."

The passion Fanny had excited in the Swede on the first evening of their acquaintance burned fiercer with each meeting; and while she was keen enough to see this, she felt she could do nothing to discourage and offend him, and was too uneasy, almost too frightened, to add to what she knew to be a terrible passion, by so much as a glance. What uneasiness she felt, came from a conviction she shared with Damon— with whom, in their library work, she had become confidential—that Borgesson was capable, in his nature, of using whatever knowledge he had of the Cause as a power over her and her family. Still, she was not yet frightened, for the time was drawing near when all would be known, and the necessity of keeping the Swede's friendship would cease.

One evening at Gates's, just a week before a very notable dinner which occurred there, the Swede contrived to be alone with Fanny in the conservatory—an opportunity he had striven for frequently of late, but which she had, until that night, successfully evaded. She knew what he would say, and was not surprised when he told her that night he loved her, and ended by asking her to be his wife. She was not surprised, yet was unprepared, for she had trusted in her ability to avoid a declaration. When he had finished speaking he stood facing her, with his face unpleasantly whitened again, and his arms folded. He had tried to take her hands, but she had stepped back and clasped them behind her, and they stood in that position while he spoke, and then waited for her reply. She tried hard to think of some way to hold him in suspense for only one week, "then," she kept saying to herself, "it will be all right." But his manner and face, not his words, had disturbed her, and she could only say at last, without looking up: "Not now, Mr. Borgesson; I can not answer you now. In one week—one week from to-night—I will answer you. Please go now."

He took the hand she half held out, lifted it to his lips, and went away. As he passed by the door of the library he overheard Mr. Gates's voice saying:

"Yes, general, we have decided upon one week from to-night, and we must all come prepared to make final reports."

One week from that night the grand dining-room of the

Gates residence contained a notable gathering of San Francisco's wealthy and powerful men, and the wives of such of them as had better halves. The latter, as if to show that Mrs. Gates's boast about their willingness to pledge their jewels meant something more than a sentiment of devotion to the Cause, were, as the social reporters say, loaded with resplendent diamonds. There was the stillness of absolute interest when Judge Lake rose, with glass in hand, and said, "Our Cause." All rose and drank. Chauncy Gates alone remained standing, and when the others were seated, and all looking toward him, he said:

"Our Cause has grown mighty, and to this almost culminating point without speech-making; and even now, with so many glorious results achieved, over which an eloquent man might indeed gain inspiration almost, I have no word of regret that I am not eloquent. I have no need to be. I speak to men and women who know our Cause, and love it, too, just as I do. I have no knowledge of detail that you have not all discussed, no loyalty to assert with which you are not already inspired. We meet here to-night for probably the last time in secret, for to-morrow the governors of the Pacific Coast States and Territories issue calls for special sessions of the various legislatures. Then we must all go to our assigned posts of duty, and wait, ready to act, until the legislatures meet, and the acts of secession are accomplished. Until then we must not meet here, for suspicion and inquiry will be active; and now, so near the glorious goal, nothing must be done to discover to the government at Washington the nature of our Cause, and the names of its principal promoters. For months—some of us for nearly a year—we have been actively at work preparing for the event on which our lives perhaps, our fortunes surely, are staked."

"The work, although it has been vast, and sometimes difficult, even under the handling of the distinguished and capable men and women early enlisted in the Cause, has not been, thus far, as difficult as I first thought it would be. We found in the States and Territories of California, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, and Arizona about one and a quarter million of people, having every possibility nature can grant for the mightiness and permanence of a grand nation, but existing without federative government. Bound and handicapped by a distasteful, unnatural, and politically suicidal allegiance to an indifferent government having its head and source of political inspiration over three thousand miles from us, we were, and are, entered in the prodigious contest of nations sorely at a disadvantage. We found this people, under these conditions, silent as to complaint, but not contented. They cried aloud, as they have been crying for years, for help, and not receiving it, cried again; but never complained. Except as to those whose full understanding of our Cause was necessary for its progress, we have not attempted to make avowed advocates, but rather to present abstract facts to the people, which will be naturally applied to the support of the Cause when the legislatures shall vote for secession. Our fund of fact was unlimited. We have found it the easiest of our tasks to demonstrate logically that within our natural boundaries of mountain range and ocean shore lie, awaiting development, the resources that will support a nation of fifty millions of people; and that those resources must continue undeveloped so long as the people we invite to help us with their energies and capital see in us only the youngest, weakest child, whose stalwart, ravenous brothers crowd it from the paternal roof-tree, where ostensibly, only, it has the right of shelter and protection. Much wiser than to starve while its supplications are unheeded, or met with impatient snarls, is for the child to turn elsewhere for protection, or face the world bravely alone. Happily this empire of the Pacific is strong enough to face the world alone; and alone it would derive from every other quarter the very elements of strength, wealth, and prosperity it can never gain while yet a whining dependency upon a distant government, ignorant and indifferent to its rights and interests. I will leave for others at the table to review and finally report all details, save in respect to the comprehensive investigation, that with so much tact and judgment has been pushed in the East, under the management of Mr. Huntington. I refer, of course, to the effort we have made to learn, without exciting suspicion, the probable action of the people in the Eastern States, in the event of our now-assured secession. The great multitude of letters Mr. Damon and myself have received, and carefully studied, during the past week, give us the greatest hope that there will be but a feeble and short-lived resistance to our independence. We draw our conclusions from the correspondence of the agents Mr. Huntington placed in the field, and they are as follows:

"In the first place, following the announcement that we have seceded, there will be a total lack of the feeling that existed in the North when Sumter was fired upon. Preceding that there had been a turbulent protest, by a God-fearing people, against a horrid system, offensive to every instinct of Christianity in the North. Noble and impassioned men and women had for years preached the doctrine of abolition. A sentiment as deep and strong as that which inspired the men of Revolutionary times, had been long growing in the North against the institution of slavery, and when, at last, the insolence hegotten of that institution impelled the first shot against the flag of the Union, a brutally outraged North threw itself in a terrible passion against a foe it knew had long held it in scorn and contempt. It was those years of schooling in abolition doctrines, and the accumulated hate of slavery—yes, and of the slaveholders, too, though it is never admitted—that met and repelled the feeble progress of the "no-war" party in the North. Nothing was settled outside of the slavery question by the war of the rebellion. The right to secede still exists, as the right to independence always has, and always will exist, where the MIGHT to be independent also exists. Our might lies—and this is the point of which I am convinced by the investigations I spoke of—in the non-existence of any such sentiment regarding us which we all know existed in the North toward the South. Our secession will involve no great question of humanity, like slavery; our relations with the Eastern States have been too distant and indifferent to have created either love or hate for us—in fact, knowledge of us. We are a source of too inconsiderable a revenue to the treasury of the government at Washington to be as desirable to the Eastern States as is India to England or Cuba to Spain. As an independent nation, our commerce

with the East will rapidly increase, instead of cease; and so why should they be over-anxious to keep us? But, more than that—the extreme Eastern States have grown into a community of shop-keepers, like England, with whom Blaineism, if you please, is as little popular as is Jingoism with England. The patriotism that evolved the sentiment, 'No North, no South, no East, no West—our Union right or wrong,' played upon more responsive chords twenty years ago than now, especially as it is a patriotism, when applied in the East in regard to us, that would mean a long and expensive war, which could result to them, at best, in simply preserving the sentiment for future use. Further, the amazing amount of railroad building, progressing and contemplated this side of the mountains, means to Pennsylvania, through its iron interests, prosperity and plenty. Pennsylvania would suffer much through a war that would stop so great a part of the demand for railroad iron, and Pennsylvania is very powerful with the government at Washington. Millions of dollars of New York and Boston capital are invested in Pacific Coast and trans-continental railroad projects, all of which would be imperiled by a civil war. New York and Boston have enough representation in the government at Washington to command a hearing. The iron men of the West, the manufacturers of the East, and the capitalists of the great cities would find it difficult to lash themselves into a warring passion against us, when they had time to consider that war with us meant as much harm to their interests as our acknowledged independence would mean gain. A patriotic sentiment loses much of its utility as a battle-cry when it conflicts with the trading interests of a shop-keeping people who are called on to pay the battle bills, and relinquish much esteemed trade at the same time, and all for the sentiment."

"I have given you conclusions drawn only from the opinions of those who have investigated this question intelligently, thoroughly, and in the midst of the people of the East. I am more inclined to accept the conclusions from our own experience here. We know that the only question considered by every interest we have enlisted in our cause is: 'Will it pay?' We have presented such an array of facts in support of our assertion that secession will pay, that in no case have we failed to convince. With a federal government of our own, knowing our own needs and quick to supply them, so far as legislative enactment can; protecting by tariff those interests that require it, and encouraging others with free trade, that without it can not be developed; unhampered by opposing interests in the East; in no danger from foreign complications it may be to the Eastern traders' interest to involve the government at Washington in; with the power to regulate our immigration laws so that the Pacific States, and not the South or West, shall be especially benefited; with laws governing public lands and corporations free from entangling webs that make useless the United States laws on those subjects—we can indeed start fresh in the contest of nations with mighty advantages on our side. That we have placed no absolute trust in the non-resistance of the East to our secession General Barnes will tell you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

San Francisco Winds.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The total movement of wind in this city during the year ending November 30th, 1874, was eighty-four thousand eight hundred and ninety-six miles. The distance given in your table taken from the Buffalo Courier is evidently a typographical error. The Signal Service records in this city show the following yearly movement of wind for each of the respective years, ending December 31:

Year.	Miles.	Year.	Miles.
1872.....	81,468	1877.....	80,949
1873.....	84,301	1878.....	79,387
1874.....	83,799	1879.....	82,575
1875.....	85,995	1880.....	82,754
1876.....	81,618	1881.....	83,105

The greatest monthly movement was ten thousand four hundred and thirty-four miles, July, 1873. Lowest monthly movement, three thousand one hundred and fifteen miles, December, 1876. Greatest hourly velocity was forty-eight miles, June 30, 1873, and January 26, 1875. SAN FRANCISCO, February 4, 1882. OBSERVER.

Household Expenses.

DEAR ARGONAUT: I have been much interested, somewhat amused, and a trifle disgusted by the written woes, perhaps purely hypothetical, of various youths who would a-woolgoo, but can't afford matrimony on two thousand dollars a year. Extreme commiseration prevails over natural reticence, and induces me to communicate my own *bona fide* experience. As few unmarried women of less than twenty-five can have undergone just such a phase, it may have the effect of novelty, at least. Circumstances made it imperative that I should "house-keep" for more than three years—this on an income of one thousand dollars per annum, handicapped at starting by a debt of several hundred dollars. I lived in a California town of some fifteen thousand souls; had three in family, including self; entertained many guests—often two to five for several weeks, sometimes as many as ten beside ourselves. Owning a house, paid no rent, neither hired servants, but liquidated bills for fuel, lights, groceries, produce, milk, water, (at two dollars per ann.,) insurance premium, newspapers, and laundrying, and discharged quite extensive accounts with physicians, dentists, and druggists; dressed extravagantly, people said—mistake on their part—was very economical in that line, except that I would have pretty gloves, boots, and neck garniture, and now and then a fifteen-dollar hat. Much of the time I was paying for lessons in music and French; squandered no money on Cheap John shows, but paid my own way when good looks came to town; was rather prodigal in outlay for carriage hire, boots, dainty stationery, and artists' materials; always disposed of two or three double-eagles for holiday gifts. Traveling expenses, moderate, came in two or three times a year. Bought ices and caramels when my superlatively sweet tooth hankered for such like; gave considerable to charities in broken dishes; lived very well, discharged all old debts, and cried off with a clearance of, if I remember rightly, over one hundred dollars. Of course, all this involved clever management, but it was achieved. I kept a regularly balanced set of books, whose itemized accounts still remain, a monument to the possibilities of a restricted income. Knowing what a vast difference lies between the indispensables for man's comfort and for woman's, I offer no suggestion corrective of the other side of the schedule, but only tender facts, that he who will may profit. And, lest I have to undergo a regular siege of matrimonial overtures, I pray you to withhold austere my address, and to announce, odorately, emphatically, and decidedly, that I am not in the market. Truly yours, DORCAS.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 8, 1882.

M. Paul Bert has been experimenting, at the Jardin des Plantes dissecting-room, on the respiratory organs of some crocodiles, which were recently sent him as a present. He gave their flesh to some of the servants in the menagerie, recommending them to cook and eat it. They did so, and "found that crocodile flesh is tender, delicate, appetizing, and like both salmon and lobster. It has, however, a slight taste of musk."



## TRUTHFUL TALES.

## He Didn't Fancy His Dinners.

One of the ambassadors at Paris has a very indifferent cook.

"That is a detestable dish," says one of the attaches of the legation, forgetting the respect due to his chief.

"Sir," says the ambassador, sternly, "when a man is as particular as you are about his food he usually winds up by marrying his cook."

"That may be," replies the suitor; "but you may depend upon it that it won't be your cook I'll marry!"  
—*New York World.*

## The Theatre Fire.

One night at one of the Paris theatres some odds and ends of scenery took fire, and a very perceptible odor of burning alarmed the spectators.

A panic seemed to be imminent, when Arnal appeared on the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "compose yourselves. There is no danger—I give you my word of honor there is no danger."

The audience did not seem reassured.

"Ladies and gentlemen," continued the author, rising to the necessities of the occasion, "confound your stupid souls, do you think if there was any danger I'd be here?"

The panic collapsed.—*Paris Figaro.*

## Roderigo and the McMurry Mamma.

The heather bloomed gaily along the road-side; the hum of insects and the voices of birds filled the summer air. By the brook that rippled merrily down the mountain-side stood a young man, tapping impatiently with his cane a tiny foot that peeped out from beneath his checkered pants. Brushed carelessly away from his white forehead were two sunnily golden locks, and a number five hat was perched jauntily on the back of his head.

"Will she never come?" he murmured, in low, earnest tones—"never come to hear the sweet words of love that are waiting on my lips for her?"

A fish rose to the surface of the brook, looked at the young man, and went away tired.

"I will seek her," he said; but as he turned to go, a pair of gleaming arms were thrown around his neck, and two rosy lips were puckered up for a kiss.

"So you have come at last?" he said, looking at her fondly.

"Yes," replied the girl. "Birdie McMurry never breaks a promise. I told mamma that she would have to hang out the clothes herself to-day, although it nearly broke my heart to leave her at such a time."

"Great heavens!" said Roderigo to himself, "I had forgotten that it was Monday."—*From "A Wash-Day Idyl," by Murat Halstead in the Chicago Tribune.*

## Why no Scotchmen Go to Heaven.

Long years ago, in times so remote that history does not fix the epoch, a dreadful war was waged by the King of Scotland. Scottish valor prevailed, and the King of Scotland, elated by his success, sent for his prime minister, Lord Alexander.

"Well, Sandy," said he, "is there n'er a king we canna conquer noo?"

"An' it please your majesty, I ken o' a king that your majesty canna vanquish."

"An' who is he, Sandy?"

Lord Alexander, reverently looking up, said: "The king o' heaven."

"The king o' whur, Sandy?"

"The king o' heaven."

The Scottish king did not understand, but was unwilling to exhibit any ignorance.

"Just gang your ways, Sandy, and tell the king o' heaven to gie up his dominions, or I'll come myself and ding him oot o' them; and mind, Sandy, ye dinna come hack to us until ye hae done oor biddin'."

Lord Alexander retired much perplexed, but meta priest, and, reassured, returned and presented himself.

"Well, Sandy," said the king, "ha' ye seen the king o' heaven, and what says he to oor hidin'?"

"An' it please your majesty, I have seen ane o' his accredited ministers."

"Weel, an' what says he?"

"He says your majesty may e'en hae his kingdom for the askin' o' it."

"Was he sae civil?" said the king, warming to magnanimity. "Just gang your ways hack, Sandy, an' tell the king o' heaven that for his civility the dell a Scotchman shall set foot in his kingdom."

## A Kansas Kink.

The Rev. William Nye, who edits that religious paper called the *Boomerang*, up at Laramie City, Wyoming, claims to have discovered a gulch which is filled clean up to the brim with hats of all sexes and nationalities, which were blown in there by the gentle zephyrs of that locality. The early settlers of Kansas made an effort to enjoy the luxury of hats, but they soon had to give up in despair, from the fact that there are no gulches in that part of the country, and in consequence of that difficulty the entire population of the State is as bald-headed as a Bermuda onion. It makes no difference how fine a head of hair a man may have when he settles in that State, in a few weeks it will evaporate, and his head will look as desolate as a Thanksgiving turkey after dinner.

No person is allowed to vote in Kansas unless he is bald-headed, and can pass a satisfactory examination by the Microscopic Inspection Committee, who will, if no indication of hair is discovered, mark a large "O. K." on the top of his cranium with a piece of charcoal, and his vote will then be duly received. Also, in article forty-two of the revised statutes of that State, every child over one year of age must have an accurate geographical chart drawn on the top of its head, showing the county, town, range, and section in which it lives, all of which is printed in pamphlet form and placed in the hands of every town clerk in the State. The object of the above law is apparent when it is known to be a very common occurrence, during a wind-storm, to find children from all parts of the State piled up against the hedge fences from four to six deep. As soon as discovered they are sorted over, their heads examined, and when the wind changes are immediately shipped to their respective homes. By having everything thus beautifully systematized, the people are put to very little inconvenience. Bald-headedness is also becoming hereditary in that State, as has been demonstrated recently by a number of children born there with less than half a head of hair, and some of them with no teeth whatever.—*Great West.*

## INTAGLIOS.

## A Rose.

## [TRIOLETS.]

'Twas a Jacqueminot rose

That she gave me at parting;

Sweetest flower that blows

'Twas a Jacqueminot rose.

In the lone garden close,

With the swift blushes starting,

'Twas a Jacqueminot rose

That she gave me at parting.

If she kissed it, who knows—

Since I will not discover,

And lone is that close—

If she kissed it, who knows?

Or if not the red rose,

Perhaps then the lover!

If she kissed it, who knows,

Since I will not discover?

Yet at least with the rose

Went a kiss that I'm wearing!

More I will not disclose;

Yet at least with the rose

Went whose kiss no one knows,

Since I'm only declaring

That at least with the rose

Went a kiss that I'm wearing!

—*Arlo Bates.*

## Sweet Day.

Stay, sweet Day, for thou art fair—

Fair, and full, and calm;

Crowned, through all thy golden hours,

With Love's brightest, richest flowers,

Strong in Faith's unshaken powers,

Blessed in Hope's pure halm.

Stay, what chance and change may wait,

As you glide away;

Now is all so glad and bright;

Now we breathe in sure delight;

Now we laugh in Fate's despite;

Stay with us, sweet Day.

Ah! she can not, may not, stop;

All things must decay!

Then with heart, and head, and will,

Take the joy that lingers still,

Prize the pause in wrong and ill,

Prize the passing day. —*Anon.*

## Aglaia.

The tamarisks howed their heads, compelled

By no ungentle force;

The breeze a sunny fragrance held,

Mingled of sea and gorse;

And on the turf the daisies shone;

The heaving turf's desire

Was plainly to be trodden on;

The daisies were on fire

For something far more pure and warm

Than they; and on them there

I, for a moment, saw thy form

Rise in the happy air. —*Henry Patmore.*

## A Soapends Idyl.

Her arms were white as milky curds;

Her speech was like the song of birds;

Her eyes were gray as mountain lakes

Where dream of shadow stirs and breaks.

Her gown was print—her name was Sally—

Her summer years were barely twenty.

She dropped the soap to glance and dally,

And then the dimples came in plenty,

I praised her fingers, dripping sweet,

Where warmth and whiteness seem to meet—

I made her blush and made her pout,

And watched her wring the linen out.

Oh, to meet her in the valley,

Snatch her hand, and call her Sally!

Oh, to find her on the hill,

Kiss, and call her Sally still!

Oh, to clasp her quite alone,

And call her Sally of one's own!

Thyme and marjoram were sweet,

All the lavender was blowing—

Through the honeysuckle heat

Bees were coming, bees were going. —*May Probyn.*

## Lie Still.

Lie still. You need not love, nor gold,

Nor name, to make the sum complete.

The world no living hand may hold

Falls at a dead man's feet!

Lie still. You climbed for flowers, and found

They grow not well in highest air.

Lie still. The rock, the thorn, the wound

Were yours; you had your share.

Lie still. This is the end, they say.

Lie still. The peasant and the king,

A little weary, walk this way;

The bride leaves here her ring.

Your virtues? Though the priest speak true,

You need not blush—your face is hid.

The roses life denied to you

Are on your coffin-lid. —*Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.*

## Love.

Love is forever and divinely new,

As young as when the first heart learned to beat,

As strong, as tender, and as wildly sweet,

The immortal part of us, the crown of few.

Out of the savage lust of life it grew,

As a soft flower-growth out of light and heat,

A spirit of fire that time could not defeat,

Which made the antique world it overthrew.

Unbaken amid the wreck of ages, one

Known of all life and speech for every mouth,

One song that echoes world-wide and onetime—

One thing worth living for beneath the sun,

As beautiful as summer in the south,

And full of passion as the heart of June. —*G. E. Montgomery.*

## THE INNER MAN.

"A few general rules," says the French correspondent of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, "may he laid down, an adherence to which will insure any visitor to Paris a good dinner at a minimum of say four dollars. Let him go to the Café Anglais, upon the Boulevard des Italiens; to Durand's, opposite the Madeleine; to the Café Voisin, at the Rue de Luxembourg, or the Brehant's, otherwise known as Vachette's, on the Boulevard Montmartre. Each of them, of course, has its specialty, and those who are aware of the fact are not slow to avail themselves of their knowledge."

The Café Anglais, for instance, justly prides itself upon the cellar, and those who are fortunate enough to possess the friendship of Ernest have doubtless been conducted by that functionary into the spacious vaults where repose the vintages which are not to be gotten for gold at the greatest of wine merchants'. Another specialty of the Café Anglais is the 'pomme de terre à l'ananas,' a dish which can not be appreciated to perfection when it succeeds or accompanies a 'filet de bœuf Chateaubriand.' A Russian salad is also one of the dishes to be eaten at them. The Café Anglais spreads its nets at all hours, and catches customers of all classes. It begins in the morning with members of the genuine *jeunesse dorée*, in the shape of financiers, brokers, etc., and the confidential employees of millionaire men of business. To those rich breakfasts, which make a foreigner marvel at the digestion of Parisian men, and at the diet on which so many of them habitually train for the wear and worry of the incessant brainwork, succeed the heavy luncheons of English and American tourists. The close of the theatres is the signal for the incursion of a more reckless company, who, coming with a rush on the cabines, mounting hoisterously by the side staircases, give their orders as if they had neither dined nor breakfasted. The dollars of the Nevada men and the louis of M. Daudet's heroes are as the coinage of the well-known connoisseur who is served with the most respectful *recueillement* of the kitchen. At the Café Riche the wines are also very excellent, for the proprietor is himself a large grower of Burgundy, and he caters for the Société des Agriculteurs de France, whose monthly dinners are not by any means to be despised. Members of the society enjoy the privilege of breakfasting at the Café Riche for sixty cents, and of dining there for one dollar and twenty cents, and they are not slow to avail themselves of it—for they would pay for the same meal elsewhere more than three times that price. It is said that the French do not know how to cook game, but assuredly, the *perdreux aux choux* has a charm all its own, and nowhere is better cooked than at the Café Riche, which also has a deserved celebrity for its *spoume*, a sort of ice pudding in layers, with a centre of apricot kernels and pistachio nuts. At Voisin's the wine is of peculiar excellency; the perusal of his libretto of cellarage is an elementary education in Burgundies, for with Voisin Burgundy is the specialty, as Bordeaux at the Café Anglais. This is one of the few places at which Château Margaux, of 1843, can be drunk—one may order it almost anywhere—and the same restaurant also possesses the best growths of Potent Canet, a wine which, though only ranked in the fifth class, is one of the most improved of clarets since the vineyard where it is grown, changed hands some fifteen years ago. Those whose tastes lie in the direction of dry champagne can ask for the "Bellenger Sec," which is sold at this establishment, and among the dishes in which Voisin's *chef* excels may be noted red mullet à la bordelaise, and roast saddle of lamb or mutton. Brehant's, with his *crus à la cocotte* and his *Château d'Yquem*, is specially favored by such American visitors to Paris as are not obliged to count the cost. Brehant's has the disadvantage, or the advantage, whichever it may be, of receiving the patronage of the Paris press, of the friends of the stage, and of actors and actresses. These 'liberal' professions are apparently very remunerative in Paris, for Brehant's restaurant is not the place for persons with a light purse. Then there are other restaurants, whose custom fluctuates with the time of the year, while others may be favored or victimized by the circumstances over which their managers have no control. The fine season naturally fills Ledoyen's, for nothing can be pleasanter than taking your *à fresco* meal under foliage among green shrubberies, while your eyes are gladdened by the fresh turf of the Champs Elysées, the gay flower borders, and the shimmer of the fountains. Then, when Ledoyen suffers, such places as the Café Voisin have a better chance than usual. When the outer atmosphere is chill and raw, you can call for the *carte du jour* in the warmth of Voisin's with a profound sense of well being. Simple as its conception may be, you know that everything in it is to be depended upon, and you welcome with a peculiar glow of satisfaction that piquant old acquaintance, the sauce Bearnaise. And there are houses whose popularity rises and falls with the pieces that make a hit at particular theatres. A gorgeous spectacle or a thrilling melodrama at the Porte St. Martin is sure to crowd the table at Maire's, next door; while the success of some classical drama at the Odeon is a god-send to the restaurants of the aristocratic faubourg. And what strikes one forcibly as to the great Parisian restaurants is their concentration. There are some good and comparatively cheap establishments beyond the Seine, in the crowded blocks of buildings between the Luxembourg and the Tuileries. But, as a rule, if you go beyond the quarter that is comprehended between the fashionable boulevards and the Rue Rivoli, to the south and north, the Rue Royale and the Palais Royal, to the west and East, you are altogether at a loss. There may be gilded fronts and resplendent signboards, but there is no mean between the poverty-stricken and the excellent."

Stay, sweet Day, for thou art fair—  
Fair, and full, and calm;  
Crowned, through all thy golden hours,  
With Love's brightest, richest flowers,  
Strong in Faith's unshaken powers,  
Blessed in Hope's pure halm.

Stay, what chance and change may wait,  
As you glide away;  
Now is all so glad and bright;  
Now we breathe in sure delight;  
Now we laugh in Fate's despite;  
Stay with us, sweet Day.

Ah! she can not, may not, stop;  
All things must decay!  
Then with heart, and head, and will,  
Take the joy that lingers still,  
Prize the pause in wrong and ill,  
Prize the passing day. —*Anon.*

Aglaia.  
The tamarisks howed their heads, compelled  
By no ungentle force;  
The breeze a sunny fragrance held,  
Mingled of sea and gorse;  
And on the turf the daisies shone;  
The heaving turf's desire  
Was plainly to be trodden on;  
The daisies were on fire  
For something far more pure and warm  
Than they; and on them there  
I, for a moment, saw thy form  
Rise in the happy air. —*Henry Patmore.*

A Soapends Idyl.  
Her arms were white as milky curds;  
Her speech was like the song of birds;  
Her eyes were gray as mountain lakes  
Where dream of shadow stirs and breaks.  
Her gown was print—her name was Sally—  
Her summer years were barely twenty.  
She dropped the soap to glance and dally,  
And then the dimples came in plenty,  
I praised her fingers, dripping sweet,  
Where warmth and whiteness seem to meet—  
I made her blush and made her pout,  
And watched her wring the linen out.  
Oh, to meet her in the valley,  
Snatch her hand, and call her Sally!  
Oh, to find her on the hill,  
Kiss, and call her Sally still!  
Oh, to clasp her quite alone,  
And call her Sally of one's own!  
Thyme and marjoram were sweet,  
All the lavender was blowing—  
Through the honeysuckle heat  
Bees were coming, bees were going. —*May Probyn.*

Lie Still.  
Lie still. You need not love, nor gold,  
Nor name, to make the sum complete.  
The world no living hand may hold  
Falls at a dead man's feet!

Lie still. You climbed for flowers, and found  
They grow not well in highest air.  
Lie still. The rock, the thorn, the wound  
Were yours; you had your share.

Lie still. This is the end, they say.  
Lie still. The peasant and the king,  
A little weary, walk this way;  
The bride leaves here her ring.

Your virtues? Though the priest speak true,  
You need not blush—your face is hid.  
The roses life denied to you  
Are on your coffin-lid. —*Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.*

Love.  
Love is forever and divinely new,  
As young as when the first heart learned to beat,  
As strong, as tender, and as wildly sweet,  
The immortal part of us, the crown of few.

Out of the savage lust of life it grew,  
As a soft flower-growth out of light and heat,  
A spirit of fire that time could not defeat,  
Which made the antique world it overthrew.

Unbaken amid the wreck of ages, one  
Known of all life and speech for every mouth,  
One song that echoes world-wide and onetime—  
One thing worth living for beneath the sun,

As beautiful as summer in the south,  
And full of passion as the heart of June. —*G. E. Montgomery.*

Out of one hundred samples of wines and whiskies sold over the high-toned bars of New York, only two were found free from poison and gross adulteration.

## TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

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"My dear," cries pretty Mrs. Rustic, at the table the other night, "you promised solemnly to take me to the theatre if I would promise solemnly to stop all night, and not try to catch the last boat."

The Rustics live in Oakland, and if they do attempt the theatre and the last boat on the same night they are apt to reach home somewhere in the gray of the morning, tired, sullen, hungry, dejected, disgusted, and determined to put their property into the hands of a real estate agent by nine of the clock next morning.

"We will go to the theatre, my dear," says Mr. Rustic, "if I may go somewhere to get a good laugh. A man, after working hard all day, and enduring the confinement of an office—"

"Etc., etc., etc.," laughs Mrs. Rustic. "I have known the rest of that speech any time these ten years, my dear. I will go wherever you like. Now, where shall it be?"

"Well, there's the Leavitt Specialty Company, on its last legs. We might—"

"Now, my dear, where's the use of going to see something that you know by heart. One can have a good laugh once over anything like that, but you know—"

"Well, there's Emerson's."

"Which you forbade me to mention on that awful night when you sat through the whole of 'Muldoon's Picnic.'"

"Or 'The World'?"

"Which disgusted you because the hearsed hurler would use the chloroform, after promising us, in a most solemn aside, that he would not, and because they are so queer in nautical matters, and because it was, generally speaking, such a very poor play and such a very poor spectacle."

"Little woman," says Mr. Rustic, at last, as his later sense comes to his rescue, "you said you would go wherever I liked, but it begins to strike me that you are going to see Sheridan."

"Yes, Sheridan in 'King John,'" placidly answers Mrs. Rustic. And inducing herself into a sealskin and an evening bonnet, they sally forth.

"And so I, who was seeking a laugh, am going to see 'King John.' A nice, cheerful party to put in a play—"

"Foul as it is, hell itself is defiled by the fouler presence of John,"

Quotes Mr. Rustic. People who live in the country are driven to their books, and are up in quotations. It was with a most martyr-like resignation that he settled himself, and "What can it be that makes you women like tragedy?" he asked, when the curtain parted to reveal the deep anxiety which always settles upon the players' faces when a heavy play is on.

"And what can it be that makes you men like variety people and burlesquers?" retorted Mrs. Rustic, and forthwith settled herself for her enjoyment.

"I will engage," continued Mr. Rustic, "that those spindle-legged noblemen who have just come in in a group, will remain wedged into a group till the very end of all this."

And they did. For, whoever saw any one saunter about in a natural way in a tragedy? Every one has his fixed place, and keeps it, as if it were chalked upon the stage.

"I did not come to see spindle-legged noblemen," spoke Mrs. Rustic. "I came to see Sheridan play 'King John.'"

"And you could not see him in anything which will give you less satisfaction, my dear. Mr. Sheridan is an actor, and the play of 'King John' is but a pageant. It is less poetical than any play of Shakespeare's, and is infinitely tedious. One grows tired of the brazen clang of trumpets and the clash of arms in a play, and this is nothing but the fight of kings for kingdoms."

"But, my dear, you will at least allow that the play has some finely marked characters. Here, for example, comes Faulconbridge."

"Yes, and it is one of the ironies of the stage that Grismer is the only man in the company who can play it. Listen to old Elinor:

"Do you not read some tokens of my son  
In the large composition of this man?"

I will allow you, my love, that the young man plays it with much spirit, but he should be the size of the archduke in the lionskin."

"What are a few inches, Mr. Rustic, if the acting be all right?"

"The eye is exacting, my dear, when one goes to the theatre in serious earnest, and you may observe, following the lines of the text, that Shakespeare makes a point of the superb physique of Faulcon-

bridge. Indeed, he boasts of it not a little in his own rather plain speech. Not but that young Grismer is a personable looking fellow, and always dresses carefully and well; but if you will allow me to take a part in this little royal family dispute, I would not take him at a glance for a son of Cœur de Lion."

Upon this the royal group set out for France, and Mr. Rustic fell asleep. His lady swept the horseshoe with her glasses, found no one whom she had ever seen before—for the time is past when every one knows every one else in our theatres—listened to some doleful music, and was glad enough to see the curtain go up upon the imposing battlements of walled Angiers.

"Wake up, my dear," she cried to her sleepy lord. "Haverly must have taken the Baldwin, for here are real horses, and here are no less than two kings."

"I would prefer three to start with," murmured Mr. Rustic, but blushed guiltily when his wife fixed her innocent, inquiring eye upon him.

Meantime the opposing armies huddled under the walls of Angiers, upon a square as big as a crumb-cake; talked to tedium, as kings and other people do when they mean nothing; the dowagers exchanged civilities across a half-yard of space; the dauphin and Blanche of Castile were betrothed in the twinkling of an eye, and fell immediately into the stage attitude of betrothed lovers; and after another half hour of tedium, all bands defiled slowly into Angiers. Mrs. Rustic began to wonder when King John was going to act.

"He will begin and end," volunteered her lord, "in the scenes with Hubert, for there is no other room in the play for acting, unless, indeed, the scene between Hubert and Arthur."

"Then why will people resurrect King John?" asked Mrs. Rustic, almost tearfully, for she had promised herself an evening of genuine enjoyment.

"Who can say? It is written that Macready made a success of it; but he was then upon the very crest of the wave, and people would flock to see Macready in anything. Sheridan is not yet a made man. He is clever, accomplished, studious, versatile. He is a better actor than any tragedian we have had in San Francisco, excepting only Edwin Booth and Barry Sullivan, but he is not yet the fashion; he can not yet afford to play King John or Richard II. It is a strange thing, too, that people who pride themselves so much upon their critical acumen should allow such an actor to play, night after night, a round of noble characters to comparatively empty benches, while the minor theatres are crowded. The dramatic art is trailed in the dust, and specious cleverness in one small line is current coin to favor."

Mrs. Rustic listened with admiring ears to her husband's eloquence, as wives always do, and then calmly sat upon him. "It is because men, tired with a long day's work, do not go to the theatre to admire a noble art. They go to get a good laugh."

"Mrs. Rustic," spoke her liege, severely, "you are displaying a spirit which I do not admire. I never knew any one of great dignity of character or nobility of soul to twit. I never knew any one of very broad intelligence to say, 'I told you so.' I never knew—"

"You never knew Jerusha Thompson's grandmother's hind leg, my dear. And we will stop at that till you tell me why a stage tent is such a very beautiful affair, and gives such an effect of height and distance and everything which does not belong to a real tent. This, I think, has been constructed with peculiar reference to the roll of Miss Holbrook's vowels."

Mr. Rustic was curt. "Miss Holbrook has a very powerful voice, my dear, and there is nothing the matter with her vowels."

"Well, then, it is her consonants I object to."

"My love, I do not doubt that Miss Holbrook's vowels and consonants induced her to become an actress, but she has not the dramatic action which makes a great Constance. For example, look upon her just now, when she says that no supporter but the huge, firm earth can bear her grief up; she slides to the earth as gently as if she feared she spoke truly. Do you not recall that old picture of Miss Glyn in the same act, where she had cast herself down in the very abandon of her sorrow, and says, as she points to the earth:

"This is my throne. Let kings come bow to it?"

And upon my word," continued Mr. Rustic, "kings are so plentiful that one half expects an assortment of them to walk up and make obeisance. While Miss Holbrook gives a very creditable bit of declamation, she has little of the grief of the distracted mother, excepting her hack hair let down, and very little of the grandeur of a Constance Plantagenet."

"Tell me truly," said Mrs. Rustic, when the play was ended, "did you see nothing you really enjoyed in all this long evening?"

"Well, yes; I always enjoy hearing Sheridan's voice; he speaks so well, and I think the play of his features, in the scene where he bids Hubert to do away with young Arthur, something marvelously good; and I liked the merry Faulconbridge, for we should not have had a smile the whole evening without him; and two of the mailed costumes were very handsome; and Phoebe Davies made a pretty and pathetic young Arthur."

"And is that all?"

"Yes, all; for 'King John' is a war pageant rather than a drama, and should be placed as a spectacle quite as much as 'Michael Strogoff,' or 'The World.' There is more meat in the text; why not as much tinsel in the framing? The big armies of France and England are made up of six or eight shuffling supernumeraries. The list of speaking characters is long, and they help to fill the stage, but the 'pomp and circumstance of war' is absurdly small. I half expected the white-haired Elinor, once 'hy the wrath of God Queen of England,' to call the stage manager to account for his meagre showing."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Rustic, "I have enjoyed myself, because when you go to see specialty people you do nothing but chuckle all the evening, and say nothing but 'First rate!' when asked about it afterward. A man's silence is irritating, and I prefer to hear you find fault with King John."

"And how long does this triplet me off for?"

"For one week, Mr. Rustic, for the beautiful Alice opens next week in 'The Money-Spinner,' and 'The Money-Spinner' is a deliciously wicked woman, who cheats at cards, and—"

"Ah, that is the latest sin of the wicked woman in the play, is it? Have they struck porphyry in the seventh commandment lead, and can they find a woman to do nothing more unusual than cheat at cards? Why a woman can not play a simple game of casino without—"

"Mr. Rustic," interrupted his lady, for the last time, "it is nearly midnight, and as it takes you just twenty-four hours to air your pet theories about women, you will excuse me if I give you my entire inattention."

And she did, but this was after she had allured him to the play he did not want to see. BETSY B.

Aside from our German citizens, so little seems to be known here regarding Madame Geistering, that some details regarding her will not be without interest. Marie Geistering's fame has been spread abroad through Europe; and until her arrival in New York those who have never visited the Continent were ignorant of her celebrity. At the Thalia Theatre, New York, she was at first greeted by an audience mainly German; but such was the universal verdict of those attending her first appearance, that, as a New York journal remarked, one would have thought, by the looks of the house after that first night, that it was an English or American prima donna of great note, to such an extent had the Americans crowded out the Teutons. The fact of the many novelties which she introduces into those of her operas which are familiar on this side of the Atlantic, and also the fact that in her repertoire are many vanderlides and operas which have never been played in America before, are the secrets of her success. Marie Geistering was born in Russia of German parents. Her father and mother were actors in the Imperial Theatre at St. Petersburg. She, however, made her debut at Graz, in Austria, when quite a child. An orphan at fourteen, she made her way to Munich, and there played a short engagement in a minor theatre. Her beauty and genius crowded the house. She was seen by the director of the "Friedrich Wilhelmstadtische," who immediately engaged her. From thence she went to Riga, where she was schooled for three years under the master-disciplinarian, Witte. But such talent could not long remain away from Berlin. Cerf, the great Prussian director, engaged her. Then it was that Vienna contended for her possession. Manager Stampfer, of Vienna, after some difficulty, in turn secured her. She made her first appearance in the Austrian capital as "La Belle Hélène," and won an enthusiastic triumph. Her fame now spread over Europe, and Stampfer retired a rich man. Since then her career has been one of continued success. In person Madame Geistering is of the large and sensuous order of beauty. Her physical charms are her roundness and fullness of form. Not by any means stout, like so many German actresses, she possesses that moulded and graceful development which so well sets off her stature. In other words, she is a magnificent specimen of a well-made woman. Her support is excellent, and San Francisco will enjoy the opportunity of witnessing the perfect discipline in stage business which proved so attractive to Londoners in the case of the Saxe-Meiningen troupe which appeared in England last season. Of the company are Herr Meyer, Herr Max Lube, Herr Schultze, Herr Junker, Herr Lenair, Herr Steiner, and others. Among the ladies we note Frauleins Raberg and Schultze, and Frau Lube.

Mrs. Jennie Lee Burnett and her husband leave for Australia next Wednesday morning. On last Thursday evening this popular actress was given a farewell benefit. The house was crowded by a large and enthusiastic audience. The performance consisted of a variety of numbers, among which were part of "Little Jo," two acts of "King John," a farce, and some vocal selections. The beneficiary, at the close, delivered an original farewell address, and retired loaded down with floral tributes.

—EMERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE, NEXT WEEK, will have an entire new olio, which is said to far exceed in humor anything that has appeared in this city for some time. "Muldoon's Picnic" has been having during the past week the same success that attended the first representation.

## DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

In all the specimens of the particular idiocy which characterizes the appellations of secret societies, we think that the "Benevolent Protective Order of 'Lady Elks'" has gone the furthest. The "officers of the grand lodge" number in their midst a "Grand High Empress," in the person of Annie Wall, a "Royal Grand Duchess," Louise Thorndyke; a "Royal Sister Elk," Maggie Chambers. Among the officers of the new lodge are a "Royal High Empress," Pauline Canissa, and a "Princess," Annie Fixley, beside numerous mythological and hyperbolic monstrosities. This is carrying the "worthy grand" business too far, and the "Lady Elks" will be heaving out the truer meaning of "benevolence" if they will, at least, not spring their society designations on the suffering public.

The Parisian *claque* has some curious usages, which have been made known in M. Victor Crouille's "La Vie au Théâtre." There is a strictly regulated tariff of applause recognized by managers and operators. There are for ordinary applause, five francs; prolonged applause, ten francs; prolonged and noisy, twenty francs; three rounds of applause, twenty-five francs; simple recall, twenty-five francs; unlimited recall, fifty francs; for appearing horror-struck, five francs; murmurs of affright, as if the power to applaud were lost, fifteen francs; a moan, followed by applause at the end of a scene of murder, twelve and a half francs; ordinary laughter, five francs; bursts of laughter, ten francs; exclamations, "Oh, how droll," fifteen francs; superlative exclamations, "It is simply magnificent," "It is unequalled," twenty francs. Besides these is the slight hiss from one member of the gang, which, uttered at a judiciously chosen moment, is the cue for redoubled applause. Then there are remarks by those who mingle with the crowd as they leave the theatre, and heaven the mass by their nicely-turned compliments.

The Prince of Wales is very fond of theatrical society (not counting Bernhard, Schneider, and Ellen Terry.) He is an habitué of the green-rooms of many London theatres, and frequently gives and receives invitations among the theatrical professionals. The London correspondent of the New York *Times* states that on several occasions lately Albert Edward has been found smoking and chatting in the managers' offices of various theatres. Recently, when he took Bruce and the entire "Colonel" company down to his palace, to play for the delectation of his guests, he gave the players a superb banquet, at which he presented Bruce himself with a rich breast-pin, as a souvenir of the occasion. Again, he has lately given this favorite manager two portraits of the Princess and himself to hang up in his London green-room. The Princes of Wales have always had a liking for the stage, and Albert Edward's fancy is by no means without precedent.

London audiences are exceedingly jealous of their rights. On last Christmas eve, at the Gaiety Theatre, where the pantomime "Aladdin" had been promised for some months, the management, owing to the prospects for a "big house," had carved out a section from the pit, and stuck it on the stalls. Not a whisper transpired of the change, and when the first rows of the pit scrambled into their places they found themselves close to the doors, and some three yards behind the old pit high-water mark. The place soon filled, and then, just as the curtain rose on the opening trifle, it gave tongue. Shouts, cat-calls, screams, bellows, brayings, whistles—in fact, every kind of noise capable of being produced by the human mouth—came up in one vast volume from the irate pit, drowning the voices of those on the stage, and drowning, too, the notes of the orchestra. It was exactly like the commencement of the O. P.—old prices—riots. Happily, the introductory farce ran only a few minutes, and, on the curtain coming down, the pit settled itself to recover wind, and make ready to guy "Aladdin," the promised novelty. Just before the curtain rose again the acting manager stepped forward, however, and politely informed the pit the alteration was not final, and that anybody might have their money back by applying to the doorkeeper. This was fair and candid, and the groans at once changed to cheers.

Emil Zola has signed a contract to write a play for the Porte Saint Martin in Paris, which is to be called "Les Nuits de Londres." For this purpose he is about to visit the English metropolis for the space of a fortnight. Visiting the slums and alleys of the wickedest portion of the city, he will take notes for his coming melodrama. Of this scheme the critic of the London *Figaro* says: "It will be difficult, though, even for the author of 'L'Assommoir,' to learn enough in a fortnight, or even a month, of life in this great city to enable him to construct a spectacular drama at once true and sensational. The theatrical artists will, of course, have no difficulty in guaranteeing the accuracy of the scenery employed; but when I remember how exceptionally superficial is the knowledge possessed even of ordinary English life by French *littérateurs*, I cannot feel equally assured as to the result of M. Zola's labors. Unless, then, this author is to make the exception which



proves the rule, I anticipate that his 'Nuits de Londres' will present to the public a curious though possibly dramatically effective jumble, in which 'Lormaires,' 'bulldogues,' 'palale,' 'Sir Gladstones,' 'Lord Smith,' 'Godams,' and so on, will be mixed up in realistic scenes of Ratcliffe Highway by gas-light, a midnight orgie of gypsies on Clapham Common, or a nocturnal prize-fight, patronized by all the House of Lords, in the Crypt of St. Stephen's."

In Paris dishonest private coachmen have a charming way of making money on their own account. This little dodge has become the title and the subject of a play, "Le Lapin," just produced at the Paris Athénée. It seems that when a gentleman, out calling, leaves his carriage and is absent for an hour or so, the coachman drives along until he can pick up some well-dressed individual desirous of the notoriety of having a carriage. This person the driver takes for a drive until it is time to go for his master. The occupant pays five francs for the privilege, and the coachman who gets caught at it is fined fifty francs by the police-court. This custom is known as "faire un lapin," and in the farce which MM. Bataille and Eugère, two Paris dramatists, have written, makes a very amusing plot.

It is said that: The "Colonel" is drawing full houses at the Park Theatre, New York.—Colville has brought from England Pettit's melodrama, "Taken from Life."—Booth is in New Orleans.—McCullough is acting in Washington.—Barrett is in Baltimore.—Rossi is in St. Louis.—Emily Melville refused the offer to take Catherine Lewis's place in "Manola," and is still playing at Haverly's in Brooklyn.—Catherine Lewis has made it up with George Harris, and will play in "Manola."—Haverly did not secure the Boston Park Theatre.—The warm-blooded Southerners gave Patti an enthusiastic season in New Orleans.—Mary Anderson is playing in "Pygmalion" at the Grand Opera House, New York.—The Greek play "Œdipus" is a success in New York.—Mme. Jenny Claus played Mendelssohn's violin "Concerto" before the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society on last Thursday.—Mitchell Banner, the California violinist, played on Thursday, Feb. 8th, before the New York Symphony Society.—Ada Cavendish is about to appear at the London Vaudeville.—Wilkie Collins is trying to find an actress for his new play.—Soldene is playing through the English provinces.—The Paris Grand Opera has never but once given a matinee.—Camille Dunezat, a new Parisian composer, has attracted great attention by his first composition, "Soirées Pittoresques."

—Mr. Hawley Chapman, the Elocutionist, gave a recital on Wednesday of last week at the Mercantile Library Hall, before a large and fashionable audience. He was assisted in the entertainment by Mr. Ugo Talbo, the tenor, who gave two songs, which were well received. Mr. Chapman has a pleasing presence, and his rendition of the various numbers won him such applause. He is a pupil of Vandenhoff, of New York, and does credit to so good a master. He will possibly appear again before long.

—The Occidental and Oriental Steamship *Gaelic* will depart on February 18th, instead of the 25th, as advertised.

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the Silver King Mining Company, San Francisco, February 7, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above-named Company held this day, a Dividend (No. 26) of Twenty-five Cents (25c) per share was declared, payable on Wednesday, Feb. 15, 1882, at the office of the Company, Room 19, 328 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Transfer books will be closed on February 12, 1882, at 3 P. M. JOSEPH NASH, Sec.

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## IN THE BARBER SHOP.

"A woman, being only a beardless woman," the sad passenger said, "will always, even though she succeed in obtaining the hallo, miss the manly experience of waiting sixty-seven minutes in a barber shop for a shave. She will never know what it is to study character from the chair. She will never see the patient-looking men sitting in solemn rows around the room, reading yesterday's papers and *Police Gazette*, and looking on each other with dark suspicion, each man believing all the others capable of sneaking into the chair before he is next."

"She will never see the nervous man," said the fat passenger, "who springs half way to his feet every time 'next' is called, and sicks hack overwhelmed with bashfulness, and silently accused of cheek with an intent to commit fraud by all the other sufferers."

"And she will miss the spectacle of the anxious man," said the fat passenger, "who is supremely fearful of missing his turn, and keeps tally on his fingers of the elect who are to ahead of him, and gets excited, and loses his count every time a new man comes in, or an old delegate changes his seat."

"And the impatient man," said the tall, thin passenger, "who fidgets along until he is last and next, and then runs across the street to find twenty men in the other shop, and then returns to discover that seven men have come in since he went out, and tries to look as though he didn't know how badly he was left."

"And the abstracted man," said the cross passenger, "who looks at the chrono of a round-faced woman with coal-black hair and turkey-red cheeks, grape-vine curls, and circular eyes, entitled 'The Southern Beauty,' and drums on the floor with his feet until he misses his turn, and gets so bewildered by the catastrophe that he can't imagine how to work himself into the chair until the last man is shaved."

"And the foolish man," said the man with the sandy goatee, "who waits an hour and ten minutes, and then discovers who he is on his way to the chair, that he is in a strange shop, and hasn't a cent in his pockets. Then he looks quietly at his watch, murmurs an awful lie about an impossible train or an unheard-of engagement, and wanders out into the night to smite himself with reproaches that stogie like a serpent and bite like a horse-fly."

"And the man who takes off his coat, vest, cuffs, neck-tie, and collar, when he gets into the chair, and looks as though he wanted to take off his boots, trousers, and shirt," said the sad passenger.

"She will never comprehend," said the cross passenger, "the horrified feelings of the man with a black beard, three weeks old and thick as a hedge, who sees a boy with a round, fat face, smooth as an April watermelon, take the chair of his favorite barber on the call of o'clock."

"Nor the feelings of the crowd," said the man with the sandy goatee, "on Saturday night, when some soulless scoundrel who needs hanging gets into the chair at half-past o'clock and orders a shave, shampoo, hair cut, and whiskers dyed, and then waits his moustache waxed."

"And the fresh man," said the fat passenger, "who rushes into a shop with ten men waiting for a chair, and says he has to take a train in fifteen minutes, and would the gentleman who is next object to giving way to him as a great accommodation?"

"And nobody says anything," said the tall, thin passenger, "but everybody looks steadfastly at him, and the gentleman who is next called but firmly gets into the chair when his turn is called."

"And the man who goes around from one shop to another, asking, 'How many are there ahead of me?' until the last shop is closed."

"She will never know," said the sad passenger, "what it is to be shaved by a man with a touch like a shadow and a razor that puts you to sleep in a minute, who fusses over you with towels, and water, and perfumes so deftly and lightly that you want to be shaved over again."

"And she will never puzzle herself six times a week," said the jester, "trying to understand why a barber will spend three minutes carefully brushing and waxing your moustache, and then, just before he lets you out of the chair, take a towel and rubs it up and down your face, and back and forth across your upper lip, until he makes that moustache look like a fright wig on a minstrel cod-man."

"And she will never know," said the woman who talks bass, "what it is to be shaved by the barber who eats garlic to cure his catarrh, and who ought to change his trade or learn to breathe through his ears."

"And the pilgrims girded up their loins, and the processio fled away.—*Burdette in Hawkeye.*

## Railroad Sociability.

"Speaking about the sociability of railroad travelers," said the man with the crutches and a watch-pocket over his eye, "I never got so well acquainted with the passengers on a train as I did the other day on the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad. We were going at the rate of about thirty miles an hour, and another train from the other direction telescoped us. We were all thrown into each other's society, and brought into immediate social contact, so to speak."

"I went over and sat in the lap of a corpulent lady from Manitoba, and a girl from Chicago jumped over nice seats, and sat down on the plug hat of a preacher from La Crosse with so much timid, girlish enthusiasm that it shoved his hat down clear over his shoulders."

"Everybody seemed to lay aside the usual cool reserve of strangers, and we made ourselves entirely at home."

"A shy young man with an emaciated oil cloth valise left his own seat, and went over and sat down in a lurch basket where a bridal couple seemed to be wrestling with their first picnic. Do you suppose that reucot young man would have dooe such a thing on ordinary occasions? Do you think that if he had been at a celebration at home, he would have risen impetuously, and doo gooe where those people were eating by themselves, and sat down in the cranberry jelly of a total stranger?"

"I should rather think not."

"Why one old man, who probably at home led the class meeting, and who was as dignified as Roscoe Conkling's father, was eating a piece of custard pie when we met the other train, and he left his own seat, and went over to the front end of the car, and stabbed that piece of custard pie into the ear of a beautiful widow from Iowa."

"People traveling somehow forget the austerity of their home lives, and form acquaintances that sometimes last through life."—*Boomerang.*

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## A Coat Tale.

Old Tommy Taylor, tailor and  
Retailer, doth retail  
Old army coats and coats of alms,  
And also coats of male.

With coats of pait he paints his coats  
Of arms above his door;  
His motto is: "I sew the tares,  
Sew all may rip the more."

He'll press a suit and suit a press  
Of business while keeping  
An eye on those around him, and  
An iron clothes a creepiog.

He is an artist tailor, aod  
His artist work, he'll tell,  
Is gettieg pay from customers  
Until he custom well.

When ere his sewing was a lot  
His owing was a little,  
And though ill fits he never got,  
He often got a fit ill.

He seldom tore his clothes, although  
He'd often close his store,  
And then he'd eye his clothes a while,  
Then close his eyes and snore.

To thread a little needle  
He would needle little thread;  
When cutting dandy's suit he'd say;  
"This scissor cut I dread."

In winter he invests in vests;  
In summer pants in pants;  
In spring he sews some seedy thiogs;  
In fall he rips, perchance.

He would make breeches of the piece  
Which he was bound to keep,  
But none cared for his little fleece  
Because his goods were sheep.

—H. C. Dodge in *Free Press*.

## Winter.

When the howling winds of winter  
Are the nose's rosy tinter,  
And the girl becomes a squioiter  
At her neighbor's sealskio saque,  
Then the snow-ball quick doth splioiter  
All your dreams,  
While it seems  
To lay you level on your back. —*Puck.*

## The Aesthetic Oscar.

Thou lean, yet fat and tripey child,  
Intensely too, supremely noodle,  
Lank, limp, and splay-foot Oscar Wilde,  
Chief of asses, Prince Flapdoodle,  
Welcome to this land of gulls,  
Land of shoddy, shams, and flunkies!  
Thou'lt find among us kindred fools,  
So like thyself, aesthetic donkeys.  
And when you've taught them how to gush,  
Aod slop, and wear short-waisted collars,  
And blather platitudes of mush,  
Then fill your vest with Yankee dollars,  
Skip back to Cockneydom, and wink,  
With finger on your nose gigantic,  
Aod laugh like blazes, when you think  
What fools live on this side the Atlantic!

—W. J. Florence.

## A Dilettante.

Can you recall an ode in June,  
Or lines to any river,  
In which you do not meet "the moonoo,"  
And see "the moonheams quiver"?  
I've heard such soogs to many a tuoe,  
But never yet—no, never—  
Have I escaped that rhyme to "June,"  
Or missed that rhyme to "river."

At times the bard from his refrain  
A moment's respite snatches,  
The while his overcoged brain  
At some new jiggle catches;  
Yet long from the unlucky moon  
Himself he can not sever,  
But grasps once more that rhyme to "June,"  
And seeks a rhyme to "river."

Then let not indolence be blamed  
Oo him whose verses show it,  
By shunning "hurdeos" (rightly oamed  
For reader aod for poet);  
For rhymes must fall him late or soon,  
Nor can he deal forever  
In words whose sound resembles "June,"  
And assoanits of "river."

When "loon" 's been used, and "shoon" and  
"spoon."  
"And" "stiver" sounded "stiver,"  
Think of a bard rounded "coo"!  
And left alone with "liver"!  
Ah, the, how blessed were the boos,  
How doubly blessed the giver,  
Who gave him ooe rhyme more for "June,"  
And one more rhyme for "river"!

—A London Liar.

## We Won't Count This.

The tide goes out and the tide comes io,  
And gulls hang whitey about the shore;  
Our ears grow used to the water's dio,  
And we heed the bird's quaoit flight oo more.  
So, what does it count that the sun goes dowo,  
That waves roll out and the roses fall,  
That eyelids close over smile or frown?  
Ay! what does it count us, after all?

—*Poet Who Forgot What He Started to Write About.*

## The Red-Headed William.

How dear to my heart is the school I attended,  
And how I remember, so distant and dim,  
That red-headed Bill, and the pin that I bended,  
Aod carefully put on the bench under him.  
And how I recall the surprise of the master  
When Bill gave a yell, and sprang up with the pin  
So high that his bullet-head busted the plaster  
Above, and the scholars all set up a grin.  
That active boy Billy, that high-leaping Billy I  
That loud-shouting Billy who sat on a pin.

—*Unknown Liar.*

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ESTABLISHED 1863  
Capital \$1,000,000  
Surplus 460,759.

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We take pleasure in presenting this our 37th Semi-Annual Statement.

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Bank Premises.....	\$150,000 00
Other Real Estate.....	5,225 35
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Loans on Real Estate.....	134,868 00
Loans on bonds, gas, water and bank stock.....	132,198 35
Loans on other securities.....	577,443 96
Loans on personal security.....	1,106,004 27
Due from banks and bankers.....	392,457 61
Money on hand.....	398,669 34
<b>LIABILITIES.</b>	<b>\$3,523,844 23</b>
Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,759 13
Due Depositors.....	1,888,655 07
Due Banks and Bankers.....	174,370 53
Dividends unpaid.....	59 50
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# The Argonaut.

VOL. X. NO. 7.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 18, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## THE GATES FAMILY MYSTERY.

By Edward Thoroton.

V.

What Mr. Gates had said about the probable attitude of the people of the East toward the new rebels they were soon to be called upon to meet, had evidently deeply impressed his hearers. His conclusions in that respect had never before been announced, although nearly every phase of the question had been thoroughly discussed many times at the table. He was a man of mature and calm judgment, and knowing his premises to have been carefully supplied him, his conclusions were hailed with unfeigned delight. After the flurry of conversation which followed Mr. Gates's remarks, General Barnes said, seated, and in an informal manner, in which the remainder of the discussion was conducted:

"I have nothing new to report in respect to our army. As you are all aware, in addition to my labor upon our Constitution, the duty was assigned me to prepare our National Guard for effective use at notice. You all know, for you have all assisted in the work, that the task has been accomplished. The only regiment we had doubts about trusting has been mustered out of service, and the few officers of the other regiments whom it was not thought safe to trust are too few in number and inferior in rank to cause any trouble when the time comes, even if they felt so disposed. With my own staff officers, and the staffs of the States' governors, there was very little trouble. To be sure, the uniformed and equipped National Guard of the Pacific Coast numbers only a little over four thousand. But that is enough for preliminary service. They will only be required to occupy the forts of San Francisco harbor—an easy thing, as all the regulars will have been called to Arizona to suppress an Indian outbreak—to take possession of Mare Island Navy Yard, and the Benicia arsenal. A few companies of our own City National Guard can easily do that, as we all know there will be no resistance, and a thousand men can be dispatched to each of the Southern and Central railroad passes, which they can hold against twenty times their number. This, of course, only while we are enlisting and equipping the one hundred and fifty thousand enrolled militia of our confederation. We can take possession, at Benicia and elsewhere, of only twenty-five thousand stand of arms, but the arms ordered from England for various of our fighting neighbors—the Mexicans, Japanese, Peruvians, etc.—but which will happen to stop at San Francisco, will be here as soon as required. We know that at the outset the government at Washington will have no troops to send against us, as they will all be required to attend to the numerous Indian and frontier difficulties which will strangely occur just before our legislatures meet. Her newly enlisted troops must be sent here overland, across the Isthmus, or around the Horn. The Monitor at Mare Island will be cruising off the Isthmus on this side; an available man-of-war, with an Ericsson torpedo boat on board, off Cape Horn; and with every mountain-pass known and fortified on this side, our little army of one hundred and fifty thousand men will be able to keep us free from invasion until the policy of recognizing and asserting our independence shall have been adopted by one of three powerful nations we safely look to for that, or until the acknowledgment shall come from the government at Washington. Since I have heard what Mr. Gates has said this evening, I am inclined to think the latter acknowledgment will not be very long delayed. Our own harbor will be defended by one of the Ericsson boats, and the coast line, where exposed to the landing of troops, possibly sent here across two oceans, and through the Suez Canal, or around the Cape of Good Hope, by land batteries, of which there are a sufficient supply in the national arsenals here. Even contemplating some resistance from the government at Washington, every circumstance seems to favor us. Seldom has that government stood in such critical relations with other nations. Some of those relations are the result of vast conflicting commercial interests, as in the case of the New York and London interests in the Peruvian trade and products. The circumstance of those existing critical relations will urge the government itself to part with us on the most favorable terms, rather having us a friendly ally than a warring enemy, on account of other possible South Pacific complications. Then the New York trader, with everything to lose and nothing to gain by a war with us, and the case reversed as to a war with Chile, would be impatient of any waste of time, money, and energy in harassing us. Utah we decided not to ask into our confederation, not wanting her, and preferring, after we secede, to hold out hopes to her, and thus make of her a hostile territory for the United States troops to pass through. Japan's assistance, worth something, we can count upon on account of our instantly avowed attitude toward China. As to England, France, and Germany, I think Mr. Crocker can state something to us that will suggest reasons for hoping for their friendship."

Mr. Crocker, thus referred to, said: "We can count upon powerful friends in London, Paris, and Berlin. Since we secured the secret but none the less firm support of Henry Villard, we have made many friends among foreign capitalists, which, I take it, in this age means friends among foreign governments. Mr. Villard, with the tremendous back-

ing of French and German capital he represents, could do nothing else than support us. He has involved his principals' very many million dollars in Pacific Coast railroad and navigation enterprises. As the case was put to him, he had nothing to do but to draw out with terrible losses, or risk the chance of our success. He has now become so convinced of the hopefulness of our Cause, that he has virtually committed his backers to our support. With them the success of our Cause means an unlooked-for importance for their railroad enterprises on this coast; and, as the success of our Cause depends somewhat upon the success of our bonds, they will stand under the latter to a very considerable extent. A point General Barnes did not recur to is the Gould influence, to be silently but powerfully exerted in our favor with the government at Washington. Mr. Gould's mind at once grasped the magnitude of the commerce and travel resulting to transcontinental railroads from an independent nation on this coast, growing with the terrific impetus with which ours will grow. He realized, as did my colleagues and I, that all of our railroads would be overtaken with freight and passengers whenever we shall have established a model government here, to which the immigrants we may select from any part of the world will be glad to come. There is no sentiment in any of these considerations, but they are the ones, nevertheless, upon which I safely base the prediction that the railroad capital of the world, which is the greatest organized capital in the world, will support our Cause. But I need say no more. I have before this shown you proof that what I predict in this instance is assured."

### THE TRAITOR'S THREAT—A PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT—ANOTHER CIPHER SIGNAL—THE CAUSE IN DANGER.

Just as Mr. Crocker concluded, a servant entered the room, and handed Mr. Gates a dispatch. He opened and glanced at it, and then said aloud: "A dispatch, in cipher, from Huntington. It is a very long one, too; and, as it may be of interest to us all, I shall trouble you to decipher it, Damon."

Harry took the dispatch, and as he left the room, the ladies also withdrew. Then there was some general discussion among the gentlemen about finances, in which Mr. Flood stated, as a matter of fact, that they had already secret assurance that enough of their hands to carry on the Cause until success or failure came, would be taken at the start; and when success was assured, the financial problem would be the easiest solved. "I need have no delicacy in saying," Mr. Flood concluded, "that the fact that the wealthy mining and railroad men of the coast were among the first to espouse the Cause, was a potent factor in our secret financial negotiations. The fact that we, who know the coast's capacity, present disadvantages, and future possibilities under proper government, have risked great fortunes on our hope of success, was the best possible argument we could use in asking promise of aid from others."

Harry Damon went directly to the library, and began deciphering the long dispatch with the aid of Mr. Gates's cipher-book.

The ladies had only reached the parlors when Fanny was informed that Mr. Borgesson had arrived a few minutes before, and insisted upon waiting in the conservatory until he could see her there. She looked unusually handsome as she walked toward him. I write it to her credit that, intensely disliking the man, she experienced not only a genuine delight in having no longer to conceal her feelings, but—positively, Mr. Simple—she was elated with the idea that she was about to inflict upon him some suffering, so had her first dislike grown into hate under its forced concealment. Perhaps it was something of this her manner displayed, or her expression of mingled confidence and defiance that made Borgesson say, after a hasty glance at her face, and without a preliminary word:

"I have come, Miss Gates, for your answer."

He looked little like a lover, and she little like a woman wooed. She had stopped several paces from him, and was toying with some scarlet flowers, hanging in luxuriant masses above her.

He looked not pleading, but fierce. She beat the swinging wealth of color with her fan some time, before she said:

"I should have said 'no' a week ago, Mr. Borgesson, for then, as now, I could not have said 'yes,' even if I would."

Borgesson's face seemed to be splashed with waves of blood, but it was only the reflection the swinging clusters of the vivid scarlet flowers threw across his white face, as they swung in the gaslight, while she carelessly beat them with her fan.

His face did not change; it could have looked no meaner under any stress of emotion, but his voice changed some as he said:

"You kept me waiting, Miss Gates, fearing me, until now, when you think I can do no harm."

"Think!"

"Yes, think; but you are mistaken. It lies in my power to disclose your Cause to the War Department at Washington before midnight. But as this is a matter equally affecting your father, I prefer to ask through him for a different answer from you."

She looked more fierce then than he, but she felt no fear. The first thought that flashed through her mind was, "He can not escape from this house—to do us harm." Unconsciously she beat the swinging vine until the flowers dropped

in a scarlet rain on the white marble path between them. As she turned from him, her face expressed all of disdain and contempt it is possible for a face to express; yet a deeper depth of contempt was displayed by her voice, as she said, slowly:

"As you suggest, my father shall see you, but only to prove that as you are capable of threatening a woman, you are incapable of threatening a man." She moved away a few paces and then added: "As I have kept you in the service of my father's Cause until you are now no longer needed, I shall from this moment forget even to hate you."

When she had passed into the gallery, off from which the conservatory was situated, she hurried to the library, and, without waiting to speak to Damon, wrote on a scrap of paper: "Borgesson is in the conservatory, waiting to speak to you. He is a traitor." This she gave to a servant, with instructions to deliver it at once to her father. Then she turned to Damon, and said: "Oh, Harry, it is as we thought; the Swede is a base wretch."

"He has done nothing yet?" asked Harry, looking up from his work in strange excitement.

"No; but he threatens," and she told him all her interview with Borgesson.

"I understand, Fanny. Look over my shoulder at what I am writing. It is something very like the Swede's doom."

When the servant hearing Fanny's note entered the dining-room, Mr. Gates motioned to him to remain standing by the door until Mr. Jarboe, who was speaking, had concluded. Mr. Jarboe was saying: "Although my associate, Judge Harrison, and Judge Lake, General Barnes, and myself have been engaged some portion of every night for months upon the constitution you have heard read here this evening, we can none of us claim any more authorship in it than can every gentleman present. We have received our inspiration and instructions from the thorough discussion here, by you all, of every clause the document contains. There is in it the element of all that has proved especially beneficial in every constitution or charter we could acquaint ourselves with. Under it, liberty can never be abused into license; under it, men only of intelligence and property can govern; only men and classes whom experience has taught make good citizens, can come among us and obtain civil rights. Under it we can never become a nation of politicians and office-seekers, as the chief magistrate, with more power than the President of the United States, shall hold office, after elected, until the voters, through their Congress, shall call for a new election. This may be called a government of limited monarchy. The name can not deprive us of the benefit of the system."

As Mr. Jarboe finished—he had been speaking since Mr. Flood concluded—the servant advanced, and handed the note to Mr. Gates. He started only as he read the words, and rising, not hastily, said, in a voice that showed no emotion: "Gentlemen, excuse me for a few minutes."

He found Borgesson standing as Fanny had left him.

As Fanny looked over Damon's shoulder she read, as he wrote the following transcription of the Huntington cipher dispatch:

NEW YORK, December 15, 1881.

Chauncy Gates, San Francisco: Be very careful about Borgesson. I have just received information that leads me to suspect him of being one Henry Hansen, who deserted from the army of Sweden, in which he was a lieutenant of engineers.

The day after his desertion an order of arrest was issued for him on account of treasonable correspondence with the Russians. Hansen escaped in disguise to America, and, if he and Borgesson are one, has been safely hidden for five years in Ericsson's workshop. If captured, he would either be shot or exiled for life—a point you may find it necessary to use. Hansen has a cousin, who is secretary to Count Lewenhaupt, Sweden's minister to Washington. We know this secretary has been in correspondence with Borgesson.

When Damon wrote the last word of the dispatch, he looked up with a smile, and said: "Stay here, Fanny, until I go and interview your Swedish lover."

"Go to the conservatory by the side-entrance, Harry. It will save time, and perhaps father from a minute's annoyance."

As Damon entered softly through the side-entrance he heard Mr. Gates's voice, trembling with excitement, saying: "After this confession of your treachery, how can you hope to leave this house to execute your plans?"

Harry stepped noiselessly through a plant-embowered path, and stood, unseen, within a step of the Swede as the latter said to Mr. Gates:

"You did not allow me to finish, sir. I was not so foolish as not to realize that you could imprison me here, if it served your purpose to do so. But it will not. Unless I return to my hotel within an hour, the clerk will send a telegram I left with him, enclosed in an envelope, with instructions to send it for me if I did not call for it before ten o'clock. That dispatch will instantly set in motion the machinery that will crush and ruin you and your Cause. Do I make myself clear?"

Chauncy Gates's powerful frame trembled, and he was speechless.

"Perfectly clear, Lieutenant Henry Hansen."

It was Damon who said this, pleasantly, as he stepped out and confronted the Swede, who almost fell to the pavement when he heard Damon's words. With distended eyes and jaw fallen, the wretch swayed to and fro, but could not speak.

"As I appear to be the only person in a mood for conversation," Damon said, after enjoying the Swede's suffer-



little while, "I will continue: Lieutenant Henry Hansen, wanted by the authorities of Sweden, who are righteously disposed to shoot you, I have a plan to suggest. Together we will stroll to your hotel, where you will give me your well-intended dispatch. You will then order the clerk to send your baggage, excepting your drawings, to the Australian steamer which sails to-morrow; then you will stroll back here with me, and occupy a special room, which you will be pleased to have guarded, until it is time for you to accompany me to the Australian steamer, on which you will embark. Having the fullest confidence in your judgment, I feel assured you will endorse my plan as calculated to bring peace and comfort to your mind; for, Lieutenant Henry Hansen, your mind, as suggested by your face, appears to be in need of peace and comfort."

Moistening his lips with his tongue between each word, the Swede slowly replied: "I—accept—your—plan—sir," and as he spoke—

\* \* \* \* \*

[We regret to state that we are obliged to bring the narrative to a sudden close. The author has failed to supply us with further MS., and we find, on investigation, that he has disappeared. Everything at his rooms remains just as he left it, and the cause of his absence is a mystery.—Eds.]

Most people have been struck, in reading auctioneer's catalogues at book sales, with the large number of unknown authors represented. The *Nation* has struck one which is unusually rich in this line. Of the new authors discovered (it says) we may mention "M. De"; "L'Abbe Roche Tilure"; another Abbe, "M. L. Abbi de Balleegurall" (his ancestors must surely have come from Ireland with the fighting Oney-oneth; ) the Fathers of the Church, "Juton Martyn, Tertullum, and others"; "M. Thomasi" (who writes on "Les Mœurs et les Esprit de Fanues"; ) De la Bruggers, whose "Maxims et Reflexion Mosules" treat of a subject not touched upon, so far as we know, by any other writer; an author whose name positively would make the hearer's mouth water, "San le Compte de Morangues"; and another almost as appetizing, "Eugene Labunne"; and finally "Tiryante Tasso," who, the auctioneers obligingly remark, writes "in Italian" (one would not have thought it from the title, "La Gerusalemme Liberatu," though, to be sure, it may be in some dialect that has escaped the researches of philologists.) In what language, by the way, can "L'ami des Enfants" be written, "par M. Berguin," who is also credited with "L'ami de l'Adolences"? Perhaps in the same as the "Monusserit Venu de St. Helene," or the "Fragmenti San l'Inde," or the "Elat des Cours del'Europe," or the "Manuscript del Mil Herit cent Tuntorze. Contenant l'Histoire des Six Demiers mois du Regne de Napoleon pet le Brown Fain." We shall look forward with great interest to the future issues of this firm, which are "calculated," as a prospectus might say, "to render a true service to the cause of literary science, and to push the knowledge of books far beyond limits hitherto observed by the plodding cataloguer, into the realms of the Unexpected and the Inexplicable."

The curious world is agog over what is described as a "hideously indecent interpolation" in the London *Times* report of a recent speech by Sir William Harcourt. Very foolishly, from an American point of view, the *Times* the following day apologized for the blunder, and so made matters greatly worse. The prurient public at once sought eagerly for copies of the report, and some were sold at one pound, or five dollars apiece. Some of the weeklies republished the blunder, and thousands of special copies were sold. The *Times*, rightly judging that the interpolation was a malicious jest on the part of some printer, discharged twenty-two employees. The incident reminds the New York *Graphic* of another case of the same kind which happened to the London *Times*. It says: "The word 'bloody' has an unnatural, horrible, and most repulsive meaning attached to it when used by the working classes in England. It is the worst epithet one of these can use in denouncing a person or thing which he abhors. Mr. Gladstone, one night in Parliament, in the course of a splendid oration, launched a fierce philippic against Mr. Disraeli, whom he accused of 'thrusting his bloody hand into the vitals of the constitution.' The intelligent compositor of the *Times* office who set up this portion of Mr. Gladstone's speech, was horrified, and exercising that wise discretion to which too intelligent compositors are perhaps too much inclined, omitted the word which to him bore such a terrible meaning, and substituted for it a 'three-em dash,' so that the sentence read, 'thrusting bis ——— hand into the vitals of the constitution.' All London and all England was on its head, so to speak, the next day, and for many days to come, in a fever of anxiety to know what unreportable word Mr. Gladstone could have used."

Many people have wondered what might be the meaning of the outside cover of the *Century Magazine*. Burdette at last comes to their rescue in the *Hawkeye*. He says: "The new cover of the *Century Magazine* is an improvement on the old one. The old one, as near as we could understand, was a map representing the internal economy of the human system in a state of siege, induced by a sudden attack of cholera morbus. The new design is very unique. In the foreground a lady who is ruining a petty cash book by leaning on it, has an old-fashioned lard lamp with a rag wick, with which she is evidently looking for the bridge of her nose, which is gone. She is out doors; the aurora borealis gleams brightly in the northern sky, and her throat and chest are exposed to the night air in such a reckless manner that if croup has not already marked her for its own, it is because diphtheria has already filed a prior claim. In the corner a thinly-clad young man, whose shirt has evidently gone to the pawn shop to look after his trousers, has been fishing and caught a whole five-gallon jar full of trout, but he is emptying the jar of its finny treasures that he may milk the unsuspecting goat nibbling the bark of a dogwood tree near by. It isn't the kind of a goat to milk, either."

The following note on Mrs. General Kautz's reception we take from the *Call*: "The vocation of a soldier is one requiring, in time of action, a stern and somewhat forbidding demeanor, but soldiers [presumably those at Angel Island] are always distinguished by their warm and generous hospitality, and attractive social qualities." The grim-visaged warriors smoothed their wrinkled fronts, as it were.

## TWO SENTIMENTAL STORIES.

Which the Gradgrinds among us may Refrain from Reading.

### HER LOVE STORY.

He was introduced to her at a hall; she danced with him and forgot him.

She met him again at a reception, was reintroduced, and remembered she had seen him before. Where? She knew not. Yet for some moments his arm had been around her slender waist.

At the reception she talked with him, and found him dull. She looked at him. He might be called handsome, but was awkward. When he sat down he was prone to sprawl. He stood with his head forward, and stumbled ungracefully in his walk. She flushed with annoyance, left him, and went into the conservatory with a man more to her taste.

She found him one evening at the house of a friend. She conversed easily on topics of general interest. He sat in a chair too low for him, and his feet were painfully apparent. She disdainfully turned her shoulder toward him. Presently she rose to go, and dropped her handkerchief. He bent lightly forward and caught it up, almost before it touched the carpet. As an intimate friend at the house, he prepared to see her home. He arranged her cloak with eager deference, and she smiled. He tramped on her skirt as she passed out of the door, and she frowned.

They arrived at her gate; he pushed it open, took off his hat, and almost ran away.

One day she was coming home from a shopping expedition with a small parcel in her hand. He came up with her, bowed awkwardly, blushed, and asked if he might take her parcel. He did not say much, but listened in adoring silence. When he left her she laughed, and said he was intolerably stupid, yet *not* a bore.

Pretty soon he began to call often, and attended her to the opera and theatre when she would permit him. He was always near her, and anxious to be of service. He was manly, and among men a favorite. He rode well, but danced indifferently. The other girls laughed at him, but he did not heed it. She danced perfectly, was talkative, daring, and impulsive.

She snubbed him, and shook him off for more accomplished men.

He finally said he loved her. She laughed, said "Impossible," tormented him, neglected him, refused more eligible suitors, and finally married him and adored him for all time.

Of such is the nature of woman. MATTY GALLY.  
February 15, 1882.

### A WOMAN'S HEART.

"Lemme see," said the old man, musing with his chin on the top of his cane, and speaking with the shrill falsetto voice of age, "it must be forty-seven years since Ann Maria died, yet I can remember the very gown she wore, and the color of the long curls that hung down over her shoulders, and the red on her cheeks that was like a winter apple. Dear me! she never faded a mite in all them years, but just sits there a lookin' at me, as she did when I brought her home. You see, there was a kind of romance tew it, and I've often and often thought that if I had the power and could write it out, it would read beautiful as a novel. The fact was, Ann Maria had another beau, but that ain't no wonder, for she was the smartest, and prettiest, and best girl in the hull country side; but what I mean, she had favored him ever so little afore I come around and began keepin' her company. Folks kind of coupled their names together, and some of 'em, to hother me, hinted that she cared a heap for him."

"Why, you'd orter tew have seen him! He was slim and fine as a lady, and wore gaiter shoes, and had holler eyes, ez if he'd never had quite enough to eat. 'Ann Maria care for him?' Why, the girl bad sense, and knew the difference between a feller as strait as a sapling, with a color like new mahogany, and such a melancholy looking specimen as that. Besides, I had a mortgage on the old homestead, and Ann Maria's father owed me money; but I did right by them. I told her ef she married me I'd deed the whole thing back to her, and I did. Well, we was married, and we made as purty a couple as ever you saw in your life."

"Ann Maria had a settin' out of china and linen, and I provided the house, and folks said I had the best wife a man ever had in the world, and I'd got everything just as I wanted it, and s'posed it would always be so; but from the day we were married my wife failed in health and spirits, and in six months I buried her—folks said it was consumption, but it didn't run in the family. I was blind and full of pride then, but I've thought since," here the old man lowered his voice, "that mebbe she loved that white-faced chap as I despised. A woman's heart, I've found out, is a queer thing, and Love goes where it is sent; but if she did, and married me from a mistaken sense of duty, why, all I've got to say is, I've been punished too, for I loved her! Perhaps I never felt it as much as I did when I saw her lying, white and peaceful, in her chintz gown, with the violets on it, and something round her neck that I never see before—a little cheap locket, with some hair that wasn't mine."

"Then I mistrusted that her heart had broke, and I said solemnly as I kissed her good-bye: 'My dear, I'll never have a wife but you if I live four-score-and-ten!' and I never have, and I think mebbe she will see that I loved her truly, and forgive me at last."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A five-mile race took place in Callao, December 25th, between two cutters from the United States ship *Pensacola* and the Chilean ironclad *Almirante Cochrane*. The *Pensacola*'s crew won easily, amid the cheers of all the vessels in the vicinity, and of their own shipmates in particular, who crowded the rigging and yards to give them a rousing cheer as they passed, leading by five hundred yards at least. The race was for two thousand dollars a side. The time of the winning boat was forty-seven minutes fifty-seven seconds; that of the loser, forty-nine minutes fifty-seven seconds.

He slipped quietly in at the door, hut, catching sight of an inquiring face over the stair rail, said: "Sorry so late, my dear; couldn't get a car before." So the cars were full, too," replied the lady; and further remarks were unnecessary.

## ULTRAMONTANISM.

*Cursed is he who maintains that, in a conflict between the civil and ecclesiastical laws, the civil law should prevail.*—*Syllabus*, (1864,) Prop. XLII.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I occasionally find intelligent people who, having never lived within the influence of the Roman hierarchy, will not believe that the Romish Church seeks to make the ecclesiastical superior to the civil law. I have endeavored to correct this idea by citing circumstances that have come within the scope of my observations. Possibly I do not understand the "underlying principles" of this ambitious organization, but I do understand its effect. Born almost beneath the shadow of a cathedral, I was taught, in company with Catholic youths, by Catholic teachers. I have lived in a country where their ratio of population was as nine to one. I have listened to political speeches from church doors, at the close of Sabbath services, and heard the pastorals to the faithful. I have been in a position to know the actions of the clergy in great political campaigns. For these reasons I claim to know something of the policy of that church in a country where the dissenters were so few as to be powerless in the local courts. I desire to make a statement of a case that will tend to establish the charges you have brought against the church or its leaders; and, in so doing, I shall so closely follow the records of the case as to destroy any pretensions of originality. In the autumn of 1844 a number of intelligent and ambitious young French Canadians assembled in a small room in the city of Montreal, and organized a society called "L'Institut Canadien." In 1852 this society was incorporated by Act of Parliament. The institute prospered. It became the centre of intellectual activity. Essays were read by its members, distinguished men of letters were engaged to lecture, and especially were the live question of the day largely, and I might safely add, intelligently, discussed. So popular had it become, that branches were formed throughout the province, modeled after the parent society at Montreal, to which flocked the flower of the Canadian youth. The clergy did not well endure this intellectual renaissance. They sought to retain mental culture within their own ranks, and what they could not guide and control they tried to quash. In passing, I ought here to remark, as a proof of the excellence of the character of the institute, that at a meeting in 1854, fourteen of its members were congratulated on having been elected to seats in Parliament. At first this society was composed of French Catholics only; but after a time its doors were thrown open to all creeds and nationalities. This particularly incensed the clergy, who determined to destroy what they could not control. They organized rival societies, and by threats of excommunication they were so successful as to crush out all branch societies, and reduce the membership of the parent society from above seven hundred to one hundred and sixty-five. The next issue with the institute was taken on the assumption that the library contained obnoxious and immoral books. The Bishop of Montreal, Mgr. Bourget, noted this in a pastoral, and called upon all good Catholics to sever their connection with the institute. This they refused to do, but, as good Catholics, they sent a deputation, with a catalogue of the works, to Bishop Bourget, asking him to mark the obnoxious volumes, that they might purge the library. After keeping it seven months he returned it without having indicated a single volume as objectionable, and again demanded their resignation. This ruptured last seven years; when, after consulting eminent ecclesiastics, a number of members, including Mr. Joseph Guibord, decided to appeal to Rome against the action of the bishop. This action gave rise to what is known as the Guibord case. Joseph Guibord was a printer by trade, and possessed of much inventive and mechanical skill, and a large amount of intelligence. No notice was taken by the Romish authorities of this appeal for four years. At the expiration of this time the institute commissioned Mr. Gonsalve Doutre to proceed to Rome to urge the interests of the institute on the appeal. He had an interview with the Prefect of the Propaganda—also with the Pope—but he retired from that interview fully convinced that the authorities were prepared to condemn the institute without entering into the merits of the dispute. On the 18th of November, 1869, the institute was started by the sudden demise of Joseph Guibord. The widow applied to the curé Rousselot, and clerk of the Fabrique—the corporation controlling the cemetery of La Côte des Neiges—to bury Guibord in the cemetery. The curé, having his instructions from the administrator of the diocese, refused him "sépulture ecclésiastique," but offered to have him interred in a part of the cemetery set apart for criminals and suicides. This was rejected by the widow. The widow, counseled by Mr. Joseph Doutre, (Queen's Counselor,) brought suit in the Superior Court before Judge Mondelet, to compel the authorities of the cemetery to give the body of her husband Christian burial. The decision was in her favor, and a writ of mandamus issued, compelling the Fabrique to bury the body according to law and usage. An appeal to the Court of Review reversed the decision of the Superior Court, principally on technicalities. The widow now appealed to the Court of Queen's Bench. This court was composed of four Roman Catholic judges, and one Protestant; and here the greatest interest centres. On the opening of the court, Mr. Joseph Doutre, Q. C., a distinguished, learned, and pious Roman Catholic advocate, challenged the four Roman Catholic judges on the ground that they belonged to a church which had, by the *Syllabus* of 1864, declared that the State had no authority, even indirectly, over matters of religion, and that, in case of a conflict between the civil and ecclesiastical authority, the former must yield. "By means of a strong pressure on public opinion in this Province," said Mr. Doutre, "many persons are not sure whether our judges are the representatives of Her Majesty and the laws made under her authority, or whether in certain matters they are governed by a religious authority, the seat of which is at Rome." Here the Honorable Chief Justice Duval interrupted Mr. Doutre, to tell him that he attributed too much importance to imbeciles who expressed such doubts in the matter. "Unfortunately," said Mr. Doutre, "we meet those imbeciles at every turn. The judges themselves have not lost their position. Such an opportunity may not soon occur again to satisfy the people, who have grave doubts in regard to the matter, and that they should now put an end to those injurious doubts which are entertained as to their independence, and as to their true position with regard to the sovereign who appoints them, and another sovereign who pretends to command their consciences—to circumscribe their authority and cast defiance at our parliament and laws." Their honors condemned the recitation as insulting and unheard of, and refused not only to entertain it, but even to have it placed on file. Whereupon Mr. Doutre immediately moved for permission to appeal to Her Majesty's Privy Council, which rule was granted. The history of this case may be briefly concluded by stating that the privy council affirmed the right of Guibord to burial in the cemetery where he owned a lot; where his wife now was buried, (having fallen a prey to disease superinduced by mental anxiety); and in that lot, after six years of anxious litigation, now rest the remains of Joseph Guibord, cursed and anathematized by a church whose laws he never violated but in maintaining liberty of conscience. One fact more. The members of the institute are now not only buried, but married also with the rites of the church; notably Mr. Gonzale Doutre, who for six years represented the institute in this and other cases. It is a wearisome task to argue that we owe light to the sun—light that is breaking in everywhere but within the recesses of this church system; light that is penetrating the shadows that have sheltered superstition through the mist of ignorance that for centuries has enveloped whole nations under the papal dominion. Already men but half-awakened from the sleep of ignorance are breaking the shackles of an enthralling churchism. Education and scientific research are unmasking the errors and exposing the bigotries of a dozen centuries. Let this case teach this stubborn church that every privilege has its correlative duty.

Meliora spero.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 16, 1882.

Mr. Rasmus Anderson's translation of "A Happy Boy" adds another of Björnsterne Björnson's pleasant and simple peasant stories to English literature. This time it is the history of a boy's life, and is told in Björnson's best style. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Boston; for sale at Bancroft's.



## RAMBLES AMONG BOOKS.

The ancient city of Aquileia: At the beginning of the fifth century, London and Paris, not yet capitals of kingdoms, were already in being and had been in being for some centuries. But far above either ranked the great city of northeastern Italy, then one of the foremost cities of the world, the ancient colony of Aquileia, keeper of one of the great lines of approach toward Italy and Rome. No one city had then taken the name of the Venetian land; no wanderers from the main land had as yet settled down like sea-fowl, as Cassiodorus puts it, on the islands of the lagoons. By the end of the fifth century both London and Paris had passed from Roman rule to the rule of Teutonic conquerors. London, we may conceive, was still inhabited; at all events, its walls stood ready to receive a fresh colony before long. Paris had received one of those momentary lifts of which she went through several before her final exaltation; the city which had been favored by Roman Julian was favored also by Frankish Chlodwig. But Aquileia had felt the full fury of invaders who came, not to occupy or to settle, but simply to destroy. As a city, as a bulwark of Italy, she had passed away forever. But out of her fall several cities had, in the course of that century, risen to increased greatness, and the greatest of all had come into being. The city was born which, simply as a city, as a city hearing rule over distant lands, must rank as the one historic peer of Rome. Not yet queen of the Adriatic, not yet the chosen sanctuary of St. Mark, not yet enthroned on her own Rialto, the settlement which was to grow into Venice had already made its small beginnings. But the fall of Aquileia, the rise of Venice, are only the greatest examples of a general law. A nearer neighbor of Aquileia at once profited by her overthrow; Grado, on her own coast, almost at her own gates, sprang up as her rival; but the greatness of Grado has passed away only less thoroughly than the greatness of Aquileia. So the Venetian Forum Julii gave way to its more modern neighbor Unine. It lost the name which it had given to the land around it. Its shortened form *Friuli* lived on as one of the names of the surrounding district, but Forum Julii itself was forgotten under the vaguer description of *Cividale*. Gorizia has been for ages the head of a principality; in latter times it has been the head of an ecclesiastical province. But Gorizia was absolutely unknown till the beginning of the eleventh century, and it does not seem even to have supplanted any earlier city. It is thus a marked peculiarity of this district that the chief towns, with Venice itself at their head, have not lived on continuously as chief towns from Roman or earlier times. West of Venice the rule does not apply. Padua and Verona are old enough for the warmest lover of antiquity, and Vicenza, going back at least to the second century B. C., must be allowed to be of a respectable age.—*Edward A. Freeman in "Neighbor Lands of Venice."*

Observation and Memory: I earnestly advise all young men to commence their studies, as much as possible, by direct observation of facts, and not by the mere inculcation of statements from books. A useful book was written with the title, "How to Observe." These three words might serve as a motto to guide us in the most important part of our early education—a part, unfortunately, only too much neglected. It is astonishing how much we all go about with our eyes open, and yet see nothing. This is because the organ of vision, like other organs, requires training; and by lack of training, and the slavish dependence on books, becomes dull and slow, and ultimately incapable of exercising its natural function. Let those studies, therefore, both in school and college, be regarded as primary that teach young persons to know what they are seeing, and see what they otherwise would fail to see. Among the most useful are botany, zoology, mineralogy, geology, chemistry, architecture, drawing, and the fine arts. How many a country excursion and continental tour have been rendered comparatively useless to young persons well drilled in their books, merely from the want of a little elementary knowledge in these sciences of observation. Another faculty of the mind that demands special culture is memory. Happily, of all mental faculties this is the one which is most certainly improved by exercise; besides there are helps to a weak memory such as do not exist for a weak imagination or a weak reasoning power. The most important points to be attended to in securing the retention of facts once impressed on the imagination, are the distinctness, vividness, and intensity of the original impression. It is better for the memory to have a distinct idea of one fact of a great subject, than to have confused ideas of the whole. Nothing helps the memory so much as order and classification. Classes are always few, individuals many; to know the class is to know what is essential in the character of an individual, and what least burdens the memory to retain. The next important matter is repetition. A man who finds it difficult to remember that Deva is the Sanskrit for a god, has only to repeat it seven times a day, or seven times a week, and he will not forget it. The less tenacious a man's memory naturally is, the more determined ought he to be to complement it by frequent inculcation. Again, if memory be weak, causality is perhaps strong; and this point of strength, if wisely used, may readily be made to turn an apparent loss into a real gain. It frequently happens that the man who is slow to remember without a reason, searches after the casual connection of the facts, and when he has found it, binds together by the bond of rational sequences what the constitution of his mind disinclined him to receive as an arbitrary and unexplained succession. Lastly, whatever facilities of memory a man may possess, let him not despise the sure aids so amply supplied by written record. To speak from a paper certainly does not strengthen, but has rather a tendency to enfeeble the memory; but to retain stores of really available matter, in the shape of written or printed record, enables a man to command a vast amount of accumulated materials, at whatever moment he may require them.—*J. S. Blackie in "Self-Culture."*

"A Michigan girl has husked corn enough to buy her a pair of sixteen-dollar stockings. She is now," says the *Rochester Herald*, "going to emigrate to some town where they have got a skating-rink."

## AN OLD FAVORITE.

## The Australian Dukite Snake.

Well, mate, you've asked me about a fellow  
You met to-day, in a black-and-yellow  
Chain-gang suit, with a peddler's pack,  
Or with some such hurden, strapped to his back.  
Did you meet him square? No, you passed him by?  
Well, if you had, and had looked in his eye,  
You'd have felt for your irons then and there;  
For the light in his eye is a madman's glare.  
His story is strange as ever you heard  
Or read; but I'll vouch for it, every word.  
That man who goes  
Through the bush with the pack and the convict's clothes  
Has been mad for years; but he does no harm,  
And our lonely settlers feel no alarm  
When they see or meet him. Poor Dave Sloane  
Was a settler once, and a friend of my own.  
Some eight years back, in the spring of the year,  
Dave came from Scotland, and settled here.  
A splendid young fellow he was just then,  
And one of the bravest and truest of men.  
Not even a convict met with his scorn,  
For David Sloane was a gentleman born.  
He lived with me here for a while, and learned  
The tricks of the bush—how the snare was laid  
In the wallaby track, how traps were made,  
How 'possums and kangaroo rats were killed;  
And when that was learned, I helped him to build  
From mahogany slabs a good bush hut,  
And showed him how sandal-wood logs were cut.  
From the morning light till the light expired  
He was always working—he never tired;  
Till at length I began to think his will  
Was too much settled on wealth, and still  
When I looked at the lad's brown face, and eye  
Clear, open, my heart gave such thought the lie.  
But one day—for he read my mind—he laid  
His hand on my shoulder. "Don't be afraid,"  
Said he, "that I'm seeking alone for pelf.  
I work hard, friend; but 'tis not for myself."  
And he told me then, in his quiet tone,  
Of a girl in Scotland, who was his own—  
His wife—'twas for her; 'twas all he could say,  
And his clear eye shined as he turned away.  
After that he told me the simple tale:  
They had married for love, and she was to sail  
For Australia when he wrote home and told  
The oft-expected story of finding gold.  
In a year he wrote, and his news was good:  
He had bought some cattle and sold his wood.  
He said: "Darling, I've only a but—but come."  
Friend, a husband's heart is a true wife's home;  
And he knew she'd come. Then he turned his hand  
To make neat the house, and prepare the land  
For his crops and vines; and he made that place  
Put on such a smiling and homelike face,  
That when she came, and he showed her round  
His sandal-wood and his crops in the ground,  
And spoke of the future, they cried for joy.  
The husband's arm clasping his wife and boy.  
Friend, there isn't much more of the tale to tell;  
I was talking of angels a while since, well,  
Now I'll change to a devil—ay, to a devil!  
You needn't start; if a spirit of evil  
Ever came to this world its hate to slake  
On mankind, it came as a dukite snake.  
Like? Like the pictures you've seen of sin,  
A long red snake—as if what was within  
Was fire that gleamed through his glistening skin.  
And his eyes!—if you could go down to hell  
And come back to your fellows here and tell  
What the fire was like, you could find no thing  
Here below on the earth, or up in the sky,  
To compare it to but a dukite's eye!  
Now, mark you, these dukites don't go alone;  
There's another near when you see but one;  
And beware you of killing that one you see  
Without finding the other; for you may be  
More than twenty miles from the spot that night,  
When camped, but you're tracked by the lone dukite,  
That will follow your trail like death or fate,  
And kill you as sure as you killed its mate!  
Well, poor Dave Sloane had his young wife here  
Three months—'twas just this time of the year.  
He had teamed some sandal-wood to the Vasse,  
And was homeward bound, when he saw in the grass  
A long red snake. He had never been told  
Of the dukite's ways. He jumped to the road,  
And smashed its flat head with the bullock-goad!  
He was proud of the red skin, so he tied  
Its tail to the cart, and the snake's blood dyed  
The hush on the path he followed that night.  
He was early home, and the dead dukite  
Was flung at the door to be skinned next day.  
At sunrise next morning he started away  
To hunt up his cattle. A three hours' ride  
Brought him back; he gazed on his home with pride  
And joy in his heart. He jumped from his horse  
And entered—to look on his young wife's corpse,  
And his dead child clutching its mother's clothes  
As in fright; and there, as he gazed, arose  
From her breast, where 'twas resting, the gleaming head  
Of the terrible dukite, as if it said:  
"I've had vengeance, my foe; you took all I had."  
And so had the snake—David Sloane was mad!  
I rode to his hut just by chance that night,  
And there on the threshold the clear moonlight  
Showed the two snakes dead. I pushed in the door  
With an awful feeling of coming woe;  
The dead were stretched on the moonlit floor,  
The man held the hand of his wife—his pride,  
His poor life's treasure—and crouched by her side.  
O God! I sank with the weight of the blow.  
I touched and called him; he heeded me not,  
So I dug her grave in a quiet spot,  
And lifted them both—her boy on her breast—  
And laid them down in the shade to rest.  
Then I tried to take my poor friend away,  
But he cried so woefully, "Let me stay  
Till she comes again!" that I had no heart  
To try to persuade him then to part.  
From all that was left to him here—her grave;  
So I stayed by his side that night, and save  
One heart-cutting cry, he uttered no sound—  
O God! that wail like the wail of a hound!  
Since that fearful night no one has heard  
Poor David Sloane utter sound or word.  
You have seen to-day how he always goes;  
He's been given that suit of convict's clothes  
By some prison officer. On his back  
You noticed a load like a peddler's pack?  
Well, that's what he lives for; when reason went,  
Still memory lived, for his days are spent  
In searching for dukites; and year by year  
That bundle of skins is growing. 'Tis clear  
That the Lord out of evil some good still takes,  
For he's clearing this bush of the dukite snakes.  
—*John Boyle O'Reilly*

## THE CITY BY THE SEINE.

Our Correspondent Tells of Plays, Players, and High Play.

The gambling saloons are just now attracting the attention of every one. A young nobleman was cleaned out of five hundred thousand francs in a few minutes the other day. The police closed up the gambling-rooms immediately, and, since the boom was on, raided several other places. These resorts are mostly kept by broken-down and adventurous foreigners, who have been Nihilists, Socialists, Communists, and every other kind of rebels to civil authority and law. One young hood got ahead of them the other night, however, and is at present the talk of all Paris. He had begun with many thousands of francs, and had gradually been reduced to his last sou. As the last turn showed him to have lost, he uttered a loud and heart-rending cry, and drew an enormous revolver. The crowd parted in horror. The unfortunate creature placed the weapon to his brow, and, with a dramatic gesture, pulled the trigger. Every one fled, in order to avoid the police. Lights went out, and all was in darkness. The supposed corpse quietly arose, and in darkness and solitude generously helped himself to all the stakes on the tables, taking thence many more thousands than he brought in. As gambling is against the law, he cannot be prosecuted, and so goes about the streets in delightful immunity from further annoyance on the subject.

Two or three nights ago I attended an evening entertainment given by Marshal Bashkirchiff, of Poland. Many of the old French noblesse were present, and dancing was the main attraction of the evening. But what was most enjoyable in the affair were three short pieces given by the two Coquelins, who, as is the fashion, had been engaged for the evening. At a given signal all became silent, and then the two stepped forward and gave a new dialogue, called "The Capitalist." It gained so much applause that they proceeded to give a little *morceau* something after the style of the famous "Hat," called "La Mouche." Further on they furnished what was more amusing than either of the other two. It is called "Shall We Get a Divorce?" and is a sort of marital discussion. These two brothers continually add new numbers to their already large repertoire, and were really the life of a stupid reception.

At the theatres there are three new plays now on. Two of them are political, the other is a pretty little operetta. The first is "Claude Fer," by Amainen. Claude Fer, the hero, is a Communist and a *debauché*. His father is killed, and he is defrauded by the assassin. He takes vengeance by seducing the assassin's daughter. Having taken to politics, his stupidity brings about his failure, and he finally gets shot by the orders of the leader of a *coup d'état*. The second play which now excites interest is at the Ambigu. It is not new, but merely an old blood-and-thunder tragedy which has not been played for half a century. It is called "L'Incendiaire," and at the time of its first production, in 1832, created a great sensation. It is political, since its subject is an attack on the Roman priesthood, and especially Jesuits. An archbishop wishes to destroy the property of a political opponent. He has gained great ascendancy over the mind of a lady parishoner. She fears a refusal of absolution for her sins unless she does the archbishop's bidding, and burns the wealthy republican's house. He tells her that the Lord has chosen her as an instrument of incendiarism. She commits the deed, but in remorse drowns herself in the river. The politics of the piece were expected to call forth the usual fights and riots. But there was no trouble, although there was a large force of police waiting to arrest the first infringer of the peace. The little operetta at Les Folies Dramatiques is called "Le Petit Parisien," and contains as neat a plot as any that has appeared since "The Little Duke," or any of the more popular opera bouffes. Of course, to be interesting, it had to be romantic and idyllic. Its scene is laid in the country about Paris, during the reign of Louis XV. The Prince de Bagneux is betrothed to the Princess of Parma. The prince has been brought up by his father in supposed innocence. His father gives the young man into the hands of a tutor, previous to his marriage, with the instruction that he is to be polished off. The tutor receives the astounding information from the father that such is his son's innocence, he is not even aware of the meaning of sex. The youth is in reality as wild as a March hare. He, with some dissolute companions, attack and rob a carriage, in which, unknown to them, is the prince's fiancée. The young girl takes refuge in a *maisonette*, at which is staying the mistress of the young prince. "La petite Flore," as she is called, guards the frightened princess, until the coming of her scapegrace lover. The prince arrives. He makes love to the princess, and arouses the jealousy of Flore. Just at this moment the parents and guardians of both parties arrive, and there is a happy *dénouement* and marriage. The music is by Vasseur, and has a bright sparkle to it that will give it a long run.

During the present financial panic, although there have been countless fortunes wrecked, one individual—an ex-sugar refiner—has emerged with a fortune. Lebaudy, at the end of the Franco-Prussian war, during the exciting days of the commune, bought up depreciated real estate for a mere song. In one locality he purchased one hundred houses at a price so ridiculously low as to seem incredible. In two years he found himself worth about sixty millions of dollars. Not a bad capital for speculation. In the late rise, just before the crash, he cleared, it is said, twenty million francs, and then quickly drew out. He was just in time to save his money, and people curse him for his sagacity.

Edmond de Goncourt says, in the preface to his new story, "Le Faustin," that he is desirous of writing, at some future time, a novel about women, in which he shall receive the aid of women. He wishes them to send him records of their "impressions," so that he may write a chronicle of a woman's life that shall be true to nature in the most perfect sense. He does not wish the "experiences," but the real thoughts and impressions of girls—even little girls. He wishes to know the thoughts that dawn upon them at the age of thirteen, with the first budding of coquetry and womanhood; what their first thoughts of awakening love are like; they think on first going into society, etc. The idea is new, and no one could make better use of the materials thus garnered than could Goncourt.

PARIS, January 25, 1882.

BABILLARD.



## SOCIETY.

## The Two Brilliant Weddings of the Week.

MAY-COLEMAN.

On Wednesday evening, the 15th instant, St. Mary's Cathedral was the scene of a brilliant wedding—that of Doctor Frederick May, of Baltimore, and Miss Cecilia Coleman, of this city. Not a long time ago Harry May, a brother of the groom, married a sister of the bride. Both of the ladies are best known here as heiresses of the estate of the late W. S. O'Brien, who was truly the architect of his own fortune, and who died a few years ago, leaving an estate worth many millions of dollars. At an early hour in the evening the cathedral was densely packed with the friends of the bride and groom, and their families, and at a quarter to eight the bridal party arrived, and were preceded to the altar by six ushers—Messrs. Carleton C. Coleman, Henry Reddington, Arthur Page, D. L. Beck, J. W. Twigg, and E. M. Greenway—in couples; then four bridesmaids—the Misses May, Atherton, Blanding, and Rosecrans; and then the bride and Mr. James V. Coleman, her brother. Mr. Harry Babcock acted as best man, and accompanied the groom to the altar. There never was a church more beautifully or more tastefully ornamented than the Cathedral upon this occasion. Beside tall palms, and graceful ferns, and innumerable floral designs, there was an arch of smilax and cut flowers in front of the entrance to the altar, from the centre of which depended a prodigious wedding-bell of exquisite workmanship. During the ceremony, which lasted about fifteen minutes, and which was celebrated by Archbishop Alemany, the organist sent off the soft diminuendos of Schumann's "Träumerei," and at its conclusion produced Mendelssohn's wedding march with grand effect. The bride was dressed in a rich satin costume. The front was covered with deep cascades of point lace. It had a court train with a balayuse of point lace. The waist and sleeves were elaborately trimmed with the same kind of lace. The long bridal veil was caught up in the hair with flowers, and was lost in the graceful train. Sprays of white flowers here and there enlivened further this remarkably pretty robe. She wore diamonds for jewelry. Miss May wore a white gros grain silk, princesse train; front of white surab satin; corsage pointed at front and back, and cut *décolleté*, elbow sleeves, trimmed with lace; corsage bouquet of red roses. Her Spanish lace veil was fastened to the coiffure by a spray of red roses. She wore diamonds. Miss Atherton wore a white gros grain silk, princesse train; waist pointed in front; train fastened at back of waist by white silk bow; elbow sleeves trimmed with lace; corsage bouquet of Ponsoline roses; ornaments were diamonds. Miss Rosecrans had on a robe of white satin, with white satin scribed petticoat front and princesse train; corsage cut *décolleté*, and trimmed with point appliqué lace. Her lace veil was caught with red roses. She carried a bouquet of red roses, and wore a corsage bouquet of same kind of flowers. Her jewels were diamonds. Miss Blanding had on a costume of gros grain, princesse train; corsage low; elbow sleeves, trimmed with Maricot lace. Mrs. James L. Coleman wore a black velvet dress, court train, trimmed with Chantilly lace and passementerie; corsage high; ornaments, diamonds. Mrs. James V. Coleman was dressed in white satin de Lyon, trimmed with Spanish lace; corsage square; elbow sleeves; wore diamonds. A magnificent reception took place at the residence of Mrs. Coleman, 516 Sutter Street, and before nine o'clock that mansion, which has been the scene of so many social episodes, was thronged with gorgeously attired ladies and their escorts, who had assembled to shower congratulations upon, and well wishes for the happiness of, the newly-wedded couple. Mr. and Mrs. May received in the yellow-room on the main floor. Dancing commenced shortly after the arrival of the guests, and was kept up until a late hour. Supper—and a supper which it is really impossible to describe—was served at eleven. The costumes of the ladies present were noticeably new and beautiful. The bride received a great many very valuable presents. Dr. and Mrs. May departed on a short bridal tour, after which they will leave for their future home in the monumental city. There were very few who received invitations to the reception who were not present. Among those who received invitations, and as a general thing were present, were the following:

Bishop and Mrs. Ingraham Kipp, Judge and Mrs. Sanderson, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, General and Mrs. McDowell, Mr. Harry McDowell, Miss Rosecrans, Mr. Rosecrans, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Miss Hattie Crocker, Mr. Geo. Crocker, Miss E. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Battell, Mrs. Atherton, Miss Florence Atherton, Major Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Coleman, Mr. Small, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Withington, Mr. and Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Casserly, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Le Breton, Mr. and Mrs. John Kittle, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. McAfee, Miss Rahé, Mr. Rahé, Mr. and Mrs. Torbert, Miss Torbert, Miss Tevis, Mr. Frank B. Washington, Mr. and Mrs. Wise, Mr. and Mrs. McGavin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sage, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. N. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. L. Parrott, Judge and Mrs. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. C. O'Connor, Mr. and Mrs. J. Parrott, Misses Parrott, Lieutenant and Mrs. Phelps, Lieutenant Pitcher, Major and Mrs. Rathbone, Miss Donahue, Mr. Donahue, Mrs. J. G. Fair, Mr. James C. Flood, Miss Flood, Mrs. James Flood, Senator and Mrs. Gwin, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggins, Mr. E. L. Woods, Miss Haggins, Mr. and Mrs. L. Haggins, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Atherton, Mrs. Buford, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Booker, Mr. and Mrs. Carrington, Mr. W. S. Jones, Mr. C. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. R. Lucas, Miss Lucas, Mr. R. Lucas Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donahue, Miss Donahue, Mr. and Mrs. Powell Gordon, Miss Gordon, Mr. Gordon, Mr. T. H. Chamberlain, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. D. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. W. Sillem, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Judge Hoffman, Mr. George Anderson, Mrs. Breckinridge, Mr. C. J. Bailey, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. Dibble, Mr. and Mrs. Gager, Mr. Gus Casserly, Mr. R. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. George Low, Mr. and Mrs. Rossiter, Mr. W. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. S. Izzard, Mr. Izzard, Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Newlands, Mrs. Fairfax, Mr. and Mrs. Quinn, Mr. and Mrs. A. Rose, Miss Bessie Sedgwick, Senator Sharon, Mr. W. Alexander, Miss Ashe, Miss Brooks, Mr. Beazley, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Doyle, Mr. Gregory, Mr. Gwin, Mr. and Mrs. F. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hammond, Dr. and Mrs. Herman, Mr. Lowhat, Mr. Lemmon, Mrs. S. Purdy, Mr. and Mrs. Sands W. Forman, Mrs. Reddington, Mr. Reddington, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Platt, Miss Platt, Mr. and Mrs. S. V. Smith, Mr. W. T. Babcock, Miss Babcock, Mr. Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Catherine, Captain and Mrs. Eldridge, Miss Eldridge, Mr. J. G. Fair Jr., Mr. Godfrey, Mr. and Mrs. Falk, Miss Nina Platt, Mr. and Mrs. Masten, Miss Masten, Captain and Mrs. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Kendall, Mr. B. B. Thayer, Mrs. Thayer, Mr. S. V. Smith Jr., Mr. F. Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock, Mr. R. J. Davies, Rev. T. Burchard, Mr. and Mrs. L. Poole, Mr. and Mrs. W. Freshora, Mr. E. C. Greenway, Mr. Gore, Captain

Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. E. Murphy, Mr. Harry Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Taylor, Miss Taylor, Mr. Kenny, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Marshall, Miss Marshall, Mr. Marshall, Dr. Taliferro, Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith, Senator and Mrs. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Keys, Mr. and Mrs. William Blanding, Misses Blanding, Mr. and Mrs. De Gargui, Mr. Bergin, Miss Tevis, Mr. Triggs, Mrs. Nuttall, Mr. George Nuttall, Mr. Robert Nuttall, Mr. L. Nickel, Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, Miss Hubbard, Mr. Tiburcio Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Short, Mr. and Mrs. D. Beck, Mr. Beck, Mr. Dillenheye, Mr. and Mrs. Todd, Mr. Samuel Tevis, Judge O'Connor, Mr. and Mrs. Hyde, Miss Hyde, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Parker, Mrs. Pringle, Mr. H. Hammond, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. McAllister, Misses McAllister, the Misses McAllister of Benicia, Mr. Robert McAllister, Mr. Dwight Whiting, Mr. A. Wheeler, Dr. Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd, Mrs. Thornburg, Mr. L. Wetherell, Miss Peyton, Mrs. Benham, Mrs. Searcy, Rev. Mr. Varsi, Mr. Carlisle, Mr. Carr, Mr. H. Smith, Mr. J. Macdonough, Mr. W. Macdonough, Mr. Usshen, Mr. Chase, Mr. Patterson, Dr. and Mrs. McNutt, Mr. Mayre, Mr. L. W. Mix, Mr. Sheldon, Dr. and Mrs. Brigham, Mr. Chauncey, Mr. and Mrs. Pinar, Miss Ballard, Mr. Carleton Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. O'Connor, Miss O'Connor, Mr. and Mrs. George Carrigan, Mr. Moor, Mr. S. T. Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. Herman.

## SMITH-HOOKER.

The First Congregational Church was thronged on Wednesday evening last by the friends of Captain Nicolas T. Smith, treasurer of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and Miss Mary R. Hooker, who were to be united in marriage at half-past eight o'clock. At that time precisely the bridal party entered the church, preceded by the ushers, Messrs. Charles E. Green, Osgood Hooker, A. D. W. McCullough, C. D. Wilder, Gerritt Lansing, and Harry Houghton; then came Mr. and Mrs. J. Hooker; then Mrs. Charles G. Hooker and the groom, and then Mr. Charles G. Hooker and the bride. During this procession Mr. Samuel D. Mayer played the bridal march from Wagner's "Lohengrin." The wedding ceremony was solemnized by the new pastor, Rev. Charles D. Barrows, during which the organist performed a voluntary, which added beauty and feeling to the impressive scene. Immediately after the ceremony the bridal party left the church, Mr. Mayer playing the splendid wedding march of Mendelssohn. The church was handsomely decorated with flowers, ferns, and palms, and other floral adornments. The bride had on an elegant costume of white satin de Lyon, princesse train, and balayuse of exquisite ruching; this was lavishly trimmed with point lace, with cascades of lace in front; corsage square and pointed in front, and embroidered with seed pearls; elbow sleeves with ruching of point lace and seed pearl embroidery. Her bridal veil was looped in the hair and caught up by a spray of orange buds and blossoms. She carried a bouquet, and wore diamond jewelry. Mrs. Charles G. Hooker, a sister-in-law of the bride, wore a black velvet dress, court train. This was trimmed in front with chantilly lace and passementerie; corsage *décolleté*, carrying corsage bouquet of pond lilies. Mrs. J. Hooker was dressed in a garnet satin, trimmed with gold bands and clusters of yellow roses. Miss Bessie Hooker had on a short costume of blue silk and Spanish lace overdress, caught up with bows of blue ribbon. Miss Jessie Hooker wore white satin draped with white chalis and ornamented with bunches of white lilies. A reception followed the nuptial ceremony at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Hooker, 917 Bush Street, which was largely attended by the friends and relatives of the bride and bridegroom. The house was handsomely decorated throughout, and, with its elaborately and elegantly attired guests, presented a most animated and beautiful appearance. Mr. and Mrs. Smith received the congratulations of their friends in the east dining-room. The bride was the recipient of many presents. Ballenberg's band was in attendance, and dancing was kept up until the hands on the dial admonished the guests that the birth of another day was near. A superb supper was served at eleven. Mr. and Mrs. Smith departed for Monterey in a special car, where they will enjoy their honeymoon. Returning, after a brief bridal tour, they will take up their permanent residence at the Palace, where Mrs. Smith will receive on the succeeding Mondays in March. Among the guests at the reception were:

Mrs. Mark Hopkins, Moses Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Hopkins, Miss May Crittenden, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sibley Severance, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Miss Hattie Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Goodman, B. B. Redding, Major Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Brown, W. E. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw, Miss Hattie Rice, George Redding, Mr. and Mrs. Drury Moore, General and Mrs. Houghton, Mrs. Lieutenant-Commander Burd, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Staples, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Giffin, Miss Cowles, Mrs. Cutter and Mrs. George W. Prescott, James A. Johnson, General Hutchinson and the Misses Hutchinson, Captain and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Judge Sawyer, Robert F. Morrow, Miss Edmunds, Mrs. Holbrook, Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson, Consul and Mrs. Severance, Mr. Ed. Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clayton, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Yost, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Stow, Mr. and Mrs. George N. Powers, James C. Flood, Miss Jennie Flood, Warren Payne, Charles E. Green, A. D. W. McCullough, Gerritt Lansing, C. D. Wilder, Harry Houghton, Miss Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedel, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Redding, Rev. Mr. Stone, Rev. Mr. Stehbins, and a few others.

## An Engagement and Announcement of Marriage.

Society people are informed that an engagement has been quietly existing between Lieutenant Lewis C. Heilner, recently of the United States Coast Survey steamer *McArthur*, but now on leave, and the pretty Miss Susie Coffee, and that they will be married at Grace Church on Monday noon next; they will then take the afternoon train East, and travel several months, visiting, among other places, the home of the groom in Philadelphia.

## Mrs. W. W. Traylor's Valentine Party.

Last Tuesday evening the spacious Traylor mansion on Broadway was thrown open for a reception, given by Mrs. Traylor to Miss Ruth Hall, a young lady relative from the East who is visiting her. The attendance was large and select, and in the spacious rooms and broad hallways the guests found abundant room for dancing. There were some most elaborate and striking toilets worn by the ladies, and it was a very dressy affair. The feature of the evening was, of course, the valentines. Toward midnight the guests assembled—as many of them who could—in the front parlor, where a distribution of valentines took place. These were mostly handsome souvenirs, and as every one was favored, it is probable they came from the host and the hostess. There were, of course, numerous others, some of the ladies receiving quite a number; in fact, there were some exquis-

ite ones sent from New York to several ladies. Then, of course, there were the original ones, flashed forth by witty young gentlemen (in the library) for admiring young ladies (in the hall.) It would not have been complete without some "comic" valentines, which the more thoughtful among the guests had brought for their fat, their bald, and their spinster friends. When all the valentines were distributed, the musicians began a march, to the enlivening strains of which the guests filed into the supper room. The supper was a most elaborate one, and it was done ample justice to. Dancing was resumed after supper, and the guests remained until a late hour. The party was a most pleasant one.

## Reception at Benicia.

The ladies of the barracks, at Benicia, and others, set on foot some time ago a movement for the reception of the officers of the *Wachusett*, upon their arrival in port; but that accomplished sea-dog, the Secretary of the Navy, with great tact, after having ordered their vessel down here, again ordered her return, which pronouncement was carried out a few days after her arrival. Still, the ladies were not going to give it up so, Mr. Hunt, and they sent out invitations for a reception, which came off Tuesday evening last at the barracks. The participants were largely army and navy people, and residents of Benicia, with a small sprinkling of San Franciscans. There were about one hundred and twenty present. The music was furnished by the Eighth Infantry band. An excellent supper was served during the evening, and the affair proved to be one of the most agreeable and satisfactory of the season. The navy people were taken up early in the evening by the tug *Monterey*. Among those present were:

Colonel and Mrs. Heywood, Lieutenant and Mrs. Adams, Lieutenant Phelps, Dr. Woods, Miss Woods, Miss Richards, Miss Steele, Miss Irwin, Miss Tolson, Master and Mrs. Elliott, Commander and Mrs. Coghlan, Engineer Davis, Engineer and Mrs. Denig, Mrs. Cutts, P. A. Surgeon Heyl, Mrs. and Miss Heyl, Mr. Ridgley Hunt and Mr. Hogg of the *Janeytown*, B. Colburn, Miss Mallard, Miss Höpper, Mr. Gibson, Mrs. Fletcher, Dr. Arthur, Mrs. Harrington, Lieutenant-Commander Pigman, Colonel and Mrs. McAllister, the Misses McAllister, Major and Mrs. Worth, Captain and Mrs. Porter, Major and Mrs. Lynch, Lieutenant and Mrs. Mercer, and others.

## Notes and Gossip.

Miss Dora Miller gave a German at her father's residence, on Connecticut Avenue, Washington, on Wednesday evening, the 8th instant. The Misses Hutchinson, who are well known by society people here, and who reside near the Millers, on Connecticut Avenue, gave a reception on Friday evening following, the 10th instant. Hayward M. Hutchinson, father of the ladies above mentioned, leaves Washington for San Francisco in April next. George S. Ladd is again in New York; he will be there for some weeks. Ygnacio Sepulveda, superior judge of Los Angeles County, is at the Palace Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Van Arman, of Oakland, leave for Arizona shortly, the former having received notification that his appointment as secretary of that Territory would be forthcoming. General Vallejo has been stopping at the Palace for some time. Judge Hunt is sojourning awhile among the orange groves and magnolias of Los Angeles. Hon. Thomas Wren, once a Congressman from the Silver State, has been spending a week or two at the Grand. Fred Tritle, of Nevada, the new governor of Arizona, has arrived in Tucson with his family, and has rented the residence lately occupied by W. W. Williams, in that city. Mrs. S. A. Ames, whom all of the old guests of the Palace will remember as the pretty Mrs. Howard, and whose absence among the semi-tropic scenes of Riverside for the past two years has made her look none the less substantial and none the less beautiful, arrived here on Sunday last on a visit to her family—Mr. and Mrs. Jenks and the fascinating Miss Trowbridge, who are permanent residents of the Grand. After having been made the recipients of many "regales," and a number of more pretentious repasts, Messrs. Horace Hill and Eugene L. Dewey departed for that bourne from which no male traveler ever returns without toothpick shoes, or some other evidence of new designs in wearing apparel, etc. On Saturday evening last Mrs. William H. Boothe gave a commerce party, which was attended by Miss Dearborn, the Misses Rebecca and Bertie McMullin, Miss Nellie Trowbridge, the Misses Lake, Miss Bessie Sedgwick, Miss Peters and Miss Creaner, of Stockton, and a score or more of other pleasant and congenial people. On Friday evening of last week Mrs. J. G. Eastland gave a dinner to some twenty odd of her friends in honor of her sister, Miss Landers. The same evening Mrs. Monroe Salisbury gave a luncheon to Mrs. J. B. Haggins, and invited twelve or fourteen of the married lady friends of both hostess and principal guest as participants. J. G. Hussey and family, of Oakland, are at the Windsor, New York. The Misses Tot and Sophie Cutter give a reception on Tuesday evening next, the 21st instant. The family of Captain Charlie Eagan, composed of Mrs. Eagan and two brilliant daughters, have returned to their former love, Oakland, and have taken up their residence for the balance of the winter, if not for a much longer time. The next play to be presented at the Navy Yard will be the comedy, called "Randall's Thumb," which will be performed next Tuesday evening by Captain Cooke, Dr. Woods, Lieutenant Adams, and Ensigns Bronaugh, Denig, and Bostwick, and Mrs. Colonel Heywood, Mrs. Captain Cooke, Mrs. John Irwin, and Miss Tolson. A literary and musical entertainment was given at the residence of Commodore and Mrs. Boyd on Thursday evening last. Civil Engineer A. G. Menocal, U. S. N., has been staying at the Navy Yard as the guest of Commodore and Mrs. Phelps. General McComb, of Folsom, has been inhaling ozone in our midst during the present week. Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Robinson have been spending a few days in Sacramento. Mrs. Henry T. Scott has also been visiting at the State capital. E. Everts, U. S. A., was at the Baldwin on Sunday and Monday last. Willard S. Eaton, U. S. A., and Lieutenant-Commander, A. H. Vail, U. S. N., arrived here from the East on Monday last. Charles L. Wetherbee, of the Occidental, has returned from his Eastern trip. Miss Hattie Eldred, of Sacramento, is visiting in this city. Mrs. Adam Grant gave a delightful commerce party on Saturday afternoon last. The same day Mrs. Brooks entertained a number of her friends with an afternoon tea. The Misses Griffith, of Rincon Hill, gave a *dansante* at their residence on Monday evening last. Mr. and



Mrs. J. P. VanNess celebrated their golden wedding, at their residence, on Fifth Street, on Thursday evening last, the 16th instant. The closing Palace-Grand hop of the season comes off on Monday evening next, but remembrances of these very-very pleasant affairs will not cease to exist for a long-time yet. The retirement of Rear-Admiral John C. Beaumont, U. S. N., a few days ago, makes Lieutenant-Commander J. B. Coughlan, now at Mare Island, a commander. The orders of Lieutenant J. J. Brice to the *Independence* have been revoked, and he is ordered to take charge of the Navigation Department, Mare Island. Commander Henry Glass, of the *Wachusett*, is placed on waiting orders. Mrs. Lieutenant Dillingham came down from the Navy Yard on Thursday week last, and will take up her permanent residence in this city. It will greatly please the many friends of Mrs. Colonel Eddy and her attractive daughter to know that they have been in the enjoyment of perfect health since they left here on their trip around the world, and that they were in Lucknow on the 17th of December, and left Bombay for Constantinople on January 12th, where they will stay until the warm weather sets in, and then go to Geneva and other portions of Switzerland to summer. Lieutenant Brice, U. S. A., and wife are daily expected here from the East, the lieutenant having been ordered to Mare Island to take the place of Lieutenant-Commander Chenery, who is to be retired; Lieutenant and Mrs. Brice will take up their residence at the Bernard House, Vallejo. Mrs. B. was formerly a Miss Talant, of this city. Civil Engineer Walcott, U. S. N., accompanied by his wife and four children, has arrived at Mare Island, and succeeds to the place of Civil Engineer Calvin Brown, lately retired, and who has so long and so faithfully served as an engineer officer at the yard. Miss Kittie Wood and Miss Georgie Richards, who have been visiting at Mare Island, have returned to the city. Mrs. H. H. Toland, who is making a tour of the world, has arrived in Egypt. During the last week of Miss Flora Low's stay in Washington she was the recipient of a dinner given her by Miss Dora Miller. At the late annual charity ball given in New York there were quite a number of Californians present, among whom were Harry Logan, Vernon Seaman, Joe Grant, George Crocker, D. O. Mills Jr., Dick Pease Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Fassett, Lewis Leland, and others. Justice Stephen J. Field gave a dinner to David Dudley Field, his brother, in Washington, on Monday evening last, at which there were, among others present, President Arthur and Senator Miller. Lieutenant J. Miller, U. S. N., arrived from the East on Tuesday last. A. H. Vail, U. S. N., was at the Palace on Tuesday and Wednesday last. Miss Bessie Grattan and Miss Julia Sterling, two young ladies of Napa County, but well known in this city, have had the honor of dining with the President at the White House, and it is reported that, during the repast, Mr. Arthur said to Miss Sterling that he "found it a great treat to be in the society of young people," and in this respect the President is just like everybody else; still, it sounded nice to the charming little lady from Napa. On Monday evening last Edward F. Hall Jr. gave a dinner to a number of ladies and gentlemen, in honor of Mrs. Lillie Coit, who occupied a seat at the right of Mr. Hall. On the 10th of February last Mrs. Fenon (nee Miss Torbert) gave a reception at her residence in Shanghai, which was a large and fashionable affair. Mrs. Tewkesbury and Mrs. Ware, who are at present residing in Oakland, were in the city and attended Mrs. Brooks's tea on Saturday afternoon last, at which Mrs. Ware entertained the large number of ladies and gentlemen present with several vocal and instrumental musical selections. Charles Miller and one of his daughters, Miss Maud Miller, are in the East. Mrs. Commander Coughlan will soon give up her Vallejo house, and take up her residence on Mare Island. The long-talked-of German, to be given by forty young men to an equal number of young ladies, takes place at Saratoga Hall on Monday evening next, and will be led by Carleton Coleman and Miss Nina Platt. Miss Hattie Crocker gave a German at the Crocker mansion last evening, which was led by Mr. Sheldon and the fair entertainer. Mr. and Mrs. George S. Wright gave a reception at their residence in Oakland on Thursday evening last. The Misses McAllister, of Benicia, who were in the city last week, and who were the recipients of many social favors, among which was an elegant dinner at the hands of Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, of Rincon Hill, have returned home. Judge and Mrs. McKinstry, whose departure for the East we have heretofore announced, are at the Fifth-Avenue Hotel, New York; so are General Dimond and Jesse D. Carr, of Monterey. Mrs. Colonel E. C. Catherwood, accompanied by her three children and maid, is visiting Monterey. Louis McLane and Miss Kate McLane, who have been spending a few days at Monterey, have returned. An engagement between a navy officer and a very pretty young society lady is said to exist, and knowing ones declare that even the wedding day is set; but as the young lady positively denies all knowledge of the affair, we decline to present the names of those who are credited as being the mutually fortunate parties. Miss Maggie Randolph is staying a few days at Monterey. It is reported that a very fascinating young Protestant lady of Van Ness avenue, whose heart is away off in a distant Territory, contemplates joining the Roman Catholic church. Should this change of religion take place, and no change of heart ensue, it is not unfair to presume that a ceremony of marriage will take place at no distant day at St. Mary's Cathedral, or within some other Roman Catholic church. Mrs. Theodore Shillaber and her sister, Mrs. Elisha Cook, are in Paris. Miss Halladay is still in London. Mrs. Governor Kinkead, of Nevada, who has been visiting at the Navy Yard, was handsomely entertained at dinner by Mrs. Commodore Phelps on Saturday last. Ridgely Hunt, son of the Secretary of the Navy, is at Mare Island, the guest of the Irwins. Hon. William H. Stewart and Captain R. C. Hooker leave for Arizona to-day. George Crocker leaves New York for home on the 23d instant. Colonel Fred Crocker and his party, who left here for Albuquerque on the 8th instant, got back here on Thursday last. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Goodall and Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Goodall will return home from New York to-morrow. Miss Ivy Wandesforde is making a concert tour in Southern California, and lately sung to large and delighted audiences at Santa Barbara. Miss Mamie Perry, who lately sung in Italy, in opera, with great success, gives a concert in her native town, Los Angeles.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

The Hartmann Piano Recital.

Mr. Ernst Hartmann's long-postponed recital took place, as announced, on Wednesday evening last, at Dashaway Hall. If a well-filled house, abundant and enthusiastic applause, and a good programme, well arranged and delightfully carried out, constitute musical success, then the recital was certainly nothing of a failure. And if to have overcome all mechanical difficulties, to memorize faultlessly, and to render the composers without emotionally "feeling one's heart beating even in the finger tips," cover the qualifications of a finished artist, then Mr. Hartmann is truly a virtuoso.

Opinions differ so widely in the matter of interpretation, and are so at variance respecting the amount of musical feeling to be manifested or repressed in given cases, that one can scarcely speak of these things, under any circumstances, without advocating what are apt to be personal, and therefore limited, views. But to generalize, in a quotation, the gist of a dozen individual and chance criticisms of Mr. Hartmann's playing, (made in reference to these two points,) perhaps nothing comes nearer to the truth than to say that

\* \* \* \* \*  
"He builds his goodness up  
So high it topples down to the other side,  
And makes a sort of badness."

For, if there is any lack in a performance so technically and beautifully complete; if the refined and elevated thoughts of Beethoven, Bach, and Chopin appear not wholly themselves when presented with Mr. Hartmann's care and conscientious earnestness, it would seem to be only because their warm soul-life is partially lost in his exquisitely cold and classical embodiment of them. But, as has been said, listeners will continue to differ and disagree. Not, however, in regard to the finish, accuracy, and serious strength of Mr. Hartmann's introductory number, Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata."

This was followed by a Mendelssohn song from Miss Alice Dyer, "Suleika." It is small praise to say that Miss Dyer sang well. The purity of tone, impassioned force, and mellow fullness of voice, on Wednesday evening, were such as have not been heard from her before in San Francisco; and the grateful absence of certain looked-for mannerisms added much to her dignity of presence. Miss Dyer's first selection was, in some respects, her most satisfactory number. At its close she was enthusiastically recalled, and sang very charmingly, "Oh, Loving Heart, Trust On." Later, her "Pur dicesti," by Lotti, was warmly received, but proved less interesting than the preceding songs.

Mr. Hartmann played a prelude, by Bach, from the Suite Anglaise, in F; and afterward, with exceeding delicacy, a Chopin nocturne in F sharp. The Kullak-Wehle duo for two pianos, by Mrs. Nina Trow and Mr. Hartmann, was a pleasant, but not particularly impressive feature of the evening, and the recital was concluded by Mr. Hartmann's masterly rendering of Liszt's "Ave Maria," and "Campanella."

F. A.

August Mignon.

A correspondent sends us the following notes regarding the gentleman who writes under the above pseudonym. He has recently arrived in this city, and is the composer of "Adrift" and "Recompense," which, while perhaps not the most meritorious, are probably his best-known works here:

For several years the above name has appeared on the title-page of numerous songs and piano-forte pieces of the highest order of merit—so very good, indeed, as to be entirely beyond the pale of ordinary popularity. Musical people will be pleased to learn that this admirable composer has recently become a resident of San Francisco. He is an officer of the army, in command of one of the forts of the harbor. His musical writings are merely the products of his leisure hours. Although very original, his instrumental music resembles in style and merit the celebrated "Lieder ohne Worte," of Mendelssohn, and the moreauux of Stephen Heller and Robert Schumann. Mignon's music is thoroughly good and true, poetical to the highest degree, always serious and full of meaning. He never finds it necessary to pad with scraps to eke out the measure, when the inspiration fails, as some composers do, for his inspiration is unfailing. On the contrary, he is so prodigal of material that he often lavishes within the limits of a few pages meat enough to furnish forth the banquet of a symphony. His compositions give evidence of being the natural offspring of a mind endowed with much depth of feeling, and the warmest sympathies, combined with great genius to invent, worthily supplemented by the skill to work out his happy inspirations. His gems of melody he surrounds with a setting of the most delicious harmony imaginable. He is almost as opulent in chromatic coloring as was that prince of chromatic writers, Louis Spohr. His tone colorings are almost tropical in their luxuriance, but never oppressive. Harmony speaks to the heart in language entirely impossible of translation into clumsy words. This may be the reason descriptive music is unsatisfactory, and so often dependent upon some helpful explanation for its proper comprehension. The "Pastoral Symphony," by Beethoven, and the overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," by Mendelssohn, may be cited as the best descriptive music known, but very few persons would hear and understand them alike. When the attempt is made to harness the language of music to the chariot of fixed expression, it should be done in the same manner as the homeopathic school of medicine endeavors to cure disease, *i. e.*, by gently touching up the feelings and suggesting their direction, rather than allopathically driving the thoughts into given channels of impression. The realm of music is strictly imaginative, and to try to derive fixed expression from that which is essentially shadowy and unreal in its very nature is unworthy the true artist. Such efforts should be left to that peculiar class of devoted enthusiasts who delight in shell-work pictures, embroidered portraits, flowers composed of feathers, hair, etc., utterly unlike anything real in heaven or earth. Though this is not the true province of music, its subtle, shadowy power may be wedded to poetry as happily as odor is added to form and color in the rose—the former not at all incompatible with the latter, but rather complementary and cumulative in good effect. Mignon is a master of harmonic expression. His modulations are as tender and unique as those of Chopin, that unrivaled tone poet, who has been justly called the "Shakespeare of the piano." As a song writer he is unsurpassed in America. When he adapts the resources of music to the interpretation of poetry, his delicate touches of tone-color are as exquisite as the tints in a picture by a Titian. This talented musician, it may be stated with some pride, labors under the disadvantage of being an American and an amateur. He has not even visited Germany or made music a profession; although some of his works have been published there. In spite of these almost fatal objections, his music will assert itself, and like the poems of Keats, become classic after their author has passed away. Among his more recent publications may be mentioned "In Memoriam," a funeral march which was performed by the United States marine band at Cleveland during the final obsequies of the late President Garfield. In alluding to this feature of that memorable occasion, the New York Herald called this march "one of the saddest, awe-inspiring dirges that ever came from the genius of music." "Echos d'une Casemate," eight *etudes melodieuses*, and "Village Reminiscences," a collection of ten songs without words, are of great beauty and originality. As a song without words, we

know of no truer specimen than "The Brook," one of the latter set. A *valse poetique*, called "Le Retour de l'Hirondelle" (published in Leipzig) and a "Gavotte Militaire," are especially meritorious. In vocal music he has recently given us "Hush," "Departed Love," "Love me Little, Love me Long," and the best setting extant to "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose." He is also the author of "Recompense," which the tenor introduced into the opera of "Patience" at the Bush Street Theatre. "Adrift" is one of the purest and noblest songs ever written. Since he has been here he has published (at Gray's) "Trust" and "Across the Fields," the latter with words recently published in the *Argonaut*. In conclusion, I may say that everything this writer has published is worthy of attention and study by all lovers of music who prefer the good and true, in their art, to that which is trivial and meretricious.

B.

Mr. Talbo's Concert.

Mr. Ugo Talbo has made all the necessary arrangements to produce Rossini's great work, the "Stabat Mater," on Friday evening, February 24th, at Platt's Hall. The solo artists, a grand chorus, and selected orchestra, under the able direction of Mr. Gustav Hinrichs, have been hard at work already, and it may be safely said that it will be rendered in a manner which has never been equaled on this coast. Besides Mr. Talbo, who will sing the trying tenor part and the "Cujus Animam" in the original key, the following artists have been engaged: Mrs. Porteous, Miss A. Childs, Miss Lilly McKenzie, said to possess a magnificent contralto voice, and the well-known baritone, Signor Parolini. The second part of this grand Lenten concert will comprise a miscellaneous selection from the works of some of our great tone poets. Madame Porteous will again appear in this part, also Miss Jennie Landesmann, Carl Formes, Mrs. Carmichael-Carr at the piano; and Mr. Talbo will render some of his very best selections. The whole affair promises to be a most brilliant one. Mr. Talbo has proved himself to be an artist of a very high order, and is such a favorite among our society people that he may expect to see one of the largest and most fashionable audiences that has filled Platt's Hall for some time. Boxes and seats can be procured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music store.

Mrs. Tippet's Coming Concert.

We learn that early in March there is to be given a concert to a lady in this city who has many friends, and whose friends will be sorry to hear that she is going to leave them. But only for a time. The lady is Mrs. J. E. Tippet and her leave-taking is occasioned by a trip to Europe, where she proposes to remain for some time, availing herself of the advantages there for musical improvement. Mrs. Tippet is a great favorite in this city, and deservedly so. She has a wonderful voice, an unusually good method, and her singing is never cold or unsympathetic. She has sung repeatedly for various associations, and for charitable purposes. She has hosts of friends, and we think that all of them will unite in endeavoring to make her leave-taking a pleasant one.

"It is well known," says the New York Times, "that Mr. Doyle resigned connection with *Punch* on account of its jibes at the Roman Catholic Church. But now that journal has, in Mr. Burnand, a Roman Catholic editor—a fact which peeps out now and again in its pages. Thus in the last received number appears one of a series of *Punch's* prize medals, representing, with telling pungency, what probably few people here would comprehend. One side of the medal is inscribed: 'Ante-Nuptial Promise,' and represents a man and woman. The man is saying to her: 'I vow and protest I will.' The reverse is inscribed: 'Post-Nuptial Picrust,' and represents a figure in judicial robes, labeled Law, saying: 'Promise made before marriage is not binding after.' On Law's right is a man with children, on his left a weeping woman turning away. Beneath the medal is written: 'To commemorate a breach of promise after marriage case. Most-Agar-avating!' The true inwardness of this is, that the Hon. Leopold Agar-Ellis married a Roman Catholic under a promise that her children should be brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, but he subsequently went back on his word, and when she appealed to the Court of Chancery the court was compelled by precedent and practice to decide against her." We hope the recording angel will drop a tear on Mr. Ellis's breach of promise.

The admirers of Henry James Jr. are all very much exercised over the long stay that first master of English fiction is making in Washington. As a lion, he keeps very quiet in his lair, and attaches himself to no particular caravan for exhibition. His prolonged stay is significant of something and there is an immense deal of curiosity to know whether he meditates some etchings of Washington life, or is truly recreating himself with the sights of the capital. Ex-Secretary Blaine has the honor to be one of his best friends and most frequent hosts, and in his parlors the broad and British stouter of Mr. James is most often heard in the polished combat of words with Gail Hamilton, wherein that lady of pronounced Yankee and American views often gets the better of the great cosmopolitan. Only rumors of their wit and sharp sayings get abroad.

It is related of Mr. Blaine by a Washington correspondent of the Springfield Republican that he once proved to be the only man at a dinner of English dignitaries in London able to explain the historical reason why the wives of bishops fail to take precedence with their husbands; and it was he who, during his brief service as Secretary of State, gave a great deal of interesting and valuable information about an obscure foreign country to a man who had spent eighteen years in that country, and made a study of its people. The most remote and trivial, as well as the most valuable, facts remain fixed in his mind ready for use.

The sudden death of Mrs. Frank G. Newlands, at half-past one o'clock yesterday morning, has excited general sympathy for the bereaved husband and little ones. The deceased lady, who was a daughter of Senator Sharon, was but twenty-seven years of age.

The Queen of Italy likes picturesque effects, and gives orders that at her own fetes the ladies shall come all in prescribed color—this a blue fete in all the various shades of blue, that a gold, that a white, and again a rose-colored



## VANITY FAIR.

The New York *Hour* says that "professional beauties" in America are found only in the "half-world"; that the ladies of Gotham foresaw the attempts that certain society "persons" were making on their sons and brothers, in the London style, and so banded together, and nipped the scheme in the bud, by not inviting them to their parties. "Ladies in this fashionable society say, when asked why professional beautydom has found no footing in New York circles, that in America, and in that city in particular, there are so many altogether lovely women that no one can be the superior of her sisters. There are scores of perfectly lovely creatures here to one in England. American women know how to dress; in London women look dowdy. Is it singular, then, they ask, that there are in London professional beauties and none in America? Envy has no place in the matter. Would not the innate delicacy and sense of propriety in American women, which allow them to move about without chaperones in places where English girls (poor things!) would not dare to tread without their mammas, prevent any such exhibition as that made by a professional beauty? 'Why, certainly,' said a well-known leader of society here recently, when discussing this subject; 'Napoleon III. quieted the enraged ladies of his court, who were affronted that he led into dinner one evening an American woman, by saying: "In America every man is a sovereign, and every woman, therefore, a queen," or words to that effect.' In New York, where all women are lovely, no one can be more beautiful than another, or, at least, act as if she were."

Amateur performances of "Patience" are as much in favor in England as they are in New York. The London *Truth* says: "A most spirited representation of 'Patience' was given a few days since at Greystoke castle, all the characters being taken by members of the family and their guests. Lady Mabel Howard appeared as Patience, and Lady Rachel as Lady Angela, while Mr. Stafford Howard, M. P., was Reginald. The piece was put on the stage in a satisfactory way, and was really admirably played throughout. A company of nearly one hundred witnessed the performance, in addition to the tenants and villagers, who were also invited."

A social danger threatening Vanity Fair to-day is that the rage for showy representation will crush out unostentatious dinner hospitality. The money spent in the mere outside show of the state dinner, says the New York *Times*, would pay the additional wages to a good cook, thus rendering outside aid needless, and would enable the master of the house to bring home a friend to dinner at any time. It is really amazing how very few people there are here, even at this period of luxury, who are prepared to be taken unawares. At houses where a gorgeous show is made at lavish expense on company days, the by-no-means-difficult-to-please diner would find on other occasions a very poor sort of meal. A lady some time since hired a cook who had been living with a family who drove a handsome carriage, and lived in a big brown-stone house. Amazed to find how incompetent the woman was, her employer inquired as to the culinary requirements of her former place. "Well, you see, mum, the gentlemen mostly dines down town, and the ladies had a kind of lunch, and there were chops in the evening." On Sundays there'd be a bit of beef, or a turkey, perhaps, and when we had comp'ny it all come from a high-toned restaurant."

In regard to the "Jersey Lily," a London paper observes that a stage manager of great experience, who was under Charles Kean, was asked the other day what salary he would give Mrs. Langtry for a year. The reply was: "A hundred a week for the provinces; thirty shillings in London for a permanency. I won't go in for the story of the rocket and the stick." Why not? "Simply because she is the stick already." No time has been lost in photographing the Jersey Lily as Miss Hardcastle. Strangely enough, she does not come out at all well. The portraits are nothing like the original; in fact, they vulgarize her as hopelessly as the stage rouge itself.

The London *Tablet* says that the Catholic lady went out of fashion in Paris with Marcébaile MacMahon. Madame Thiers believed only in Monsieur Thiers, and died repudiating the notion of immortality. Madame Adam, the Sappho of the republic, handsome and learned, a classical scholar, who holds an anti-clerical salon, openly proclaims herself a free-thinker; while Madame Herold, widow of the lately deceased prefect, is so hostile to the very name of God that begging letter-writers are careful not to mention it. Mr. Paul Bert, the Minister of Public Worship, is son of a mother who brought him up with a hatred of all religion. When she was dying, a former school friend, who had long lost sight of her, renewed the acquaintance with religious intent. Madame Bert said: "Poor — fancies I don't see what this attention means; I know, of course, perfectly well, that she wants to bring a black *soutane* in here; but she never will." And she never did.

"No wonder," exclaims a New York writer, that "woman can stand pain better than man when it is considered to what agony she will subject herself at the bidding of the anonymous tyrant who sets the fashions. From the sole of her foot to the crown of her head she is, in fact, a self-torturer. Her boots pinch her toes till the pain is excruciating; her garters are so tightly clasped that they too often produce varicose veins; her corset is so tightly laced that intense discomfort ensues, the vital organs being actually cramped and pushed out of place; the skin of her chest is anointed with preparations which draw and tighten it; her ears are sore by reason of their piercing; her nose, possibly, aches from the application of the little machine aforementioned; her cheeks are irritated by the deleterious powders and unguents put upon them; her eyelids smart from the needle of the artificial lash-maker; her hair is so closely twisted that the scalp is too tender to touch; and even her fingers are half the time numbed or 'pin-and-needley,' thanks to the over-small gloves in which she compresses her hands. We say nothing of the inconvenience and discomfort of the high-heeled boot, the tightly-drawn-back dress, of the heavy

mass of furs and velvet which has to be carried about, the starched and irritating ruffs around the neck, the dragging trains, and all the other minor annoyances of La Mode."

Children's parties are at the present time quite frequent. At the house of Mr. Haweis, in London, the other day, was given what was called a "Chaucer ball and supper" for children. All the costumes were taken from fourteenth century manuscripts. The host was a twelve-year-old child, represented as a person with bald head, gray hair, and red nose. The other persons included the good "Knights Arce," in close "cote-hardy" and gold belt; "fair Emelye," in white and gold and coral "carcanet" and fair hair, "brayed behind her back a yarde long;" "Princess Canace," with magic-hooded falcon on her wrist; "the Prioreess," "the Nun," and "Griselda." The supper was served in true mediæval style, and the "hostel" was hung with ancient tapestries and Persian embroideries. In New York, on St. Valentine's day, a grand children's carnival was given, at which boxes were occupied by all the society notables.

## San Francisco Fashions.

The season is scarcely far enough advanced to bring forth anything remarkable or particularly novel. The inclination evinced at the beginning of the winter season for rich colors has increased, until now the merchants and modistes can scarcely find colorings rich and brilliant enough to suit their customers. The self-colored materials are fuller in tone and of very decided hues; while the blending of various tints, or the combination of bright colors with neutral tints, are much more artistically and effectively managed. Sapphire blue, *bleu de roi*, full violets, green, claret, ruby, and crimson, are all in great favor, especially in expensive materials. The other day I met a friend who wore a lovely suit of *bleu de roi* velvet. The entire costume was of this costly fabric, including the hat, which was only relieved by feathers of blue, shading down to white. The pretty mask veil was of dotted blue illusion of the same shade. A moss rose but half blown and a marguerite were coquettishly placed at the throat, instead of a breastpin or lace barb, which is now so much in vogue. The present novelty in veils is to have them match the exact shade of the costume, or the predominant color of the costume. There is a new shade of green, particularly effective under artificial light, which has been christened the *vert-electrique*, and will undoubtedly become a favorite color for evening wear. White is still much worn. *Robes à disposition* are again coming into fashion, especially in woolen goods. Such stuffs generally come double width. The design, whatever it may be, runs the full length, and is cut off with more or less of the material, as required for the trimming. The remainder is used for the foundation of the dress. I saw one of these robes, or, as they are called here, "matinées," last week, just completed at one of our leading houses. It was composed of surah and Breton lace. The lower part of the front of the skirt was in ruffles, edged with the lace. Above these were soft, deep puffs formed by shirring, and extending up to the throat. The back was a sort of a train, made into drapery by forming soft puffs, and was edged with lace. The *matinée* sacque was pointed at the sides, edged with a ruffle of lace, and adorned with little pockets. The sleeves were made very full, and were shirred from the wrist up to the elbow. The robe was of a light shade of salmon-colored surah. There is rather a pretty style of sleeve just beginning to make its appearance, and is called the "Indienne" sleeve. It is a kind of short cap fastened to the front and back part of the waist and disconnected from the band of the low-neck waist, thus showing off the upper part of the arm. Another new sleeve is that gathered at the shoulder and finished at the wrist with an embroidered cuff and lace. About the newest toilets are those of black satin *merveilleux*, combined with moire antique. These are worn by both young and old ladies; the only difference is in the style of the making, and in the trimming. For young ladies they are fully trimmed with jet and lace, and for elderly ones they are quite plain. Jet is about the only thing put upon costumes just now, owing to the fact that the new styles in this line of goods have not yet arrived, and are not looked for until about the middle of next month. Long camel's-hair dolmans are now beginning to be imported, lined with dahlia-colored or olive-green quilted satin, and trimmed with silk plush a shade darker than the lining. They are fastened with thick silk cords and large bright iridescent buttons encircled with enameled silver. As for wraps and out-door wear, nothing is yet decisive. Evening bonnets are very small and close. I saw a handsome one at a fashionable millinery store the other day. It was of pink watered silk and plush. The crown was of moire, and the edge had an inch wide binding around it of plush. The plush was put across the top in three bands; these in soft loops, which were prettily caught down with pink crystal beads. Three or four shaded tips, from pink to white, and hardly a finger long, trimmed the left side. The ties were of narrow shaded pink ribbon. The price of this was thirty dollars. There was one in another store of crimson, the crown of which was entirely of crystal work. The front was of plush, with crystal beaded lace covering it. White chenille polka spotted net is much used for ties as well as for the neck, especially by young ladies. The half and square handkerchiefs of silk and India mull are trimmed with either Mauresque, silk Mirecourt, or imitation Valenciennes, the ends carried to the belt, and fastened under a corsage bouquet or sash bow. A new style of bouquet for the toilet is one placed on the left shoulder, reaching down over the front of the corsage about eight or ten inches, and is called the "Bouquet de St. Paul." I hear that the old-fashioned stay is coming again in vogue. It is no longer opened in front, but has the old closed busk. The stay is laced at the back, just as in olden times. Ladies say they can tighten themselves better thus. Long waists and high shoulders are still the craze. Mediæval crosses are much worn by young ladies. They are carried suspended to a silver chain, long enough to go around the neck, and then to hang over the left shoulder, just as an Alsatian peasant girl wears her neckerchief. Another little novelty is the Spanish girdle of black velvet, which becomes a white dress.

HELENA.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 16, 1882.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"A Child of Israel," is translated from the French of Edouard Cadol, by L. E. Kendall. It is a rather sensational story about a woman who loves a handsome young Jew, but marries an old nobleman. Finally, through the help of her lover, she gets clear of her marital misery, and both are united in conclusive happiness. Published by Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.; price, 75 cents.

The "Q. P. Index Annual" for 1881 contains an index to the *International Review*, *Popular Science*, *The Century*, *The Nation*, *The Atlantic*, *The Living Age*, *Harper's*, and *The Eclectic* for the years 1880 and 1881. It goes into each subject with much thoroughness, and the various topics of the magazine articles are well indexed. As an aid to reference this series of indexes is most complete. Published and for sale by Q. P. Index, Bangor, Maine.

It is easy to divine from the first two or three chapters that the city of "Saint Leon," in the new "Round Robin" novel, "Madame Lucas," is but a thin disguise for St. Louis, and that Missouri is the scene of the story. The writer has, however, thrown such a romantic veil over it, that, to those who generally rate that metropolis as provincially prosy, it will prove rather amusing. The plot and action are both rather "wodge-podge" and weak, the main points being that the hero, "Wolf Schouler," marries a rather coarse country girl in gratitude for her having rescued him from drowning. He goes away, meets and loves a lovely and refined creature, who loves him in return. He goes back to visit his wife, but falls ill and dies, while the lovely and refined creature goes to Europe, and becomes a nun. The last chapters are the most graceful and effective, and redeem the book from mediocrity. Published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

The thirty-seventh number of the "International Scientific Series" will probably attract more attention from scientists than any of the previous numbers. Mr. J. B. Stallo, in "Modern Physics," has torn to pieces the molecular, dynamic, and nebular theories. He logically discusses the successive hypotheses on which those systems stand, until he shows the absurdity of the reasoning by which men were first brought to a belief of them. He states that so long as scientists clung to logical process and calculation they had the truth, but so soon as they began to let their imagination run free, they were held by "ontological" and "disordered" fancies. The writer published a book in 1848 approving the theories which he now attacks; but in this work informs his readers that at the time of the first book he had not yet escaped from the metaphysical prison-house. Published by Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James White, 23 Dupont Street; price, \$1.25.

"The Fatal Marriage" is written in Mrs. E. D. Alphabet Southworth's finest style. On the cover is electrolytically an exciting interview between two angry young creatures of the fair sex. Within we find the key to the picture; it runs thus: "Lady Fitz-Tompkins Lorne—for you have no right to the name of De Ville—do you know this ring?" "But, merciful heavens, girl, you are not his wife!" "Further proof would you have, young lady? Read this, then," and she laid before her tortured auditor a certificate of the marriage of Leonora Delaforest with Orville De Ville, duly signed and witnessed. "Help me! help me! Saviour of the world!" murmured the Lady Fitz-Tompkins, and, in utter weakness of anguish, sank back on the luxurious cushions, whose mauve satin coverings were artistically trimmed with a rich fringe of old gold. "If a person deliberately purchases this book, we will here assure him that he will not lay it aside until the is) finished. Published by Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia; for sale at Bancroft's; price, 75 cents.

Books to Come: The new edition of Burton's "The Book-Hunter" will be a small quarto, printed on hand-made paper, with ornamental initials and head-pieces. The frontispiece will be an etched portrait of Burton, by Hole. The book will be bound in a reproduction of an ancient binding. Only two hundred and fifty copies will be sent to America. Robert Grant, the author of "The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," is said to be writing a new novel in the interval of his occupation as the private secretary of the mayor of Boston. The California Publishing Company, 408 California Street, San Francisco, have in press a new novel by Mrs. Mary Glascock, of Oakland. It is entitled "Dare," and depicts certain phases of fashionable and artistic life on this coast. The publication of Judge Tourgee's new book, "John Eax," was postponed until February 8. The orders received in advance of publication, by the publishers, Messrs. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, exceeded the large edition prepared, and made it necessary to print another edition before publishing.

Literary Personalities: Mr. Howard Pyle will use his pencil and pen, it is understood, almost exclusively for the Messrs. Harper during the present year. Miss Louise M. Alcott is a lady in middle life, with a broad, high brow, like that of Charlotte Cushman, and a sensitive, intellectual face, with black eyes and ebony hair. She is by no means one of the "little women," being five feet seven in height and large in proportion. A boy-baby born to the young Richard H. Dana has been christened with the hereditary name, so that there are still two Richard H. Danas, as there were forty years ago. The veteran novelist, Harrison Ainsworth, who died a short time since, left behind him a vast mass of manuscripts, containing his personal recollections for more than fifty years. It is said that the late Grenville Murray, who made his way into literature by the success of the admirably written book called "Roving Englishmen," secured an income of fifteen thousand dollars a year by his writings. His more successful works were his "Men of the Third Republic," "Round About France," and "The Member for Paris." The famous firm of Melibac and Halévy, dramatists, has been dissolved by mutual consent. M. Melibac is to carry on the business at the old stand, having taken as his junior partner M. Ph. Gille, the "Masque de Fer" of the *Figaro*. M. Ludovic Halévy gives up the stage for novel writing, encouraged by the success of his "M. et Mme. Cardinal." He has written a story for the *Temps*. A story by him was begun in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of January 1.

Magazine Notes: The Princess Louise is about to contribute to *Good Words* a series of drawings illustrative of Quebec and its surroundings. They are now being engraved, and will be published immediately, along with historical and descriptive notes, and a poem on Quebec by the Marquis of Lorne. A paragraph, somewhat discouraging to new writers, is traveling around to the effect that the editor of *Harper's Magazine* is said to have accepted a sufficient number of articles to serve for two years. According to this, should he not receive a single fresh contribution, his supply will last till 1883. In a critical article in the February number of the *International Review* Clarence Cook mentions the story that Dante Gabriel Rossetti buried in his wife's grave, in the desperation of his grief, a poetical manuscript, which he afterward fished out and published. "This story," says the New York *Tribune*, "is greatly exaggerated. The manuscript of a poem was in truth placed in Mrs. Rossetti's coffin, but a friend took it out before the dead woman was carried to her tomb." *Calvert's Magazine* advertises a series of stories with the light and agreeable title of "Tales Told by an Idiot." The Hon. James Russell Lowell has given to *The Century* a new poem called "Estrangement." It is short—having only three verses, and is contemplative and retrospective in theme. The March number of *The Century* is to have an interesting frontispiece in the shape of an engraving after Vinton's portrait of W. D. Howells. The accompanying biographical article is the work of T. C. Perry. It is more a study of Howells's writings than a sketch of the man. In record of his recent visit to this country, the Right Honorable Dr. Playfair has prepared a paper on the industries of the United States in relation to the tariff, which will appear in the next number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. To the same number Mr. Thomas Hughes contributes an account of a Seventeenth-Century Worthy,



## IN A SINGLE NIGHT.

The Terrible Trial of a Young Wife.

"What a beautiful young woman! And yet her hair is white as snow."

"And her complexion fresh as is a child's. Strange, is it not?"

Thus two loungers on a hotel porch. But they did not know the history of that snowy hair.

\* \* \* \* \*

From the time Harry Wells fell in love with Mamie Clausen at church socials until their marriage in the First Presbyterian Church, the entire community gave minute consideration to their affairs. Mamie's father, John Clausen, was a prominent commission merchant in a Pennsylvania town, generally considered wealthy, and always lived like a man of means. Mamie was pretty, dashing, a local belle, and a general favorite. Harry's family lived a few miles from town, and they, too, were people of reputation in the county.

The marriage was in every way a suitable one. Harry was educated at Princeton, and although he had at one time the reputation of being wild, he had sobered down, and was such a frank, manly young fellow, that he was generally forgiven any indiscretion.

The marriage was the occasion of general rejoicing. Mamie's father gave her an unusually good send-off, and the details were sent far and wide through the State. Harry had studied law for a while, and had settled down into a country notary, drawing up deeds, and doing back-work of that sort. They lived about four miles out of town, and two miles from old John's. He had built them a pretty modern cottage on a detached portion of his farm. Harry had his office, an ornamental little structure, a few rods from the house, and there they lived as happy as two birds.

Gradually Harry picked up business, and finally, through his father, he became trustee for some minor heirs. They were an odd lot of children, with a half-crazy mother, and no end of coal lands and mining investments. It was a good thing for Harry, although it gave a naturally lazy man some additional work. The worst thing was that it obliged him to go to Scranton now and then, and leave Mamie. When Harry had to go away, Mamie would get in her phaeton and drive to town, and there were always some of the young people ready to go out and keep her company. Harry always insisted that she mustn't stay alone. For a law-abiding State Pennsylvania has a pretty rough element in it, and there is a general sense of uneasiness.

One August afternoon Harry had an unexpected summons to go to Scranton about a suit connected with the minor heirs. He had recently sold some of their property, and had been making various collections, which left in his hands about forty-five hundred dollars. When he found that he had to go off at a few moments' notice, he wrapped up a bundle of papers and this money, and took them into the house. Mamie was making preparations for a picnic they were to go to the next day, and begged him to wait until the day after.

"But, my dear child, I haven't time even to go to town and put these in the bank, so you'll have to take care of them. I'll try and get back in two days at the furthest, meanwhile nobody will know that the money is here."

Then he explained to her the value of the papers, and handed her a canvas bag in which was the forty-five hundred dollars belonging to the minor heirs.

"Where will I keep it, Harry? Between the mattresses?"

"Just like a woman! No. But I declare I don't know where to tell you. The most insecure place apparently is often the most secure. Any place, dear, but between the mattresses. I leave that to you. But you must guard it, if necessary, with your life; for remember the money is not ours, and at all hazards I am responsible. I don't really suppose there is the least danger, for no one knows I have it. But one ought to take proper precautions, and I beg of you not to admit any tramps while I am gone. Tell Sarah not even to allow them to eat a biscuit."

"All right, dear; we won't let the tramps have a drink even, and I'll take care of the money, you may be sure."

Harry bade his wife good-bye, and Mamie gave up the picnic. At the end of two days she received a telegram from him, saying he had been detained, and telling her to get some one to stay with her for two days, when he would be at home. She drove into town, and one of her old friends went out with her. At the end of two days she had another telegram saying that he was detained until the next day. Her friend went home, and in place of Harry came a third telegram, and so every day for ten days he was expected home, and every day came a disappointing telegram. By this time she had become accustomed to her charge, which she had set like a bag of seed-beans in a corner of a dark closet opening from her room.

The afternoon of the tenth day was a hot, murky afternoon. Mamie had gone up stairs to take a nap and refresh before dressing to meet Harry, who was expected home after the longest absence he had ever made from her.

After a time Sarah came up and told her there was a tramp down stairs who wanted something to eat and who wouldn't be driven off.

"You oughtn't to leave him a minute alone, Sarah. Go down and watch him, and I will come down and send him off."

She dressed herself quickly and went down stairs, surprised to find how late it had grown. When she reached the kitchen she found also a messenger with another telegram, which announced another disappointment, but the next day without fail, Harry wrote, he would be home. As Mamie turned into the kitchen she heard the tramp and Sarah in evident dispute.

"Yes," said the fellow, "when that time comes your mistress will have another ironing-table, helping you, instead of wearing her Sunday clothes every day."

"An' spoilin' everything for me to do over. I think I see her. I've work enough to do," answered honest Sarah, not indisposed to have a chat over her work.

Mamie found a graceless-looking fellow, unshaven and ill-dressed, who, with a certain gentlemanly instinct, rose up as she came in.

"I suppose my girl told you we had nothing for you, and

that it will be a great kindness if you will leave as soon as possible."

"Yes, she did just that, madam, but I took it upon myself to believe that it wasn't so urgent. The truth is, I'm very hungry and dead tired, and I didn't believe but that you would give me something to eat; at least I've waited to ask you in person."

Women are soft-hearted creatures. Mamie went and got him something to eat herself. The darkness that had been increasing for some time came down rapidly, and there burst one of those terrific thunder-storms that gather so rapidly and with such force in that country. After its strength was spent, there fell steady sheets of rain that brought the creek over the bridges before morning.

"Madam, it's no use talking. You can't send a fellow out in such a storm," said the tramp, as the three stood on the porch watching the storm.

"I'm sorry, but I've no place for you."

"What! in a house like this? It's a pity there isn't a cranny for a stowaway. I was walking around it, waiting for the girl, and it seems to me it ought to hold three people."

"You are very impertinent. I tell you I have no place for you, and the storm is already breaking away."

Even as she spoke the rain came down in blinding sheets, and lightning streaked the heavens.

"Well," he said carelessly, "we don't go much on manners on the road, but I know I wouldn't send a dog out such a night as this. I'm not a particular chap, leastwise not nowadays, and I'll have to insist on your giving me some sort of shelter, if it's only your dog-kennel."

The man spoke with decision. Mamie felt that after all they were really in his power.

"I will keep you on one condition," she said. "There is a loft to the house, a sort of garret, which is very comfortable. It is closed with a trap-door, and you may sleep on the lounge there if you will allow us to lock the door on the outside."

"Bless my stars and garters!" he said, looking at her curiously, "I don't care if you lock the door."

They took him up-stairs, and he climbed up the steep attic stairs. The women shut the door as he politely bade them good-night, and they fastened the padlock, hearing him chuckle to himself as he kicked off his boots.

"I'd take the key, mum," said Sarah.

Mamie took the key with her, and the two descended to shut up the house. After they had made everything secure, they went back up stairs.

"You must sleep in my room to-night, Sarah," the mistress said. Sarah dragged in her bedding and made a pallet on the floor, and then, after the custom of women, they examined the closets, looked under the bed, and piled the chairs against the locked door. The rain was still falling heavily, and the night black as ink. The mistress and maid went to bed, and, although worried and anxious, went to sleep.

After midnight Mamie found herself awake, and a bright light shining in the room. She started up, and saw that it was the moonlight. The storm had cleared away at last. She got up, unable to compose herself immediately, and went to the window. The moon was shining brightly. As she stood looking at the peaceful scene before her she saw away down the road, for it was as bright as day, several horsemen. It was such an unusual sight at this hour that she stood watching them as they came nearer. To her surprise they turned up the lane leading toward her house, and on reaching the gate came into the yard. She was almost paralyzed with fear. The truth flashed across her. They must have learned that she was alone—that she had this money, and they had come to get it. For a moment she was paralyzed. She remembered Harry's last words: "You must guard it with your life if necessary."

She ran to the sleeping Sarah and awakened her. She got down Harry's rifle. The sleeping girl was soon thoroughly awake, and she explained to her their condition.

"It's the tramp that's done it."

"The tramp? No. Sarah, the key, the key of the attic."

She flew up the stairs, unlocked the padlock, and opened the trap. The man sprang up at the sound.

"Come, come with me." His own senses alert, and hearing the noise of the horses below and steps about the house, he followed her without a word. At the foot of the stairs she stopped.

"I have a large sum of money in the house, and those men have come to get it, thinking that I am alone. If they kill me that money must be guarded."

"What have you? pistols, shotguns?" he whispered, taking in the whole situation.

"Here is my husband's rifle. It is loaded."

"Hist! Where are they going to break in?" The steps came boldly on the piazza to the front door.

"Get behind me. I will fire at the first man who enters. How many barrels are there?"

"Six, all loaded."

"Very well. Keep this cane in your hand for me, in case I need it."

There was no storming of shutters. They heard the key applied to the door softly. It opened, and a man followed by two others confidently entered. The first figure walked directly to the stairs. He had taken but a step when three shots came in rapid succession. There was a heavy thud; this man dropped and the other two turned and fled. Sarah ran to the window and two horses galloped down the lane.

"Don't faint, madam; there is work yet to do," said the tramp.

Mamie caught hold of the rail for support, and then went into the room.

"Get a candle, Sarah."

They lighted a candle and gave it to the tramp, who went down stairs, the two women following with brandy and ammonia. The man had fallen backward, and lay with his face up and head toward the door.

"Aha!" said the tramp, curiously, holding the light up and peering into the dead man's face, "he's fixed. Shot through the head."

Mamie advanced and gazed at the white face, across which a thin thread-like stream of blood was trickling. She fell back with a wild shriek.

It was her husband's dead body which lay before her.—*New York World.*

## AMERICANS IN EUROPE.

A Caustic Review of Them by an English Lady.

Lady Verney, in the *Contemporary Review* for January, gives a rather witty account of a journey through France. Especially was she worried by Yankee parvenus. In describing her stay at the old town of Dijon she says: "We found many American travelers in the hotels. Vulgarly is very amusing when it is French or German; it is part of the day's experience; but when it speaks English one feels a sort of unpleasant responsibility for it. Blood is thicker than water, and the vulgarity of one's own family, even far-away members of it, is certainly depressing. One is not proud of 'calling cousins' with the usual traveling specimens of the United States. We came in from looking at the fine old church of St. Benigne in the twilight, when an exceedingly well-dressed lady followed us from the same place. 'What did you see?' said her friends. 'There were no shops, and I felt so lonesome that I came back,' she said, with a twang enough to electrify one. Her neighbor replied by a long dissertation on the relative advantages of garters and flounces, and it seemed strange to have taken the pains to come four thousand miles to discuss problems, important no doubt, but which might as well have been followed up at home. In the *livres des voyageurs* were 'observations' for the enlightenment of mankind, such as, 'Mr. and Mrs. —, from Massachusetts. Pears here very good, the best we have had since reaching Europe;' which combined the advantage of a hit at the poor Old World and a trumpet blast in honor of the new, even if it were only in the matter of pears. Why do such people take the trouble to come? They must be rich, or they could not afford the expense. In the old society such an amount of wealth implied a certain amount of culture, and to travel so far, a certain sprinkling of knowledge and interest in art; but these have neither, and it was evidently very dull work to them and to many others we met. Indeed, the head of this very party, an old man, after his womankind left him, and he was free to behave as he liked, nearly put out his jaw with his fearful yawns, accompanied by an inarticulate howl of ennui louder and more hideous than I ever heard."

At Aix-les-Bains they stopped for the baths which are very excellent in their sanitary effects. The guests at the hotel spent most of the time in gambling and flirtation. Concerning the baths Lady Verney observes: "The arrangements for the baths are very good, where *douches*, from the hot river, which wells out of the earth, and cold ones, alternately, are fired at the unhappy patient, and the shampooing, and rubbing, and steaming are carried on by *baigneuses* in exceedingly scanty clothing, by reason of the excessive heat. One could not help remembering Lady M. Wortley Montagu's evidence in the Turkish baths, borne out by all the dwellers among African and Indian unclothed races, that, when the whole body is seen, the enormous preponderating interest of the face diminishes. The general effect of good proportion in the whole form counterbalances the want of beauty in the head, which becomes merely an item of many parts, and this, even when fair, does not compensate for an ill-constructed body accompanying it. My two *baigneuses*, stalwart, strong 'daughters of the plow,' easy in their violent action, had limbs which were well worth drawing." Of the general knowledge diffused through this region she gives rather a dismal picture. "The education given in the schools was very bad; reading and writing alone is not education, and the books the people read (when they read at all, which is not the case with the peasants), are bad, and the paper worse; the *feuilletons* of the cheap press are simply disgraceful. We heard this from many others, and the names of the books we saw at the stations bore it out: 'Fils Adultérin,' 'Gasconnades de l'Amour,' 'Séduction,' 'Soudardes et Lovelaces,' 'Le Bâtard,' 'La Baute Canaille,' 'Amours Fragiles,' 'Les Maris de Madame,' 'Le Mari au Deux Femmes,' 'Mémoires d'un Baiser,' 'L'Assommoir,' 'Le Mariage du Suicide,' are not likely to be 'improvin' readin' for any one. Advertisements of 'La Chûte d'un Prêtre,' *roman feuilleton*, covered the walls of Paris."

After sojourning at various pretty little country nooks and corners, she crossed over into the valley of Chamounix. Here her old *bêtes-noires* again appeared to her great sorrow. She sails out the following strain: "The hotel was full of Americans; we sat by two quick-witted, sharp men, who were swallowing their mountains, lakes, and passes hurriedly, as a duty. The clouds hitherto had prevented their seeing anything; but public opinion required that they should have gone to the different places, in name at least, before sailing for home. 'Mount Blank,' as they called him, was luckily visible, and they inquired after 'the glazier,' as if they wanted to get their windows mended. The women seem to go about in flocks and herds, sometimes six and seven together, with many *enfants terribles*. At one long *table d'hôte* dinner with one hundred and fifty people, we sat opposite a pretty little United States girl, about six years old, who ate straight through the eight courses, beginning with the hot soup and ending with the cold ice, cheese, and fruit. She added pickles when she could get them, and poured a flood of sauce over her plate, often taking two slices when others took one, and a double help of cream, her mother sitting placidly by and never interfering. I watched her with a sort of fascinated wonder, expecting a catastrophe of some kind, but the interests of truth compel me to state that she was still alive when we left the hotel, although we left her eating. At the same place three little United States boys came up suddenly to H— after dinner, and asked him how old he was; and I sat by another boy, about fourteen, at the next town, who cross-examined me for three successive dinners without intermission. 'Where did we come from?' 'Where were we going to?' 'How long should we stay?' 'Where did we live in England?' 'Had we been here before?' At last he asked three questions in one, and I burst out laughing. He had not the slightest notion why, but thought he had said something very clever; he smiled in a pleased and superior manner, and went on with his catechism. The young of no other species are so unpleasant; but as there are a great number of agreeable and excellent Americans in the world, they must somehow shed this their first and ingly obnoxious husk."



## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

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The Argonaut has hitherto refrained from expressing any opinion upon the merits of the Ocean Shore Railway project. The proposition that the city should give a valuable franchise to this body of men seems to us so monstrous that we have not seriously considered the probability of its passage. But the resolution has been passed to print; it came up last Monday in the Board, and is to come up again for final action next Monday evening. We hope it will fail of passage. It ought to fail. Those who are pushing it are not railroad men, and are not likely to invest any considerable part of their inconsiderable fortunes in railroad building. They are working in the interests of unknown parties to procure an exclusive privilege over certain streets in a part of the city where many of our citizens own important interests. Mr. Reuben Lloyd is the attorney, and Mr. J. P. Manrow the active agent of this movement. Mr. Manrow owns too little land in the western and northern part of our city to authorize him to speak by authority as the representative of property. Mr. Reuben Lloyd's statements carry with them no further weight than should be given to the paid declarations of a paid attorney. Every argument in favor of encouraging railroad building should have weight, but there exists no corporation or syndicate of corporations that should ever be granted the exclusive use of any street in our city, nor should the municipal government ever grant any franchise whereby it would lose control over the management of its highways. No company should have the exclusive privilege to lay tracks for freight trains and locomotives through our city streets. The statements of the Board of Trade concerning this matter we consider legally unanswerable. Further, we do not believe that any Board of Supervisors, elected for a brief term, can legally exercise a power conferring privileges beyond the control of future municipal authority for long terms of years. If such power does exist, and such authority is lodged in the Board of Supervisors, it should be exercised with exceeding caution. It is safe, in a discussion between the gentlemen who compose the Board of Trade and the merchants on one side, and Reuben Lloyd and J. P. Manrow on the other, to give the benefit of any doubt to the men who do the business of the city, and who are large property-holders therein, and who are more interested in its interests and future welfare than the ordinary attorney or real estate broker. There is nothing to induce the building of a local road in this quarter of the city, and there is no

present possibility of a connection with any trans-continental road. The enterprise is a purely speculative one; its projectors are simply endeavoring to secure the franchise that they may hold it for sale. The project is intrinsically bad. It should be killed.

The fire which broke out on the corner of Kearny and Clay streets on Wednesday evening is supposed to have started in the office of the Honorable Thomas Desmond, formerly Fenian, formerly sheriff of the city and county of San Francisco, and at present Land-Leaguer. It was ascribed by some ill-natured persons to the presence in the ex-sheriff's rooms of that death-dealing and jaw-breaking explosive, "Xerotine Siccative." This awful agent is the invention of O'Donovan Rossa, Esq., the foe of Britain and the friend of servant-girls. It was designed for the purpose of suddenly snuffing out of existence the island of Great Britain. We are pleased to inform our readers that this report is without foundation. Mr. Desmond as yet possesses none of the "Xerotine Siccative." The name is now being forwarded to him in sections by fast freight.

From the mail accounts which have reached us concerning the great Union Générale failure in Paris, it would seem that there is a most distressing feature in it which was not touched upon by the dispatches. The Pope had formally blessed the undertaking. That it should fail after having received the apostolic benediction—the sanction of "God's vice-gerent upon earth"—is indeed singular. It is singular because there is no other instance of a like circumstance. The mixture of Papal bulls and stock bulls, blessings and bears, is altogether unique. Another curious feature of the failure is that it seems to have been a war between the Catholics and the Jews. The Children of Israel were "short" of the stock; the children of the Holy Father were "long." For a time Rome was on top. Not a man, woman, child, monk, or nun would part with any of his or her stock. It kept going up. Three prominent Jewish bankers went to the Archbishop of Paris, and offered to be publicly baptized as Christians if he would help them to "fill." But the bishop was a bull—we use the word in its stock sense—and declined. He offered to baptize them, and thus save their souls, but inexorably refused to look out for their skins. They were thus left to continue the painful process known as "sitting on your shorts." But a change came. The stock of the Union Générale was repeatedly watered, and finally increased to one hundred and fifty millions of francs. The last call was for fifty millions, to be paid up on January 20. It was never paid up; probably never will be. Union Générale, with all its holy following, and the papal benediction to boot, was "busted." Judea was on top, and Rome was cinched. And bow she did squeal! Did we not fear to be sacrilegious, we would say with Jeremiah: "And the Lord said, I will bring evil upon the Children of Israel." But we would follow it up by uttering, in a sweet and gently modulated tone of voice, the following paraphrase: "Voices 'were heard throughout the land, lamentation and bitter weeping; Rome weeping for her children, and refusing to 'be comforted; for that her children were scooped.'"

What we may most appropriately call a howling farce has been going on at the Merchants' Exchange during the past week. The attempt to sell grain, produce, etc., on call there, to and by a miscellaneous crowd of men, would be more amusing if it were less absurd. The very corner-stone of a stock board or stock exchange is the mutual obligation of its members, and the fact that when one man deals with another he knows with whom he is dealing, and that he is responsible. The Merchants' Exchange "call," where every one has a right to buy or sell, is childish.

For a long time the Argonaut has advocated the incorporating of a water-tax into the general tax-levy. It has done this from the best of motives, believing it to be right and proper, and to the advantage of both the city and the consumers. It has incurred much ill-natured comment in consequence of such advocacy. Nevertheless, it has continued to advocate this course, believing that it is the only way by which the burden of protecting the city from fire shall be equally distributed, and by which the rates of householders shall be reduced. As it is at present, many large mercantile houses pay ridiculously inadequate rates, and the burden of protecting their valuable buildings and goods from fire is thrown upon the householders. A new feature has just arisen in this discussion, which shows the absurdity of the present system. The Golden Gate Woolen Mills is a valuable property, situated in the outskirts of the city, on Hampshire and Twentieth streets. No water hydrants are near it, and the water company has no mains laid there. The city owes to this company protection from fire. It can not give it. The peculiar law which, it is claimed, compels the water company to furnish water to the city free, certainly does not compel it to lay down mains at a loss in order to protect the property of citizens. Even the most rabid opponents of the water company can not claim that. If they do, it would be feasible—*reductio ad absurdum*—to compel the company to lay its mains to the Cliff House, in order to protect that

building from fire. The Golden Gate Company are within their rights in demanding from the city protection against fire. The Spring Valley Company are within theirs in refusing to lay mains at a loss. If there were a water-tax, and the city paid for its water, it could give to every citizen that to which he is entitled—protection against fire. As it is, the city can not. The situation is an instructive one.

For a great many years the Bulletin has been engaged in discovering "jobs." If there was a proposition to replace cobblestones with some civilized pavement; to lay a sidewalk which was not a man-trap; to light a street which was previously dark; to drain a stagnant, miasmatic pool; to do anything, in short, which would add to the appearance, the comfort, or the sanitary condition of our city, the Bulletin at once examined it, and declared that it was a "job." Most things are, for the matter of that. The publishing of the Bulletin is a job—we wish we could truthfully say it was a good one. The particular "job," however, which has excited the Bulletin this time, is the cleaning of the sewers. They are foul. This even the Bulletin will admit. They ought to be cleaned. This the Bulletin will not admit. The burden of its argument seems to be about this: There were a great many deaths last week; some were from zymotic disease; some were from bronchial and chronic diseases; foul sewers do not kill people suffering from bronchial and chronic diseases; ergo, the sewers should not be cleaned. It would afford us very great pleasure to congratulate our esteemed contemporary upon this peculiar logic, had we sufficient grounds. But we think that upon a careful examination of the aforesaid logic the Bulletin will agree with us that we lack such grounds. The peculiar attitude of our esteemed contemporary upon this question brings irresistibly to mind a reference in holy writ. It is that in which the returning of a fool to his folly is likened to the returning of an animal to something else. The canine-like way in which the Bulletin has snarled at, bitten at, and driven away all who would approach its foul though cherished sewers; the faithful manner in which it has returned to them, put its nose between its paws, and fallen into a sweet journalistic slumber, its nostrils regaled the while with the fetid exhalations there, from—these things make the simile perfect. See Proverbs xxvi, 11.

It seems that there will be one too many of the famous three hundred and six bronze medals. Mr. David Monat, of Pennsylvania, a most estimable gentleman, a member of the Chicago Convention, and a Stalwart from Stalwartville, was doing nothing, but he got caught at it. Owing to circumstances over which he had no control, Mr. Monat has gone to the penitentiary. Put away the big brass medal that our darling used to pack; For a time he will not need it—Not at least till Grant comes back.

Amid the important Pacific Coast news which is daily telegraphed to the Chronicle, there appeared the other day an item which did not attract the attention it deserved. This item related to the sporting boom in Bakersfield. We learn from the dispatch that "billiard matches and foot-races are becoming epidemic in Bakersfield;" it is not confined to the ordinary citizen, apparently—"even the county officers are becoming enthusiastic." The picture of these grave and reverend signors unbending—or bending, as the case may be—over a billiard table, cannot but inspire the reader with the most lively admiration. We learn from the Chronicle's enthusiastic reporter that "to-day a three-ball carom game was played between Assessor Harding and W. Gilbert." The game, it seems, was for forty dollars, sixty points up, "and nearly one hundred dollars changed hands on the result, the assessor winning by one point." Admiration for this official victory is tempered, in this city, by a keen curiosity as to whether any scratches were made. As to this, however, the dispatch preserves a discreet, although significant, silence. "Another match," we learn, "is to be played between County Clerk Lightner and Doctor Stern." San Francisco awaits in breathless suspense the telegraphic announcement of the result, while involuntarily her citizens express the hope that victory may perch upon the official banner. While there may possibly have been a trifle more interest manifested here in the cable dispatches regarding the Slosson-Vignaux match in Paris, than in the telegraphic account of the Harding-Gilbert match in Bakersfield, still "the fat men's race for one hundred dollars," in the latter metropolis, has no rival. Paris may have exciting billiard matches, but she has no fat men's races. Possibly the Parisians may never even have heard of a "man named Higgins," who is going to "run the winner of the fat men's race, giving him five feet." However, they do not read the Chronicle. But do not the Bakersfieldians fear this fatal taste for sports? Rome was the mistress of the world, and yet the Roman rabble's cry of "Panem et circenses!" was the warning note of her fall. Probably bread is eaten in Bakersfield; possibly circuses thrive there. If this present frenzy for billiards and foot-races should be diverted into those channels which caused the fall of Rome, it would be well for this dissipated Pacific city to pause. Let Bakersfield beware.



## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LOYAL LEGION—THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST BLAINE—THE ADMINISTRATION'S EMBARRASSMENT—THE STALWARTS' BRASS MEDALS—GORDON'S PAPER—THE ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCHES—THEIR UTTER UNRELIABILITY—THE PANAMA CANAL AND EADS SHIP RAILWAY.

Washington, February 1.—Again the snow is falling, recalling boyish frolics with "pung," and crockery-plate "bobsled," and breaking steers, sleigh-riding, snow-balling, building statues of snow and ice, and other winter sports. Since it snowed last we have had divers days of drizzling rain. It has been alternately cold and warm. Sunday week we had a blizzard of wind; yesterday a bright, sunny day; and to day some four inches of snow. It was enough, I thought, for a ride with bells. I went to a livery stable, and asked the price of a turnout. "Five dollars an hour, sir, for a cutter; ten dollars an hour for double-seated sleigh and pair."

I thanked him, and went away—on foot. I know now why the Good Master does not permit the snow to remain long on the ground in Washington. It would too much tempt the livery keeper to rob honest people who desire to indulge in sentimental reminiscences of their youth in the snow-land of the Northern States.

The Loyal Legion, composed principally of the heroes of the Potomac, are banqueting to-night at the Arlington. There are gathered together warriors dressed in claw-bambers, with chokers and waistcoats of unblemished white. They wear the badges of their corps—badges honorably won in the service of their country. Long past midnight there came up to my third story the sound of revelry, as brave men drank strong wine. Now I could hear the swelling chorus of the "Red, White, and Blue," and anon the loud cheers and clapping palms in attestation that some good point had been made in speech or story. General Hancock presided. In the corridor, and before the banquet commenced, I met General Owens. At Cold Harbor he commanded the brigade that had the battle-front on the occasion when, in company with General Gibbons, Dr. Skinner, Mr. Sharpe, Lieutenant Smith, and Orville Grant, I attempted to visit the locality. It was at that place and time that I was constrained to go to the rear with such precipitate haste that I became forever disqualified from becoming entitled to admission to the Loyal Legion, for it contains no member who would confess that he was ever frightened at a tengu battery, or ran away from an enflaming fire.

There are but two topics of general interest in Washington at the present time. The first centers about ex-Secretary Blaine; the other about ex-Senator Sargent. There is not in Washington, or in all this Eastern country, a friend of the administration, from the President down to Black-and-Tan, nor a Stalwart, from Conkling to Guiteau, nor a journal at issue with Blaine, from the New York *Herald* down to the *Bungtown Gazette*, that is not in full and harmonious cry after the ex-Secretary of State. He is misrepresented in every particular. His motives are questioned. Every act, every line of his correspondence is tortured and strained, that his enemies may deduce from it some proof of something that may render him unpopular and unavailable for the next Presidential campaign. The truth is that President Garfield and Secretary Blaine started out upon an administration that in the dignity and firmness of its foreign policy would have reflected honor upon the country, and would have made it respected abroad. Every line of correspondence that has as yet seen the light—and there is yet another chapter which I have been permitted to see, but which has not yet been published—is moderate; and yet, every thought and expression of the whole reflects that which every intelligent and patriotic American feels in reference to the attitude of this country toward foreign powers. True Americans would have the United States exercise its influence and offer its mediation toward every government of this hemisphere, to the end that we and they might have peace instead of war; that we might be free from internecine conflicts, and from neighborly quarrels. They would have us all banded together for protection against foreign aggression. If Chile, under the influence of England, has, after the conclusion of the war, exacted an indemnity of fifteen hundred millions of dollars for what cost her six millions of pounds, and to secure it has determined to depose Peru of her territory, and destroy her nationality, then the intelligent American citizen would have his country say to Chile that such an exaction is not in harmony with a general American policy, and is not permissible. Patriotic Americans would have the United States of America say this to Chile, notwithstanding England. The true American does not fear the *Huascar*, nor does he fear the power of England's navy when he is in the right. And his desire is to assert an American doctrine. This was the attitude of the United States so long as the pen of our diplomacy was in the hands of one truly great. In accordance with this policy circular letters had been issued to seventeen republics in this hemisphere, asking them to send delegates to a peace congress, to convene at Washington in November of this year, for the purpose, not of adjusting present difficulties, but of considering matters looking to the future of the American republics. This circular was sent out by Presi-

dent Arthur; and now the President, through Mr. Frelinghuysen, has reversed this programme. He has annulled this invitation, and has climbed down and out of the place where he himself had determined to stand. If it is not to thwart Blaine, and defeat him for a Presidential nomination, then it is in deference to foreign nations, and in fear of England. But whatever the motive, it is a cowardly abandonment of a position that the United States government should have been proud to hold and stout to maintain. The friends of the administration are apologizing for this mistake. It has given Blaine a weapon that he will not be slow to use; for whatever relation any one may hold toward him, all agree that he is a man of brains and courage. He is brave in defense and bold in attack. There is to follow further correspondence in this matter, and there is yet to be published Mr. Blaine's dispatches in reference to the Sandwich Islands. If any of the readers of the *Argonaut* have had their faith in him shaken by the gross assaults and lying misrepresentations concerning his course, let them withhold their judgment until the entire record is made public; and, my word for it, his friends will multiply upon the Pacific Coast in spite of all the federal appointments that this administration may toss as bones to the bungry politicians that run the machine of the Republican party.

February 4.—The Stalwarts are becoming impatient at the movements of the President. They think him slow in making removals. They have no cause to find fault with what he has done, for, up to this time, I think every important appointment that has been made is from the Guiteau wing of the party. This is perhaps not altogether the fault of the President, since no prominent member of the other wing has asked for recognition under the changed condition of affairs. There is some effort made by the friends of present officials to prevent their being removed. Mr. Kirkwood is an instance in point; so, also, secretaries Hunt and Lincoln. Perhaps the President is ambitious to so harmonize his party, and to make such an honorable administration of his accidental position, as to enable him to receive the nomination at the hands of the next national convention. Perhaps he remembers that he did not owe his nomination to the Guiteau wing, but to the Garfield-Blaine wing of the party, and he may recall the fact that the same effort and the same electoral vote that made General Garfield President placed him within reach of the presidential office. He may remember that the same act that killed Garfield breathed into him the breath of official life. And it may occur to him, if it does not to the greedy herd of office-seekers who now hound him for place, that he does not owe his great office solely to their exertions in his behalf. He owes his office to the Republicans, and all of them, for no generous man attributes the act of the assassin to any part of the party, or believes that any party leader ever approved it before or after its occurrence. Yet the shadow of this awful crime hangs over the executive mansion. It may suggest to as broad and generous a mind as that of President Arthur that the accident of Garfield's death should not work to the injury of all the men who, being Garfield's friends for President, were his supporters for the vice-presidential office. If none but third-termers—the three hundred and six who hold bronze medals with Grant's portrait—and their friends are to be considered in national politics, we shall be justified in thinking that General Arthur prefers to lead a Guiteau wing rather than to succeed himself as the candidate of a united party.

Of these medals three hundred and thirty were struck off, one each for the three hundred and thirteen who on different ballots cast their votes for Grant, leaving seventeen to be given to "a few other stalwart friends of General Grant." The medals are of bronze, and are round. They are two and three-quarter inches in diameter, and three-sixteenths of an inch thick. Each weighs nearly a pound. On the centre of the face is a profile of General Grant, around his head a wreath of oak and laurel. The number of each ballot and vote is arranged in an outer circle, entirely around the medal. I am the more particular to describe these toys as none of them will ever be seen in California, and very few of them in any Republican State. They will be distributed principally in Missouri, Kentucky, Texas, Tennessee, and other States where, as yet, loyal Republican voters have not unduly multiplied. If Garfield had lived, one hundred and thirty Grant medals would have nearly given one to each prominent third-termers in the nation. Under the present changed condition of political affairs all the cannon of Austerlitz would not give a bronze medal to every office-seeker who is now ambitious to be regarded as having been a friend of General Grant's at Chicago, and who expects General Arthur to reward him for the secret loyalty he suppressed until the act of Guiteau gave him the opportunity of its loud-mouthed expression to President Arthur.

I would suggest that the friends of Blaine also reward themselves with medals. Let us have on one side the clear-cut features of our chief. On the other side, in medallion, let there be the portrait of General Garfield. And supplementing the thirty-six ballots at Chicago in 1880, let us have room on the Blaine side of the medal for one more ballot to

be taken in 1884, with the motto of California's instruction to her delegates: "Blaine: first, last, and all the time." As these Blaine-Garfield medals must be numerous and cheap, let them be struck in leather, and scattered not only to the delegates who in convention voted for Blaine, but to the four millions of electors who voted for Garfield, and thereby declared that America's tradition of two presidential terms should never be violated, so long as the Republican party endures.

February 6.—The *National Republican* has changed ownership, but is for the present to remain under the editorial management of Black-and-Tan. Brady, the Star-route Stalwart, has had two organs in Washington—the *Republican* for the morning, and the *Critic* for the evening. Colonel Bliss, who has been prosecuting Brady and the other suspects, and who has been daily assaulted by Black-and-Tan—having been called "Decoy Bliss"—is the purchaser of the morning instrument, although rumor connects the name of Don Cameron with the transaction. Whether Brady would sell or Bliss buy, unless there was an agreement to let Brady, Dorsey, and his associates out of the Star-route prosecutions, is a matter in which any one who can estimate motives will have the right to form his own opinions. It is said that this paper will now become the organ of the administration, and its especial field of labor will be in the Southern vineyard. It is believed that more than one Southern State may be rescued from the Solid South by the administration. It is clearly apparent that the effort is to be made to bring a solid delegation from the Southern States to secure the nomination of Arthur to the presidential succession. A personal organ, even in the hands of wise and prudent management, is a dangerous experiment. Whether this scheme of the ultra-Stalwarts will work successfully or not, is a question for the future to determine.

The war against Blaine continues. Since writing my last, the ex-secretary has got in a most damaging blow. That President Arthur did favor the calling of a peace congress of American nationalities, that he examined and considered the circular letter, that he had two personal interviews with Mr. Prescott, is now established beyond any possible doubt. That the President has determined to reverse this policy, and recall this circular, under the advice of Secretary Frelinghuysen, is demonstrated by the official dispatch of the secretary to Mr. Prescott. That this policy is through fear of England, or through a desire not to offend certain foreign powers, is charged upon the administration. Blaine, in a most masterly letter to the President, has exposed this retrograde movement, and, by implication, charged the administration with having done it through cowardice, and in fear of European complications. I have my own opinion of this change of programme, and it is this: The Guiteau branch of the Stalwarts think they see in Blaine a formidable candidate for the Presidency in 1884. They have determined to break him down with the people, and destroy his popularity. So they lay the charge against him that all this emphatic declaration of an American policy is demagogism; that in order to give himself prominence he has inaugurated a dangerous policy, and one likely to embroil the nation in war; that it is new, and in violation of a traditional policy of non-interference with political affairs beyond our borders. The friends of Mr. Blaine, on the contrary, declare that every dispatch written by him is the declaration of a distinctive American policy; that it is the logical result of the Monroe Doctrine, and altogether honorable to him, and that it is altogether creditable to the dignity of the Republic. Whatever opinion may be entertained upon this question of asserting the influence of our government in reference to national affairs upon this continent, it is clearly apparent that the President has shown vacillation. It demonstrates the fact that, under some influence, he has abandoned a position intelligently taken by him after reasonable deliberation. The true cause of this change of base is found in the pre-arranged determination to put Mr. Blaine in a false position. This little plot has been dropped upon by the vigilant ex-Secretary, and his letter to President Arthur is a complete exposure and utter annihilation of the whole cowardly conspiracy. When brains and courage like that possessed by Blaine come pawing into the political china shop, there is heard on every side the smash of breaking pots and demolished utensils.

I again repeat the opinion that such an issue can not be made before the American people without disaster to any administration that attempts it. All the politicians and all the journals under foreign influence, or inspired by hatred of Blaine, can not successfully blind the American people to the propriety and dignity of setting up a policy that shall preserve peace on this continent, even if compelled to hazard war from the trans-Atlantic direction. In harmony with this policy are the ship-owning and commercial interests of the American people. It strikes the chord of patriotism in every native-born American heart. If there was anything but inconsistency, ingratitude, and Democracy among us, it would commend itself to them. But it won't. It is ignored.



rant and benighted Pope's Irish have but three controlling ideas—love of the Pope, hatred of England, and a desire for office. Somehow, I think I see that American party coming, of which I so long have dreamed. If it shall come under the leadership of the man from Maine, I shall be more than content. It will not be a narrow, anti-Irish, anti-Catholic, anti-foreign, bigoted, Know-Nothing, proscriptive party, but one whose foundation is an Americanism that embraces the intelligent and the patriotic of all faiths, all nationalities, and all men who would have the United States of America take her proper place among the nations of the earth. It will be composed of those who would have America's native-born sons mould her institutions and direct the power of her brains, her millions, and her wealth, without fear of foreign governments, or alien demagogues and adventurers on our own soil. Speaking of this letter, the *Washington Post* says: "It is not a defense of his personal acts as Secretary of State, because he distinctly states 'that the policy could, in no respect, be considered his, but was that of the President and his administration. No supposed personal differences between the Administration and the late Secretary of State will serve as an excuse for making a change in a foreign policy so violent as that which has just been shown to the country. It will, therefore, be useless and unnecessary to undertake to cloud the issue. All the country wants to know is why a policy entered upon in November, and adhered to through December, should be apologized for in January, and entirely abandoned early in February. It is against this that Mr. Blaine enters his protest, and it is upon this that the people of the country will sustain him.'"

February 8.—I am every day surprised at the brazen mendacity of such of the Associated Press dispatches as are sent to California. I do not know who makes them up. Whoever he is, he is such a versatile liar, and has such an intelligent method in his lies; he suppresses truth so skillfully; suggests falsehood with such devilish ingenuity, and through the whole of his matter there runs such a thread—I should say cable—of persistent malignity, that I pronounce him the superior of that Tom Pepper who was kicked out of hell for lying. That there is here in Washington some mercenary wretch, who, for coin, manipulates our California news no one can doubt. A man conversant with Washington matters, who is here on the ground and therefore advised of the current events and daily happenings in Congress and about the political centre, who reads the San Francisco daily newspapers, has to rub his eyes and pinch himself to see whether he is not dreaming, as he reads the monstrous perversion of the news as it comes back to him after having passed by the man at this end and over the wires to California. I write the more freely, because I do not know anything concerning the machinery by which the news is gathered. But that somebody colors, for coin, nearly all this news to suit himself, no man who reads can doubt. I suspected this last year, when all this dirty work was done in the interest of the Republican party and for the election of Garfield. I am certain of it now, when I see how audaciously this mercenary wretch can subject every bit of news that undergoes his manipulation to the interest of parties, cliques, and individuals. If I were a patient compiler of statistics, I could fill a sheet the size of the *Argonaut* with the misrepresentations that have occurred since I have been in Washington. Not only is a large part of this news false, through the malicious, and, I believe, mercenary, perversion of it, but every breath of small gossip, every lying rumor, every unauthenticated report that is flying about Washington, is caught up and sent to California. Every news canard that one reporter plays upon another is caught up and sent to San Francisco as part of the two thousand daily words demanded by the contract of the press with the telegraph lines. What is asserted to-day is explained to-morrow, and contradicted the next day; so that the larger part of the Associated Press dispatches is altogether false and unreliable. They would be altogether worthless, except for the fact that certain events cannot be distorted. Certain facts that bear with them the evidence of their truth cannot be perverted.

There is no news here of especial interest to the people of our side of the continent. Messrs. Miller and Page are pushing their respective anti-Chinese bills with commendable diligence, both in the Senate and House. The bills have come from the committees with recommendations favorable to their passage. Mr. Page is endeavoring to get for his bill an early hearing, a thing more difficult to do in the House of Representatives than in the Senate, but a kind of labor which he is quite competent to perform. There is but little doubt that we shall secure the passage of an act embracing all the desirable provisions of the bills introduced by both Senator Miller and Representative Page. There is, so far as I can learn, no organized opposition. Both parties favor a restrictive measure. The Chinese embassy favors the passage of the bill. The religious sentiment of the country, and even the missionary imbeciles who subscribe money to save foreign souls, are beginning to recognize the fact that the presence among us of leprosy, smallpox, gamblers, and prostitutes, and the introduction of opium and syphilis, are not compensated for by the snatching of an occasional Asiatic soul from the dragon of fatalism. Even the marriage of the converted damsels of Stout's alley by the Reverend Otis Gibson to members of the Young Men's Christian Association, is regarded as forming a rather uncertain and somewhat unsatisfactory kind of domestic altar. The moneyed interests of the nation, the great corporations, and indeed every respectable and sensible man—I mean both sensible and respectable—looks upon the restriction of Chinese immigration as demanded alike by the best interests of humanity and for the biggest welfare of the white people of the American continent.

The Eads Tehuantepec ship-railway scheme meets with but scant favor from either legislative body. The putting out of fifty million dollars' worth of United States bonds, the whole of which must be expended to demonstrate the practicability of an engineering experiment which most scientific men regard as an impossible achievement, is not likely to take place. I find some very level-headed men who think that the De Lesseps canal across the Isthmus of Panama is only a matter of money and time, and that the money can be easily

obtained. They seem to think that the work is practicable, and can be accomplished within the next five years. The scheme, however, that seems to find most favor, and which is regarded as more emphatically an American measure, and which, by common consent of an intelligent people, is regarded as the most practicable, is that of the Nicaragua Canal. When it is remembered that steamships of large burden can come from the Atlantic to within twelve miles of the Pacific, and when it is known that on the highest elevation of the Isthmus of Nicaragua lies the great navigable lake of that name, with its unlimited supply of water, it seems but natural to regard this as the best place for an inter-oceanic water-way. Whether this project is in the right bands, whether it is being energetically pushed, I do not know. Legislative work at the present time makes but little surface show. Work is now being done in committee.

There will be an earnest endeavor to come to a practical solution of the polygamy feature of Mormonism this session. The American conscience has come to regard plural marriage as a crime. Neither party in Congress, and no man in either house of Congress, dares to stand up as the apologist, much less the advocate, of this last surviving twin of barbarism. An act denying admission to Congress of any polygamist passed through the House of Representatives the other day as a joke to be laughed at, no one dissenting. It is not at all improbable that this body of plural-wedded ecclesiastics will be practically deprived of the right to govern themselves, and that, while the right of trial by jury will survive, the jurors will not be Mormons. While the Mormons will be entitled to the protection of law, it will be law enacted for them by Gentiles. It is said that their officials will probably be Gentiles, and that Mormonism will be treated as organized crime. In the meantime, the monogamic branch of Mormonism and the anti-polygamic sentiment in the Mormon Church proper will be encouraged by the government, in the passage of laws and the appointment of officials. P.

In relation to the "Grant medals," the *New York Tribune* makes the following caustic remarks: It is understood that the medal struck off for the three hundred and six bears on its reverse the following inscription:

THE WILL  
OF  
THE MINORITY  
OUGHT ALWAYS TO RULE  
WHEN IT HAPPENS  
TO BE  
OUR WILL.

The lettering of the obverse of the medal is equally content and happy. It is as follows:

BELIEVING IT TO BE  
THE  
HEIGHT OF WISDOM  
TO  
CRY OVER SPILT MILK,  
ACCORDINGLY  
WE CRY.

It was originally intended to have three sides to the medal, but the third side was finally abandoned owing to circumstances not under the designer's control. Had there been a third side, it would have been adorned with the legend:

AN OBSTINATE MAN  
IS  
THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD.  
WE MOVED  
TO MAKE THE NOMINATION OF  
JAMES A. GARFIELD  
UNANIMOUS,  
BUT THIS MEDAL WILL EVER  
REMAIN AS THE PROOF  
THAT OUR UNANIMITY  
WAS  
A SHAM OF THE FIRST WATER.

The compulsory provision of life-preservers on steamers, and their manifest utility, suggest to a correspondent of the *Scientific American* the propriety of a law compelling factory owners to provide at each window a cheap and efficient fire escape, in addition to the appliances and stairways now required. One that would always be ready, easily understood, and usable by any person of ordinary intelligence, even under excitement, could be made in the following manner: To a staple firmly driven in the wall immediately over each window attach a rope or cord, say three-eighths of an inch in size, and long enough to reach nearly or quite to the ground. This cord should be well made and pliable, and might be knotted at intervals of about fifteen inches. The cord should then be rolled into a coil or ball, and tied in place by a small cord or strap, ready at a moment's notice to be untied and the end thrown out of the window. Men, and even women, could descend it with little difficulty, and the stronger and cooler-headed could tie the rope about the bodies of the weaker, and quickly lower them to the helpers below.

This is a Point. It is not Sharp like a Pencil Point. It is as Broad as It is Long. Where did we get the Point? It came from a Mining Broker's office. If we take the Point what will it do? It will go through us like a bad Story through a Boarding-House. What shall we do with the Point? Let us Copper it.—Miss Hortense is working a Beautiful Piece of Embroidery. It is a Motto of Green and Gold. It asks, "What is Home Without a Mother?" When Miss Hortense gets it Done she will give it to her Beau, who tends a Dry-Goods Counter. You cannot see Miss Hortense's Mother. She is in the Back Yard doing the Weekly Washing. By-and-by she will be Bringing in the Coal for the Parlor Stove, because Miss Hortense's Beau is Coming To-night.—*Denver Tribune Primer.*

A distinguished man has just died in Paris from a singular cause. Colonel Adan, director of the Institut Cartographique, thought he had a chair behind him, and in sitting down fell with all his weight on the floor. He died within a short time from the effects of the accident. Something like this happened in San Francisco not long ago. A well-known citizen was about to seat himself at his dinner-table, and thought he had a chair behind him. He fell with all his weight to the floor. The boy died next day.

## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

"A thermometer is not without honor save in its own country," quotes a French paper; and proceeds to give the proof: In France the thermometer is in use that of Celsius; in Sweden, in Germany and Russia, that of Réaumur, a Frenchman; in England and America, that of the German, Fahrenheit; while the Swedes disown their countryman and are guided by that of Leslie, a Scotchman.

The Wood River region of Nevada is destined to be the most popular part of the country with a vast number of estimable citizens, if the report is true that some peculiarity of the climate is able to raise a luxuriant growth of hair upon the haldest head. It is said that several heads which last spring were utterly destitute of hair, covering have astonished their owners by developing a new crop of thick and hardy locks.

During the proceedings of a court-martial recently held at St. Petersburg upon five Hussars of the Imperial Guard, accused of having assassinated a sergeant of their squadron, it came out in evidence that the murdered man, in obedience to orders received by him from his superior officer, Prince Chowansky, had tortured the men under his command with the most revolting barbarity. He was wont to drive them, harefooted, about a harrack-yard strewn with sharp flints, and then to steep their wounds with petroleum.

Among the gentlemen, says the *Bombay Gazette* of December 15th, presented at His Excellency the governor's hall, recently, were Messrs. Amersdoode Tyahjee, Anandroo Bhaskerjee Soonderjee, Balkrishna Wassodeo Pandoorung, Bomonjee Muncherjee Punthakey, Dadahoy Rustomjee Banajee, Furdoojee Jamsedjee Furdoojee, Hurrychund Sadaseewjee, Jehanghier Casawjee Jehanghier Readyomjee, Jugmohandas Mangaldas Nathooohoy, Kaikhosio Nowrojee Kabrajee, Kashinath Trimback Telang, Muncherjee Nowrojee Banajee, Nusservanjee Chandahoy, and Puroshotumdas Mungalkass Nathooohoy.

Mr. Robert Robson, of Newcastle, England, a retired policeman, seventy-two years of age, has come into possession of a fortune estimated at one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and which has been, it seems, in the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners since his grandfather was murdered, in Manchester, one hundred and forty years ago. Mr. Robson has been staying of late at a Newcastle inn, and has been pestered beyond endurance, it is said, by the troops of relatives and friends which his sudden fortune has been the means of disclosing to his knowledge. Among the number were three or four women who persistently affirmed that Robson was their lawfully wedded husband, and when he presented to them the woman who is truly his wife they still refused to abandon their claim.

It seems almost impossible to believe the accounts of the severe injuries from which the brain sometimes recovers. An instance is related in which a Frenchman drove a dagger through his skull with a mallet, in an attempt to commit suicide. He struck the dagger about a dozen times. The weapon, which was ten centimetres long and one wide, was nearly embedded. In order to remove the dagger, the patient was placed on the ground, and, while two strong men held his shoulders, the dagger was forcibly pulled with carpenters' pincers, but all to no avail. Strange to say, these proceedings did not cause any pain; and, although patient and assistants were raised off the ground, the weapon remained immovable. At last the man, walking without much difficulty, was taken to a coppersmith, and there the handle of the dagger was fastened by strong pincers to a chain, which was passed over a cylinder turned by steam-power. The man was then secured to rings fixed in the ground and the cylinder set gently in motion, when, after the second turn, the dagger came out. No pain had been suffered by the patient during all these manoeuvres, and, after remaining in the hospital for ten days, he returned to his work, and the wound gradually healed.

There is a man in Bellevue Hospital, New York, with a face that never alters its expression in the slightest degree. Something is the matter with the nerves and muscles so that they do not work at all. Not the faintest smile nor the suggestion of a frown ever varies the stolid monotony of his countenance. The features are regular and rather handsome, there being no distortion, or any outward evidence of the affection other than the strange immobility. His name is Henry Stube, but he is called "Masky," because his face is like a mask, behind which he laughs and weeps unseen. He has worn this mask of his two years. He acquired it after a neuralgic cold. He is being treated with electricity chiefly, and the physicians think he will recover. In the meantime he parts his lips with his fingers for the introduction of food and water, and when he sleeps his eyelids are held shut by a slight handage. His imperfect talking is done without moving his lips, and when he speaks or listens the impassiveness of his face looks singular indeed. There is something uncanny about it, and, after the idea has once got into your mind, you can hardly regard this face as anything else than a mask.

A young man in Providence wears a handsome cluster diamond pin, valued somewhere about \$700. A few nights since he arrived at his home late, and hurriedly undressing, threw his shirt carelessly on the floor, with the valuable pin in the bosom, and retired. The next morning when he came to don his shirt the pin was gone, and the strictest search for it was unrewarded with success. It happened that there was about the house a hen—a setting hen, kept in the house on account of her occupation and because of the cold weather—and the thought occurred to the father that the pin had become detached from the garment when it was thrown down, and the hen, in her wanderings, might have been attracted by this shining valuable, and gobbled it down. He had a great mind to kill the hen then and there to investigate, but he didn't really want to, as, if he did, the eggs would be no good; so for a couple of days the hen was kept close, not allowed to go out of the house, and closely watched in the hope of finding the missing diamonds. But no pin was found. Finally, on or about the third day, it was decided to kill the hen, when, sure enough, in the gizzard was found the missing pin. The gold setting was bent and scratched, and one of the small diamonds was missing, but four of the diamonds were all right.

A New York kaleidoscope-seller recently told a reporter on the *Sun* a few facts concerning these curious toys. He said in the interview: "No one buys the large and expensive kaleidoscopes for toys. Children's kaleidoscopes seldom cost over a dollar, and plenty are to be had for twenty-five and fifty cents. Of the larger and dearer instruments, many are used for industrial drawing. A carpet designer wants a fine instrument. The colors must be given by little bottles or tubes, filled with colored liquids. Besides, it has a great variety of other material in it—bits of lace, gums, and leaves, and small figures for use in figure grouping. They are expensive instruments to make, and are generally imported. Only the common ones, which are of no use for nice work, are manufactured in this country. All fine kaleidoscopes are made in Germany. They are used usually as a foundation or suggestion in making patterns. They not only give the outline of a design, but suggest coloring, and with that lens attached to it, a carpet designer can see the whole effect when arranging and grouping his patterns. They are also used in all sorts of designing. Architects sometimes take designs from them for architectural ornaments. A kaleidoscope saves a great deal of preliminary and purely mechanical labor. The centre-pieces for ceilings, made of plaster of Paris, are so designed. But the greatest use of the kaleidoscope is in the manufacture of round stained glass windows. The instrument creates in a single hour what a thousand artists could not invent in the course of a year, and works with as much precision as rapidity. When cheap frescoes were in fashion the figure plates of kaleidoscopes were much used by wall-decorators, but not many of them are sold now. At one time a French Jesuit, a Father Castel, had a romantic dream of an 'ocular harpsichord' that would give visions of light and color. He made a sort of instrument or contrivance to be attached in a box or frame to the harpsichord, which was then in common use. The idea of the ocular harpsichord was that when a certain key was struck a color related to that sound would be exhibited to the eye. Castel thought that as he played a piece of music the eye at the same instant would be delighted with a harmony of exquisite color. But his dream proved chimerical. No good ever came of his attempts, unless possibly Castel's failure suggested the idea of the kaleidoscope to its inventor."



## TRUTHFUL TALES.

## How She Shook Him.

"Carita!"

"Yes, mamma, I'm coming"—and with a bright smile on her pure, sweet face Carita O'Rourke tripped lightly down the broad staircase that led from her boudoir to the parlors below, with their dazzling array of chandeliers, the bright light from which was softened by the heavy tapestries that o'erhung the mullioned windows. Her little feet, incased in slippers of the tiniest pattern, sank deeply into the velvet carpet with which the floor of the parlor was covered, and she glided so noiselessly across the apartment that Aristides McGuire, who stood in an attitude of careless grace near a marble figure of Psyche, was not aware of her presence until a pair of soft arms were twined about his neck, and a velvety kiss was pressed upon his lips.

"Ah! my own dear love," he said, returning the kiss with compound interest and back taxes, "I thought you would be here"—and again their lips met.

"Why did you come so late?" Carita asked, as Aristides unconsciously moved toward the *dagere* on which Mr. O'Rourke's box of cigars was always to be found.

"Oh, I thought I would give some other fellow a chance," was the laughing reply; "some of the crowd that know it is useless to come around unless they bring a box of candy. I'm past the point, you know, where you love me only for my confectionery-purchasing ability," and again he laughed a joyous, triumphant laugh.

"Perhaps not," said Carita. "Perhaps you have not got such a walkover around here as you think. 'Tis an old saying that the O'Rourke women look upon men's hearts as mere playthings for their idle moments. Beware then that you do not tread upon my haughty pride."

"I am not worrying any, sis, just now," said Aristides.

"Nevertheless," said the girl, "you may do so before long. There are many men beside you whom I could love. In fact, I think you are no good."

"Perhaps you would like to say good-bye?" said the young man, in a trembling tone.

Carita gazed at him earnestly for a moment. A half-light was in her eyes—those eyes that had so recently beamed upon him with a melting tenderness.

"Good-bye," she said suddenly in low, thermometer-below-zero tones, pointing to the door as she spoke.

Aristides saw that his fate was sealed and stamped. He walked slowly to the door.

"Good-bye," he murmured in hoarse tones. The words fell from his lips with a bitter, heart-broken intonation, very different from that passionate incredulity with which they had first spoken it. Their meaning had forced itself upon him now, and a glimpse of the horror they signified came before him. He opened the door, walked down the steps in a dazed manner, and was lost in the darkness.

The next morning he was fined ten dollars on a charge of "drunk and disorderly."—From "The Siren and the Sucker," by the Chicago Tribune Novelist.

## Baby's Got a Cramp.

The condensed milk upon which Mrs. Murphy fed her baby was kept at night upon the window-sill in the nursery, where the cool air, drawing in under the opened sash, would envelop the can. One night when the baby was unusually troublesome, Mr. Murphy, faithful and self-sacrificing father and husband, said that he would go to the nursery and mix the milk for the hungry little sufferer. The nursery was quite dark, but Mr. Murphy had often performed the service before, and knew just where to put his hand on the bottle, and the spoon, and the other things. It happened, however, that an open can of baking-powder stood upon the window-sill, near to the can of condensed milk, and Mr. Murphy, getting hold of it, put two spoonfuls of powder into the bottle, filled the bottle with hot water, put on the rubber top, and went back to the bed-room.

When the baby had taken three or four swallows of the mixture, it pushed the bottle away, and began to behave in a most extraordinary manner. After yelling with that vehemence which is always astonishing when the size of a baby is considered, it turned a couple of somersaults, rolled over and over, clutched the sides of its crib, and conducted itself generally in such a fashion as to fill Mr. and Mrs. Murphy with intense alarm.

"What on earth can be the matter with Alexander?" asked Mr. Murphy, taking the bottle from his wife, as she turned her attention wholly to the child.

"He acts as if he had convulsions," said Mrs. Murphy.

Mr. Murphy suggested a spice plaster as a possible alleviation of the child's pain; and Mrs. Murphy was just remarking that a spice plaster was far too trivial a remedy for such spasms, when Mr. Murphy observed the color of the mixture in the bottle. He removed the top, and standing behind Mrs. Murphy, applied the bottle to his nose. At once he proceeded to the nursery and striking a light, discovered the nature of the mistake he had made. Quickly he threw the can of baking powder out of the window, emptied and washed the bottle, filled it with milk, and returned to the bed-room with the evidences of his crime, as he imagined, all removed.

In an hour or two the baby grew quieter, and Mr. Murphy went to bed, remorseful, but glad that he had had so much presence of mind. Mrs. Murphy sat up all night with the injured Alexander in her arms. Mr. Murphy came down to breakfast, feeling, upon the whole, rather easy in his mind. Mrs. Murphy greeted him with a fierce look in her eyes.

"You wanted to murder your child, did you?" she asked, with intense feeling.

"Murder my child, darling?" asked Mr. Murphy, with an affectation of surprise, while his heart began beating furiously. "Why, what do you mean?"

"You threw away the baking-powder, and cleaned the bottle," said Mrs. Murphy, with a bitter sneer, "but you forgot the spoon! I found some baking-powder in the spoon! Ha, ha! Be sure your sin will find you out! If Alexander had died you would have been a murderer! A red-banded murderer!"

And then Mrs. Murphy burst into tears, and flew up-stairs. Mr. Murphy went down town without his breakfast, and with a strong determination to refrain hereafter from providing nocturnal nutriment for Alexander.—Max Adler in Our Continent.

"In sparring, always lead off with your left. Never stop to explain an explanation."—Mr. Blaine.

## THE LATEST VERSE.

## Death in the Forest.

Where the greenwood is greenest  
At gloaming of day,  
Where the twelve-anterled stag  
Faces holdest at bay;  
Where the solitude deepens,  
Till almost you hear  
The blood-beat of the heart  
As the quail slips near;  
His comrades outridden  
With scorn in the race,  
The Red King is ballooning  
His hounds to the chase.

What though the Wild Hunt,  
Like a whirlwind of hell,  
Yester eve ran the forest  
With haying and yell;  
In his cups the Red heathen  
Mocks God to the face.  
"In the devil's name, shoot,  
Tyrrell, bo! to the chase!"—  
Now, with worms for his courtiers,  
He lies in the narrow,  
Cold couch of the chance!  
But whence was the arrow?

\* \* \* \* \*

His sin goes before him,  
The lust and the pride,  
And the curses of England  
Breathe hot at his side.  
And the Evil-wood walls,  
That in ashes were laid,  
For his jest and his pleasure,  
Frown black o'er the glade—  
Now, with worms for his courtiers,  
He lies in the narrow,  
Cold couch of the chance!  
But whence was the arrow?

Then a shudder of death  
Flickered fast through the wood;  
And they found the Red King,  
Red-gilt in his blood.  
What wells up in his throat?  
Is it cursing or prayer?  
Was it Henry or Tyrrell,  
Or demon, who there  
Has dyed the fell tyrant  
Twice crimson in gore,  
While the soul, disembodied,  
Hunts on to hell-door?

Ah! friendless in death!  
Rude forest bands fling  
On the charcoaler's wain  
What but now was the king!  
And through the long minster  
The carcass they bear,  
And huddle it down,  
Without priest, without prayer—  
Now, with worms for his courtiers,  
He lies in the narrow,  
Cold couch of the chance!  
But whence was the arrow?  
—E. T. Palgrave.

## Impressions.

## I.—LE JARDIN.

The lily's withered chalice falls  
Around its rod of dusty gold,  
And from the beech-trees on the wold  
The last wood-pigeon coos and calls.

The gaudy leonine sunflower  
Hangs black and barren on its stalk,  
And down the windy garden walk  
The dead leaves scatter, hour by hour.

Pale privet-petals, white as milk,  
Are blown into a snowy mass;  
The roses lie upon the grass,  
Like little shreds of crimson silk.

## II.—LA MER.

A white mist drifts across the shrouds,  
A wild moon in this wintry sky  
Gleams like an angry lion's eye  
Out of a mane of tawny clouds.

The muffled steersman at the wheel  
Is but a shadow in the gloom;  
And in the throbbing engine-room  
Leap the long rods of polished steel.

The shattered storm has left its trace  
Upon this huge and heaving dome,  
For the thin threads of yellow foam  
Float on the waves like ravelled lace.  
—Oscar Wilde in Our Continent.

## Mars Song—At Sunset.

Over the monstrous shambling sea,  
Over the Caliban sea,  
Bright Ariel-cloud, thou lingerest:  
Oh wait, oh wait, in the warm red west,  
Thy Prospero I'll be.

Over the humped and fishy sea,  
Over the Caliban sea,  
O cloud in the west, like a thought in the heart  
Of pardon, loose thy wing and start,  
And do a grace for me.

Over the huge and huddling sea,  
Over the Caliban sea,  
Bring hither my brother Antonio—Man—  
My injurer: night breaks the ban;  
Brother, I pardon thee.  
—Sidney Lanier in Our Continent.

## Bientot.

Let it be soon! Life was not made to long  
For distant hours of dim futurity.  
Thy presence soothes me like some far-off song.  
Oh, where my heart has rested let it lie;  
Hope is the morning; love the afternoon.  
Let it be soon!

Let it be soon! The treasured daylight dies,  
And changes sadly to the chill of night,  
But summer reigns forever in thine eyes.  
And at thy touch grief stealths out of sight.  
After sad years of longing love must swoon.  
Let it be soon!  
—Clement Scott.

## THE INNER MAN.

The law of the napkin, says the Philadelphia Press, is hut vaguely understood. One of our esteemed metropolitan contemporaries informs an eager inquirer that it is bad form to fold the napkin after dinner: that the proper thing is to throw it with negligent disregard on the table beside the plate, as to fold it would be a reflection on the host, and imply a familiarity that would not befit an invited guest. But the thoughtful reader will agree with us that this studied disorder is likely to be a good deal more trying to a fastidious hostess than an unstudied replacing of the napkin in good order beside the visitor's plate. The proper thing is to fold the napkin with unostentatious care, and lay it on the left of the plate, far away from the liquids, liqueurs, and coffee, and thus testify to the hostess that her care in preparing the table has been appreciated. The napkin has played famous parts in the fortunes of men and women. It was one of the points admired in Marie Stuart that, thanks to her exquisite breeding in the court of Marie de Medici, her table was more imposing than the full court of her great rival and executioner, Elizabeth. At the table of the latter the rudest forms were maintained, the dishes were served on the table, and the great queen helped herself to the platter, without fork or spoon, a page standing behind her with a silver ewer to bathe her fingers when the flesh had been torn from the roast. At the court of the late empire, Eugénie was excessively fastidious. The use of the napkin, and the manner of eating an egg made or ruined the career of a guest. The great critic, Sainte Beuve, was disgraced and left off the visiting list because, at a breakfast with the emperor and empress, at the Tuileries, he carelessly opened his napkin and spread it over his knees, and cut his egg in two in the middle. The court etiquette prescribed that the half-folded napkin should lie on the left knee, to be used in the least obtrusive manner in touching the lips, and the egg was to be merely broken on the larger end with the edge of the spoon, and drained with its tip. The truth is, luxury and invention push table appliances so far that few can be expected to know the particular convention that may be considered good form in any diversified society. The way for a young fellow to do is to keep his eyes open—which, unless he is in love, he can do—and note what others do.

Macaroni is eaten with relish equally by all civilized European peoples. But the incident which originally gave it its name is known to few of those—even in Sicily, its birthplace—who hold it in the highest esteem. Once upon a time a wealthy Palmerian noble owned a cook with an inventive genius. One day, in a rapture of culinary composition, this great artist devised the farinaceous tubes which all love so well, and the succulent accessories of rich sauce and grated parmesan, familiar to those who have partaken of "maccaroni al sugo" in southern Italy. Having filled a mighty china bowl with this delicious compound, he set it before his lord—a gourmet of the first water—and stood by, in deferential attitude, to watch the effect of his experiment. The first mouthful elicited the ejaculation of "Carri!" idiomatically equivalent to "excellent" in English, from the illustrious epicure. After swallowing a second modicum, he exclaimed "Ma, carri!" or "Excellent, indeed!" Presently, as the flavor of the toothsome mess grew upon him, his enthusiasm rose, and he cried out, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "Ma, caroni!"—Indeed, most supremely, sublimely, and superlatively excellent! In paying this verbal tribute to the merits of his cook's discovery, he unwittingly bestowed a name upon that admirable preparation which has stuck to it ever since.

It is asserted that the nutritiousness of apples has never been properly appreciated, and that they are far more nourishing than potatoes. Cornish workmen say they can work better on baked apples than on potatoes. There is a dish in Cornwall called squab pie, made of mutton with slices of potato, apple, and onion, and strange as it may seem to many, it is excellent. Cornwall is the county for meat pies, as the miners carry their dinner with them in that form.

An Italian has invented a process for solidifying wine. From a small quantity of this extract may be obtained a bottle of generous wine of good taste and beautiful color. The object is to virtual ships and supply armies. A chemist in Marseilles has found a chemical combination by which he can solidify, and even crystallize, brandy. The brandy, in its new form, looks like alum. It entirely loses its smell. The facility with which it can be transported is of course the main recommendation of the new invention.

The well known dish, poulet à Marengo, was invented by the chef of the first Napoleon after the battle of Marengo. The great chief, fatigued and hungry, ordered a fowl for his supper. No butter was to be had, so the ingenious Frenchman poured oil into his skillet instead, with such seasoning as he had, and a glass of white wine. The dish was served hot, garnished with mushrooms, and proved as great a success as the battle.

## CCXVI.—Sunday, February 19.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Vermicelli Soup.  
Boiled Turbot, Genoese Sauce.  
Fried Frogs, Green Peas, Beets, Fried New Potatoes.  
Beef à la Mode, Salad Sucoise.  
Sponge Cake Pudding.  
Apples, Oranges, Almonds, Raisins.

To Fry Frogs.—Put their hind legs into salted boiling water, with a little lemon juice, and boil them three minutes; wipe them; dip them first in cracker-dust, then in eggs, (half a cupful of milk, mixed in two eggs, and seasoned with pepper and salt,) then again in cracker-dust. When they are all dipped, clean off the bone at the end with a dry cloth, put them in a wire-basket, and dip them in boiling lard to fry. Put a little paper on the end of each bone, place them on a hot platter in the form of a circle, one overlapping the other, with peas in the centre. Serve immediately.

SPONGE CAKE PUDDING.—Beat three eggs very light, leaving out the whites of two; add three tablespoonfuls of sifted flour, and three tablespoonfuls of fine white sugar; gradually stir in one and a half pints of new milk; boil it over a slow fire, stirring constantly to prevent it from burning. Pour part of the mixture into a deep dish; dip slices of sponge cake into wine, and lay them on the mixture; pour in the remainder of the mixture; sprinkle over the top powdered cinnamon or nutmeg; flavor with lemon or vanilla. It is eaten cold.

## TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

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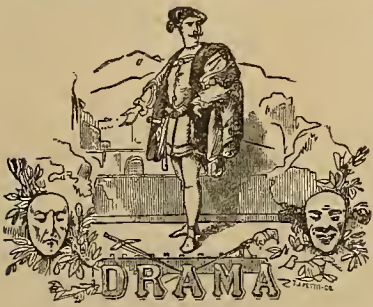
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"I think they must have put my wife in this new play," I heard some cynical husband say the other day, when "The Money-Spinner" began to loom in large letters upon the hills, which only goes to show how differently one word reads to different minds. For the abused wives were spendthrift women who made the money spin, while Miss Millicent Croodle turned out to be a lucky young woman, who spun money at cards. They say that Mr. Pinero got his plot from the French; but they always say that of a man who writes a play that goes. Besides, when your Frenchman goes in for this sort of play he has no Lord Chancellor hanging o'er his head, and when he puts a gambling-house upon the stage it is at least likely to strike an audience as a place just a trifle improper.

But the Croodle establishment is quite another thing. Such an atmosphere of severe virtue, purity, and honesty surrounds every one, excepting the old haron, that it might be a convent. Millicent Croodle is a perfectly pure and proper young woman, who deals cards, but years for respectability. Dorinda, her young sister, is a trifle livelier, but equally pure and proper, and years equally for respectability, partly because she has an inward conviction that it is a good thing, and partly because she is in constant dread of the police.

Mr. Harold Boycott—an odd name for a hero in these days—is a clerk in a cotton factory at Rouen, but, in the beginning, a perfectly proper young man, and how he strayed into a gambling-house never is made known. Lord Kengussie, a young Scotch nobleman seeing the world, takes in the Croodle establishment on his way, and only touches the cards as a conscientious part of this intention to see the world. Mockett, the capper, is afflicted with a deep sense of his own degradation, and is so truly and beautifully good, it is a great pity they don't make a monk of him.

All of the young men fall in love, in the most honorable manner, with Miss Millicent Croodle, who, being a fatuous young noodle, naturally selects the clerk in the cotton factory at Rouen. The clerk in the cotton factory at Rouen has a breezy way of mentioning his occupation at intervals of five minutes, sometimes in a bitter, defiant way, as if to be a clerk in a cotton factory were the epitome of all ills; sometimes melodramatically, with his hand upon his heart, as Ruy Blas might say, "Madame, I am a lackey"; sometimes with a cutting irony, as if nature had intended him to be a marquis. When, at last, he goes the way of all clerks in books, and plays, and embezzles, one can not help feeling that he has done it with perfectly honorable intention, and that if he had been in any other factory than a cotton factory the crisis might have been avoided.

However, it is the good playwright's province to tortuously involve his creatures, and the Croodles are certainly a most uncomfortable family party in the second act, for the haron, out at elbows, and out of pocket, is a sorry spectacle; the clerk in a cotton factory is in very hot water; the money-spinner is obliged to leave the pale of respectability, and take to her old tricks; and poor Dorinda, who has come in for her sister's old lover—as she has always come in for her old clothes, as she laughingly complains—does not find the pale of respectability such cheerful quarters as she had fancied, and is certainly not being made love to as ardently as she could desire.

Poor Dorinda is supposed to be a very "jolly lot," as she herself would say, and it is intended that she should get off a frightful amount of English slang. But English slang is excessively limited, and when she entreates some one not to "cut up rough," and assures her sister she will show her the "jolliest get-up that's out," one's hair does not really stand on end with horror. In point of fact, the English slang has not the hearty, broad expressiveness of the American, and they do not ring the changes with the fertile invention that we do. When we have a pithy hit of slang, which becomes worn with using, we transpose it and use it again. Who ever hears any more of any one "taking the cake"? That cake was kneaded into many forms before it went out, but when "take the cake" at last became "yank the bakery," good, stout English could stand no further tension. "Well, I should smile" has had a long lease; but, when some one said the other night, "Well, I should relax my facial muscles," it was easy to know the doom of that phrase had been spoken, and it must have passed through many phases to get to the English, with their respect for tradition

and custom, do not allow a phrase to change its guise, and their fashionable slang has been the same through all of the late English comedies, from the first of Robertson's down to "The Money-Spinner." Have we a fashionable slang? Not yet, though one might sometimes suspect Boston of a departure in that line. But we have one poor word which we are wearing to thinness:

"Good evening, madam; a charming party, is it not?"

"Yes, charming."

"Ah, there goes Mrs. X—"

"Yes; a charming woman, isn't she?"

"She is indeed. We spent the evening at her house one night last week, and we had a most charming evening."

"Yes, it is a delightful house. One always meets such charming people there."

"True. W. was there last week. He is stopping in San Francisco a week or two on his way around the world. Charming fellow, isn't he?"

"Oh, charming." (Verbatim.)

"What a charming woman Mrs. Lingard is," said some one in the theatre the other night, most truly; but some one else declared that "she braced up for the heavy emotional too soon." She is a little prone to be weighted with the coming trouble in plays of this character, and is as heavy in the first act as when the clerk in a cotton factory pulls destruction about his ears in the second. Mrs. Lingard is a trifle tragic for a young lady who is receiving a series of marriage offers, but her manner serves to throw Dorinda's gayety into higher relief, for Miss Rellie Deaves has a pretty little talent which rusts for lack of use, and her mirth is not as spontaneous as if she were freely accustomed to playing it. Even so Dorinda made a hit, hers being the only one of the minor parts which was not dully played.

"The Money-Spinner" is a most interesting little play, and the dialogue in spots is bright and witty. A lot of clever things seem to have been set in, stuck in as it were, wherever they would fit, a happy afterthought of the author, who does not seem to have constructed the general dialogue under inspiration. The characters are not familiar in American life. It is only in continental Europe that one finds the Baron Croodle type, and there, according to the writers, he must abound. I could fancy a stronger actor than Lingard making a most loathsome old monster of him; but Lingard is a comedian, and makes him only amusing in his wretchedness with just one touch of pathos, which, coming unexpectedly, quite startled the house into a few cheers. It was rather an apathetic house, although the Lingards are favorites, and the play a new and interesting one. Perhaps the play was too full of "old favorites," for Lord Kengussie, whom one would rather expect with quite a name to be a big, hawny Scot, with a little of the hurr of the "auld countrie" rolling under his tongue, was Mr. Charles Norris, that most precise and dapper young man, who has been walking gentleman so long at the Baldwin; and the "clerk in a cotton factory at Rouen" was Mr. Charles Edmonds, who was long a reliable stock actor, but never seemed to attain the desirable eminence of a permanent position, and Margot, the housekeeper, is Mrs. Edmonds, who always faithfully shared her husband's luck, for they generally made their hits together, and are equally good, in a negative way, this time; and Miss Rellie Deaves comes to the surface whenever they put that pretty fable at the top of the hill:

"THIS COMPANY ORGANIZED IN NEW YORK EXPRESSLY FOR A TOUR OF THE PACIFIC COAST."

The detective seems to be an importation; wherever he came from there will be found a stock of h's, for he has not brought an aspirate with him. But if the Lingards have not brought any new people they have brought new plays, which is much as the times go for. Although all the rest of the world has done talking about "Divorçons," we distant heathens have not had it yet, and perhaps would not until "Odette" itself became stale, if the Lingards, who seem to have a genius for securing plays, had not come this way.

"Uncle Tom," galvanized by Haverly, is the coming attraction at the California, and the scribes are hush with a fearful and wonderful thing called the "Curse of Cain" for the Baldwin, and all the world is waiting for Geistering's opening night.

BETSY B.

MARIE GEISTERING'S OPERA BOUFFE SEASON has been looked forward to with much pleasure by San Francisco theatre-goers. She at last opens on next Tuesday evening, at the Grand Opera House, and will, without any doubt, receive an enthusiastic welcome. Her company is a large one, which fact will enable the management to produce the operas in the most complete manner. The season will open with the ever-popular "Madame Favart," in which Madame Geistering will sustain the pleasing rôle of the witty wife. In honor of Washington's birthday a matinee will be given, at which the same piece will be produced. On each succeeding night of the week, however, a different opera will be given, among which we note two that are entirely new to San Franciscans. Marie Geistering's great Eastern successes give us reason to expect much enjoyment from the coming season.

An Eastern dramatic paper states that it is now a positive fact that Strakosch will bring the prima donna Gerster to California in April next, and that she will play a season at Haverly's.

#### DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

The Greek play, in which Riddle, the Harvard crank, and Lewis Morrison have been posing before New York audiences, is said to be very funny. Riddle plays the part of the immortal Oedipus, and gets himself up in corresponding garments. But a critic complains that he doesn't wear quite enough clothes, explaining in the following strain: "In Oedipus his drapery demands the constant service of his left arm and hand, so he did all his Greek gesticulation with his right; his robe was built very large in the arm-size, and without sleeves, (undershirts had not been discovered at that period, nor dress-protectors invented,) therefore Mr. Riddle was not altogether lovely in the eyes of the audience." The members of the chorus were another source of amusement. Oedipus spoke his piece mostly to them, and their leader chipped cheerily in with choice Boston English. "σπουδὴν εὐχόμενος εὐσεβέως," cried Oedipus, and the chorus replied through its nose: "We tew—oh king—feel had ahead it." There was but one scene used, painted on canvas, with practicable doors, representing the entrance gates and palace rising behind. It looked like the New York Tombs, and was not an imposing affair by any means. The Chicago Tribune correspondent says that the manner in which some of the gray-haired old frauds sit through the performance, with pretended enjoyment, reminds him of how Billy Florence studied Orlendorf, went to Paris, entered a café, and easily remarked to a waiter: "Quelle heure est-il, garçon?" And the Frenchman replied: "Je ne sais pas, monsieur." And Billy exclaimed: "Good God! it is as late as that?"

We spoke, two weeks ago, of a letter which Marie Roze Mapleson recently sent to the London Times, relative to the leaving of candle-ends about theatre dressing and green-rooms. It seems that this letter arose, not so much from any especial fright at the Vienna disaster, as from the local panics which have lately occurred in England; one in the Grecian Theatre, in London; another in the Brighton Theatre; and a third in the Music Hall of Leeds—all caused by false alarms of fire. In the course of this letter the madam observes: "Of course, we who are 'behind the scenes' soon get used to the reckless manner in which the gas and lights are used on the stage, but whenever friends come 'behind' to see me during a performance, they invariably express their astonishment at the alarming manner in which the lighting is carried out. Then, again, for reasons I never could discover, the stage-doors to theatres are of the narrowest and most inconvenient kind, which necessitate 'Indian file' when entering or leaving. The approach to the stage-door during a change of scene is often completely blocked up, either by scenery or properties, so that in the event of fire during the performance, when the stage is crowded, there is but a slender chance of escape for those on the stage."

It will be remembered that Catherine Lewis, who has been playing at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, had a serious quarrel with another actor, and threw up her engagement. Until she was persuaded to come back, the management was in a dilemma, and gave strong hints that Emilie Melville would supply the place of the recreant Lewis. This announcement was rather a surprise to Blanchett, the Melville manager, but he said nothing concerning it, as he considered it merely a canard. It seems, however, that there really was an attempt in that direction, as Blanchett recently detailed to a New York Dramatic Times reporter, as follows: "Mr. William Barton, whose real name is Barton Key," says Mr. Charles Blanchett, "sneaked up to Albany, where we were playing, knowing that I was away. He had already established relations with a German member of the company, who was anxious to appear in New York. Mr. William Barton Key enveloped himself in an ulcer which covered him up to the top of his head, and in an obscure bar-room made the personal acquaintance of the gentleman who wanted a New York appearance. By dint of specious promises he induced that gentleman to introduce him behind the scenes, and in this way got to the dressing-room of Miss Melville, where he made her an offer to play Manola at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. His offer was refused, and Mr. Barton Key sneaked back to New York in the same manner he had come."

A popular actress from the Stadt Theatre, in Vienna, appeared recently at a theatre in this city, says the New York World. One of the Vienna newspapers has ingeniously heralded her coming by elaborately contradicting a current story that the richest man in Austria once fell in love with her, that he repeatedly offered her his heart, hand, and enormous fortune, and that, upon her final refusal of his proposals he committed suicide. The author of the story did not give the name of "the richest man in Austria," and none of the Vienna journals have been able to find out who he was. It was added that the unhappy suicide bequeathed a sum of money to pay for a box, which the manager should keep empty and drape with black cloth, as a touching reminder to the actress that she had driven one of her admirers to seek relief in a premature death. No one in Vienna has ever yet seen the hearse-like box. Inasmuch as

the story is beginning to crop out here along with the early jonquil and crocus, it may be well to give it the benefit of the Vienna denial.

The New York papers of Friday, three weeks ago, all contained an advertisement calling for children with red-gold hair to come to Daly's Theatre on the following Monday. A child was wanted for the first act or prologue of Sardou's new play, "Odette," which was produced on Monday evening, February 6. In the first act the child plays a conspicuous, but not a speaking part, in the rôle of Odette's daughter, Berangere. The mother is, in the first act, banished from her home by her husband, and the child is left with her father. In the second act—between which and the first fifteen years are supposed to elapse—the part of Berangere was taken by Miss Helene Stoepel, better known as Bijou Heron. The part of Odette was taken by Miss Ada Rehan, whose complexion is light, and whose hair is golden; consequently a child with hair of the same hue was needed to maintain the unities. At the hour mentioned in the advertisement there was at the stage-entrance of the theatre a knot of women, each with one or two children. Among them, awaiting an audience with Mr. Daly, were ladies in furs and silks covered with ruber dreads, who smiled on infant prodigies muffled and veiled to such an extent as to excite pity. There were mothers not richly dressed, with pretty little hahies, who romped and played in the hallway with their rivals, or kept a tight grip on their mothers' dresses and gazed in wonderment at their unusual surroundings. They were not all golden-haired children, but they were a very pretty lot. When Mr. Daly arrived, at nine o'clock, he used the precaution of a veteran judge at baby shows, and one by one admitted the little toddlers, with their mamma's and their recommendations, into his office, until a decision was finally made.

The Melville Opera Troupe has at last come to an end. The Dramatic Times makes the following note: "The Emilie Melville company has been consolidated with the Bijou Opera House opera organization, and Miss Melville will open on the twentieth in McCall's production of Apajune. The old Melville company will disband in Philadelphia, on the eighteenth, and only a few of the principals will be retained. Locke and Blanchett pay all salaries and furnish the entertainment, Mr. McCall furnishing the house and printing. It is probable that the company will remain at this theatre permanently."

It was reported last week that Marie Taglioni had just died poor in London. The New York World corrects this statement as follows: "The London Taglioni, who died some weeks ago, was not 'Marie' at all, but Amelia Taglioni, by birth a Mademoiselle Galster, and the wife of Marie Taglioni's brother. The Countess Gilbert des Voisen, who still lives, gave up teaching dancing in London some time ago, and retired to Marseilles to reside with her son, a brave young fellow, whose life she saved by her care when he was wounded in the war of 1879. He married some four years ago one of the daughters of Mr. Ralli, a Greek merchant of London, connected with a house well known in New York. Marie Taglioni has outlived most of her contemporaries, yet has not survived her fame, even in such an ephemeral sphere. Her appearance upon the stage was in the days when fashion was led by the brilliant coterie that circled around the assemblies of Lady Blessington. Her debut was chronicled by such pens as those of Leigh Hunt and Charles Lamb, and every book of recollections for the past forty years contains a notice of the unapproachable dancer. Her life was one of vicissitude. From the toilsome work of the Stockholm stage to the glittering triumphs of gayer capitals, and thence to a title and competency, she seems to have carried those simple manners which so characterized her even in the days of her greatest success."

It is said that: Mapleson's Chicago season was a failure.—Lawrence Barrett is on the New England circuit.—John McCullough has left Washington.—Mary Anderson is in Boston.—Genevieve Ward is in St. Louis.—Boucicault is at Booth's Theatre, New York.—Denman Thompson is in New York.—Madame Krauss, at the age of nearly sixty, is to play as Gounod's "Marguerite" at the Paris Grand Opera.—Annie Pixley's new play has proved a success in New Orleans.—J. H. Haverly has a hundred thousand dollar insurance policy on his life.—D'Oyley Carte sails for England on the twenty-fifth.—Colville arrived a week ago from London with the New English play, "Taken from Life," for which he paid eight thousand dollars.—The beautiful London opera bouffe singer, Marion Hood, is coming to New York.—Pearl Eyttinge is supporting Dion Boucicault.—Lytton Southern, the late comedian's son, is coming to America.

Mr. Sheridan put up the following bill for his benefit at the Baldwin last evening: The third act of Shakespeare's "Othello," and the fourth act of Bulwer's "Richelieu," both by Mr. Sheridan, assisted by Charles Thorne; Charles Thorne in a scene from "The Old Guard"; Mr. Sheridan as Shylock in the trial scene of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice"; and the Arnold brothers in their "Beautiful Statuary Clog." Shakespeare and statue clogs. Oh, Mr. Sheridan!



## SOUVENIR.

Ah! ne'er can I forget that happy day  
When you and I—not thinking it amiss,  
And no one seeing us who might betray—  
Each to the other gave a rapturous kiss.  
I felt the passion pulses of your heart  
Responsive like an echo to my own;  
Your dreamy eyes and dewy lips apart  
O'erwhelmed me with a thrill I ne'er had known.

Since then, I know not whether thou hast kept  
The kiss I gave; nor whether, in thy nightly  
rest,  
Dreaming, thy arms have wandered while thou  
slept

Seeking again to fold me to thy breast.  
I only feel that thou art strangely changed;  
As thou wert warm, so art thou calm and cold;  
While I, unconscious why thou art estranged,  
Burn with the passion I gave thee of old.

Thy loving kiss I've treasured like a prize,  
Sacred and secret as a miser's gold.  
No power but thine could any art devise  
Its hiding place to tempt me to unfold.  
But if it be thy will that we must part,  
Pray let us kindly part and honest be;  
I'll give thee back thy kiss with all my heart,  
And mine, if thou hast kept it, give to me.

ALFRED WHEELER.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 14, 1882.

## Obscure Intimations.

"A Subscriber."—"T. was on his way to England  
the last we heard of him.

In answer to an inquiry from a Tombstone man  
regarding "The Beautiful Snow," we have received  
the following:

BANGOR, February 6, 1882.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In answer to your subscriber at  
Tombstone, A. T., January 13, I furnish a copy of the poem  
desired. If you conclude to publish it, you may, if you  
please, forward that number of your excellent paper to the  
following address.

Bangor, Me.

Enclosed is a poem beginning, "Oh, the snow, the  
beautiful snow." We are sorry it came from a Maine  
maiden. This is a family journal, and we can not  
print it. If from Tombstone a doleful sound should  
come again, the Arizona man can have the Maine  
girl's MS. copy by sending to us.

—CHARLES REED'S COMBINATION WILL CLOSE  
at the Standard Theatre with Sunday night's per-  
formance. All next week the theatre will undergo a  
thorough cleaning and renovation, previous to the  
return of Emerson's Minstrels, who will reappear on  
Monday, the 27th instant.

Lester Wallack has recently completed his new  
fifty-thousand-dollar steam yacht.

Von Bulow has been giving concerts in Berlin.

—WHILE IN BOSTON RECENTLY A REPRESENTA-  
tive of the Burlington, Vt., *Free Press*, went out to  
Lynn for the special purpose of seeing if there was  
such a person living as Mr. Lydia E. Pinkham, whose  
genial face adorns the otherwise tame advertising col-  
umns of over six thousand newspapers of the United  
States. Driving out to No. 225 Western avenue, a  
bright, pleasant home was reached, where, sure  
enough, was found the veritable Lydia E., looking  
probably a trifle thinner than the picture represents,  
but, nevertheless, a hale, hearty, and sympathetic wo-  
man, who has done a great deal for her sex. She religiously  
devotes her entire time to the personal corre-  
spondence with ladies all over the world, who come  
to her with their troubles as to an own mother, and  
she is happiest when immersed in the great care and  
labor which an average of over one hundred letters  
per day necessarily brings. Two lady clerks assist in  
writing at her dictation. Her son, Charles H., at-  
tends to the manufacturing department, which is in  
a large factory near the house. Her medicines have  
a wonderful sale.

—SECRETARY UNITED STATES TREASURY, CHAS.  
J. FOLGER, says in his decision of January 28, 1882:  
"I conclude, therefore, that the water imported  
under the name of Apollinaris Water, is an article  
which is produced by nature, and is not the handi-  
work of man; that it is a natural and not an artificial  
water."

—OWING TO INCREASE OF BUSINESS, THE DEPOT  
for the celebrated "Alinaxab," formerly at 27 Ellis  
Street, has been compelled to remove to a more cen-  
tral location. The depot will now be found at 805  
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which its persistent use will demonstrate in any case  
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has done thousands of women more good than the  
medicines of many doctors. It is a positive cure for  
all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pink-  
ham.

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cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.

—Go to Bradley & Rulofson's, 429 Montgomery.

—C. O. DEAN, DENTIST, No. 126 KEARNY ST.,  
Thurlock Block. Office hours, 9 to 5.

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Sunday Evening.....February 26th

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Washington, D. C., Feb. 21, 1879.

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—Gen. STARRING, Special European Agent  
U. S. Treasury, Feb. 26, 1879.

"It cannot be an artificial mineral water."  
—Col. TICHENOR, Special European Agent  
U. S. Treasury, Aug. 31, 1881.

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—CHARLES J. FOLGER, Sec. U. S. Treasury,  
Jan. 28, 1882.

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## THE ART OF MAKING UP.

That the "make-up" is not confined to the profession any wholesale druggist's catalogue will testify, remarks the New York Times. Under a very thick veil a made-up face may occasionally escape detection, although the brightness of the colors, but half concealed, generally leads to the supposition that paint is present. To the veriest tyro false colors are at once, however, discernible, for there really never has been any pigment yet discovered that in the least resembled that roseate hue which nature imparts to a healthy skin. Of course, distance may lend enchantment to the view, but across a car, a dinner-table, even the width of a drawing-room, a patch of color, from its immobility, leads to its detection. If a woman with the least comprehension of effect finds it impossible to work up her own canvas, why does she not hire some one who can, such as a professional hair-dresser? Then the critic might at least enjoy a picture presenting certain harmonies of tint. In the case of the actor, permanency of an emotional character must be printed on the face, whether it be in tragedy or comedy. The ancients understood this perfectly, and adopted the mask. Between the *ingenue*, who is to come simpering on the stage with her cheeks all a-bloom, and the actor who is to present himself as a character just stepping out of the frame of a Vandyke, there is all the difference between the commonplace and the highest art. A clown, though he were a Grimaldi with his spots of motley color on his jowl, might use a stencil. A little book, just published, is entitled "A Make-up Book." It is presented to the world—a pretty large one—composed of "readers, concert-singers, and others, as well as actors," and is intended to teach them how to "make up," so that they shall avoid "that pallid, frightened, older appearance, and obviate its disagreeable effect upon the spectators."

"Use grease paints," says the little book, "for these do not fail the performer in so hazardous a manner, (as water-colors, it is presumed,) for perspiration oozes through them, and can be easily shaken from the brows and face by several sharp, quick jerks of the hand. But greasy paints must be at times quite objectionable. Think of an oleaginous Romeo leaving an imprint of his cocoa-buttered head on the sweet face of his Juliet! Grease paints, however, the author tells us, "It softens the skin, makes the face more flexible to expression, and even makes it feel more agreeable than without it." Grease paints run through the whole gamut of colors, adapted not only to age, but to anthropological considerations. There are not less than ten colors adapted to youth, and the same for manhood; old age uses thirteen, and then there are special pigments for gypsies, Moors, Chinamen, Indians, and East Indians. Natural good looks, we are informed, go for very little on the boards, for they "will not look as well on the stage as another with ordinary features well made up and in character." The treatment of the hands and arms is particularly noticed. "Never appear in modern society plays, or of the powder period, without whitening or tinting the hands and the exposed portions of the arms, or they will look coarse and red. The sponging should be done very thinly, and rubbed evenly to look transparent, not opaque." For the eyes, ladies are requested "not to make little marks with dark paint on the lids themselves, between the lashes, as some do on the stage, but actually paint the lashes, upper as well as lower; if lashes are too light, make the curved line under them to improve size or bulk." Our book tells us that "amateurs and beginners generally paint too much, and thus destroy physiognomic characteristics"—which we believe to be perfectly true. In fact, many clever women on the stage who play leading characters today present faces as fully charged with color as a brick wall. Our book believes that it can accomplish miracles, and it presents the various ways by means of which a thin face can be made to look plump, and a fat face attenuated. On moustache the ideas are very sound. "A small moustache on a large lip is comic. Do not cover all the lip, but have a little flesh seen directly under nose point of lip. With a broad mouth or thick, make a less uncovering of the corners of the mouth." To build up a comic character, nose, mouth, chin, forehead, and even teeth are to be disguised. The nose seems to be the great factor. Indeed, the nose bears half the brunt of the battle. A man in a comic part is likely to suffer extreme agony with his nose, providing he wishes to be very droll, and so sacrifice himself to art. You are requested in this book to pin up your nose. This is fully explained. You take a hair pin, bend it, and hook up your nose. The ends of the pin you tie across the bridge of the nose, and then you apply several coatings of paint to it. Besides the ludicrous appearance of such a nose, the snuffing it would make in speaking, would have the happiest of effects. "The teeth can be made quite comical by painting some of them out as missing. A liquid preparation comes expressly for the purpose, and is harmless in character." Since the production of "L'Assommoir" drunken men have not been very popular on the stage. Still, they are among its most prominent characters. There are certain nice shadings the book clearly defines. It is satisfactory to know that the groundwork on which you begin is the same as for "the humorist." Forehead, nose, and chin are to be a little reddish. The wrinkle to appear as if grinning. Corners of the mouth are to be drawn slightly upward by two small lines. The hair a little deranged on the forehead. "This is for the tipsy man. For the drunkard—the habitual one, the shining example in the temperance drama—the groundwork is pale or a brownish red. The eyes are to be pinched—be made small—nearly shut. The mouth drawn downward by two brown lines. The hair unkempt, and hanging low down on the forehead. As to the eyebrows, they alone impart varying character to the face. You can either build up a factitious eye-brow with creped hair or wool, gumming it on, or you can paint it. Think of it, "painted eye-brow gives the face a happier, more jolly appearance." Make it hushy, and presto, away goes jollity. Let your eye-brow hang down, and you are a sinister individual, and you will murder, and say "s'death." Plaster it down with soap, and begin the eye-brow at the nose, and you will be stupid. Make the lines of it black, narrow, arched, and you will be treacherous; and with some slight variations from this you will "be a villainous, low, brooding character."

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Two Men He Didn't Like.  
A mimetic-blonde young man,  
An all-but-beyond young man,  
A Cliquot-and-Pommery  
Heidseick-and-Mummery,  
Call-the-last-turn young man,  
A landlord-fighting young man,  
A poetry-writing young man,  
A go-slow-in-his-pace  
And copper-the-ace,  
Or he'll-go-kiting young man!  
—New York Liar.

A Planted Thomas.  
Here lies a mawer immured,  
Fells in felicity.  
Her molars immolated many a mole;  
A micer, my sir, was she,  
—Buffalo Bootjack Liar.

Men of Letters.  
The farmer feeds the bleating u u,  
The sailor sails the c c,  
The gardener plants the p p, he does,  
The printer takes his e e.  
The owl looks very y y  
At everything he z z,  
The school-boy dots his i i,  
And crosses all his t t.  
—Detroit Crank.

Taffy.  
Sparkling eyes and saucy face  
Had the pretty maiden Grace;  
Dashing, chic, with winning way,  
Representing, I must say,  
Just the girlhood of the day.  
And, although I loved her more  
Than my sweethearts heretofore,  
One thing gave me constant pain—  
Every day, though I'd complain,  
She'd be chewing gum again.  
"Tell me, Grace," at last as I said,  
"After having often plead,  
"What will cure these chewing spells?"  
Archly looking up, she tells:  
"Lots of chocolate caramels!"  
—Chicago Prevaricator.

He Knew His Wrinkle.  
"How are you, John?" remarked a friend  
As he met John on the street;  
"Come in, my boy, and take a drink,  
For it's rarely that we meet."  
"A fact," said John; "I'll go with you;  
For, as I happen to think,  
We rarely meet, but when we do,  
It is always meet and drink."  
—Puck's Liar.

Philadelphia Obituaries.  
Little Alexander's dead;  
Jan him in a coffin;  
Don't have as good a chance  
For a funeral often.  
Rush his body right around  
To the cemetery;  
Drop him in the sepulchre  
With his Uncle Jerry.  
Four doctors tackled Johnny Smith—  
They blistered and they bled him;  
With squills and anti-bilious pills  
And ipecac, they fed him.  
They stirred him up with calomel,  
And tried to move his liver;  
But all in vain—his little soul  
Was wafted o'er The River.

Bury Bartholomew out in the woods,  
In a beautiful hole in the ground,  
Where the bumble-bees buzz, and the woodpeckers sing,  
And the straddle-bugs tumble around;  
So, that in winter, when the snow and the slush  
Have covered his last little bed,  
His brother Artemus can go out with Jane  
And visit the place with his sled.

Mrs. McFadden has gone from this life;  
She has left all its sorrows and cares;  
She caught the rheumatics in both of her legs  
While scrubbing the cellar and stairs.  
They put mustard-plasters upon her in vain;  
They bathed her with whiskey and rum;  
But Thursday her spirit departed and left  
Her body entirely numb.

The death-angel smote Alexander McGlue,  
And gave him protracted repose;  
He wore a checked shirt and a number nine shoe,  
And he had a pink wart on his nose.  
No doubt he is happier dwelling in space  
Over there on the evergreen shore.  
His friends are informed that his funeral takes place  
Precisely at quarter-past four.

Willie had a purple monkey, climbing on a yellow stick,  
And when he sucked the paint all off it made him  
deadly sick;  
And in his latest hours he clasped that monkey in  
his hand,  
And bade good-bye to earth and went into a better  
land.  
Oh! no more he'll shoot his sister with his little  
wooden gun;  
And no more he'll twist the pussy's tail, and make  
her yowl, for fun.  
The pussy's tail now stands out straight; the gun  
is laid aside;  
The monkey doesn't jump around since little Willie  
died.  
We have lost our little Hanner, in a very painful  
manner,  
And we often asked how can it's harsh sufferings  
be borne?  
When her death was first reported, her aunt got  
up and snorted  
With the grief that she supported, for it made  
her feel forlorn.  
She was such a little seraph that her father, who  
is sheriff,  
Really doesn't seem to care if he ne'er smiles in  
life again.  
She has gone, we hope, to Heaven, at the early  
age of seven,  
(Funeral starts off at eleven,) where she'll never  
more have pain.  
—Max Adler.

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Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses  
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It removes fatness, flatulency, destroys all craving  
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It cures Hysteria, Headaches, Nervous Prostration,  
General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indig-  
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That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight  
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ready and prompt relief of its members. Sickness, suffer-  
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Loans on Real Estate.....	134,868 00
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Loans on other securities.....	577,443 96
Loans on personal security.....	1,106,004 27
Due from banks and bankers.....	392,457 61
Money on hand.....	398,669 34
<b>LIABILITIES.</b>	<b>\$3,523,844 23</b>
Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,759 13
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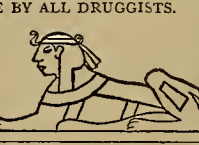
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## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE INS AND THE OUTS—ARTHUR'S ADORERS—HIS PROCRASTINATION—THE ANXIOUS SEAT—SARGENT—A CRANK-STALWART DINNER—STORRS'S SPEECH—ROBERT INGERSOLL IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY—AN ATTRACTIVE HOUSEHOLD—HOW INGERSOLL SCORED TALMAGE.

Washington, February 13.—There is no use attempting to come to any other conclusion than that it is the policy of this administration to make the Garfield-Blaine wing of the party feel that it is entitled to very little consideration in the ranks of the Republican organization. There is no use in disguising the fact that the men who did not follow Grant at Chicago, and did not mourn when great Roscoe fell, are but coldly regarded at the White House. The funeral baked meats that were provided for distribution shortly after Garfield's death are all distributed. The parting guests were given a welcome exit, and to the marriage feast none were bidden but friends of the family. Arthur did not go out into the by-ways and hedges of the Republican party, and compel the rank and file to come in and find welcome at the feast. He confined himself to those who were on the visiting list, and to those he sent his cards of invitation.

Every pronounced friend of General Garfield, and every self-declared friend of Mr. Blaine that I have met, discuss the position in which they find themselves in low tones. They are not ill-treated exactly, but somehow they feel like old-maid country cousins of the first wife after a new bride has succeeded. They stand around, and try to look pleased and comfortable amid the bustle of preparing the house for new and more fashionable guests, with a conscious conviction that their rooms are wanted. The Garfield office-holders hold on to their places with a meek and subdued look. They try to feel gratified that they are not kicked out, and endeavor to wear upon their faces an expression of confidence that they will not be.

Everybody speaks well of the new President, from a sense of patriotic duty. The enthusiastic and somewhat boisterous declaration that he would be the greatest of the illustrious line of Republican monarchs, the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, the model Chief Magistrate, the wisest, and most prudent, and most politic of politicians, has of late, to a great extent, lost its force. The confident prophecy that he would heal all party dissensions through his generous magnanimity, is somewhat less emphatic than it was when I first came to Washington. The swelling notes are now pitched an octave or two lower.

It is the fashion just now to accredit the President with a most wonderful gift of keeping his own counsel. It is admitted that in this respect he is a greater man than Grant. Even the crankiest of the Stalwarts are becoming a little uneasy under the suspense of hope long deferred. There are whispered maledictions at the policy of slowness in giving out offices. Perhaps the situation is as well illustrated in Sargent's case as any other. Senator Kirkwood is made to feel that he is a tenant at will or a tenant by sufferance. He is doing his work as a day laborer in the vineyard, fearing that he will not be retained long enough to pluck a single cluster of the ripened fruit. Sargent hangs over the fence in anxious suspense, expecting every moment to be mustered into service. But in the meantime, when the dinner-born blows, it gives no welcome sound for him. He hungers and hangs on. The Lord of the vineyard does not tell Kirkwood that he expects him to stay, nor does he promise Sargent that he may have his place.

All this is very unsatisfactory to Kirkwood and his friends in Iowa, to Sargent and his friends in California, to Chaffee and his friends in Colorado, and to the friends of somebody in Minnesota who hopes to come in. Especially unsatisfactory is it to General Beale, who hopes to become Secretary of the Navy if Sargent does not get the Interior. The clerks who hope to stay in the department, and the clerks who hope to come in when the others go out, are also on the anxious seat. But this policy stops the mouths of all these people, and they all have a kindly word for the new President. Arthur seems to realize that the moment he takes a decided step he will let loose the clamor of unfriendly throats. He has appointed just enough Stalwarts to convince all the other cranks that he is a Stalwart of the Stalwarts, and that from the ranks of the Stalwarts he will make his appointments. He has stopped just short of the point of alarm to the other wing, and its office-seekers are

in mild expectation that they will be treated as members of the Republican party. So far, all the leading appointments have been made from the Grant-Conkling-third-term men. As yet, all of the Blaine men have not been turned out. No pronounced friend of Blaine's has been suggested for any prominent position, except one—Chandler—and that is understood to be in reward for his defection to the leader whom at Chicago he badly served.

This seems to me to be the condition of affairs at Washington to-day. It is what I mean, when I say that the President is at the forks of the road. In the meantime the Grant-Conkling Stalwarts are down the road, massed in a body, blowing horns and firing signals for Arthur to come on.

At Albany, recently, a dinner was given to which only cranks were invited. They tickled each others' elbows, as they sat at soup and trencher work. They smiled and toasted each other. They glorified Grant and his three hundred and six. They lauded Conkling. They praised him for the courageous patriotism that induced him to take voluntary exile from the Senate, because he could not therein "lord it like a king." The three hundred and six have caused a medal to be struck in honor of their defeat, and it is to be given to the forlorn band which, coming mostly from Democratic States, undertook to insolently dictate a nomination which it could not aid to elect.

Only yesterday a club dinner was given in New York to celebrate the seventy-third birthday of Lincoln. One hundred and twenty-five Stalwarts sat down. They were all office-holders and office-seekers, every mother's son of them. General Grant, Emory Storrs, and Parson Newman were the guests of honor. They were flanked by ex-officials and present officials, ex-senators, police commissioners, dock commissioners, emigration commissioners, fire commissioners, men who are full-fledged political prostitutes, and those who "ope to be." The orator of this occasion was Emory A. Storrs, of Chicago. In order to illustrate the bitter and insolent feeling which this representative crank is permitted and encouraged by his chief to express, I give space to an extract from his speech, as reported by the *Tribune*. The shameful allusion to the Republican party of Lincoln's time will be appreciated when it is remembered that nine-tenths of the present Stalwarts—Grant and Emory A. Storrs included—did not join the party till it had won a presidential victory. I would not take one laurel from the crown of the martyred Lincoln, nor would I pluck a feather from the military plumes of Grant; but I remember that, while one died in the service of his country, and while hundreds of thousands laid down their lives on battle-fields, General Grant has survived. And I remember that his political support at Chicago did not come from States nor parts of States that were conspicuous for their love of Lincoln, or their love of the early Republican party, or their love of the American Union. I remember that of the one hundred and twenty-five men who extended their legs beneath the groaning mahogany, there was but an occasional name ever known in the country's service, and but few whose names would be in any sense familiar when disassociated from the offices they have held. It must have been at a late hour of the banquet when the Honorable Emory indulged in his diatribe against the four years of Hayes's administration—a four years which honest men will put in contrast with the four years that preceded them. Speaking of Mr. Lincoln, he said: "He was the leader of the Republican party when 'it recognized no 'Half-breed' within its limits. [A voice—"306," and three cheers given for the '306.] Almost the 'first ray of light that came across our Northern skies was 'when a quiet man proposed to move immediately on the 'enemy's works, and to accept no terms but unconditional 'surrender. On the broad shoulders of that man our great 'President thenceforward leaned, and how safely he leaned! [Loud applause.] Thus through the trials of that great 'war did these two men march side by side to the music of 'the Union. One summer the President, Abraham Lincoln, declared that he would recognize no negotiations except on the basis of the Union, and his representative in 'the army declared that he would fight it out on that line if 'it took all summer. The word Stalwart has been used. 'When you are right, you can not be too stalwart; when 'you are wrong, you can not be too conservative. The city 'of New York ought to be a Republican city, and it ought 'to be a Stalwart city. It ought to be independent only in

"its Stalwartism. This nation is made great by Stalwart 'influences. I had rather have a thousand years of conflict 'than four such years of foul, sneaking, lying, blustering, 'nasty hypocrisy as we have passed through. There will 'be in the history of this country a trinity of great names, 'and the Genius of Liberty will raise to the highest niche 'Washington, Lincoln, and Grant, and will say to them: 'Stand on these glittering eminences far above the crowd 'of men, as the best and greatest of men."

I hope I do not lack patriotism, gratitude for great achievements, or veneration for illustrious names; but I sicken at the ever-drooling flapdoodle which, oozing from the opening pores of convivial dinner-drinkers, is poured into the willing ears of a "glittering eminence," who is not "so far above the best and greatest of men" that he does not delight to sit a willing listener by the side of every slobbering eulogist who chooses to pour the soapbuds of flattery into the rat-hole of vanity. I have chosen to consider General Grant generous and modest, silent and brave. It will be his fault if, by encouraging the kind of oratorical rot indulged in by his friend Emory A. Storrs, of Chicago, he shall suffer in the opinion of men who think there are other statesmen beside Conkling, and other honest men than the three hundred and six who wear bronze medals, and that there were heroes before Agamemnon.

February 15.—Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll lives within a short distance of the Arlington, in an elegant and spacious dwelling, fronting on Lafayette Square. He keeps open house, dispensing generous hospitalities. There I have spent more than one pleasant evening. His family is composed of his wife and two accomplished and musical young lady daughters. The sister of the wife, with husband and baby girl, and two or three young lady guests, complete an altogether ideal family. How far a guest may disclose the inner glimpses that he may acquire of the domestic life of even famous men and women, is a point that can only be decided by the good taste of the guest himself. If I err in leaving the doors ajar so that my readers may catch an interior view of this interesting family, I am sure I shall not be charged with any other than the most friendly desire to share with those readers the pleasure I have myself enjoyed. And perhaps there is another motive. There was a time—and I am old enough to remember it—when the Puritan family alone was held up as the model of domestic happiness, when around the family altar alone clustered all that could make life desirable. It was part of that tradition, which arose from a narrow and illiberal superstition, to send forth the impression that only in those families where religious observances were practiced, where professions of belief flowered and fruited in morning prayers, evening devotions, and Sabbath observances, are found the higher virtues, the purer and better life. It was asserted that in orthodox families alone are practiced the charities and kindly sympathies that make life beautiful. This false old sham is passing away, with a thousand other skeletons of a shadowy dawn. It has joined the procession of gaunt and hollow superstitions which a brighter intellectual morning light is driving out of the theological and ecclesiastical world. It is found that good little Sunday-school boys are liable to get drowned when they go in swimming week days about as often as wicked little boys who go in on Sunday. It has been ascertained that men and women may be very good citizens, be very honorable in their lives, very generous in their conduct, and fill useful positions in society without throwing around them the cloak of religious profession. It has been found that throughout our country there are happy homes, united families, loved and loving ones, gathered around a domestic altar raised to the worship of the Unknown God. But in such households there are no subscriptions to formulated dogmas, no observances of worship, and no lip-professions of religion. Such a family is that of which I have spoken. It is intellectual and hospitable, with a house filled with books, music, and musical instruments. The house is also filled with love and generous sympathy. On the centre-table lies a splendid edition of "Knight's Shakespeare," bound in one volume. In its leaves is a family record for births and deaths. On its side, printed in golden letters, is the inscription, "The Ingersoll Word." "And this," said Colonel Ingersoll, throwing to me a handsomely bound volume of Burns's poems, "is the family hymn-book." Beside these two most treasured



hooks lay a complete edition of the works of George Eliot, whom Colonel Ingersoll declares to be the greatest mind which the English-speaking world has produced since Shakespeare. Our entertainment for the evening was music and conversation. Our refreshments were generous. To the delightful punch which we punched with care were super-added the more homely drinks of sparkling cider and goblets of hissing huttermilk. If there be any law governing this household, save the unwritten one of mutual love and confidence, it seems to be that each and every member of it—from the baby girl who had her dolls, dolls' trunks, picture books, and toys on the drawing-room floor, to the stranger within their gates—may do as they please. When it was suggested that the little one had better go to her dream-land up-stairs, the colonel remarked that in his house there were no hours for children; "they go to bed when they are sleepy, and get up when they are not." It is one of his axioms in domestic government to let his children do just exactly as they please, on the theory that children governed by love, as a rule, please to do right.

Understanding and appreciating this mode of domestic discipline, I was surprised at a remark fired at me by the mother of a pious family which I visited on a subsequent evening. Speaking of Colonel Ingersoll's daughters, she said she heard that they were lovely girls; "but only think, they have never been permitted to put their foot in a church or Sunday-school, and the poor girls are just dying to go." This illustrates, by its utter want of truth, that there still lingers, even at the capital of our nation, a remnant of that superstition that regards the unprofessing Christian father as a domestic tyrant, and that does not appreciate that in the golden hook of life is first written the name of him who loves his fellow-men.

Speaking of Colonel Ingersoll, and in contrast with him, his genial philosophy, and his broad and generous sympathies, I am reminded of the recent pulpit pummeling which he received from the fantastic and reverend Talmage, of Brooklyn. This reverend and godly man has made Mr. Ingersoll the subject of a series of sermons, in which he has heaped upon his head all the reproaches, insults, and contumelious vituperations which the generous church furnishes as weapons to its spiritual combatants.

I ought not, perhaps, to designate Mr. Talmage as "fantastic," and would not do so, only that the cavernous vastness of his unexplored mouth, and the illimitable length of his tangled legs have been so impressed upon me by the cartoons of the illustrated papers, that with his mouth I confound his emptiness of doctrine, and with his legs become tangled in contemplating his faith. Perhaps I am not sufficiently charitable to the fantastic and the sensational in the pulpit; but by my real admiration of those honest-minded Christian clergymen who are sincere, and who illustrate by the purity of their lives the honesty of their opinions, I make up for all that I lack of reverence and respect for the sensational and fantastic mountebank who turns religion into a money-making industry, and whose vain impudence enables him to posture as the chosen of God, while he denounces as impious and blasphemous other and better men.

In reply to the Reverend Talmage, Colonel Ingersoll has just printed an article entitled "Answer to Talmagian Views." I shall not analyze it or quote from it, except that part in reference to Queen Victoria and George Eliot. If this has not been printed by the daily press, I am sure it will be interesting to the readers of the *Argonaut*. If it has been printed, our readers can profitably peruse it again, for its beauty of diction and generous humanity. He says:

In one of my lectures I drew a parallel between George Eliot and Victoria. I was showing the difference between a woman who had won her position in the world of thought, and one who was queen by chance. This is what I said: "It no longer satisfies the ambition of a great man to be a king or emperor. The last Napoleon was not satisfied with being the emperor of the French. He was not satisfied with having a circle of gold about his head—he wanted some evidence that he had something of value in his head. So he wrote the life of Julius Caesar that he might become a member of the French Academy. The emperors, the kings, the popes, no longer tower above their fellows. Compare King William with the philosopher Haeckel. The king is one of the 'anointed by the Most High'—as they claim—one on whose head has been poured the divine petroleum of authority. Compare this king with Haeckel, who towers an intellectual Colossus above the crowned mediocrity. Compare George Eliot with Queen Victoria. The queen is clothed in garments given her by blind fortune and unreasoning chance, while George Eliot wears robes of glory woven in the loom of her own genius. The world is beginning to pay homage to intellect, to genius, to heart." I said not one word against Queen Victoria, and did not intend to even intimate that she was not an excellent woman, wife, and mother. I was simply trying to show that the world was getting great enough to place the genius above an accidental queen. Mr. Talmage, true to the fawning, cringing spirit of orthodoxy, lauds the living queen, and cruelly maligns the dead genius. He digs open the grave of George Eliot, and tries to stain the sacred dust of one who was the greatest woman England has produced. He calls her "an adulteress." He attacks her because she was an atheist—because she abhorred Jehovah, denied the inspiration of the Bible, denied the dogma of eternal pain, and with all her heart despised the Presbyterian creed. He hates her because she was great, and brave, and free—because she lived without "faith," and died without fear—because she dared to give her honest thought, and grandly bore the taunts and slanders of the Christian world. George Eliot tenderly carried in her heart the burdens of our race. She looked through pity's tears on the faults and frailties of mankind. She knew the springs and seeds of thought and deed, and saw with cloudless eyes through all the winding ways of greed, ambition, and deceit, where folly vainly plucks with thorn-pierced hands the fading flowers of selfish joy—the highway of eternal right. Whatever her relations may have been—no matter what I think, or others say, or bow much all regret the one mistake in all her self-denying, loving life—I feel and know that in the court where her own conscience sat as judge she stood acquitted—pure as light, and stainless as a star. How appropriate here, with some slight change, the wondrously poetic and pathetic words of Laertes at Ophelia's grave:

"Leave her i' the earth;  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring! I tell thee, churchly priest,  
A ministering angel shall this woman be  
When thou liest howling!"

I have no words with which to tell my loathing for a man who violates a noble woman's grave.

P.

At the opera house in a city which shall be nameless, a celebrated tenor sings "Rienzi," passing over the stage on horseback in the third act, delivering the notable numbers of the opera. Nor is he without his reward, for as soon as the curtain falls, the audience rises to its feet like one man and calls the horse before the curtain.

## THE PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN.

Miss Golightly is an enigma to me—or, rather, is Miss Golightly's success. I am always at a loss to decide if she is a phenomenon *sui generis*, or the type of a class of women. Perhaps the latter hypothesis is true. Probably other women, many of them, possess the same traits that distinguish Miss Golightly, only I happen not to have penetrated their affairs sufficiently to discover or discern the facts in the case.

To begin with the most apparent of her attributes, Miss Golightly's *personnel* is good; she is always striking in appearance, distinguished looking, and sometimes even handsome. Yet she is really the reverse of beautiful. Her features are fairly regular, and she lights up well; but she has none of the vivid coloring, none of the charm of expression that beauty claims. She has a fine strain of taste, however, and the French knack of making her surroundings *bien misés*. She is thought prodigally extravagant in her expenditure for dress, but I chance to know that she devotes to her wardrobe far less than two hundred a year. Adaptability and a nice discriminating sense of the eternal fitness of things replace coin of the realm; hence, she is always well dressed. *Bien gantée et bien chaussée* ever—she will cheerfully and unobtrusively wear the cheapest and plainest of gowns, but her gloves must harmonize with it; and, rather than these might be ill-fitting, she would take the risk of freckling her slender white hands. Considerate of contours is this young woman. "How are my outlines?" is a household word at her expense. Tournure and coiffure must define, not distort, the shape of her. All the disfiguring varieties of mode and garniture are dead-letter laws to her mind. Nature is her one model, faithfully followed.

Miss Golightly's house is a museum of marvel. Its arrangement implies ages of objective experience, the application of a whole system of decorative art, and the outlay of abundant shekels. Miss Golightly has credit for the consummation; save in the way of suggestion and supply, she has nothing to do with it. She has a sister, or a cousin, or an aunt—one of the doubtful-degree relatives women manage to attach to themselves—who is a prodigy of instinctive skill; she would be a treasure to any high-art upholstery firm. This lady disposes the numerous articles of vertu and hric-à-brac that Miss Golightly has the faculty of collecting. Their owner seldom produces an effect; but let one detail, inharmonious or unsymmetrical, present itself to her critical eye, and her expressive facial change marks the discovery. "Don't you like it? What is the matter? How should it be?" Miss Golightly's shrug, and her laconic "Somehow wrong" are sure to guide to order out of chaos.

Some people are horn collectors; they seem by instinct to find treasures of rarity and beauty in what is rubbish to other eyes, albeit equally eager in the quest. I have seen Miss Golightly on the shore, following in the wake of seasmouth hunters, she unconcernedly turning over rejected masses of kelp, and finding there wonderful assortments of the fairy algae, hidden from eyes less keen. Often enough I have wrinkled my nose in contempt of spoils that, in Miss Golightly's rooms, afterward challenged admiration and envy. She never returns from outing, by flood or field, without some new trophy, be it but a humming-bird's nest on a twig, or the delicate drab wings of a slaughtered dove. She has another method of accumulating effects. Some people accept presents, and some do not. Miss Golightly vigorously draws the line at jewelry. She has quantities of knick-knacks—books, plaques, bronzes, panels, fancy catalogues, what not—presented by individuals who appreciate her qualifications as an advertising medium.

"Here is the libretto of 'Desdichado,'" she will say. "It is the first copy received. Hermann was so good as to send it to me, knowing how much I appreciate that sort of thing. He is ordering a lot against the production of the piece." Or, "I must show you a charming little sketch from Apelles's studio—you know he and I are great friends. He's doing these little things this winter. You ought to secure one. They'll be treasures when Apelles ranks as a leader in art."

Miss Golightly is utterly unaccomplished. Her education is thorough, so far as practicality goes. She can plan an elevation with any architect, she can cook the most savory of plain meals, and can write, day in and day out, at rapid speed, the squarest and most masculine of "business hands." But, not undervaluing these abilities, she fain would retire them from duty when off active service, to parade the small show accomplishments of the average young lady. Without the aid of a lesson in perspective, Miss Golightly has practiced her pencil until she can turn off clever, sketchy little bits of landscape, and roughly outlined faces that somehow always catch the chief characteristic of the original. The goddess of music flapped her wings, and flew far, far away when Miss Golightly's voice first stung the air; yet, with no better teacher than her own tact, Miss Golightly has learned to sing, and, in truth, to sing pleasingly. She affects two species of vocal gymnastics—songs that have in them the power of mighty passion, letting her voice soar unchecked in rough volume. Such she can sing, and their abandon thrills the dullest soul. Then, too, she loves to croon over quaint old ballads, and sad refrains written in a minor key, knowing just what suggestion of pathos lies in the thrill horn of her endeavor to hold her voice down to their compass. She knows nothing of the theories of harmony, but an attentive ear enables her to improvise accompaniments. This fact, an unerring critical acumen, and her possession of a banjo, a guitar, and a violin, have won her the title "musical."

My subject is, I fear, a sad heretic. "Agnostic" is a term never heard from her lips, but that word is the translation of her whole theological attitude. She has all the gibberish of society at her tongue's end, all the jargon of art and æsthesia at her command, but not more thoroughly than the liplore of Scripture and commentary. The most orthodox of clergymen can take no umbrage at her views and theories—for she has both. She will express her doubts and fears in trenchant terms—clear, concise, and comprehensive; listen to elucidation, defer to explanation, pose with most original objection, and finally retire from the contest in silence, and with a sad, regretful smile that announces total absence of conviction.

No fear of forms troubles Miss Golightly. She is abso-

lutely at home in all the compounds of convention. Her foot is on her native heath when it treads the manifold mazes of etiquette. She can patter with equal facility on all subjects. From the nice shades of meaning conveyed by the variable wording of a card, to the subtly delicate dismissal of a suitor, her manner is completely *comme il faut*. She is authority on all doubtful subjects for a large and admiring coterie.

With no more genius or poetry in her soul than has an oyster, this young lady is a power at all the quasi-intellectual games in which people tilt and tourney. She has deliberately studied scanning, and has a stock of rhymes. She never misses or forgets *mot* or epigram that she may read or hear, and she has an ingenious way of dovetailing these into a fair imitation of spontaneous wit. Repartee and anecdote also become hers at second-hand.

Miss Golightly has many friends. Regarding their acquisition she has a theory, and I am sure this is it: Whatever of gossip comes to her she sifts; the ill she stores away in the recesses of her memory for her own use, the good she repeats, always *giving her authority*, thus making two people pleased with each other and with her. She keeps records of feuds, and effects reconciliation when she can. So Miss Golightly ranks as good-natured and charitable. Uncongenial people she manages to keep apart, if possible; if not, she acts as medium color. This is recognized as tact. Miss Golightly never lies—not even on principle; she would not save her mother's soul at the cost of a sacred falsehood. She practices extreme candor; of late, honesty grows the best policy. She is severely virtuous, and wastes no sympathy on the erring of her kind; her own stainless skirts must brush no soiled garment. Once only in her life Miss Golightly was known to faint, when a warm-hearted man quoted to her this quatrain:

"With live women and men to be found in the world—  
Live with sorrow and sin, live with pain and with passion—  
Who could live with a doll, tho' its locks should be curled,  
And its petticoats trimmed in the fashion?"

Miss Golightly appears serene, placid, untroubled. She is six years my senior, but her face is free from the lines of thought and care disfiguring mine. She seems to be very happy. Is she? Does her system compensate for the passion and the pain that some have found so sweet? Her way is ingenious, but is it womanly? Is it worthy? Is it legitimate?

YDA ADDIS.  
NEW MEXICO, February, 1882.

The pother about certain fables published in London as being written by Bret Harte, and which were claimed by Mr. George Lanigan, of the New York press, is concluded by the following letter from Mr. Harte to the New York *Tribune*:

I find in the columns of the *Tribune* a communication from Mr. Lanigan claiming the authorship of certain fables contained in a book published in London, bearing upon its cover the inscription, "Fables by G. Washington Esop," and upon its title page "Fables by G. Washington Esop and Brete Harte." Three of these fables I recognize as my own, but where or when written I can now recall. As Mr. Lanigan has seen fit to abuse me for instigating the publication of the book and claiming its authorship, it may be necessary for me to state that I neither authorized its publication nor knew of its existence until it was publicly sold. When I read it, I wrote to the publisher, who apologized, but at the same time pointed out the obvious fact—which seems to have escaped the attention of Mr. Lanigan—that he had, neither on title page or cover, claimed the work as wholly mine. And it is only just to him to say that he admitted a certain wrong done to me, in so far as to *voluntarily* offer to "consider" any pecuniary damage I might have sustained. That damage I am not "considering" here. But if I have been wantonly or accidentally used as an advertisement for a book, which is amusing, I do not see that it follows that I should suffer myself to be made an advertisement for Mr. Lanigan, who is certainly not.

BRET HARTE.  
GLASGOW, January 28, 1882.

Henry James Jr. is an American, but with English leanings, so they charge, and in several of his novels he has written things which cause the American young lady of the period to refer to him as "real hateful." Mr. James has recently been in Washington, and they are telling a number of stories at his expense. Here is one of the latest: He asked a clever young lady if there was not a river near Washington called the Potomac. "Oh, yes," said she, "and I should think you would know all about it, because there is a place on it called Mount Vernon, where a man named Washington lived. You are sure to have heard of him, you know, because his father was an Englishman."

It is now alleged that the scheme of having the Harvard Bunthornes at Oscar Wilde's lecture was gotten up by the æsthete's friends to draw a crowd. The idea was suggested to a few wild freshmen by persons, strangers, who offered to supply the necessary uniforms at nominal cost, and the utter humiliation and discomfiture of the great æsthete seemed assured. The Harvard boys expected to keep it a profound secret until they should march into the hall with Wilde, but interested persons told thee or four newspaper men a day or two before the lecture, and the press very obligingly falling into the trap, an immense audience was inevitable.

A young man at Elkhart, Indiana, has started a six-column weekly paper with the avowed object of "restoring to the republic its wonted grandeur and prosperity." You can't do it, young fellow, says *Peck's Sun*. We tried for six years to restore the republic to its wonted grandeur and prosperity by publishing the ablest paper in this country, and taking turnips and slab-wood on subscription, and never had money enough to buy a dog; but of late years we have let the wonted grandeur of the republic shirk for itself, and the first of January we had over six dollars.

"It is the first time you ever repulsed me, Edith, and it shall be the last," said young DeCourcy, as he arose haughtily, and moved toward the door. "Stay!" cried she piteously, as if her heart would break, "we must not part in anger." "Well," he rejoined, half penitently, "what shall I do?" "Oh, Gus, don't blame me," she exclaimed with a perceptible shiver, "my neck is very sensitive. I stood it as long as I could. Go and warm your nose."

When two women are talking together, it is safe to predict that they are saying evil of a third; when two men, that they are saying good of themselves.



## EPIGRAMMATIC ANECDOTES.

A young sculptor, asking advice from Michael Angelo, was met with: "Do not trouble yourself too much about the light on your statue; the light of the public square will test its value."

When Gerald, Earl of Kildare, who was in rebellion, was captured and brought from Ireland to King Henry VII. at London, a member of the privy council exclaimed: "All Ireland can not govern this earl." "Then," said the wise king, "let this earl govern all Ireland."

When Wilberforce was working night and day for the emancipation of the West India slaves, a pious individual asked him: "What is the state of your soul?" His characteristic reply was: "I have been thinking so much of my poor blacks that I had entirely forgotten that I had a soul."

When Carlini was convulsing Naples with laughter, a patient waited on a physician in that city to obtain some remedy for excessive melancholy, which was rapidly consuming his life. The physician endeavored to cheer his spirits, and advised him to go to the theatre and see Carlini. He replied, "I am Carlini."

Mahomet wrote in the Koran: "On the day of resurrection those who have indulged in ridicule will be called to the door of Paradise, and have it shut in their faces just as they reach it. Again, on their turning their backs, they will be called to another door, and again on reaching it will see it closed against them, and so on, without end."

Shamefully deserted by the rest of his fleet, while fighting with Ducasse, off the Dutch shore, Admiral Benbow exclaimed to the captain of his flag-ship: "I am badly wounded. If I do not last till the end of this fight, acquit yourself as a man, and when all is up, sink your ship, that you may wash from it the stain that has this day disbonored England."

Just after the fall of Fort Sumter George D. Prentice received a letter from a student at the University of Virginia, saying: "Stop my paper. I can't afford to read abolition journals and such filthy sheets as yours." Prentice wrote back: "I think it a great pity that a young man should go to a university to graduate a traitor and a blackguard, and so ignorant as to spell 'abolition' with two b's."

When, in July, 1848, Louis Philippe, after eighteen years of misrule had kindled a revolution, offered to yield to the wishes of the people, the terrible response was, "It is too late." "I will name a liberal ministry," he said. "It is too late," was the ominous answer. He sent the young Comte de Paris to the Chamber of Deputies as his successor. For the third and last time came the terrible words, "It is too late!"

Ben Zaid, an Arabian sheik captured in battle a hundred prisoners, whom he condemned to death. A brave young fellow among those captured begged, as a last favor, that priceless boon to Arabians—a drink of water for each of the party. It was given to all. "By this act," exclaimed the youth, "we have become your guests. You dare not break the laws of hospitality." Zaid was so struck by his presence of mind that he freed them all.

All the terrors of the French republic, which held Austria in awe, were unable to command her diplomacy. But Napoleon sent to Vienna M. de Narbonne, one of the old *noblesse*, with the morals, manners, and name of that interest, saying that it was indispensable to send to the old aristocracy of Europe men of the same connection, which, in fact, constitutes a sort of free-masonry. M. de Narbonne, in less than a fortnight, penetrated all the secrets of the imperial cabinet.

Every man, says a Persian legend, has two angels—one upon his right shoulder, the other upon his left. When he does anything good, the angel on the right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what is once well done is done forever. When he does an evil act, the angel on the left shoulder writes it down but does not seal it, waiting until midnight. If before that time the man bows down his head and exclaims: "Gracious Allah! I have sinned; forgive me!" the angel rubs it out; but if not, he seals it, and the angel on the right shoulder weeps.

A peasant, bent double with age, sits at his cottage door looking across the blue mountains at the spires of the city to which he planned to go when a boy, but which, in all his eighty years, he has never saved money enough to reach. His neighbors, his son, and his son's son, all have traveled beyond it, but he never has seen Carcassonne. "Could I," he cries, "but have spent two days there, I gladly would have died content that I had seen fair Carcassonne." Out of pity they take him on the journey, but half way the old man dies on the road. He never looks on Carcassonne. "Each of us," says the poet, "has his Carcassonne," which is true and bitter enough.

A pretty story is told of Moses Mendelssohn, the founder of the family whose name has a sound of music in it. He was a humpback, and a young Hamburg maiden rejected him because he was misshapen. He went to bid her good-by, and while he was making a last supreme effort at persuasion, she did not lift her eyes from her sewing. "Do you really think marriages are made in heaven?" she asked. "Yes, indeed," he replied, "and something specially wonderful happened to me. At the birth of a child proclamation is made in heaven that he or she shall marry such and such an one. When I was born my future wife was also named, but at the same time it was said, 'Alas! she will have a dreadful humpback.' 'Oh, God,' I said then, 'a deformed girl will become embittered and unhappy, whereas she should be beautiful. Dear Lord, give me the humpback, and let the maid be well-favored and agreeable.'" The girl could not resist such wooing as that, and threw her arms around his neck.

## WHITTIER AND HOLMES.

## New Poems by Old Poets.

BEFORE THE CURFEW—1829-1882.  
Not bed-time yet! The night-winds blow,  
The stars are out—full well we know  
The nurse is on the stair,  
With hand of ice and cheek of snow,  
And frozen lips that whisper low,  
"Come, children, it is time to go,  
My peaceful couch to share."

No years a wakeful heart can tire;  
Not bed-time yet! Come, stir the fire  
And warm your dear old hands;  
Kind mother earth we love so well  
Has pleasant stories yet to tell  
Before we hear the curfew bell;  
Still glow the burning brands.

Not bed-time yet! We long to know  
What wonders time has yet to show,  
What unborn years shall bring;  
What ship the Arctic pole shall reach,  
What lessons Science waits to teach,  
What sermons there are left to preach,  
What poems yet to sing.

What next? we ask; and it is true  
The sunshine falls on nothing new,  
As Israel's king departed,  
Was ocean plowed with harnessed fire?  
Were nations coupled with a wire?  
Did Tarshish telegraph to Tyre?  
How Hiram would have stared!

And what if Sheba's curious queen,  
Who came to see—and to be seen—  
Or something new to seek,  
And swooned, as ladies sometimes do,  
At sights that thrilled her through and through,  
Had heard, as she was coming to,  
A locomotive's shriek,

And seen a rushing railway train  
As she looked out along the plain  
From David's lofty tower,  
A mile of smoke that bloated the sky  
And blinded the eagles as they fly  
Behind the cars that thunder by  
A score of leagues an hour!

See to my *fiat lux* respond  
This little slumbering fire-tipped wand—  
One touch—it bursts in flame!  
Steal me a portrait from the sun—  
One look—and lo! the picture done!  
Are these old tricks, King Solomon,  
We lying moderns claim?

Could you have spectroscoped a star?  
If both those mothers at your bar,  
The cruel and the mild,  
The young and tender, old and tough,  
Had said, "Divide—your right, though rough,"  
Did old Judea know enough  
To etherize the child?

These hirths of time our eyes have seen,  
With but a few brief years between;  
What wonder if the text,  
For other ages doubtless true,  
For coming years will never do—  
Whereof we all should like a few  
If but to see what next.

If such things have been, such may be;  
Who would not like to live and see—  
If Heaven may so ordain—  
What waits undreamed of, yet in store,  
The waves that roll forevermore  
On life's long beach, may cast ashore  
From out the mist-cloud main?

Will earth to pagan dreams return  
To find from misery's painted urn  
That all save Hope has flown—  
Of Book and Church and Priest bereft,  
The Rock of Ages very cliff,  
Life's compass gone, its anchor left,  
Left—lost—in depths unknown?

Shall faith the trodden path pursue  
The *crux ansata* wearers knew  
Who sleep with folded hands,  
Where, like a naked, lidless eye,  
The staring Nile rolls wondering by  
Those mountain slopes that climb the sky  
Above the drifting sand?

Or shall a nobler Faith return,  
Its fane a purer gospel learn,  
With holier anthems ring,  
And teach us that our transient creeds  
Were but the perishable seeds  
Of harvests sown for larger needs  
That ripening years shall bring?

Well, let the present do its best,  
We trust our Maker for the rest,  
As on our way we plod;  
Our souls, full dressed in fleshly suits,  
Love air and sunshine, flowers and fruits,  
The daisies better than their roots  
Beneath the grassy sod.

Not bed-time yet! The full-blown flower  
Of all the year—this evening hour—  
With friendship's flame is bright;  
Life still is sweet, the heavens are fair,  
Though fields are brown and woods are bare,  
And many a joy's left to share  
Before we say good-night!

And when, our cheerful evening past,  
The nurse, long waiting, comes at last,  
Ere on her lap we lie  
In wearied nature's sweet repose,  
At peace with all her waking foes,  
Our lips shall murmur, ere they close,  
Good-night! and not Good-bye!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes in March Atlantic.

## AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is falling,  
And, in the winds from unsummed spaces blown,  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown,  
Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,  
Leave not its tent when its walls are decay;  
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,  
Be thou my strength and stay.  
Be near me when all else is from me drifting,  
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,  
And kindly faces to my own upliftings  
The love which answers mine.  
I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy spirit  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.  
Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—  
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place:  
Some humble door among thy many mansions,  
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,  
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions  
The river of Thy peace.  
There, from the music round about me stealing,  
I fain would learn the new and holy song,  
And find at last beneath thy trees of healing,  
The life for which I long.

## A GIGANTIC DICTIONARY.

## A Philological Lexicon Four Times Larger than Webster's.

To make a dictionary worthy of the present state of philology and of the great English nation, says *Temple Bar*, is certainly a project of national interest, and one which has aroused much enthusiasm on the other side of the Atlantic. A suggestion for a supplement to existing dictionaries originated with the Philological Society, and arose out of a paper on "Some Deficiencies in our English Dictionaries," read in 1857 before the society by Dean Trench. The dean contended that a dictionary should be "an inventory of the language," and should contain not only such words as the lexicographer might think worthy of preservation, but all words, bad as well as good. A very little investigation, however, convinced the committee that a supplement would be inadequate, and a new dictionary was therefore resolved upon. Accordingly, in January, 1859, the society issued their "Proposal for the Publication of a New English Dictionary." In this pamphlet the characteristics of the proposed work were explained, and an appeal was made for "readers." In the prospectus the promoters contended that the first requirement of every lexicon is that it should contain every word occurring in the literature of the language it professes to illustrate. They repudiated the theory which converts the lexicographer into an arbiter of style, and leaves it in his discretion to accept or reject words according to his private notions of their comparative elegance or negligence. The committee considered that England does not possess a dictionary worthy of her language, nor, as long as lexicography is confined to the isolated efforts of a single man, is it possible that such a work should be written. This appeal met with a most liberal response. Some hundreds of volunteers began to read books, make quotations, and to forward their slips to sub-editors, who had volunteered to take charge of a letter, or part of one. The general editorship was undertaken by Mr. Herbert Coleridge, but he died on the very threshold of the undertaking, and his death is said to have been the first great blow to the undertaking. He was succeeded in the editorship by Mr. F. J. Furnivall, and for several years the work of reading, extracting, arranging, and sub-editing was conducted with zeal. But the zeal appears to have been of short duration. The cause of the decline is attributed to the attention of the promoters having been diverted by the Early English Text and other societies, and to the fact that there was no immediate prospect of surmounting the financial difficulties of preparing and publishing the work on the vast scale to which the accumulating materials showed that it would extend. A few of the "readers," however, continued working. They realized the value of the undertaking; they possessed a large amount of enthusiasm, and when Doctor Murray was appointed editor nearly two tons of material were handed over to him. The renewal of the dictionary scheme began in 1876, and in March, 1879, an agreement was entered into with the delegates of the Clarendon Press, in the University of Oxford, whereby the Philological Society's materials are now being employed for a dictionary which will preserve all the essential features of that projected by the leaders of this society twenty years ago, but will be considerably more extensive. Shortly after his appointment the editor issued an appeal to the English-speaking and the English-reading public for "readers." To this appeal only one hundred and sixty-five responses were received. In the following year, however, the number rose to seven hundred and fifty-four, some of whom read six, eight, ten, or twelve books. Altogether fifteen hundred and sixty-eight books were undertaken during the second year, and nine hundred and twenty-four finished. As showing the industry and enthusiasm of some of the "readers," it may be mentioned that of the three hundred and sixty-one thousand six hundred and seventy slips supplied to the editor, eleven thousand came from one "reader," eleven thousand three hundred and fifty from another, and nineteen thousand two hundred from a third. In order to classify them properly, and keep them safely, the editor has had erected an iron building in his garden. This is his workshop, or, as he calls it, his lexicographical laboratory. This is fitted up with shelves and over one thousand pigeon-boles. Every one of the slips or quotations for each word passes through five hands, and four assistants are constantly employed sorting and classifying the materials as they are received. Doctor Murray speaks in high terms of the interest taken in the dictionary by Americans, and does not hesitate to say that he finds in them an ideal love for the English language. He writes that the number of professors in American universities and colleges who are reading for the dictionary is very large. He adds: "We have had no such help from any college or university in Great Britain." The editor says it is marvelous, and, to the inexperienced, incredible how dictionaries and encyclopædias simply copy each other. He gives several illustrations of this statement, and declares that the Philological Society's Dictionary will tacitly insert no word merely because it is given in another dictionary. Reminding his contributors that some of the most valuable contributions consist of odd slips for rare words, he expresses a hope that no one will encourage the slovenly habit of fancying that if he neglects a word when it strikes him somebody else will be sure to pick it up. He states that he never reads the leading articles in the daily papers without finding some word worth extracting. A striking idea of the completeness of the dictionary may be formed when we say that the word "abyss" occupies not fewer than thirty-six pages. The materials, if completed uniformly with their most advanced portions, giving a full sentence quotation to each word, sense, and authority, would fill a work of twelve quarto volumes of two thousand pages each, but by reducing the quotations to short sentences, clauses, or phrases of a line or a line and a half, sufficient to illustrate the meaning of the word and complete the sense, without altering any other essential feature of the dictionary, it has been estimated that it may be comprised in less than seven thousand quarto pages of the size of M. Littré's French dictionary, making a work of one and a half times the size of that, or than four times the size of Webster's—say, to four times the size of the quarto. It is expected that it will be completed in five years, and the first part of four hundred pages, containing



## SOCIETY.

## The Misses Cutter's Reception.

The Misses Soppie and Tot Cutter, of 500 Van Ness Avenue, on Tuesday evening last, gave one of the most charming and delightful parties of the many brilliant gatherings that have taken place the present season. The large parlors, library, and hall were exceedingly handsome in their artistic decorations of tropical flowers, palms, and evergreens; the chandeliers, doors, mantle-pieces, and ceilings were festooned with smilax and red-leaved vines. In the front bay window was suspended a large "C," handsomely worked in tuberoses, violets, and pinks. The scene was a very brilliant and animated one throughout the evening. The air was almost tropical with the fragrance of flowers, while the enchanting strains of music from Ballenberg's band gave impulse to the dance. A mammoth punch-bowl was placed in the east end of the long hall, which was the Mecca of many pilgrims. An elegant supper was served at 11:30 in the large dining-room on the ground floor, and was a matchless piece of catering. This room was also profusely decorated with flowers.

The following ladies and gentlemen were present:

Miss M. Dodge, Miss N. Taylor, Miss S. Torbert, Miss M. Lindley, Miss A. Jackson, Miss L. Pike, Miss B. Hull, Miss L. Tbornton, Miss E. Smith, Miss M. Smith, Miss L. Crocker, Miss Hattie Crocker, Miss M. Crittenden, Miss Sue Wilkins, Miss Susie Russell, Miss K. Grimm, Miss F. Hubbard, Miss J. Lindley, Miss L. Miller, Miss J. Caldwell, Miss H. Aldrich, Misses Kelley, Misses Bolton, Miss M. Perkins, Miss M. Gregory, Miss Lucy Jones, Miss E. Browne, Miss F. Robinson, Misses Adams, Miss Sprague, Miss S. Hull, Miss M. Donahue, Miss Harill, Miss Andrews, Miss F. Houghton, Miss K. Staples, Miss Dearborn, Miss Felton, Miss E. Hochkofler, Miss Myra Giffin, Miss H. Wildes, Miss C. Mathews, Miss Sullivan, Misses Palache, Miss B. Reis, Miss Phelan, Miss Morrison, Miss Lobman, Miss M. Farquabarsen, Major Wilhelm, Lieutenant Territt, Lieutenant Yate, Lieutenant Pattison, Lieutenant Stuart, Lieutenant Rafferty, Lieutenant Chamberlain, Lieutenant Hubert, Lieutenant Marsb, Captain Dillenback, Captain Hunter, Doctor Carter, Lieutenant Johnson, Lieutenant Coffin, U. S. N., Dr. McCarty, U. S. N., Dr. Vinton, U. S. N., Mr. Davids, U. S. N., W. P. Dewey, F. R. Webster, G. H. Redding, Guy Shirly, M. Hill, Perrie Kewen, W. Belvin, S. Home, W. Felter, Mr. Landsberger, Messrs. Herrman, Messrs. Jackson, Messrs. Rountree, H. Swain, W. Schofield, Dr. Younger, Dr. E. Younger, H. Smith, L. D. Smith, Harry Dam, W. Aldrich, Mr. Perkins, Mr. Pieboir, W. E. Deane, W. L. Deane, Doctor Bates, Mr. Frank Bates, H. Sanderson, W. Mixer, W. Wheeler, Irving M. Scott, Charles Sontag, Bradford Thompson, Mr. Bee, Mr. Farquaharsen, Mr. Phelps, Fred Layton, S. Dowling, Mr. M. Donahue, Henry Redington, C. Putnam, H. Marvin, J. Kilgariff, A. Kelley, Jas. McDonald, W. Crocker, W. Ball, J. D. Staples, J. Phelan, A. Knight, H. Houghton, H. Prebble, F. W. Reade, Tim Hopkins, Peter Donahue, F. Sullivan, Messrs. Casserly, F. Wildes, Mr. Willard, and S. G. Collins.

Mrs. Cutter wore a costume of black silk and diamond ornaments; Miss Tot Cutter wore a white silk and gauze, garniture of violets; Miss Sophie Cutter was in pink silk, trimmed with pinks; Miss Ella Smith, in pearl and blue brocade, with pink asters; Miss Mollie Dodge, in a garnet moire over white satin petticoat; Miss Nellie Taylor, in white muslin; Miss Sheda Torbert, in blue silk and crepe, garniture of pink roses; Miss M. Lindley, in a costume of blue silk; Miss D. Jacks, in white Swiss; Miss Laura Pike, in white satin, trimmed with water lilies; Miss Adams, in white satin; Miss L. Adams, in pink silk; Miss P. Adams, in white silk; Miss Mamie Donahue, in blue satin and brocade; Miss Lucy Jones, in blue satin, trimmed with pink roses; Miss Bell Reis, in white crepe and pink roses; Miss Perkins, in white muslin over pink silk; Miss Bolton, in white satin petticoat and cardinal moire court train, hair powdered; Miss F. Bolton, in blue silk; Miss Kelley, in blue satin petticoat and white satin court train; Miss K. Staples, in blue brocade satin; Miss K. Grim, in ceru satin; Miss Hubbard, in pink satin, trimmed with white lace; Miss J. Lindley, in white satin; Miss Crocker, in pink silk; Miss M. Smith, in blue and pink satin; Mrs. J. Robinson, in lilac brocade satin.

## Engagement of Marriage.

Upon the arrival of the United States steamship *Adams* from the Mexican coast, Surgeon Dickinson, U. S. N., of that vessel, will lead to the altar Miss Syria Browne, a daughter of the late Ross Browne, of Oakland. It is understood that Surgeon Dickinson will be assigned to duty at the Navy Yard at Mare Island upon his arrival here. It was Miss Syria Browne who acted as bridemaid to Miss Susie Coffee at Grace Church on Monday last.

## The Heilner-Coffee Wedding.

On account of the many domestic afflictions which had befallen the families with which the bride has connections, her engagement of marriage with Lieutenant Lewis C. Heilner was kept a profound secret until within a few days of the wedding—although the long walks taken by the lieutenant from the Navy Yard to the Light-House, which contained Miss Susie Coffee among its residents, elicited speculation—and the ceremony was performed without that splendid pomp and glitter characteristic of the nuptials of parties moving in what may be termed society circles. Still, her many friends could not resist witnessing the ceremony which would make Miss Coffee the wife of Lieutenant Heilner, and thus the central part of Grace Church was quite well filled at noon on Monday last, when the bridal party entered, consisting of the ushers, Past-Assistant Engineer Nauman and Ensign Bruno; then Doctor Urquhart, U. S. N., groomsmen, and Miss S. Brown, bridesmaid; then the groom and Mrs. Coffee, and then Miss Susie Coffee, the bride-elect, and her father, the well-known Colonel Coffee. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Doctor Platt, rector of Grace Church.

The bride looked very beautiful, and wore a costume of white satin with princess train. The base of the skirt was trimmed with platings of plain satin edged with point lace. The front of the skirt was partly composed of a tablier of brocade silk, with narrow platings edged with point lace. Corsage square, with a cluster of pansies at the left as a *bouquet de corsage*. A spray of orange blossoms confined the bridal veil to the coiffure, which was very prettily arranged. Miss Brown had on a violet satin de Lyon, with princess train; corsage cut square and edged with Spanish lace. Mrs. Colonel Coffee, mother of the bride, wore a black gros grain silk, court train, handsomely trimmed with point lace.

Among the friends of the bride who were present were Miss Lizzie Spotts, Miss Mary Meares, Mrs. R. C. Hooker, Mrs. William M. Gwin, Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mrs. J. L. Meares, Mrs. A. J. Le Breton, Mrs. F. O. Layman, Miss Fannie Daniels, Mrs. R. Tobin, Mrs. Wightman, Mrs. McHenry, Miss Edith Ogden, Mrs. W. H. Bovee, Miss Ella Bovee, Mrs. Garvey, Mrs. Louis T. Haggin, Mrs. Breckin-

ridge, the Misses Maynard, Miss Kittie Woods, Miss Georgie Richards, Mrs. Marshall, Miss Marshall, Mrs. J. E. Tippet, Miss Beutler, Miss Brooks, the Misses Lillie and Nellie Gerke, Mrs. Staniels, Miss Staniels, Mrs. W. N. Bunker, Miss Justiss, Mrs. W. H. Goad, General McDowell, Commander Chenery, Doctor Meares, Harry McDowell, A. J. Le Breton, Frank B. Washington, E. C. Sheldon, E. F. Bent, and a number of others. A reception and dinner at the residence of the bride's father followed the wedding, and at half-past three the happy couple departed for the Eastern States.

## Reception at Mare Island.

The gay season at Mare Island was dismissed by a dramatic performance and a reception to Civil Engineer Menocal by Mrs. Commodore Phelps, on Tuesday evening last. The dramatic performance was "Randall's Thumb," which was rendered in a praiseworthy way by Mrs. Colonel Heywood, Mrs. Captain Irwin, Mrs. Captain Cook, Miss Tolson, Captain Cook, Lieutenant Phelps, Lieutenant Adams, Ensign Bronaugh, Doctor Woods, Ensign Denig, Ensign Bostwick, and Ensign Brannersreuther. Immediately after the performance Mrs. Commodore Phelps gave her reception to Civil Engineer Menocal, who has been here for some time inspecting the stone dock, and who left for the East by the Southern route on Thursday last, stopping over for a few days at San Gabriel. There were only a few ladies from San Francisco present, among whom were Mrs. Judge Hager, who was the guest of Mrs. Phelps; Mrs. Lillie Coit and Mrs. Captain R. C. Hooker, who remained as the guests of Chief Engineer Fletcher, and Mrs. Captain Forney, who was the guest of Mrs. Pay Director Fulton. The party was a very pleasant one, and dancing was kept up until a late hour. A splendid supper was served at eleven o'clock, which was amply discussed, of course. The L. F. M.'s will give one musicale during Lent; otherwise there will be no entertainments.

## The German at Saratoga Hall.

We announced some time ago that it was the intention of a number of young gentlemen to mutually share the expense and responsibility of a German, and to present the same at Saratoga Hall. The affair took place on Monday evening last, and proved to be a brilliant affair. The subscribers numbered forty-five. Several new figures were introduced, two of which were quite novel. The music was by Ballenberg. The hall and supper-room were tastefully decorated, and the supper was superb.

## The Kirkham Musicale.

Last Tuesday evening a very pleasant musicale took place at General Kirkham's handsome residence, across the bay. The evening was a most enjoyable one. Among the guests were the following:

General and Mrs. McDowell, Mr. and Mrs. Perine, Mr. Bacon, Miss Bacon, Mr. Soule, Mrs. Blair, Doctor and Mrs. Cushing, General McParlen, Mr. Mix, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Brown, Miss Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Mix, Mr. and Mrs. J. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Farnham, Miss Thomas, Mr. Hyman, Captain and Mrs. Little, Mr. and Mrs. D. Wetherbee, Mr. Ludovici, Mr. Talbot, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham Wright, Mr. Booth, Miss Ogden, Mr. and Mrs. Houghton, Miss Frances, Mr. and Mrs. Van Lobsens, Mr. Reuling, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hunt.

## Notes and Gossip.

We mentioned last week that Miss Dora Miller gave a German at her father's residence on Connecticut Avenue, Washington, on the Wednesday evening previous; Mrs. Miller has since issued cards for a German, which took place on Wednesday evening, the fifteenth instant. At a reception given by the British embassy in Washington on Friday, the seventeenth instant, Mrs. Senator Miller was present, and wore a costume of black velvet embroidered with bouquets of shaded flowers, trimmed with point lace; Miss Dora Miller wore a pearl and silver gauze, and a *bouquet de corsage* of hermosa roses; Mrs. Pacheco was dressed in a beliotrope satin and royal purple overdress trimmed with point applique lace, and wore a *bouquet de corsage* of pond lilies. At her last German, Miss Dora Miller wore a costume of cream satin with an embossed apron front embroidered in gold threads, gold lace to match, and cream roses for *bouquet de corsage*; Miss Mabel Pacheco had on a short costume of cream albatross trimmed with oriental lace and satin ribbon bows; Miss Hutchinson, one of the lovely daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Hayward M. Hutchinson, and well known by society people here, had on a white surab silk, and wore a *bouquet de corsage* of pond lilies. William B. Rochester, U. S. A., who has just been confirmed Paymaster-General, spent several years of his early life in California, and acquired a high reputation for integrity and financial ability in this country; his father was lost at sea in 1838, and his grandfather was the founder of Rochester, New York. Mrs. F. M. Pixley left Washington on the eleventh instant for Atlantic City, N. J., where she will remain a few weeks for her health. Senator Fair has given another elegant entertainment at his Washington residence, the Arlington, at which covers were laid for twenty people, and among those present were Senators Jones of Nevada, Miller of California, and Grover of Oregon. Mr. and Mrs. Hayward M. Hutchinson gave a regal entertainment at their residence on Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, on Friday evening, the tenth instant; Weber's band provided music, and the supper was something sumptuous; Mrs. Hutchinson was assisted in receiving by her two daughters; John McCullough was present during the evening, and gave a recitation from Shakespeare; among the Pacific Coasters present were Senator and Mrs. Jones and Miss Julia Sterling, Senator and Mrs. Miller and Miss Dora Miller, and Miss Bessie Grattan. Mr. and Mrs. E. Greene, of Oakland, arrived home from the East on Saturday last. Mr. and Mrs. Redmond, of New York, gave a superb dinner, on Friday, the tenth, at their residence, to Miss Ruth Livingston and her betrothed, D. O. Mills Jr. Miss McDowell, who is soon expected home, was at the Patriarchs' Ball in New York, a few weeks ago. Mrs. Hays, nee Miss McMullin, of Tucson, who has been visiting her mother and sisters since December last, is at present the guest of her husband's father, near Oakland. Miss Ivy Wandesforde, of Oakland, has returned home from Santa Barbara. The last

Presidio reception of the season took place on Friday afternoon, the seventeenth instant, and the last one of the season at Angel Island came off on the following day; both were largely attended by army people and their friends. Miss Lizzie Crocker returned from Sacramento last week. Frank S. Collins left for New York yesterday. Lieutenant-Commander Vail has sailed for Alaska, where he becomes the executive officer of the *Wachusett*. After having been entertained by Mrs. McMullin and her daughters for nearly two months, Miss Creaner and Miss White have returned to their homes in Stockton, and they do say, with other bears than their own. Hon. William M. Gwin is at the New York Hotel, New York. O. S. Nesmith is at the Hoffman. Charles Felton, who has been in Southern California for some time past, returned on Sunday last. Mrs. W. P. Harrington has been the guest of Mrs. Commodore Phelps, at Mare Island, during the present week. General W. H. L. Barnes is on a visit to New Orleans. There was no music at the Palace on Monday evening last, and no hop at the Grand, on account of the death of Mrs. Newlands, the eldest daughter of Mr. Sbaron. J. H. Chapman, U. S. N., has been at the Palace during the week. John Benson is still in Washington, and may be seen daily at Welcker's, where *gourmets* often go to entertain or to be entertained. Mrs. Captain Remington gave a luncheon party at Benicia last week, which is highly spoken of by all who were present. Miss Bessie Crouch, formerly of Oakland, but now of Sacramento, gave an elegant reception and entertainment at her residence, in the latter place, last week. The many friends of Miss Minnie Mizner will be glad to learn that she has fully recovered from her severe illness in St. Louis. Mrs. William T. Coleman entertained a number of her lady friends at a luncheon on Tuesday last. The next regular social of the Olympic Club will be given on the 17th of March.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## The Homeier Testimonial Concert.

An appreciative audience of very fair size assembled in Platt's Hall on the occasion of the testimonial concert tendered to Mr. Homeier by the managers' and gentlemen of the orchestra. The programme offered at that time was made up of selections which (with the exception of the Weber concerto) had been previously played at the various concerts of the series. But the limited foreknowledge thus acquired of Mr. Homeier's reading of the different numbers only added a keener edge to musical enjoyment. There was no tiresome adjustment of mood or sympathy to be made, and expectancy gained at the bands of fulfillment. One always feels willing to give something—not much, perhaps, "but still a good round sum," as Dickens would say—for a new opportunity of bearing the "Tannhäuser" overture. It is one of those compositions that *must* be repeatedly listened to if it is to be at all understood; and in proportion to the number of times that it falls upon very impressionable ears does it assume the form of a fresh and strong conception, which, on a first hearing, seems hopelessly veiled in a collection of noisy outbursts, whining *motifs*, and improbable harmonies. Under Mr. Homeier's leadership, the "Tannhäuser" is always given with vigor and admirable directness. As the initial number of Friday's programme, it was unusually well done. Bizet's captivating "Suite Arlésienne," which so delighted the audience of the sixth concert, was next played, to everybody's satisfaction. The simple yet effective union in the opening measures of the "Prelude" holds the attention at once in a charmed surprise that fades only with the final pulsations of the melodious "chimes" movement. The "minuet" (the second movement), which exhibits such delicacy of treatment, was encored, and also the "Adagietto." The latter is written for strings alone, and is the most poetical, if not the most original, portion of the Suite. Liszt's second "Hungarian Rhapsody" went off with the proportion of nervous dash and precipitation that is expected of so mad-cap a composition, and was followed by the smoothly elegant Concerto No. 2, for clarinet solo, with orchestra, by Von Weber. The solo was taken by Mr. Joseph Wrba, or rather by his beautiful clarinet, and was enjoyable in every respect. Mr. Wrba, who was warmly received, plays with great taste and musical feeling. Rubinstein was represented by the first movement of his famous piece of musical patch-work, the "Ocean" symphony. The story goes that whenever this Russian genius takes a holiday, he writes a new movement for the "Ocean" symphony. Ten parts are now said to be in existence; and though it is not probable that they have been consecutively played at any one time, five were recently given under Dr. Damrosch, at a concert of the Symphony Society, in New York. Like all of Rubinstein's work this symphony abounds in rich color, and the individuality of his orchestration is everywhere apparent. A somewhat mediocre presentation of Saint-Saën's "Phaëton," and a remarkably vivid rendering of the "Roman Carnival," by Berlioz, concluded the programme.

F. A.

## The Next Philharmonic Concert.

The fourth Philharmonic Concert will take place at Platt's Hall, on Friday evening, March 3d. The success of these concerts has been marked, and the gentlemen who have had the immediate charge of the musical and other affairs of the society have done their utmost to satisfy the demands and high expectations of the music-loving public. The soloist for this concert will be Miss Minna Fleissner, a young lady lately from Cincinnati, where she studied at the College of Music, and graduated with the highest honors, receiving the gold medal. She is said to possess a powerful and well-trained soprano of excellent dramatic quality, admirably suited to the great "Oberon" aria which she will sing, and which has not been heard here for many years. It is her first appearance in this city. Mr. Gustav Hinrichs will conduct as usual. The programme is as follows:

1. Overture, "Jessonda,".....Spohr
2. Symphony in G Minor.....Mozart
3. Scene and Aria—"Ocean! thou mighty monster," from "Oberon,".....Miss Minna Fleissner, Von Weber
4. Introduction to Opera "Lorely," (first time,).....Max Bruch
5. Rakoczy March, from "Damnation of Faust," (first time,).....Berlioz
6. Entr'acte, "Rosamunde,".....Schubert
7. Marche aux Flambeaux.....Meyerbeer



## ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE.

Tuesday evening there was a stream of humanity pouring along Third Street toward the Opera House, such as that somewhat shabby thoroughfare has not seen for some time. It was the Geistering audience, and it was an exceptionally fine one. Everybody was there. I was rather surprised at the decided American tinge, for I thought the support would come chiefly from the Germans.

The Opera House has been cleaned and renovated to a certain extent, and the rooms around the handsome foyer were thrown open, and filled with flowers, paintings, and bric-à-brac. The long-disused fountain was set once more a-squirting, and I noticed some thoughtful individuals engaged in "scenting" their handkerchiefs in its shower of cologne. Altogether, both foyer and auditorium presented a bright and cheerful appearance. The ladies were, most of them, in handsome toilets, and wore light bonnets. If they were to do so more frequently it would be well. The sombre appearance of the average concert or theatre audience here is not agreeable. If the fair ones would have the gentlemen incline more frequently to evening dress, they must themselves lead the way by a little more taste in their own toilets.

The audience was an anticipatory one, too. It had come prepared to be thrilled. It was disappointed.

It is not fair to judge of Madame Geistering's powers by the performance of Tuesday. She was evidently suffering, and I was informed by the director that she was playing in direct opposition to the wishes of her physician. She is, of course, deserving of credit for her desire to keep faith with the public. But I sincerely hope it will not injure the engagement. From the fact that the management turned away three thousand dollars on Wednesday for the matinee and evening performances, it does not look as though it would. But we shall see.

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I am not a critic, as I have often said, and I never criticize. I always take my ideas from the daily papers. I guardedly refrain from expressing any opinion until I have seen them in the morning. Then I am sure of my ground. Then I can express an opinion "as is an opinion." Similarly, I always read the editorial comments on the dispatches in the morning. These furnish me with views for the day. There are a great many people who do as I do, but they never acknowledge it. The only difference between us is that I am more candid than they.

On Wednesday, however, I was slightly puzzled. My Bunshys disagreed. The *Call* told me that "Madame Geistering is blessed with a face of expressive mobility." This was very well, but the *Examiner* immediately demoralized me by remarking that "Madame Geistering's face is not possessed of the slightest trace of mobility." What was I to believe? Again the *Call* told me that "there was an improvement in the second and third acts as compared with the first." But the *Examiner* crushingly remarks that "as act succeeded act" the failure became more pronounced. The *Chronicle* says she has "volatility, agility, and grace," and "is perfectly easy and natural;" the *Bulletin* that "she performs her work conscientiously, but does not enter into its spirit." The *Post* says—well, on the whole, it does not matter particularly what the *Post* says.

In one thing my Bunshys were agreed—that she was "not of a slender figure." This is indisputable. The Geistering certainly fills her integument, so far as I could see, without a crease or wrinkle. From her neck to her natty hoots the Geistering presented a general appearance of "one struggle more and I am free." In fact, one feature of her ensemble gave an impression of opulence—of redundancy, so to speak—on which many glasses were glued.

Principally by very young men.

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The evening's star was the leader. Mr. Nowak filled the orchestra with terror and the parquetry with delight. Mr. Nowak is, to say the least, peculiar. He gives one a general impression of turbulence, spectacles, and hair. Dimly seen through the cataract of hair which tumbles over his lofty brow into the lake of heard below, are what I confidently believe to be features. In the more exciting passages Mr. Nowak heats time with his haton, his elbows, his shoulders, his head, and with another portion of his anatomy not usually devoted to that purpose. At these times, when he is entirely in motion, with his arms flapping, Mr. Nowak looks like some monstrous bird, and I should not have been surprised to see him fly over the footlights. He irresistibly reminded me of a gigantic loon.

In the softer passages Mr. Nowak retires into his hair, as does a turtle into his shell, and expresses by rhythmic writhings of his body the gentler pleasure which his soul doth feel.

But when the music grows stormy, stormy grows Mr. Nowak. He seizes his shock of hair in his left hand, and twists it violently; he scowls ferociously. Tuesday the drummer was his objective point; he glared at the unhappy sheepskin-hanger until the man trembled and turned pale. Even his drum-head quivered.

Mr. Nowak is not a thing of beauty, but he is a joy forever.

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On Wednesday I witnessed the parade of our hatless veterans on Van Ness Avenue. It was very pretty. I dote on the militia. They are so blue and red, so yellow and hazen, so imposing, and yet so gentle withal. I saw in the serried ranks of cavalry a young man who sold me a tooth-brush the day before. He had not looked terrific then, but helmed and spurred, with a helmet strap running under his nose, he awed me. I strove to disarm him by a mild glance of recognition, but he did not acknowledge it. Yet on the morrow, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, he will with his lily fingers roll out pills, and take in sesterces for ipecac.

I have never been able to entirely lose my childish adoration for the drum-major. To me he is infinitely more imposing than General Dimond is or than General McComh was. He is almost always taller; he wears a bigger hat; he has more brass upon his person, and more majesty in his

walk. And then his *baton*—there can be no comparison between it and a sword as regards ornament.

Talking of ornament, why does Governor Perkins wear a uniform? Under which law, Bezonian? The President, who is commander-in-chief of the United States forces *per mare per terram*, wears none. Governor Perkins, who is commander-in-chief of the N. G. C. and of the fire-boat in the bay, wears one. Why?

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Monday evening I was one of a small knot of melancholy people at the Baldwin. There were ninety-two of us in the lower part of the house, and we certainly looked mournful, however we felt. There was that oppressive feeling which you experience in a church while waiting for a funeral.

I wish I could praise Mr. Sheridan's "Hamlet," but I can not. I never saw him do anything before which was wholly bad, but this certainly was. He did not even know his lines. This, in a part which many of the audience know by rote, is inexcusable.

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I was passing up Market Street the other day, when my attention was attracted by a young man seated in a hoot-black stand. He was not a striking young man. He had a flashy face, pale sandy hair, and an even paler and sandier moustache. What attracted my attention was the look of ineffable self-complacency which adorned his mug. I have seen women simper; nay, more—I have seen young girls simper; but for an egregious, self-satisfied, smirking simper the simper of this simpleton out-simpered them all. I was amazed and mystified. As I walked on, the mystery was solved. He was seated opposite a mirror, and was admiring himself therein. If I ever was a believer in female vanity excelling that of the male, my belief would have been shaken. And if I ever were guilty of admiring myself in a mirror—which I never am, for reasons needless to mention—I would pray that no one might catch me at it, as I did this new Narcissus in the hoot-black stand.

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Those of you who have seen "Divorçons" this week at the Bush-Street will remember that in the restaurant scene the waiter offers to "lend madame his clothes if she wishes to escape unobserved." This caused a laugh the night I was there. But it was an unthinking laugh, for I do not fancy that the audience understood the allusion.

This is its history. Once upon a time there lived in Paris a certain dissolute prince, who was the terror of husbands. "Orange" was his title, but the Parisians called him "Lemons" (*citron*). Well, it happened one evening that a worthy bourgeois learned through an anonymous letter that he would find his wife at a certain café in a *cabinet particulier* dining cosily with the Prince of Lemons. In despair he pressed his throbbing brow, but he fancied he felt protuberances there, so he made haste to reach the café. I have forgotten the details of the scene there; I do not know whether he called in the aid of a *commissaire* or not. But of this I am certain—the lady made her escape in the white cap, blouse, and so forth, of a cook's or baker's boy, running the gauntlet of her husband and his myrmidons in the corridor.

The thing leaked out—such things always leak out in Paris. The unhappy husband was made a laughing-stock—unhappy husbands sometimes are in San Francisco. And Sardou incorporated the jest into his comedy of "Divorçons." So now, O reader, if you have seen the play and laughed at the line, you know why you laughed.

It is sometimes an excellent thing, when you laugh, to know why you laugh. ZULANO.

A correspondent in an Eastern paper adds strong testimony to some of the assertions—verified and otherwise—that have been current for several years concerning the wife of General Sherman. Several officials holding high army positions have been ventilating the inner workings of the War Department. From two of these, this writer learned that, through Mrs. Sherman's influence, the department is filled with Catholics, who, having formed a ring, virtually control every appointment. Secretary Lincoln recently observed to a gentleman: "If it were the appointment of a thousand-dollar clerk in my department, I could not give it to you. I am absolutely powerless." It seems that an individual named Bradley, who is a Roman Catholic, was appointed a lieutenant from civil life, ten years ago. He has been rapidly, and with but little justice, promoted to the position of chief of the department, with the rank and pay of major, but knows infinitely less of his profession than does a soldier in the ranks. Army officers state that "there is no power behind the throne to-day that could move Major Bradley from his position in the War Department to his regiment." Orders given by certain generals have been canceled by the influence of Bradley and his ring before they had been issued a day. Thus the Secretary of War, the Adjutant-General, and the majority of the officers of the army admit their utter helplessness before this tool of Mrs. General Sherman. And, according to their testimony, that lady is to-day virtually Commander-in-Chief of our army.

Considering the manner in which the accounts of interior crimes resemble each other, we would suggest to our esteemed daily contemporaries the adoption of the following blank form:

San \_\_\_\_\_, 1882.—Yesterday Constable \_\_\_\_\_ arrested \_\_\_\_\_, charged with the crime of \_\_\_\_\_. It was an unusually shocking affair, and the utmost indignation is expressed on every hand. Constable \_\_\_\_\_ succeeded in getting \_\_\_\_\_ into the county jail, otherwise there might have been a lynching. Our citizens freely expressed their desire to hang the fellow. Cooler heads counseled moderation, however, and \_\_\_\_\_ is still in jail. The town is now quiet.

Within a week we have been called upon to chronicle the death of two San Francisco ladies—one a young matron, the other a young girl. Hardly had her friends recovered from the shock of Mrs. Newland's death when, on Wednesday morning, the sorrowful news came that Miss Alice McAllister, daughter of Hall McAllister, had passed away, after several weeks' illness from typhoid fever. The funeral took place on Thursday afternoon, at Trinity church, which was thronged with mourning friends.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

The recent inundations along the Ohio are remarkable for many acts of heroism. The desperate efforts made by brave Kentuckians to save some six thousand barrels of whisky, at Louisville, which whisky was in imminent danger of dilution, can not but move the hardest heart.

At a recent meeting of the "California Silk Culture Association," the corresponding secretary, Mrs. Theodore H. Hittell, read the first annual report of the progress of that society. During the past year many members have been added, and much satisfaction is expressed at the success met with. A large number of specimens of silk and worm culture were sent from every part of the State, and exhibited at this meeting. Altogether, the Association seems now to be established upon a firm basis, and gives much hope for the future.

A paragraph in the advertisement of "The World Manufacturing Company, Nassau Street, New York," in last week's *Argonaut*, was worded in such a way as to lead the reader to infer the company was vouched for by this paper. Such is not the case. We can not guarantee the good faith of any of these Eastern advertisers. This advertisement came to us through a reputable advertising agency, and that is all we know concerning it. If our readers will take our advice, they will huy their watches here.

One Robinson of New York—and who seems to be unusually idiotic, even for a New York Congressman—is endeavoring to secure the passage of a resolution in the House of Representatives demanding of the British government "that it show cause for the detention within its dungeons of American citizens of Irish birth." He is seconded in his efforts by one Godlove S. Orth, who is not in all respects like the Chevalier Bayard. We hope that the resolution will pass, and that to Messrs. Robinson and Orth be entrusted the task of "demanding" satisfaction from the British government. If they should then be accorded apartments in an asylum for imbeciles, instead of the ordinary British "dungeon," it would afford us great pleasure. But it would be very hard on the other inmates. Even idiots have rights.

A very curious suggestion is being industriously pushed about in political circles, viz.: that Senator Blaine is likely to become the presidential candidate of the solid South and the half-breed North—a second Greeley experiment. It does not seem to be very clearly apparent why the ex-secretary should, in the event of his continuing ambition for the executive chair, be driven to look for any easier road to it than through the next Republican National Convention, and over the broad highway of the Republican party. There is no person prominent in national politics that has greater chances of success for nomination and election than Blaine. If it is too early for the friends of Mr. Blaine to arrange the programme for him, it is equally premature for his enemies to begin their intrigues against him. So far Mr. Blaine has lost no points, and so far his enemies have gained none. The crank campaign can not be considered as fully opened until Giteau is hanged. There is fitness even in politics.

The following we take from the *Bulletin* of February 14: "Pneumonia, bronchitis, consumption, cancer, heart disease, and kindred diseases, do not originate in the sewers. Assuming this to be the fact, the sewers, however defective they may be in some localities, are not responsible for the increased mortality. . . . Diphtheria carries off more children, proportionately, in towns and villages which have no sewers at all than in large cities. . . . There is a vast deal of humbug and jobbery connected with pretended sewer-cleaning in this city. The *Bulletin* has done enough in exposing fraud under the name of sewer-cleaning not to be misled by the clamor of jobbers at this time." The following we take from the *Bulletin* of February 23: "The Board of Supervisors have gone the right way to work about cleaning the sewers. They passed a resolution yesterday directing the superintendent of streets to proceed at once and cause the sewers to be flushed and cleaned—to employ his whole force in the work, and continue it for two weeks. It was further ordered that the work was to be begun at the opening of the sewers in the lower part of the city, and he continued northward. The chief of the fire department was requested to render all possible assistance in the flushing. Great benefit to the health of the city is certain to be derived from this programme if faithfully carried out. The work that has heretofore been done on the sewers has mostly been in the nature of 'jobs.' We congratulate our esteemed if sullen contemporary upon its change of heart."

Congress contemplates the purchase of two blocks of ground directly east of the capitol building, for the erection of a national library and court building. The estimated cost is something like four million dollars, and will doubtless cost ten million dollars before completed. Everybody in Washington is, of course, anxious to see this work begun, as everybody in Washington is anxious to see public money expended in it for the building of public edifices and for the adornment of the city. The present library is over-crowded with all sorts of trash, and looks like a veritable lumber-room. If a commission of literary men could be appointed, charged with authority to burn three-fourths of all that now cumbers its shelves, it would be a good thing for the library. The National Library is very nearly a valueless and unnecessary thing. It is used but little, and is of little consequence to members of Congress, or to any one else, save the curiosity-seekers who throng Washington. Still, ten million dollars is only ten days' revenue, and there seems to be no very good reason why we should not have the finest library edifice in the world. Such a building will be an ornament to the nation's capital, which is destined to become the handsomest capital city in the world, and we can not make it the Athens of America without having a great national library. So, as money is plenty, and this city has the outlook of forever being the Mecca of tourists, sight-seers, married people, and politicians, give us by all means a million-dollars' library building.



## VANITY FAIR.

"Lenten costumes," says Clara Belle in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, "will be quite commonly worn this year. They are already being made, and those who don them intend to stick to the quasi-mourning during the whole forty days preceding Easter. This Lenten dress will be black alpaca, serge, or cashmere, and cut close in the throat, around which will be a clerical linen collar in black or white linen. The make-up of the garment will be severely simple. A missal, bound in black and edged with silver, will be suspended by a silver chain from a black belt, fastened with a plain, square silver clasp. The bonnet of black will be of the close-sided, tied-down, poke shape. A fichu of black or white muslin, simply trimmed, will be worn around the neck below the collar, fastened down with a silver pin representing a Lenten lily; and for the six weeks the hair will be uncrimped, unwaved, unbanged, parted in the middle, and laid back behind the ears. In acute cases the under-clothes and night-clothes will be embroidered in black, and the stockings will be of the inky hue. Thus attired a good many women might take a further step into religious sombreness by getting into a nunery, and nobody would say them nay, for they will be unfit for the gaze of man. On the other hand, such attire will be rather becoming to rosy and youthful women, and may lead to that other religious rite called marriage. Upward rollings of the eyes and mild pensiveness of countenance will go along with these modifications of sackcloth and ashes. I don't say that the girls who do these things are humbugs. I will go no further than to express the opinion that not one in ten knows the real meaning of Lent, or would go around the corner to find out."

Baltimore has a high reputation for the beauty of her women. "We live on the zone of beauty," says the *American*, "and whatever is beautiful in the diverse races of men reaches its ultimate perfection in this latitude. In fact, ugliness can't stand this climate. It has got to die out or emigrate. It is true that there are some strongly marked families who hold out wonderfully against the beautifying influences of the climate and nature, but these are exceptions." The writer confesses, however, that the basis of Baltimore beauty is imported, for he adds: "It is easy to find in this city the finest examples of true Celtic Irish beauty, the fairest blonde Saxon and Norse types, the Norman French type, and the Italian and Spanish brunettes. Some of the most beautiful examples of the Jewish type that the world can show are found in this city."

Once, after Mr. Edmund Yates had been to the races, he wrote in his London *World* that of the ladies there, every other one had soles as thin as paper to her shoes, and that, dangerously shod thus, they got out of their carriages and walked about on the damp ground. Mr. Yates made this assertion confidently, and as if he had every reason to know the truth of what he said. How he became so well informed upon so delicate a subject he failed to state, which is to be regretted, for otherwise we might have some statistics from him as to the number of ladies who still wear button shoes, and perhaps he might also say why so many ladies prefer those troublesome contrivances to the easily put on and off gaiters with elastic sides. The button shoe is usually heavy, and is unobjectionable on the score of health, but it must be very inconvenient, both on account of the necessity of a button-hook—an instrument rather more skillful in getting lost than a watch-key—and from the fact that the buttons must be always coming off. If the elastic shoe is out of favor with the fair ones because it is not long before it loosens and fails to hold the foot as lightly and neatly as may be wished, there are inventions which give all the advantages of buttons with none of the bother and risk of accident. The shoe which requires the shoestring is of course out of date, and not to be mentioned. A peculiarity of the lady who wears a button shoe is that she wants all the world to know of it. Why? Is there any particular merit in clothing the feet in this fashion? The appearance of the foot and its vicinity is not improved by the button shoe. As has been said, it is heavy, and further, it is cumbersome, and it is fastened far up over the ankle. These particulars are honorably obtained, for the button shoe is always worn with a short dress, and it is prominent on street-cars, and on the street itself. There is no question of its popularity, but why is it popular?

Sixteenth century dresses are imported and worn this season with picturesque effect. A very much laced-in gown, made "all of a piece," and cut from amber satin, was worn at a recent dinner in New York. This one had puffed sleeves, a plain skirt, unadorned save by the black velvet "aumonière" hung to a wrought gold chataleine, and a high black velvet ruff. There was some excitement among the feminine guests during the period after dinner, when, left to their own resources, women exchange confidences while registering mental notes of each other's clothes. This especially yellow gown was puzzling; "not pretty exactly, but odd," "not becoming, certainly, but deliciously quaint." Finally the hostess whispered to one of her intimates, under cover of the music issuing from a bower of palms: "I am enchanted with her, my dear. I made sure she would wear that thing to-night. She is rather a guy, no doubt, but the decorative effect of it couldn't be surpassed. In that corner next to my tapestry portière, she is as good as a yellow jug."

Mrs. Bonanza Mackey now possesses the magnificent robe manufactured for the Empress Eugénie and presented by the municipality of Paris to her majesty. The robe is of lace, entirely covered with flowers, *en point à l'aiguille*. It took fourteen years to complete it by the five first hands of the fabrique at Chantilly, and one hundred thousand francs (twenty thousand dollars) was paid for it by the city. Mrs. Mackey is now having her portrait painted by Bonnat, with the imperial robe hanging from her shoulders, and brought in light transparent folds over her bosom. The only bit of color thrown over the costume of white moire which sustains the lace robe is produced by an enormous bunch of roses, fallen as if by accident upon the edge of the train. The corsage is open in front, profusely trimmed with lace, and adorned with bunches of roses. Bonnat has strictly forbidden

the long chain of diamonds reaching from the crown of the head, descending in many glittering coils round the neck, and fastened by a clasp representing a dove with outspread wings at the waist, which creates the open-mouthed wonder of the gobe-mouches of Paris, but with admirable taste considers the richness of the lace robe, rich enough even for the representative of the bonanza mine. The picture is destined for the Exhibition. Meissonnier's portrait of Mrs. Mackey is considered the best of the works executed of late years by that great painter. The costume is not strictly Régence, but mixed fantasia—Louis Quinze and Louis Seize.

There is so great a call at present for old furniture, rocking-chairs, chests of drawers, clocks, and the like, that there is a regular trade in the manufacture of imitations. The prevailing fashion is to supply rooms with furniture of different shapes and makes. Chairs and sofas are made out of willow, both black and white. The former color is trimmed with colored ribbons, and the black is generally supplied with loose pillow cushions. Handsome hat-racks are made in the form of plush-covered shields, with antique brass hooks, and a piece of round beveled glass in the centre. Ebony cabinets are beginning to change color. They are faced with strips of plush, which are frequently decorated in oil or water-colors. Writing-desks for ladies are made of mahogany, trimmed with painted plush, and inlaid around the edges with antique bronze coins.

Writing from Paris to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, Lucy Hooper says: The first masked ball of the season at the Opera took place last Saturday night. It was very successful, so far as numbers were concerned, but most of the persons present were gentlemen in the regulation black evening dress, the dominoes and fancy costumes being largely in the minority. The latter, in fact, have long ceased to display any degree of novelty or of elegance. Their wearers are mostly the underlings of the minor Parisian theatres, who are hired to dress in costume and to dance throughout the evening. Before this method of lending animation to the scene had been devised, the masked balls at the Grand Opera were the dreariest things in the world, the floor presenting the spectacle of a dense mass of black-coated humanity, flecked here and there with a dash of bright color from a stray domino. "Hand us round some ladies!" (*Servez-nous des dames!*) became a popular cry on these occasions. Things look a little better now, the gay dresses lending a needed element of brightness to the throng. The music is superb and full of spirit—enough to make the tongs dance, one would think, so irresistible are the strains that fill the air under the batons of Metra and Fahrbach. Alexandre Dumas was present the other night, and was a good deal mystified by more than one fair wearer of a domino, as was natural with so well-known a personage. But the brilliancy and the prestige of these balls have wholly departed. Thirty years ago the mad whirl of the excited, shrieking crowd in the "galop infernale," under the sway of the baton of Musard—a maelstrom of gay dresses, and wild, flushed faces, and tossing arms, and floating plumes, and disheveled locks—was something to see and remember. But the animal spirits and the frenzied gayety of these assemblages have passed away forever. The capers and the grimaces, the dancing and the gymnastics, are all manufactured to order, and are paid for at so much per caper.

"Paint and powder parties," says *Progress*, are the very latest caprice of fashion. It is certainly an eccentric though very attractive turn the wheel has taken this time. At a "paint and powder party" the ladies appear in gorgeous old-time court dresses; the powdered hair is rolled and puffed to an immense height; artistic dashes of rouge are placed under the eyes, *à la Parisienne*; the eyebrows are colored with India ink, and the best features are brought into prominence by the cunning patches placed here and there, at the corner of the mouth, close to the eyes, on the chin, as the case may be, wherever the finger of beauty has left the deepest imprint.

Society insists that long, loose gloves shall be *de rigueur*, says Kate Field in *Our Continent*. The fat woman gets into them and has the satisfaction of affording infinite amusement to those who are not entirely lost to a sense of humor. Her arms look like twin Bologna sausages. The woman with beautiful arms spoils one of the rarest charms. The woman with thin, ugly arms alone covers herself with more or less glory. As a matter of fact, no two beings are fashioned alike; many are fearfully and wonderfully made, and hands and arms are as distinctive as eyes and mouths. There are women whose arms can not well bear more than six-buttoned gloves, even in ball dress. Why should they injure their appearance by imitating an actress who would be the first to rail at such folly? Have they not taste enough to judge of effect? Admitting taste, do they not possess sufficient strength of mind to have the courage of conviction? The wearing of gloves, be they four, or six, or twenty-buttoned, is scarcely a subject upon which to wax eloquent, yet this same apparently trivial detail involves a principle, the principle of individuality, of independence of thought, of propriety in adornment. There is no such thing as senseless beauty. There is always a reason why beauty is beauty, however ignorant the many-headed may be of the cause of objective pleasure.

A young New York exquisite, the son of a celebrated rope-maker, is thus described by a correspondent: He has forty coats, an umbrella for each shade of dress, and canes and scarf-pins innumerable. He said he had to get a brougham, because he had to go to his lawyer's so often, and he has besides a two-wheeler and a Russian sleigh, with horses to match. He has flowers sent to his rooms twice a day, and when he walks with a young lady he always buys for her a most expensive bouquet, there being no other sort at this time of the year. He spent forty-five hundred dollars in fitting up two rooms in his mother's house. He wears three marvelous rings upon his hand—a cat's-eye set in hammered gold, a red cat's-eye with two diamonds, and a sapphire set with two diamonds. His shirt-buttons are two pearls set in diamonds; and also a cat's eye set in the same precious stones.

## LITERARY NOTES.

We have received *Le Français* for February. This bright little French literary journal is published in Boston, and contains all current news and information regarding literature in France. The editor is M. Jules Lévy, 17 Story Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Religious literature of late has had quite an addition of Scotch essays and sermons. Last year the discourses of a dozen or so Scottish divines were published; recently the essays of the heretical Robertson Smith have gone forth to scandalize the elect; and now we have "Studies in the Life of Christ," by Reverend A. M. Fairhair, D. D., Principal of Airdale College, Yorkshire, and formerly of Aberdeen, Scotland. The endeavor of the sermons is to clearly present to modern readers the life, teachings, and historical surroundings of the Great Master. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James White, 23 Dupont Street; price, \$1.75.

The first two numbers of Judge Tourgee's new enterprise, *Our Continent*, are at hand. The cover of the new weekly is colored, and the lettering is old English. The outside bears a resemblance to that of the *Century*. The inside make-up is neat and pleasing. We think, however, that three wide columns would present a better appearance than the four narrow ones which are used. Such writers as Tourgee, Helen Campbell, Donald G. Mitchell, Kate Field, Adeler, and others have already contributed, and much is promised for the future. William M. Baker, author of "His Majesty Myself," is writing a sequel to it for *Our Continent*. The sequel will be entitled "Thirlmore," who again appears as a central figure.

The *Californian* for March is at hand. The number is a diversified and interesting one. The table of contents is as follows: "The Crown of the Valley," (illustrated,) Jeanne C. Carr; "A Logical Sequence," chapters 1, 2, and 3, Warren Cheney; "Sybil: A Story in Sonnets," Edgar Fawcett; "A Famous Filibuster," James O'Meara; "When Spring Shall Come," Ina D. Coolbrith; "At Cobweb & Crusty's," chapters 15 and 16, Leonard Kip; "The Cruise of the Corwin"—II., (illustrated,) C. L. Hooper; "Yuma," Chas. H. Phelps; "In Love and War," Mahel S. Emery; "Immigration as an American Question," E. W. McGraw; "Was it Pique?" Constance Maude Neville; "Art and Artists," and the usual departments.

When Henry Ward Beecher began, in 1868, his novel, "Norwood," for Bonner's New York *Ledger*, it was expected that the extraordinary talent of Harriet Beecher Stowe's brother would produce a parallel to "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Public expectation was, however, not gratified; and yet, while every one read the story, as well for its associations as for the interest which it develops to a high degree at the end, no one found in it the ability which so characterizes Mr. Beecher's lectures and editorials. But the novel would, nevertheless, have made its way into public favor, even if it had not so celebrated a name to aid the merit it already possessed. The edition published in 1869 has for some years been exhausted, and a reprint is now issued. Published by Fords, Howard & Hurlbut, New York; for sale at Bancroft's; price, \$2.

"John Eax," by Alphonse Tourgee, is a strong and romantic short story. Like the rest of this author's novels it treats mainly of the fierce passions which any infringement of their conservatism rouses in the Southerners. A young, high-born, and high-spirited member of a family of the old régime marries a beautiful girl of Scotch parentage. She is below him in family rank. His parents die of grief, and his enraged relatives seek to lynch him. He and his wife escape through the aid of a cousin, whom he has previously been about to marry. It is discovered that a large fortune awaits his wife in England. The money makes him enormously rich; and just then the civil war coming on, he wins glory as an officer. The final outcome of the story, though rather forced, is interesting. The second story is called "Mamelon," and is the sweet but very unnatural narrative of a young wife. She and her husband are living in a sort of earthly paradise, which the war invades. Then follow their troubles, from which they finally emerge in happiness. Published by Fords, Howard & Hurlbut, New York; for sale by Bancroft & Co.

"Numa Roumestan," translated by Virginia Champlin, is far ahead of any novel which Alphonse Daudet has written for several years. It has no plot to speak of, and is merely the political and domestic chronicles of a politician, said to be modeled after Gambetta. Roumestan is a hot-headed Southern who marries a true-hearted, sweet young Parisian girl, and nearly breaks her heart by a vulgar amour with an actress. Numa makes promises, political and otherwise, right and left; and, although he preserves his wonderful popularity by the magnetism of his speech and presence, yet he brings much trouble on several innocent subjects. Daudet possesses a singular pathos. It is something like that of Dickens, and yet surpasses it. For with Dickens the reader seems ever to half realize a certain insincerity that overhangs one like a shadow. But in the case of Daudet we feel the man's wonderful earnestness, and are moved accordingly. As Emerson says, there is a great deal in knowing whether there is a man behind the work. Daudet does not hesitate to handle Roumestan's sins without gloves. It seems rather plain in good strong Saxon words; and yet that very fact makes it more powerful in its effect than if read only in its original Gallic garb. Together with the sad story of the wife's sorrow, which winds in and out of the book, are several of those little side touches of which Daudet is such a master. The simplicity with which the gruff old physician tells the story of a little child's death is far more attractive and possesses far greater power than do the studied sentences of "The Death of Little Nell." Daudet is far superior to the French "natural" school. Goncourt does not possess his power. Zola is too coarse and brutal. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Bancroft.

Books to Come: Doctor Bain, of Aberdeen, has written, and will soon publish, two volumes on the Mills—father and son. The volume on John Stuart Mill will present divers personal recollections and family documents, with a criticism of his writings and character. That on James Mill is an exhaustive biography. —Mr. Lecky's pen knows no idleness. The third and fourth volumes of his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century" are coming out in the spring. They deal with the fascinating point-lace period between 1760 and 1784. —Mr. Frederick May Holland has a volume nearly ready, which he calls "Stories from Browning." —Blanchard Jerrold is writing a book on Egypt, with the old title of "The Belgium of the East." —A new edition of President Woolsey's book on Divorce, rewritten to present the fresh information collected since the last edition was published, is just coming from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons. This firm will also shortly bring out another volume of Doctor Holland's "Topics of the Time." —A. C. Armstrong & Son are about to publish Miss C. E. Gordon-Cumming's charming book of travel, "At Home in Fiji"—a work remarkable for freshness and lightness of touch. —"Dorothy: a Country Story in Eltziac Verse," a poem by an anonymous writer, which has received warm praise from Mr. Browning, is nearly ready for publication by Roberts Brothers. —Professor Huxley is now engaged upon a work which he and his friends think will prove to be the greatest of his life. It deals with Bishop Berkeley and his contributions to mental and medical science. —Professor Alexander Bain's lives of James Mill and John Stuart Mill are to be published in this country by Henry Holt & Co., under an arrangement with the author. —"Charles Lamh" is to be the next volume in the "English Men of Letters" series. Its author is the Rev. Charles Ainger, and it will appear this month. —The picturesque and chatty sketches in which "Catharine Cbarlotte," Lady Jackson, has described the manners and morals of French court-life just before and just after the Revolution, will be immediately brought out by Scribner & Welford. The two volumes are illustrated by several portraits, and contain much lively writing. —Mr. O'Donovan, the correspondent of the London *Daily News*, who had such extraordinary adventures in Merv, (first as prisoner and then as an adopted ruler,) is going to publish his experiences in book form.



## AN ISTHMUS EPISODE.

The Romantic Experience of a Young Lady Coming to California.

"Now, Nelly dear, be a good girl, and don't forget all we have told you. But there, dear, I know you will, won't you?"

Such were the somewhat incoherent exclamations poured into my half-unheeding ears as we stood in a tearful group upon the wharf at Belfast, Maine—my father, mother, and myself. I was nineteen, and I was going alone to California. How my heart bounded at the thought of the adventures I was to meet in the new El Dorado!

Did they realize, those fond parents, who had consented to my going only at the urgent solicitations of my friends, and on seeing my own strong wish, what a commotion my youthful spirits were raising under my pale and quiet exterior? No, indeed. They looked upon me as a person capable in every way of self-guidance, for I had been trained in the sternest Puritan school, and was supposed, after having been thoroughly educated in the classics, converted, and duly connected with an orthodox church, to be a model of cold and correct propriety. And so, up to that time, I had been. Poor little fool that I was! I stood erect and serene in my knowledge of "ologies" and "isms," and thought because I was a graduate of a New England college, and had written brilliant essays, profound in philosophical research, pure in style, and lofty in moral tone, that I had exhausted life, whereas I was only a baby in the world's ways, as the reader, if patient, will see. My mother and father—bless their dear souls!—had full and perfect faith in me and my powers, and they sent me forth upon this long journey, tremblingly, it is true, so dear was I to them, but trustingly and proudly, for had I not traveled, (to Portland once), and was I not considered an oracle of learning by my younger brothers and sisters?

So the noble *Katahdin* bore me from their dim eyes, to leave a sore spot and an aching void, which my wayward self had filled, to the shores of the great Unknown. But to me life had begun, and as I sat upon the deck, and saw the Rockland light stream far out upon the Atlantic, until past midnight, an utterly indescribable flood of new feelings filled me, precluding sleep. I can shut my eyes now and see that kaleidoscopic panorama of views that unrolled itself before my fascinated eyes the next day from the car windows. How yellow the pumpkins were; how round and jolly they looked upon the hill-slopes! And the autumn foliage—the miles and miles of forest, blazing with gorgeous crimson and gold, with all the shades of orange, and of soft olives and browns toning down the splendor!

Ah, never again will I see them as I saw them that day; for upon the landscape there lay a glory, the "light that never was on sea or land"—the flush, fair as the pearl-white lining of a cloud, of a young girl's innocent enthusiasm.

I had been to the "St. Denis," in New York, four months before with Sadie Bissell and her father, and I remembered the hot, appetizing supper served for us, as we arrived late in the evening on the Pullman express from Philadelphia, and also the elegant suite of rooms we had occupied, so I decided to go there to spend the night intervening between my arrival and the sailing of the *Colon*; but being "dumped" down, a forlorn female with a bag, upon the steps, and appealing tremblingly to the clerk for a room, was a very different matter from coming under the escort of a well-known business man, as I soon found.

I suffered agonies of apprehension all night, although I double locked the door and kept the gas burning brightly, and not a fly could have affected an entrance without observation. I even grew so excited that I gyrated alternately between the bed and a huge easy-chair, and was in a very lamentable condition indeed to begin a sea-voyage next day.

The leaving of a California steamer from a New York wharf—who does not know it, with its crowds and confusion, its last good-byes, and scenes pathetic and ridiculous? I stood, quiet and indifferent, upon the deck, watching with a weary analytic air the motley crowd before me. I had no good-byes to say, and I had, therefore, full leisure to survey the varied expressions of emotion in those around me.

Near me a young girl attracted my attention. She was crying bitterly in a profuse, boisterous way, and stopped wiping her eyes occasionally to wave a handkerchief vehemently at some person on the wharf. I noted how good-looking she was, in a buxom way, with full-blown red cheeks and black hair, and a round voluptuous figure that was heaving now with the violence of her emotion; and I thought, too, how shallow and inconsequential was such loud grief, and how soon it would wear away; for I was by nature undemonstrative, and had almost a man's contempt for anything approaching a "scene."

Just behind her, and at my side, stood a group of three, and my eyes wandered listlessly from the somewhat querulous face and *passée* beauty of a dark lady of twenty-eight or thirty, and over the figure of a dear little fairy of a girl with great dark eyes and blonde hair, up to—Apollo. A thrill of involuntarily awakened interest made me glance again at the splendidly proportioned figure leaning idly against the rail, and all sense of the moving crowd below was lost as I scanned earnestly—with, I suppose, an amusing stare—the details of form and face. Not over tall, but deep-chested and symmetrical, with a pure olive skin, and great, slumbrous, solemn black eyes; a forehead which satisfied every sense excepting the intellectual, with its low, beautiful outline and curling tendrils of black hair, tossed by the fresh bay-breeze into innumerable little rings; a band strong and white, yet perfectly shaped, and a careless grace and strength in the pose that showed a consciousness in these personal advantages, without a trace of affectation. The chin and jaw were heavily molded, and the expression of the face without archness or humor. One felt that the profound calm in which he stood might be broken, not by the sparkles and flashes of a light and joyous soul, but by the thunder-gusts of a sombre spirit, or the hot siroccos of a torrid temperament. "A splendid animal" would have been my verdict, had I seen more of men; but, to my inexperienced eyes, his physical beauty filled every sense with a keen pleasure.

A ringing huzza from the throats of the hundreds on the wharf, a cloud of handkerchiefs wildly waving, a lurch, a

strain, and the putting off of the steamer brought me to my senses, and I turned, as though awakened from some dream, and went slowly into the cabin.

For the next few days beauty of any kind would not have made an impression on me, as my chief desire was to lie on my back and drink "Sam's" incomparable lemonade. But one morning, lying weak and spiritless in my berth, I heard a voice, strong and wrathful, in the next stateroom.

"D—n it," said the voice, "are you going to lie here the whole voyage?"

"Well, Charley, I can't get up. You know I can't," was the weak answer, accompanied by sobs. "There's a young lady in the next state-room who is sick, too, just as I am; she can't hold her head up."

The sobs and mention of the young lady seemed to rouse the fellow to fury, and in a loud voice he said, banging the door: "Well, she'd better get up, and you, too. Cursed nonsense, this lying about a week, and nothing the matter." Then, more softly: "Poor sis! Where's your clothes? Let me help you," and I heard a grateful voice say: "You're a good brother, Charley, for all your fearful temper."

"Well, dear, lean on me there, now! I saw pigeon-on-toast for breakfast, and I'm going to get you up stairs, and send for some for you—now!"

My door flew open as they passed, and I recognized my Apollo with the slumbrous eyes, and the dark lady. So he was the lady's generous brother, and he had a temper, but, it seemed, a kind heart, too. The shock of this little episode roused me as nothing else had done, and I thought as he had said, that I had better get up. So, rising immediately lest my weakness should get the better of my resolution, I made a most extraordinary toilet, wherein a beltless wrapper, on which my mother had providently basted a collar, a solitary hairpin confining my long hair, and a shawl, hanging in a dejected manner from my shoulders, figured conspicuously, and I painfully made my way up stairs to the saloon. Here I found myself by no means conspicuous in my dishabille. Where were the elegant New Yorkers of a few days before? Gone were the high hats, the immaculate shirt-fronts, the aesthetic studs and pins, and in their places were soft felt hats and blue shirts. With the laying aside of the conventional clothing had been laid aside the conventional manners and freezing dignity of the Eastern man and woman. Everybody was social and jolly, and everybody talked to everybody else without reference to pedigree or bank accounts.

What a lovely, idle, dreamy day, after all that dizziness and sickness! Cuba lay in the distance in a shimmer of blue haze, which grew tremulous under the rays of the tropic sun. The Trades blew softly yet steadily, and, with all sails set and machinery idle, the *Colon* kept on her even and stately course. I chose an unoccupied camp-chair, and drew my shawl and veil around me, surrendering myself to the languid charm of the soft, blue sky, the sparkling sea, and the contemplation of the merry groups near me. As yet I knew no one.

"May I sit here?" It was the pettish lady.

"Certainly."

"Charley, go down and get some wraps, and a bottle of salts, and some lemons—oh, and a book"—imperatively. "You see," said she to me, with a charming smile, "I have been so sick, and am only just up."

"And I, too," I added.

"Why, you are the lady in the next stateroom. Well, we must be friends now, as we have been companions in misery."

So she drew me into a conversation, and I found myself—the reserved and unapproachable girl—telling her freely my name, my destination, and my plans. She did not tell me much in return, as I found on thinking it over afterward, although she talked a great deal. She said that she, and her brother, and her little girl were on their way to Santiago, Chile, and we should therefore be companions only to Panama. We were interrupted by the approach of her brother with the wraps and lemons, and, yes, the buxom weeper of wharf memory upon his arm, no longer weeping, but radiant and good-humored, flirting with all her might and main, and cracking jokes with the Apollo in a familiar way. I smiled as I thought of my correct opinion of a few days before. "How dared she," I thought, indignantly, "be so free and easy with him while I"—my eyes went down, and the color came up into my face, as he bent his head at his sister's introduction, and in turn presented Miss Thorndale. A smile at her sayings still lingered on his lips, and the sombre eyes were lighted up, not with a merry light, but with a passionate fire as he glanced at the rounded bust, and the glowing, scarlet lips so near to his. A tress of her hair flew across his face, and as he was about to seat her a lurch of the vessel threw her back. I saw him hold out a protecting arm, and saw her lean heavily against him, and look up straight into his eyes. A flash of something, well-nigh uncontrollable, passed over his face as he released her, and she sank, with a gay laugh, to a seat beside me. He sat down also, and now we were all acquainted, and soon in the tide of a gay and pleasant hilarity.

I listened amusedly to the breezy war of words passing between the three, and watched with silent admiration every turn of my hero's head, for a hero this handsome fellow was fast becoming to me. How young he was! He could not be more than twenty-three or four, I judged. I studied the low, broad forehead, set in the tendrils of curling hair; the straight nose, the full, sensuous lips, until I was blinded and dazzled with his presence. And I felt, as I sat beside him, some warm and strong influence, subtle and full of sorcery, drawing me toward him. If I could have touched his hand which lay, perfect in shape and moulding, beside me, I would have been happy.

He must have seen the adoration in my eyes, for I did not know in my ignorance how much they expressed, and he turned now and then to me. Miss Thorndale did not allow his attention to wander much, however, and she by and by had an errand somewhere, and took him with her.

What was this sense of loss that came suddenly to me? The deck seemed empty, and the day seemed to lose brightness when the slumbrous eyes no longer watched my face. I turned petulantly, and excused myself to the dark lady. And with no more words I lay dreaming all that afternoon of him. All night, too, I thought in my waking intervals of his voice and face, and all unwittingly I had entered the first

circle of the passion-vortex that leads an unawakened nature through gates of enchantment to cold realities.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was sitting alone next evening at the stern of the vessel, watching the phosphorescent fires in its wake, and enjoying with a keen delight the dreamy motion, the soft air, and the sweet moonlight that poured a flood over everything, when a step approached—that of a solitary walker. It was Mr. Belmont. He did not see me, but, wrapped in his own thoughts, paced to and fro—to and fro, heavily. The handsome face looked white as marble, and the slumbrous eyes looked out dark and sombre from under the long lashes, as I watched him. Suddenly, after two or three turns, he paused near me, and for the first time perceived me. He drew a long sigh, and leaning over, spoke softly:

"Is the night not beautiful, Miss Lester? It is enough to soothe a haunted spirit; and yet there is rest beneath that sparkling sea," he added low, more to himself than to me. Then, rousing himself, he sat down beside me, and we fell into a quiet conversation befitting the night and the time. He talked in a practical way, not deeply or aesthetically; he told me he had been in Cuba and in Texas, and that he was tired of traveling, and wished he could have stayed in New York. My face paled and flushed at his nearness, and the delight I felt at having him alone, and by and by we fell into a long silence, and watched the gleaming spray and the long line of moon-lighted water. My hand lay on the rail. Suddenly, with a caressing motion, he drew it within his. Resist I could not; I was too enthralled to say nay. By and by his arm stole around me, as the influence of the quiet night drew us to each other. My head sank upon his shoulder, and the hours went by. I was wrapped in a trance of happiness, and I thought of nothing, as I lay there quietly, excepting the face that bent above me. How long we remained thus I do not know. Some one was coming, a lady and two gentlemen. He stooped hastily, and without word or warning pressed upon my lips a kiss so long, so passionate, that my heart seemed to stop beating. I had no time to be angry or resist, for they were upon us—Miss Thorndale and the gentlemen accompanying her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The world of art is just now filled with the success of the performance given at Bucharest, on the stage of the Opera House at that place, by her highness the Princess Alexandra Bibesco. The princess, who is a first-rate pianiste, had organized, with the Queen of Roumania, a charity concert, at which every lady of the court was expected to attend. The effect of her beauty as she appeared on the stage, attired in a costume of ruby velvet, with a train more than two yards in length, was indescribable. The front of the dress was of white satin, embroidered with pearls, and her hair was radiant with jewels. The excitable Roumanian temperament burst forth in the most tremendous applause, evinced by clapping of hands, stamping of feet, jingling of swords, and clanging of spurs, for every man in Bucharest wears a military uniform.) The Princess Bibesco stood before the audience silent and motionless till the storm had passed away, and then, amid the deep silence which ensued, she struck the first chords of Weber's concerto with a power and majesty to be remembered. The young queen, who formed the centre of attraction among the audience, was attired in a mouse-colored velvet, faced with pale pink satin, embroidered in white jet, with a cascade of ancient oriental lace. A "shower" of diamonds encircled her bead, falling low over her neck and bosom. The natives of Bucharest declared that the Princess Bibesco played the "Rhapsodie Hongroise" of Liszt better than the composer himself! This dilettante princess is the wife of the fourth son of Prince George, the last Hospodar of Wallachia, sister-in-law of Princess Bramovano, who was once the star of London society as Mademoiselle Musurus.

A representative of the Atlanta *Constitution* was riding on the train with General Toombs a few days ago, and took occasion to ask the general what he thought of the new party movement in Georgia. "I have the greatest contempt for it," said the general, sententiously. The general then took from between his lips an unlighted cigar, the butt of which he had been chewing, and holding it before the reporter's face, remarked: "Young man, I have been chewing the ends of cigars for twenty-seven years and I have never yet lighted one." "Do you wish these facts laid before the public?" asked the reporter. "I don't," said the general. "Whenever I wish to address the public on these or any other subjects, I will do it over the name of R. Toombs."

A French writer thus bewails American innovations on the waltz: "La valse est attaquée par la concurrence d'affreuses valse américaines. L'an passé c'était le *boston* qui nous secouait et nous heurtait de la plus désagréable façon. Cette année nous sommes menacés d'un autre phylloxéra de la danse: le *rakot*. Le *rakot* est un féau qui sévit à New York. Cela constitue un violent exercice de gymnastique. Cette valse se décompose en une série brutale de pas de valse à deux temps, prononcés en ligne droite et suivant des angles que les divers couples font rentrer les uns dans les autres. C'est un nouveau moyen que les Américains ingénieux ont trouvé de se cabassoler."

We have no love for Oscar Wilde, says *Peck's Sun*, but we can not stand idly by and see him accused of crime and not protect him. The charge by a New York paper that he is the author of "Beautiful Snow" is calculated to do him great injury, and we deny it without his knowledge. William Nye, of the Laramie *Boomerang*, is the author of that poem, and he will not deny it. That was what caused him to go West in the night.

A young Paris actress, finding herself alone in the foyer of the theatre, thought to amuse herself by dancing the cancan. Suddenly looking up, she saw that the bust of Molière was regarding her. Stopping a moment she placed her handkerchief over the marble eyes, and saying: "Pardon, Molière!" proceeded with the dance. How did she know Molière would not have enjoyed the sight?



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A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.



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## THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1882.

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The principal topic at present in mercantile circles is the contemplated addition of a grain exchange to the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board, and the turning of the machinery of the Produce Exchange into the "call" system. Such being the case, we have determined to obtain all the facts procurable concerning this movement, and to present them to our readers. It must be understood that the Argonaut does not espouse the speculative cause. Its views upon this subject have been frequently expressed, and are well known. But we have resolved to present the facts in the case, together with the arguments advanced by the various elements in the business community interested in the change. These elements are three: the producing element, or farmers; the speculative element, or brokers proper; and the grain-dealing element, who have been called "brokers," but whose methods of doing business have heretofore been of so conservative a nature as scarcely to entitle them to that name. The grain-dealing element may be subdivided—first, the heavy operators, who have hitherto controlled the market, and who were not members of the Produce Exchange; among these may be enumerated McNear, Hirschbeck, Sheeby, Parrott & Co., and Balfour, Guthrie & Co.; second, the smaller dealers, working with comparatively small capital, and most of whom were members of the Produce Exchange. It is probable that these two factors will fuse; that is to say, some of the heavy operators will very likely join the Produce Exchange on its new plan.

In regard to the merits of the speculative system of grain-dealing, the arguments advanced by its adherents seem to be about these: It is to the interest of the farmer, for the reason that there is always at his door a ready market for his crops; not only a ready market, but an active one. Under the present system the market is frequently stagnant. This spring, for instance, there is nothing doing; the farmers, anticipating a dry season, are holding their wheat at what the dealers consider unwarrantably high prices. On the other hand, the dealers, hoping for rain, refuse to give the prices demanded. As a consequence, there is an utter stagnation. The speculative element claim that under the new system such stagnation would be impossible. There is always, they say, enough of the merely speculative movement in progress to keep things going and to make prices. They further hold that the change will inure to the benefit of the farmer, because the vicissitudes of dealing will at times force

his commodity to what is in reality a fictitious value, but which, none the less, will increase his gains. As to a correspondingly artificial condition of depression, they say nothing. This, however, is limited by the fact that a commodity having an intrinsic value can not be forced to a point as low as can mining stocks, say, which are frequently utterly worthless. There is still another limit to this condition of things, which is that the product of the coast is not large enough to permit of unlimited short sales with safety.

Another argument of the speculative element is that the call system will materially increase the volume of business. While the total monthly receipts of wheat at New York are under two million bushels, the monthly sales at the New York Produce Exchange are frequently as big as sixty million bushels. The value of the corn sold there last year was \$32,000,000, but the transactions in corn amounted to \$133,000,000. The value of the oats sold there during the year was \$5,000,000, while the transactions in oats amounted to \$17,000,000. These figures give some idea of the enormous increase in business caused by the addition of speculation to the grain business. They will also give some idea of the amount which the commissions upon such immense sums would result in. For example, the trade sales in the New York Produce Exchange during 1881 were \$115,600,000; the speculative sales were \$2,479,000,000; total, \$2,635,000,000. The commissions upon this enormous sum, low as they are in New York, were by no means inconsiderable.

To continue our presentation of the arguments advanced by the various elements, we will touch upon the producer. The farmers have not been heard from. The worthy granger is "lying low," with a pleased smile upon his bonnet countenance, awaiting the course of events, convinced that, whichever way the cat may jump, he will come out all right. And he probably will. Providence looks out for the granger.

As to the last element, the dealers. Most of the opposition to the change has come from the large operators who have hitherto controlled the market. Their arguments are based upon moral grounds. They hold that the introduction of speculation into what was previously a "legitimate business" tends to the diversion of money from its proper channels, and to a feverish and agitated condition of the business community. Again, they say, those who desire to engage in the business of grain-dealing "legitimately," are driven from it by the various hazards of the market, which they do not care to risk. At present, men who are willing to buy and hold for a reasonable profit may do so without any danger of incurring a heavy loss. But under the new and changed conditions it will be impossible to foretell what a day may bring forth. Further, they say, speculation in and the "cornering" of breadstuffs and other necessities of life is an evil which experience elsewhere has shown to be a serious one. They point to the fact that at other times and in other places legislation has been found necessary to check this evil. This is about the substance of the arguments advanced by the various elements. We give them without comment. They carry their own conviction or refutation with them. Our aim is merely to present all the information regarding the matter that we can obtain.

We will now give a statement of the present condition of the San Francisco grain market, controlled, as it is, by the foreign market. We will touch upon freight charges, and the fluctuations that have hitherto taken place in the market. Writing, as we are, for the general reader, we have endeavored to use the plainest language. The manner in which wheat is contracted for, sold, and delivered to the great European market is as follows: The English market is, say, at 48s., or—to be explanatory—wheat in England is bringing 48 shillings per quarter (quarter of a long ton). The English dealer sends out to a California dealer an order for so many hundred pounds (or centals) of wheat, at the English market price. Now, the California dealer must deliver the wheat to the English buyer at that price. In other words, he must himself first buy the wheat, and then supply the ship which carries it to the English buyer. The California dealer must, for this reason, look to two expenses, viz.: the cost of the wheat and the expense of its freightage to England. The freightage varies, according to circumstances, all the way from £2 to £4 per ton of long weight. The circumstances which cause this fluctuation are mainly due to one cause—the existence in the California market of a certain ring of large dealers, who exercise a strong influence on freights, and, in fact, manipulate them to serve whatever project they may have on hand. As we have already said, the principal firms composing this ring are Parrott & Co., George W. McNear, Hirschbeck & Co., Balfour, Guthrie & Co., and Robert Sheeby. Just previous to the commencement of the season, these large dealers send on to the various European (mainly English) shipping firms, and contract for all their available vessels. They probably pay for their hire at the rate of about £3 per long ton. After having thus secured the bulk of the carrying power, the mem-

bers of this ring enter into a compact to put the freights up, and charge the dealers outside the ring £4. The dealer must pay this freight charge, or else break his English contract. Therefore, in order to make anything out of the contract, he must get his wheat at as low a rate as possible. He must, for this reason, offer the farmer a sum as low proportionately as the freights are high. This proportionate rating has been reduced to a system of tables in book form, which are to be found in the store of every country and city dealer. If the freights are put up to £4 by the ring, then the farmer visits the country dealer, consults his book, and finds that, according to the natural sequence, he can only get \$1.40 a cental for his wheat from the San Francisco dealer. On the other hand, at the end of the season, when the ring has disposed of all its ships to the various dealers at the rate of £4, the freightage goes down, until it reaches a low figure. This materially influences the rise of wheat, since the outside dealers, paying a much less freightage, are able to offer the farmer a better price. This low freightage, however, suits the ring exactly, for it enables them to make good contracts at low rates with the English shipping firms. At the present time the reader may see, by consulting the daily market report in the commercial columns of any local newspaper, that wheat is up to \$1.65 (for the best) in the San Francisco market. This means that freightage is down to £2 12s. 6d. The English market is at the present date about 46 shillings a quarter, or about \$2 of our money. Last autumn freightage had been put up by the ring to £4, and hence wheat fell correspondingly in the San Francisco market to about \$1.40.

This is a brief statement of the present state of affairs; but the change which the outside dealers, who are the promoters of this scheme, hope to bring about, is to gain control of the California wheat trade, which will prevent the present manipulation of the ring. They expect, as an outcome of this plan, that the farmer will not be forced to depend upon the existing state of the market at the time when he sells his wheat, but that he will be enabled, under the new method, to ship his wheat to the city warehouse, place it under the charge of his broker, and return home to await the rise, before he sells it. At his home in the interior he may observe the daily rise or fall in the market, and, when he thinks the price sufficiently high, may telegraph his broker to sell. The broker sells the wheat, and forwards the farmer the money, minus commission. In this way the farmer is able to cope with the ring. Under the old rule he would be compelled to personally supervise the shipment of his grain to this market, and wait in San Francisco until he could get a reasonable price for it. This fact deterred a majority of the grangers from such a laborious and expensive method, and they therefore preferred to sell outright on the spot at whatever price the ring or its members would offer. Under the old régime McNear and the ring knew just where the wheat lay, and exactly the position of multitudes of farmers. But with the new system the sales and contracts will be so divided up among the various brokers and outside dealers that the combination will lose one of their chief facilities for manipulating the market. The establishment of the Produce Exchange grain-call will, its members claim, place the market in a thoroughly satisfactory condition. The rules which the committee have adopted embody the best features of the code by which New York, Chicago, and St. Louis exchanges are governed. In most cases they are taken almost word for word from one of the three codes. This renders the system of the four cities almost uniform, for the Chicago and St. Louis rules, for the most part, correspond with those of New York. This the Produce Exchange men claim to be an advantage. On the other hand, the Grain Exchange men (the present mining brokers) hold that it is not. They claim that the rules in vogue elsewhere will not work upon this coast, but that they require careful adaptation to our local necessities.

In California, under the warehouse system, the grain is banded in sacks and by centals. In the Eastern elevators the bushel is the standard. One of the main arguments in favor of this establishment of a fixed system is that it will involve the appointment of an inspector. In Illinois and Missouri there are State inspectors, who inspect and grade wheat under the State law. In New York the Produce Exchange has a regular inspector who, under their rules, grades and stamps with his certificate each lot which is sold. The San Francisco dealers have labored under a serious disadvantage in not having an inspector. In England, and especially in several Eastern cities, buyers have, at various times, claimed that the wheat delivered to them was not of the grade called for, and hence would endeavor to repudiate their contracts. The San Francisco dealer, with his wheat already delivered in a distant land, would then seek, at great loss, to make the best terms he could. With a thorough system of grading and certified inspection, the San Francisco dealer will be no longer at the mercy of Eastern or European buyers. When the inspector's stamp goes on a lot of grain, the foreign buyer will be compelled to abide by the bargain. In the East there is a published and detailed list of the various grain grades. In San Francisco, although these grades have



some hearing in the market, they have never before been carefully followed. The Produce Exchange has now arranged the various grades, and established them as guides to be followed in the inspection of wheat. Under the new rules the buyer receives from the seller, at the sale, a warehouse receipt. This receipt must be accompanied by the grain inspector's certificate, stating the quality or grade of the grain sold. To secure an honest inspection, it is conducted under the supervision of the chairman of the Call Committee. The seller requests from this chairman an inspection of a lot of wheat. The chairman presents samples of it to the inspector, who in this manner is ignorant of its ownership, and grades it with unbiased discrimination. In case of the delinquency of either party in a contract, the other party may re-huy or re-sell, as the case may be, the same amount of property as was named in the original contract, the same being charged to the account of the delinquent. As in the sale of mining stocks, each party must make a deposit on time and contract sales. This deposit is made with some designated bank, and must cover a margin of ten per cent, which must be kept good through the fluctuations of the market. Duplicate receipts of the two deposits must be issued to the call committee by the bank; so that, in case of a dispute, the call committee, as arbitrator, may control the deposit as subject to its decision.

In connection with this system of arbitration of disputed sales, one clause has been the subject of much discussion. This is the rule which ordains that, in determining the value of property under dispute, the call committee shall rate it according to the existing average value in other markets, and entirely irrespective of any fictitious value for which it may be then selling in this market. This rule has been in force for thirteen years in Chicago, and has proved entirely satisfactory. Without such a rule, a party may buy up, or in some manner dispose of, all the grain of a certain brand; he may then go into the market and contract with some dealer for the same brand, to be delivered at a certain date; he next offers on the market the same brand at a price two or three hundred per cent. higher than it previously brought. Although he will not receive that price for it, yet, having the brand under his control, he can do as he pleases. Now, without this rule, the party who has contracted to furnish him that brand will be compelled to pay the extortionate price, or break the contract. With this rule he is able, by submitting the case to the committee, to pay the proper and not the fictitious market value. In the East there is but one principal port for shipment and deliveries, and that is Chicago. At that place, the elevators being all under the same rules of inspection, there is but little confusion as to the correct grades. Around the Bay of San Francisco are the ports of Vallejo, Port Costa, and two or three others, all of which contain various warehouses, under different systems. The new rules will bring about identical arrangements in each port, and will thus equalize the various grades delivered from each warehouse. In compiling this code the Produce Exchange committee has omitted many of those Eastern rules which involve the minor details of delivery and inspection. The committee did this with the desire of making everything as simple as possible in the beginning, so that the San Francisco dealers may become the more speedily familiar with the main workings of the system.

A committee of the San Francisco Stock Board have also in contemplation the establishing of a Wheat Exchange, which, although a separate institution, is to be under the auspices of the present board. In addition to its own members there will be fifty outside men, who will be mostly wheat dealers, and whose number is already about made up. Their views may be summarized by the following statements. As we have remarked before, grain in the East is handled in bulk, and by elevators. In New York or Chicago a man may deliver so many thousand bushels of grain to a warehouse, and receive a receipt for the same. When he returns several months later for the grain, and presents the receipt, he does not get back the original grain, but grain of the same grade and quality. Hence, in New York and the Eastern markets there is need of the inspector system, in order to preserve the proper grading. On the other hand, in California, where wheat is handled in sacks, and on the warehouse plan, a man receives back from the warehouse, on presentation of his receipt, the same wheat that he originally delivered. For this reason, say the members of the Stock Board, what is the use of having an inspector? If a man is going to get back the same grain, why does he need a certificate of inspection with it? The party who buys it from him can test and inspect the grain to his own satisfaction without any outside aid. For this reason the routine and fixed system of the Produce Exchange plan is needless in a market where the handling of grain more resembles the method of selling cotton in bales. As regards the system of actual, or in commercial slang, "spot" sales, the Stock Board men point to the Eastern market as an illustration, and claim that these same "spot" sales—on which the Produce Exchange will mainly depend—are but feeble reflections of the

huge proportions which the speculative method of contract sales would surely assume. To give an instance: New York, during January of the present year, received 1,150,000 cents of wheat. But with this actual receipt as a basis, the quantity involved in transactions by contract amounted to 35,125,000 cents, which had a market value of \$78,745,000. San Francisco, during the same month, actually received 1,400,000 cents of wheat, which exceeded the New York receipts by 250,000 cents; and yet the cents and their value involved in transactions by contract were nothing. The annual receipts of wheat and flour in New York are 50,000,000 cents; in Chicago, 24,000,000 cents; in San Francisco, 22,000,000 cents. In New York and Chicago these amounts are increased twenty fold. With this proportion, if a similar system of option sales were introduced in San Francisco, the Stock Board men claim that the brokers would receive three million dollars in percentages alone. As a further illustration, the Stock Board men point to the New York speculation in cotton and petroleum. During the year 1881 the "spot" sales of cotton amounted in New York to 326,821 bales, valued at \$18,648,334. For the same year the transactions by contract sales amounted to 30,341,800 bales, worth \$1,638,457,200, of which 185,400 bales, worth \$9,805,000, were actually delivered, or about six per cent. of contract sales. In the matter of crude petroleum, however, the statistics are still more startling. In January of the present year the month's receipts in New York, Oil City, and Bradford combined were 1,035,000 barrels. But the month's transactions by contract sales amounted to 56,203,000 barrels, valued at \$44,900,000. At this rate the year's sales in crude petroleum promise to be 500,000,000 barrels, with a corresponding value of \$400,000,000. The Stock Board men claim that such a means of creating an active money circulation ought not to be neglected by San Francisco capitalists, and that the speculative system should not be hampered by the rules under which the Produce Exchange proposes to conduct business.

In conclusion, we will again remark that we do not indorse any of the views here presented, further than as to the accuracy of the statements and statistics. This is a presentation of facts, and not of opinions. The movement has already progressed so far that it will doubtless take a permanent shape, and until it does it will be impossible to discuss it. The probabilities are that the movement under the auspices of the San Francisco Stock Exchange will be the more successful one. This body possesses large capital, long experience in the machinery of stock-dealing, and a strong infusion of the speculative element. With these points in their favor, they can scarcely fail to leave the produce men behind. In that case, it is probable that the wheat market will rest entirely in their hands, while other commodities coming more strictly within the province of "produce," will be left to the other dealers.

There is great anxiety just now in official and political circles at Washington over the necessity of a navy. The iron patriots and naval constructors are deeply concerned lest the country should suffer from its unprotected condition in the event of foreign invasion. It is almost pathetic to listen to the recital of doleful probabilities in case our country should be involved in war, arising from the unprotected condition of our shores, their exposed situation, and the insufficiency of our harbor defenses. The diplomatic controversy with Chile has directed attention to the exposed condition of San Francisco, and every contractor of guns and ironclads is deeply solicitous that the government should hasten to employ him in the direction of giving safety to the Pacific Coast. It is true we are not at war with any foreign power, nor is there any such present complication as is likely to result in war. But the national treasury overflows with money. The national income exceeds the annual expenditure, and these prudent alarmists would hasten to give us fleets of iron-clad ships, and make our coasts hristle with defensive guns. It is true that there is no form of ship that even promises protection. There is no form of gun invented that furnishes any guaranty of serviceable use. It is probable that the whole system of naval warfare and coast defense must undergo such material change that our present forts, our present ships, and our present guns are likely to be entirely worthless for the uses for which they were constructed. Still the agitation goes on for more forts, more guns, and more ships. It is said that Ericsson has invented a steamer, iron-clad and swift, that will sail under water, and, while submerged, fire a projectile so charged with dynamite that it will destroy the strongest ironclad of England's navy at a single successful discharge. It is said that the Haskell-Lyman accelerated gun is so arranged that the ball receives the propulsion of three charges of powder along the course of the barrel, and will discharge its elongated missile twelve miles with unerring accuracy. Both of these inventions, however, still rest in the domain of experiment. We hear of floating harbor batteries, torpedoes, swift rams, and all sorts of monsters that are to work destruction on land and water. The most approved of the new plans now put forth is the construction of steel ships, swift, light, and armed with one or two guns of long range and powerful penetration, which

are worked by an apparatus that will turn them with lightning rapidity. These ships are to be used, not in fleets, fighting sea-battles with the enemy's ponderous guns and heavy armor, but will be employed in sweeping an enemy's commerce from the seas. Let the coast and harbors be defended with torpedoes, while this light brigade of ships, with their flying artillery, he sent out on the high seas to destroy the merchant marine of any nation that shall presume to give us the challenge of war. For the cost of one ponderous ironclad, with its hundred-ton guns, carrying three hundred-pound projectiles, there may be constructed half a dozen light, swift-sailing, steel ships, with a gun in both bow and stern, that, at a distance where the Armstrong or Krupp missile can not reach them, may sink, with a single well-directed shot, any of the great leviathans of the deep built by England, France, or Italy. Senator Morgan, of Alabama, declared recently in debate that we have a large number of great guns, costing fifty thousand dollars each, which have never been tested, and which brave men have not the courage to test; for they seldom withstand the second, and, in rare instances, the third discharge. He also declared that the guns now being manufactured are under the patents of ordnance officers engaged in their construction; that there is in this business, as in everything else, a ring that is swindling the government in the manufacture of heavy ordnance. The United States has an excellent defense in the three thousand miles of angry ocean that separate us from Europe. England's vast commerce affords the surest guarantee that this hellicose power is not likely, except under greater provocation than America is ever likely to give, to risk her carrying trade. The tables are now so turned that an *Alabama* or two, sailing at the rate of seventeen knots an hour, could chase English ships from the ocean, and light up the seas with their blazing wrecks. With so little tonnage of our own to risk, we may rest confident that our country is not likely to be soon provoked into unnecessary war. The moral of our situation is to let the governments of Europe experiment in the direction of forts, ships, and guns, while we save our money, pay our national debt, and so husband our resources that when any final experiment has demonstrated the best practical coast defenses, the best ships, and the best guns, we may avail ourselves of them. In the meantime, let us mind our own business, and keep at peace with all the world.

It was proposed, not long ago, by some cold-blooded journalist, to vivisect Guiteau. The project of course excited instant condemnation. But this was probably owing to that feeling of pity which most people experience at the thought of inflicting intense pain, together with a repugnance to the dreadful scene if the subject were not put under the influence of anæsthetics. On the other hand, many people would object to his being vivisected under anæsthetic influence, for the reason that he would experience no pain. In this dilemma it might be well to suggest the use of *curari*, a drug much affected by vivisectors now-a-days. This has the effect of paralyzing the motor nerves, and thus preventing all the usual signs of agony, while the subject probably suffers the most exquisite pain. Guiteau might be put under the influence of this drug, his lungs being kept artificially in motion by some mechanical contrivance. The vivisection of his brain would doubtless, if carefully done, throw much light upon many dark questions regarding mania.

The *Post* of this city has a standing heading, "What the *Post* Would Like To Know." There are a great many things that the *Post* might know, to its advantage, and possibly to that of its readers, if it has any. The latest thing the *Post* would like to know is, "What does Frank M. Pixley mean by writing to his paper that President Arthur is 'content to lead the Guiteau wing of the Republican party'; and that 'the shadow of assassination' is over 'the White House'?" He means by this that the wing of the party which Arthur leads and encourages is that wing to which Guiteau and the *Post* belong; by "the shadow of assassination being over the White House" he means that Arthur owes his seat to the vindictive assaults made upon President Garfield by stalwart journals of the *Post* stripe, which, working upon the morbid brain of Guiteau, impelled him to the commission of foul murder. Our esteemed although fat-witted contemporary propounds another query, which is, "Is there no way of running Pixley out of Washington?" Yes, there is. Send him the *Post* regularly. Then he will go away.

Blaine's correspondence with Mexico in reference to its disputed boundary line with Guatemala has again demonstrated that his policy of interference in the affairs of our sister republics is the policy of conciliation and peace. It is a policy that looks to the protection of the weaker powers, and is entirely bonorable. It is a policy that, persisted in, would in time bring about a union of the Mexican and Central American States in one strong confederation. It would place them in friendly alliance with the United States. It would put them at peace among themselves, and render them profitable and pleasant neighbors to us. In time, perhaps, such a political union as this would bring North America a grand consolidated republic.



## DEATH.

His Benevolent Conduct Toward the Father of His God-Child.

Once upon a time there dwelt a stout and jovial farmer, by name Jean Philippe, at the hamlet of Quesne-Raoul, about four howshouts from Condé-sur-l'Escant. He had a wife and twelve sons, solid, chunky lads all of them, and he himself, though his hair was grizzling, was straight as a poplar.

In the year of grace, no matter what, his wife presented him with a thirteenth hoy as a New Year's gift—a hoy that did not give any sign of resembling his robust brothers.

"You are as thin as a cat in May, poor little fellow," said his father, "and, besides, you have drawn an unlucky number in the lottery of life; but there is one way to conjure evil fortune away from you, and that is to give you a just and honest man for godfather. That will be easy enough to do."

But when he sat down, and began to run over the list of his friends and neighbors, he found that the task was not such an easy one after all. One man had tried to swindle him out of four feet of land; another had killed his hens; a third had cheated him at cards one Sunday as they were playing at the tavern after vespers. So he rejected all the dwellers in the hamlet, and then all his acquaintances at Condé and the notables thereof; yea, even the justice of the peace and the priest, the former because he had decided against Jean Philippe in a case about a fence, and the latter because at catechism he gave the first place in the class to the hurgomaster's son, who, saving your presence, was not only not so bright as Jean Philippe's own boy, but was indeed an ass.

"It is not so easy a task as I thought," said the farmer, with a sigh, and taking counsel with his wife, he resolved that, as there seemed to be no honest men in that part of the country, he would take his staff and go in search of one. So he set forth on his pilgrimage, and presently—of course it was midnight, and he was passing through a lonely wood—he met a man who, by the pale light of the stars, seemed to him as tall and as thin as a bop-pole, and who was carrying a scythe as long as himself.

"Whoever you may be, good man," said the farmer, halting this strange figure, "lend me a pipeful of tobacco. My pouch is empty."

Without a word the mower drew forth a tobacco pouch to the farmer, who, while filling his pipe, had an opportunity of examining the stranger's appearance. He was a strange-looking man, indeed—like he was a man at all. His head was bald and shining; his eyes were small and sunken; his nose was flat, and his mouth, immoderately large, showed a few grinning teeth. His cheeks were hollow, and his skin was like parchment, and when he moved his joints crackled like a swinging sign.

"Thank you, friend," said Jean Philippe, returning the pouch. "The mowing business does not seem to be a very paying one, to judge from your looks; you are leaner than a tithe hen. Take care of yourself, you had better, if you want to make old bones."

"Don't worry yourself, friend; my old bones will see yours under the ground."

And the old man's little eyes sparkled like a sprinkle of salt cast into the fire.

"What are you doing out of doors at this time of night?" he continued, questioning the farmer.

"Well, you see my wife has just been brought to bed of a thirteenth boy, and as the little thing is only skin and bone, I have wished to see if I couldn't better his luck by giving him a just man for a godfather. Now, I have been three days and three nights on the search and—"

"And haven't found one?"

"And haven't found one. I didn't think righteous folk were so scarce."

"Suppose you take me?" said the mower, with a grin intended for a smile.

"You? Are you an honest man? Well, yes, you look lean and poor, and so perhaps you are. But what is your name?"

"Death!"

"Death? The deuce! And so that is the scythe that you—"

"Precisely. This is the scythe that I—"

"Hum! After all," said the farmer, reflectively, "I don't see that I could do any better. Death is just. His scythe cuts down impartially the rich and the poor, the great and the humble. Shake hands on it, god-papa, and I'll answer that the christening shall be worthy of the sponsor."

"Very good. When is it to be?"

"On Sunday next, at Quesne-Raoul. Inquire for Jean Philippe, the farmer; any one will show you the house."

"A hargain. Good-night, friend."

"Good-night, Death."

Jean Philippe went home with a light heart. "Wife," said he, "I've secured a famous godfather, and if he only takes an interest in the child, it won't die teething." But as women, particularly when ill, are apt to be easily alarmed and upset, he did not enter into any further explanations.

When Sunday came round, Jean Philippe donned his bottle-green velvet breeches, his silver-huckled shoes, and his camel waistcoat, to do honor to the distinguished godfather. His wife and the twelve boys, and the godmother as well, were arrayed in their Sunday best. In due course the godfather arrived, wearing a long coat that flapped about him like the sail round the mast of a wrecked ship. He was universally voted lean and elderly, but it was admitted that he had a distinguished air.

After the christening, which took place at Condé—the little stone church at Macon had not then been built—and at which Granther Jacob played "King Dagobert" on the cbimes, the party returned to the farm, where a notable feast was served. The farmer had killed his fattest pig to do honor to the occasion.

It was a pleasure to see Death eat. To his own plate he disposed of as much as all the other guests—fifteen in all, and all Flemings—and Jean Philippe could not help envying him his appetite.

When at ten o'clock the curfew was sounded at Condé, the stirrup-cup was drained, and the godfather, having smiled benevolently on his godchild and embraced his gossip, bade the family good evening.

Jean Philippe insisted on seeing him home, at least part of the way, and they set out, arm in arm, singing.

"Say, friend," remarked the farmer, as they walked along, "though you have a famous appetite, I no longer wonder that you have so little fat on your ribs. You must have a busy time of it. How much—that is to say, bow many do you mow a day, eh?"

"Oh, 'bout sixty thousand a day, I should say, on an average; sometimes more, sometimes less."

"Sixty thousand a day! Dear, dear! And how many did you mow down to-day, if it's a fair question?"

"Not a single one."

"Not a single one? Dear, dear! Why, there are sixty thousand Christian folk that ought to be under obligations to me."

"Well, not exactly. You see I take a holiday now and then, and this happened to be one of my lazy days, else I couldn't have accepted your kind invitation."

"But how do you tell whom to cut down and whom to leave? because I don't suppose you do it at random."

"Of course I don't; but if you will come home with me I will show you with pleasure. Oh, no; it isn't far—a mere howshot from here."

Jean Philippe looked about him. They were on the verge of the forest of Baudour. From chapel to chapel, as the saying is, they had been walking a good six hours, without his noticing it.

The residence of Death was a mean and poorly furnished hut; its sole ornament the big scythe, which, in the rays of the moon, shone as if it were made of silver.

"For a master-workman, such as you are," quoth the farmer, "I must say you are poorly lodged."

"Oh, that makes no difference. The pot isn't the beer, you know. And, besides, I'm not married. But come down stairs till I show you."

He took his scythe and whetstone, and lifted a trap-door in the flooring. Jean Philippe followed him into the aperture, and they went down a dark and winding stair, went down, went down, went down, till the farmer thought they must be coming to the very centre of the earth. At last they reached a big iron door. Death opened it with a key he took from his belt, and Jean Philippe started back as it swung open.

"In the name of God, what is this?" he stammered, blinded by the glow of light which hurst forth from the aperture.

Before him were endless vistas of galleries, where shone millions of lighted lamps. There were lamps of gold and of silver, of copper and of brass, of iron and of tin; lamps of every metal, from the most precious to the basest; lamps swinging from the roof, hung against the walls, ranged in rows on steps of porphyry. And yet, curiously enough, Jean Philippe could distinguish the shining of each individual lamp.

"These," said Death, "are the lamps of all the mortals upon earth. When one of them goes out it means that some one up above us is to be cut down."

"Curious—very. And the golden lamps?"

"The golden lamps are kings and princes; the silver ones are dukes; the brazen ones are counts, and so on down to the small tin lamps, which are the common people. All are labeled, you see."

The farmer wandered up and down the gallery for some time in ecstasy. He noticed that the lamps of many noble and powerful lords, which might have been thought to be full of oil, were running low, and that many of the brightest lights were in the meanest sockets. When he had enjoyed the spectacle long enough, he said to Death:

"Say, god-papa, where are the lamps of Quesne-Raoul, if you have no objection to my seeing them?"

"None whatever. In the first gallery, third section, on the left-hand side."

While the farmer proceeded on his tour of inspection, Death sat down and began putting an edge on his scythe against the day's work. From time to time exclamations of surprise or merriment came from the gallery. Presently Jean Philippe reappeared, looking decidedly astonished.

"I say, Death," he cried, excitedly, "I've come to tell you that my lamp is almost out of oil."

"That is likely enough," replied Death, running his thumb along the blade.

"The deuce you say! Then it is pretty near my time?"

Death nodded.

"I say, perhaps you are sharpening that scythe to—to—"

"Precisely!" and Death gave a scientific whet to one part of the edge that seemed a trifle dull.

"Why, bless me, this is very unexpected!" said the farmer; then sidling up to the mower, he went on, mysteriously: "I say, old hoy, you see I consider you as one of the family; is there no way I could smuggle a little oil into that lamp?"

"Smuggle a little oil into that lamp? Why, what do you take me for?"

"We're alone, you see, and Providence'll never suspect anything irregular."

"It's against the rules. You had better fall to your prayers, friend."

"Oh, but between old chums!"

"That's all right; but fall to your prayers, chums as we are."

"All I care for is to hold over till Lent, so that you and I can have a little Mardi-Gras festival. I tell you, sir, we'll have such a time as you never saw; pancakes till you can't rest, and beer—it'll be my treat all the time."

"No nonsense, friend. This scythe is about ready."

"Merely a drop or two. You can take some from that big pot-bellied lamp of the parish priest of Condé—it's so full that it's fairly choking up the wick. Besides, it'll only let the good man enter upon his reward so much the sooner, don't you see?"

"Impossible, friend; impossible. Last week when you were in search of a godfather you couldn't find one rigidly honest man among all your acquaintances; luckily you stumbled upon me. What's the consequence? As soon as you have found a just person you try to buy him up with a miserable pot of beer. You're a queer Christian, you are!"

Jean Philippe was about to make some reply when he heard a faint crackle and a sort of sigh in the first gallery, third section, left-hand side.

His lamp had gone out.—Translated from the French of Charles Deulin.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

General Burnside's large fortune descends to a nephew who is his only heir.

Captain De Long, of Arctic fame, was an office-hoy at three dollars a week in New York twenty years ago.

The Singer of the Simple Sunflower is mentioned in the Oxford University Calendar as "Oscar Fingall O'Flahertie Willis Wild."

Professor Henry Draper succeeds his father, the late Doctor J. W. Draper, in the chair of chemistry in the University of the City of New York.

Earl Rosebery's American friends will be glad to hear that the luxurious quiet of Landeshowne House is now disturbed by the lordly wails of a son and heir.

Willie Wilde is less eccentric and less famous than his brother Oscar. He is known, though, as a handsome man, and the dramatic critic of *Vanity Fair*, of London.

The head of one of the Rossetti ladies appears in many of the pictures of the æsthetic artists, she being one of the most æsthetic of English women, tall, slender, languid, with reddish hair fringed elaborately on her brow.

Señorita Barca, the daughter of the Spanish Minister at Washington, is a thorough Andalusian in appearance, if not in origin. Her little foot is delicately arched, her carriage is superb, and her eyes are dark and brilliant.

Mary R. James, the wife of Henry James Sr., and the mother of the novelist, died recently at Cambridge. She was seventy-two years old. She leaves only two children, Professor William James, of Harvard, and Henry James Jr.

Gail Hamilton and Mrs. Blaine, in looking through an old shop, found a dirt-obscured painting, and purchased it for a song. When cleaned, it was found to be, it is reported, the work of that painter of slim and pretty women, Sir Peter Lely.

Mrs. Langtry is doing so genuinely well in London that she will not visit America before the lapse of a year at least. In the meanwhile we are having pleasant particulars about her, among them that she wears a rather high shoe and a very small corset.

It is announced that the Archduchess Marie Valerie, the emperor of Austria's youngest daughter, who is aged thirteen, has asked to be allowed, by way of a Christmas present, to bring up one of the children who lost their parents in the fire.

Cardinal Howard, who has just been raised by the Pope to the dignity of arch-priest of the Basilica of St. Peter's, was in his youth a soldier. It was as an officer in the Life Guards that he led the procession at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington.

Poor Fortuny's sketches in oil bring prices out of all proportion to the labor bestowed upon them, but not to the genius in them. Three slight ones were sold in London recently for four hundred dollars, ninety-two dollars, and sixty-five dollars respectively.

M. Littré died a poor man, leaving his widow and his daughter slenderly provided for. The three, however, believed that they owed a duty to their neighbor; and, following out her husband's testamentary instructions, Madame Littré has made the first of an annual distribution of sixty dollars to the poor about her.

The Russian Empress, who is in a delicate state of health, met with an unpleasant accident the other day. She was riding in a sledge at Gatschina, when the horses became frightened, and running away, upset the sledge, and dragged the beautiful Dagmar for a short distance, leaving her at last in the snow. She rose laughing and brave as ever.

M. Leo Taxil, a French journalist, has been convicted by the police tribunals of plagiarism, and has, by a civil court, been sentenced to pay twelve thousand dollars damages for publishing a book, called "The Secret Amours of Pius IX." M. Taxil, whose real name is Maurice Jegaud, was the author of a sympathetic obituary of the ex-Prince Imperial, headed, "Poor Little Beggar, He Has Croaked!"

At Mr. G. W. Childs's reception, in conversation with the wife of a distinguished American diplomat, and after a little quizzing as to the class of people who were likely to fall down and worship him, Oscar Wilde is accredited with the remark that he came to America to teach us "to recognize the beautiful in nature." "Then," said the lady, "you had better cut your hair shorter and your trousers longer."

Lord Walter Campbell is not the only aristocratic broker in London City; it is becoming the fashion for the younger sons of noble families to take up this business. These gentlemen are now on the list of sworn brokers: The Hon. Althert Petre, the Hon. Edward and Henry Bourke, Sir Maurice Duff-Gordon, the Hon. Kenelm Pleydell-Bouverie, Hon. Richard Strutt, and Sir Hector Maclean Hay.

Donald G. Mitchell, (Ik Marvel), in his New Haven lecture the other morning, alluded to the matter of dress, saying: "The English have never outlived caprices in dress. Mr. Wilde flatters us with a toilet of plush and small-clothes, while our friend Mr. Freeman—does not." Mr. E. A. Freeman, the historian, it seems, has been going around New York wearing a gray flannel shirt and a paper collar. He is evidently a blue-blooded Briton.

A great many journals are denouncing Oscar Wilde as a "fool" and an "ass," because he wears long hair and knee-breeches and is so exceedingly "æsthetic," but they are altogether wrong. He is neither a fool nor an ass, says a writer in the *Republic*, but a very astute young gentleman, who, as poor Louis Napoleon said, comprehends his era. Whoever happens to encounter Mr. Wilde some ten or twelve years hence will probably find him living comfortably on the proceeds of his "folly," and will see a rather portly gentleman, dressed in a plain business suit, wearing his hair cropped, taking a keen interest in the stock market, but little or none in Beauty with a large B, and manifesting a particular aversion to lilies and sunflowers.



## TRUTHFUL TALES.

## Her Mind Made Up.

A Buffalo paper tells of a lover who began to propose to his girl just as the horses started to run with the sleigh. Being determined to have it over with, he got the question out at the moment the sleigh struck a mile post. The girl was thrown high in the air, but as she came down she uttered a firm "Yes, Charlie," and then fainted.

## A Woman's Fatal Feet.

A woman who went bathing in the river put on a pair of slippers with heavy cork soles to protect her feet from the pebbles. She had scarcely waded out to a point where the water reached her waist ere she was seized with a wild, untamed desire to stand on her head, but the conventionalities of society would be shocked by such an act, she knew, and, by a remarkable exercise of will power, or something of that sort, she managed to keep her feet under her. After wading out a few feet further, however, the desire to indulge in a little gymnastic exercise overcame her scruples, and in a jiffy her feet were pointing up to the north star, while her head was grouping about for a good resting place in the sand at the bottom. A gentleman who witnessed her dilemma swam to her assistance, and holding her head above water, towed her feet ashore. When she next hatches she will probably wear leaden shoes.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## The Parrot Tumbled.

Two sailors once went with a tame parrot to a show in Tokio, where a Japanese was giving an exhibition of slight-of-hand, interspersed with acrobatic feats. At the end of each trick the sailors would say: "Now, isn't that clever! Wonder what he'll do next?"

With each act of the performance their astonishment increased, and they kept muttering: "Wonder what he'll do next?"

The parrot heard this exclamation so often that he picked it up off-hand, as it were.

Presently the Japanese undertook to keep in the air a number of bamboo sticks ignited at both ends, but having his attention distracted by a movement in the audience, he allowed one of the sticks to drop. Unfortunately it fell upon a heap of firecrackers, bombs, etc., which exploded, blew out the walls, blew off the roof, scattered the audience in all directions, and sent the parrot, minus its tail-feathers and one eye, about four hundred yards.

As the bird came down with a flop, it shrieked: "Wasn't that clever? Wonder what he'll do next?"

## Pills vs. Pettifogger.

A smart young sprig of a lawyer had a grave old doctor on the witness stand in a case of assault and battery, and he questioned him unmercifully.

"Ah, doctor," inquired the lawyer, "did I understand you to say that the cut in the man's head was dangerous?"

"Yes, sir," replied the doctor.

"Well, doctor, doesn't it sometimes happen that even a less cut than this one is dangerous?"

"Yes, sir."

"And, doctor, is it not true that even a scratch is dangerous?"

"Yes, sir, and I have known of cases resulting fatally when not even a scratch was visible. Only recently a man died under such circumstances."

"Ah, indeed," quickly put in the attorney, in a pleased and satisfied way, "will you be kind enough to tell the jury the facts?"

"Certainly, if you desire it."

"You say there was not a scratch on him?"

"Not one that I could find."

"And he died?"

"Yes."

"Now, doctor, just tell the jury how it was."

"Well, you see, he had the colic, and he was dead before I could get him untangled."

The young attorney called another witness.—*Stevensville Herald.*

## A Parisian Crank Keeper.

The late Doctor Briere de Boismont had for some forty years one of the best known of Parisian madhouses. There it was that Donizetti closed his life, haggard, worn, crouching in terror, at times running on all fours like a wild beast. Only twice or thrice did a ray of light pass athwart the thick cloud resting on his mind. The last time was when, as he was walking in the garden gesticulating wildly to himself, as was his wont, he heard in the road without an organ-grinder playing the well-known air from "Lucia." "O bel angel." Suddenly the composer lifted his head and listened. He recognized the music and hummed a few bars, then burst into tears, crying: "Poor Donizetti—dead—dead—dead!" A few minutes later the cloud had settled down once more, and a month afterward he died. Doctor Briere de Boismont was a friend of all the artistic and literary celebrities of his time, who dined with him frequently—the latter often for the purpose of making studies of the various stages and sorts of insanity.

One day an animated discussion took place between the doctor and a rich banker, who held that madness could easily be detected even by a non-expert.

"On the contrary," said the doctor, "I have a dozen patients in my keeping who, outside of their pet idea, are as sane and sensible as you, or at least seem to be as sane and sensible as you are. I will make a wager that I will introduce you to a small dinner party at which one of the guests will be one of my most hopeless cases, and that you will pass the evening without 'spotting' him."

"Done!" said the banker, and the dinner was set for the next Monday night.

When the party was about to break up, the doctor approached the banker, and asked with a smile: "Well, did you discover the madman?"

"Discover the madman!" echoed the banker, with a contemptuous curl of the lip; "why, I picked him out before we had been at table five minutes—the man on your left. Any one could do it after hearing him talk about his chimerical enterprises, which were to yield him fabulous sums—made as a March hare. I could not help remarking as much to the gentleman who sat beside me."

"Which one?"

"The one on my left—a very quiet, gentlemanly, well-informed man, too. Who was he?"

"Oh, he was the madman. The gentleman on my left was Honoré de Balzac!"—*New York World.*

## FROM THE MARCH MAGAZINES.

## To a Bashful Lover.

## (TRIOLET.)

You know it is late,

And the night's growing colder;

Still you lean o'er the gate.

You know it is late,

There's a fire in the grate—

Ah, sweetheart, be holder!

You know it is late,

And the night's growing colder.

—A. B. Saxton in the Century.

## Her China Cup.

## (RONDEAU.)

Her china cup is white and thin;

A thousand times her heart has been

Made merry at its scalloped brink,

And in the bottom, painted pink,

A dragon greets her with a grin,

The him her kisses loves to win;

The handle is a manikin,

Who spies the foes that chip or chink

Her china cup.

Muse, tell me if it be a sin:

I watch her lift it past her chin

Up to the scarlet lips and drink

The Oolong draught. Somehow I think

I'd like to be the dragon in

Her china cup.

—F. D. Sherman in the Century.

## Missing.

You walked beside me, quick and free;

With lingering touch you grasped my hand;

Your eyes looked laughingly in mine;

And now—I can not understand.

I long for you, I mourn for you,

Through all the dark and lonely hours.

Heavy the weight the pallmen lift,

And cover silently with flowers.

—Sarah Orne Jewett in Harpers.

## "Ah, Si Jeunesse Savait!"

Had youth but known, some years ago,

That freckled-faced small girls could grow

In most astounding way

To lovely women, in whose eyes

The light a man most longs for lies—

Ah, si Jeunesse savait!

Had youth but known—my youth, I mean—

That you would walk as regnant queen

Of hearts in this new day—

That elfin locks could change to curls

Softer than any other girl's—

Ah, si Jeunesse savait!

Had youth but known the time would come

When I should stand, abashed and dumb,

With not one word to say,

Before you, whom, in days gone by,

I'd tease until you could but cry—

Ah, si Jeunesse savait!

I little dreamed, in those old days,

Of undeveloped winning ways

To wile men's hearts away—

When, wading in the brook with you,

I splashed your best frock through and through—

Ah, si Jeunesse savait!

Your pretty nose—ah! there's the rub—

I used to laugh at once as "snub,"

Is now *nez retroussé*;

Upon the one-time brown bare feet

You wear French kids now, trim and neat—

Ah, si Jeunesse savait!

The brief kill skirt, the legs all bare,

The freckled face, the tangled hair—

These things are passed away;

You are a woman now, full grown,

With lovers of your very own—

Ah, si Jeunesse savait!

You'd plead to be my comrade then,

With tearful big brown eyes—Ah, when,

My winning, winsome May,

Will words like those your lips atween

Come back again? No more, I ween!

Ah, si Jeunesse savait!

Time turns the tables. It is meet,

Doubtless, that I here at your feet

Should feel your sceptre's sway—

Should know you hold me 'neath your heel—

Should love you, and should—well, should feel—

Ah, si Jeunesse savait!

—A. C. Gordon in the Century.

## Syrinx.

Come forth, too timid spirit of the reed!

Leave thy plashed coverts and illusions shy,

And find delight at large in grove and mead.

No ambushd harm, no wanton peering eye,

The shepherd's uncouth god thou needst not fear—

Pan has not passed this way for many a year.

'Tis but the vagrant wind that makes thee start—

The pleasure-loving south, the freshening west;

The willow's woven veil they softly part;

To fan the lily on the stream's warm breast;

No ruder stir, no footstep pressing near—

Pan has not passed this way for many a year.

Whether he lies in some mossed wood, asleep,

And heeds not how the acorns drop around,

Or in some shelly cavern near the deep,

Lulled by its pulses of eternal sound,

He wakes not, answers not our sylvan cheer—

Pan has been gone this many a silent year.

Else we had seen him through the mists of morn,

To upland pasture lead his bleating charge;

There is no shag upon the stunted thorn,

No hoof-print on the river's silver marge;

Nor broken branch of pine, nor ivied spear—

Pan has not passed that way for many a year.

O tremulous elf! reach me a hollow pipe,

The best and smoothest of thy mellow store;

Now, I may blow till Time be hoary ripe,

And listening streams forsake the paths they wore;

Pan loved the sound, but now will never hear—

Pan has not trimmed a reed this many a year!

And so, come freely forth, and through the sedge

Lift up a dimpled, warm Arcadian face,

As on that day when fear thy feet did fledge,

And thou didst safely win the breathless race.

I am deceived; nor Pan nor thou art here—

Pan has been gone this many a silent year!

—Edith M. Thomas in the Atlantic.

## THE INNER MAN.

Two recent occurrences, both in New York and San Francisco, have attracted much interest. They were the two culinary halls which the knights of the kitchen in each city give annually about this time. The New York hall was, of course, much more magnificent as regards ornamental designs, but the San Francisco affair—to use a slang expression, here permissible—"took the cake" for the more delicate parties of the art. New York is unequalled for its fine dishes when one takes merely into consideration those portions of a menu whose materials are in easy reach. But when it comes to game and delicate vegetables, and the treatment of both, San Francisco surpasses the other metropolis. The New York banquet was held at Irving Hall, which presented an interesting sight. Most noticeable on entering was a large piece called "The Turf Club, the Conqueror of the World," which stood at the end of the centre table, contributed by the chef of the Turf Club to celebrate the victories of Iroquois and Foxhall. At the base of an arch of triumph, composed of snowy, glistening stearine, was a race-course. A stearine Iroquois, the jockey wearing the Lorillard colors, headed the field at the finish at one end, and a hulky Foxhall was winning similar honors for Mr. Keene at the other. Supported on pillars above was a mound of galantries crowned by a figure of Liberty. The centre piece was a tribute to "The Four Founders of the Universal Union of the Culinary Art," and was the work of the chef at the Metropolitan Hotel. Below was a white forest, enlivened with surprising mounds of jellies and salads sorrowfully regarded by quails which, though roasted, miraculously preserved their plumage. In the centre was a lake, with sugar swans. Next above was a platform on which cooks were busily baking, boiling, and seasoning, while next, supported by four Hercules, was a mound of galantries and patties surmounted by the figure of a cook. Near by, an exciting hurdle race was sculptured in stearine, the glories of which would have paled, could a paler hue have been attained, before the toothsome boned meats above them. In the San Francisco dinner, at Covenant Hall last week, the "Fantasies Culinaires" were not made so much of. This list comprises them all, although they were elaborate and delicious: Château d'Eau de l'Indépendance, L'Astronome au Passage de Vénus, Trophée du Progrès Culinair, Gourmandises à la Sam Ward, Château Fort à la Venitienne, L'Hermilage du Bonheur, Bastion Rustique en Pain Gihier à la Mazagan, Le Prince de Deerfoot Farm. Beside the pieces already mentioned in the New York list, there were several others. Ferdinand Fere, of the Astor House, who is president of the New York association, presented a scene typifying hunting and fishing, and another telling the tale of Alexander Dumas's lobsters. A marine piece from the Westminster Hotel had at its base a little lake containing live goldfish, while dolphins disported themselves above. Again, a roast pig in monk's robes stood upon a rustic standard of twisted boughs. Two fine pheasants, perched on sugar branches, were sent from the Union League Club, as well as a tree full of ghostly woodcock, which had lost half their plumage. One of the finest game pieces was the work of August Valedon, chef at the Hotel Victoria. At the bottom were pigeons and above tiers of capons, quails, partridges, and woodcock, the whole surmounted by a splendid pheasant. All retained their plumage. Another, an immense salmon in a lake with goldfish, was sent from the Clarendon Hotel, and a Swiss chalet and garden scene were from the St. Nicholas Hotel. "Below and Above High Bridge" was from the Merchants' Club, and the "Lyre of Harmony" from the Hotel Brunswick. In all forty-one "Culinary Fantasies" and eighteen *pâtisseries* were displayed. But while New York furnished all these pastries and "frothy things," as Portnois called them when talking to Louis XIV., we fail to note in the menu, with the exception of the pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks, that the more appetizing solids cut much of a figure. We here give a few numbers from the San Francisco menu: Saumon du Sacramento à la Catania, Flet de Boeuf à la Montesquieu, Galantine de Dinde à la Française, Hure de Sanglier au Gastronom, Bœuf à la Renaisance, Langue de Boeuf à la Thavandamaga, Jambon d'Ours à la Puleier muskau, Voliere de Cailles à la Boisson, Chandfroix de gihier à la Circassienne, Aspic de Homard à l'Onole Sam, Pâté de foie gras à la Regence, Galantine de Perdreaux à la Gauloise, Noix de Veaux à la gelée, Salade de langouste à la Bagration, Salade de Volaille à la Nilsson, Jambon Rotis, Dindonneaux à la gelée, Pouslets gras au Cresson Cailles, Filet de Boeuf, Perdreaux Glacés, s Langue de Boeuf.

Bill Nye has been visiting Denver. The newspaper men of that place gave him a banquet the other day, of which the *Tribune* the next morning said: "The banquet to Bill Nye last night was what the average society reporter would term a very recherché affair. The menu was printed in French, and the waiters wore full-dress attire. There were eleven courses, with a different kind of wine for every course." In order that Californians may know what is considered "recherché" in the Denver dinner line, we print verbatim the following peculiar menu:

Raw Oysters.  
Consomme à la Royale.  
Sherry.  
Baked Whitefish à la Parisien.  
Claret.  
Roast Turkey, stuffed with Oysters. Asparagus. Baked Mashed Potatoes.  
Mumm's Extra Dry Champagne.  
Tenderloin of Beef, larded, Mushroom Sauce. French Peas. New Potatoes. Broiled Quail on Toast. Omelet Souffle, Vanilla Ice Cream. Assorted Cakes. Tea. Coffee.  
Brandy.

CCXVII.—Sunday, February 26.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Mutton Soup.  
Hominy. String Beans. Mushrooms.  
Roast Beef. Potatoes in Cases.  
Vegetable Salad. German Baked Ice Cream.  
Apples. Oranges. Figs. Prunes.

POTATOES IN CASES.—Bake potatoes of equal size, and when done, and still hot, cut off a small piece from each potato; scoop out carefully the inside, leaving the skin unbroken; mash the potato well; season with plenty of butter, salt, and pepper; return it with a spoon to the potato skin, allowing it to protrude about an inch above the skin. When enough skins are filled, use a fork to make mugh the potatn which projects above the skin; put them into a very quick oven, to color the tops.

GERMAN BAKED ICE CREAM.—Take a flat round sponge cake and a circular mould of very hard frozen ice cream; cover this cream with the whipped white of an egg, sweetened and flavored, or méringue. Quickly color this with a hot oven.

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## TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

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It is nothing new to say that everything is a disappointment in this world. From the falls of Niagara, up or down, according as the case may be, a physical or a metaphysical affair, nothing is quite as our fancy painted it. An agreeable disappointment is perhaps the rarest of all the sensations. And yet, how well we always rally. I have heard a score of people, who went to see Geistering on Tuesday night, looking forward with sunniest hope to Gerster in April. They have not yet begun to send word across the continent how much haggage Gerster flies with, and we have all known any time these six weeks that Marie Geistering has forty trunks full of raiment. The female mind has a certain respect for that amount of clothes, whether they go to drape the body of a genius or a fool. The masculine mind is somewhat given to ringing tortuous changes upon an odd name, and, between the two, Marie Geistering leaped to an unearned fame in this goodly city. Besides, Germany has come into fashion. Russia has had its day, and is slowly drifting into the background, and the "great Teutonic wave," as the historians say, is sweeping over us. We all felt that we were doing quite the correct thing when we went to the German opera the other night, and, as the Madame Favart of every one's acquaintance was a mischievous sprite, full of tricks and laughter, every one looked for a merry night of it. People had a fancy for the opera since the arch and merry Aimée had made it popular, and it seemed an auspicious one to begin the season with. There was the hush of expectation in the air throughout the inevitable preamble, and it was with positive relief that we at last saw the red cap of Madame Favart brighten the background. There was a storm of welcome, a shower of flowers, and a cold, instantaneous sense of disappointment. What gave it, who can say? People call it unfair to judge the stranger by Tuesday night, because she was upon the threshold of a grave illness, and even then in deep distress—a fact, indeed, which was very evident. Yet, even so, it is impossible to think of Madame Geistering as a bouffe prima donna. She has a ponderous German gravity, a smileless countenance, and a thorough decorum which will not find their play in that especial field. One looks naturally for archness, sparkle, and vivacity; one dares to hope even for a dash of abandon in opera bouffe. One finds in Geistering an artiste of exceptional technical skill and thorough training. It is possible to have a cold, artistic admiration for cold, artistic excellence, but Madame Geistering has neither the magnetism nor the sense of humor which would warm that admiration to enjoyment. At least she has not as Madame Favart, but it is not given to the German temperament to interpret the French idea. "Boccaccio" being a German opera, would have been infinitely better to open the season with, being at once richer in musical numbers, poorer in dialogue, and from its graver nature more within the province of the lady's field of talent.

As for the company, while it does not contain any glittering lights, the ensemble is good, and Herr Lube and Herr Schultze are clever comedians. "A bad beginning makes a good end," says the old saw, and perhaps that brilliant house will come together again, although it looked as if the worldlings who had been treading pleasure's giddy pace at such a rate through all these gay winter months, had come for one last revel before going into sackcloth and ashes. How fashionable have sackcloth and ashes become, by the way, for I heard one whom I know to be distressingly unfamiliar with the contents of her prayer-book, lamenting the other day that the managers always made their theatres so attractive in Lent. "There is Sheridan," she said, "who has actually been frittering away his time on 'Hamlet,' and 'Othello,' and 'King John,' going to play 'The Fool's Revenge,' just when my sackcloth and ashes are new, and I can't go out in them." A fine, high-handed way these nineteenth century girls have of sitting on Shakespeare, and yet they have a species of divining rod. Sheridan has frittered his time away upon these noble tragedies, for he is neither a great Hamlet, nor a great Othello, nor a great John, but it is not hard to think that he may be a great Bertuccio. There is something in this peculiar rôle which seems to fit him to a nicety, and which may rescue him from the dispiriting half success of his tragic work. In point of fact, honor does not that way lie for him. For some indefinable reason he is at odds with Shakespeare, and, while he seems to have a fondness for the master hard, always makes his best successes with other men's work. Fechter has left a void in the romantic drama which he might fill, perhaps he could not have chosen to

try anything new which seems to lie so clearly in his own line as "The Fool's Revenge."

"And there is 'Divorçons,'" went on the Ash Wednesday penitent with her list of deprivations, "and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and Uncle Tom is such a dear old darkey, and little Eva such a delightfully impossible child, that I really believe I could see them once again and live through it." As for Uncle Tom, he will be so embellished with banjos and other plantation paraphernalia that we shall be like to lose sight of him as the old childhood friend over whom we have wept so many tears, and regard him as a new Haverly product rather than Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's old original. And as for "Divorçons," it is not quite in the way of the strict Lent-keepers, but it is a jolly little comedy for a sinner to sit through.

They have been making a loud outcry in France against Sardou as a plagiarist, and say that "Odette" has been holdly borrowed. Sardou himself is disgusted with France, because "Daniel Rochat," upon which he had expended time and brains was a failure, while "Odette," which he calls "a trifle tossed off in leisure hours," is all the rage. But when it comes to borrowing, commend me to "Divorçons," which is nothing but the comedieta of "Delicate Ground." I think it was these same Lingards who used to play it, and play it very well, too, as a sort of introduction during the times of the lightning changes. It has been much Sardoued in its metempsychosis, and is by so much the more a delightful comedy.

Sardou is like one of those people who have a genius for reading newspapers. Have you not cast a paper aside in complete weariness of spirit, firmly convinced that some one had read the news all out of it before you began? Have you not seen some one else pick up the discarded paper, and read to you the most newsy bits in it, here, there, and everywhere? How you wonder at your own stupidity; but it is not given to every one who runs to read.

Sardou has a genius for dealing with the question of the hour. It is never so vital but that he dares to touch it; it is never so trivial but that he can find play for it. He picks people up from under people's noses and sets them upon the stage; he has a morning chat, and makes it the subject of a drama.

When people began to talk of the divorce laws in France, and French people began to want to be divorced because it was a Parisian novelty, Sardou, finding material for his purpose in "Delicate Ground," helped himself to it, like a wise man, and put it in shape. It requires a certain talent to know just when and how to help yourself, but it requires more to know what to do with what you have helped yourself to.

He has contrived a series of situations which are, to say the least, not usual upon the family hearth. M. des Prunelles is the most complacent of husbands, in the English sense, and madame the most ingenious of wives. With a lover to interfere between such a pair there is a pretty set of complications.

"Such things could not happen outside of France," says a careless observer, when the Des Prunelles agree upon a divorce, and the marriage of madame to the lover—who, by the way, assists at this little family council. And why not? Read the morning papers, O doubter, and be horrified at the frequent peaceable exchange of wives going on in Christian America; not, perhaps, with such a battery of wit as in the French play, but certainly with an equal amount of debate.

"My dear, this is ridiculous, this is mere posthumous jealousy," says Des Prunelles, when, after all the preliminaries are arranged for the divorce, he announces his intention to dine down town, but does not say with whom, whereupon his to-be widow wrestles with the green-eyed monster, is overcome in the encounter, and is only soothed by an invitation to dine with the man whom she hated an hour before.

What a roar goes up from the house when the gentleman mysteriously enters the *cabinet particulier* with his own wife upon his arm, and what another follows it when they both fear that she will be compromised by being seen in such a place with her own husband.

Mr. Lingard's changeless placidity and somewhat dry humor happens to sit particularly well upon Des Prunelles. Mrs. Lingard is not quite the ingenious young girl of the author's intention, but she plays with taste and spirit, and the performance goes off with a life and sparkle which indeed it can hardly fail to do when played with any degree of intelligence. "Engaged" may prove to be deeper water. They may talk of the impossibility of catching the airy grace of French comedy on the English stage, but there is a subtler difficulty in delicate English burlesque than in almost any class of play. It is so easy to coarsen it with overdoing, it is so difficult to make its points when it is underdone. Besides, Sardou is much easier to play than Gilbert, for Sardou's dramas are full of fact, and Gilbert's conceits are full of fancy.

BETSY B.

On Thursday evening last, Mr. Sheridan, who was to appear at the Baldwin Theatre in "Othello," failed to appear. The disappointed audience was partially appeased by the return of its entrance money. It appears that all was in good order for the performance, when, of a sudden, the following communication arrived: "Tell the manager of this shebang I will not perform to-night. S."

#### DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

An Eastern journal, in commenting on the recent amateur "Patience" in New York, states that the aristocratic actors first aspired to play "The Pirates of Penzance," but just as they were ready to lay siege to the more difficult music of this latter opera, they discovered that Gilbert and Sullivan had carefully guarded it by copyright. As their production of "Patience" was so successful, they resolved to make efforts to procure for several special representations the new piece upon which the "Pinafore" men are now engaged. Their hopes, however, were dashed to the ground by the information, in the English papers, that it was a fairy extravaganza of the sort in which Gilbert's hurlesque talent revels. Now, as every one—especially the half-headed theatre-goers—knows, fairy extravaganzas require robes which are not robes, but garments abbreviated at both ends. In other words, New York's female upper-tendons would have to don the garb in which Ellen Terry, when a young girl, used to fascinate the London youth, and disport themselves in the audacious tights which hurlesque requires. There is no doubt that this would prove attractive to Gotham. If the carriages at the "Patience" filled three blocks, they would certainly fill six at an extravaganza under these circumstances. But though the ladies in "Patience" would cast themselves at full length on the stage under Mr. Ryley's directions, they were averse to the fairy project, as described by the prospectus. So New York will have to save its blushes for some other time. It seems rather amusing that at the same time New York amateurs were discussing and repudiating the tights, some of their English sisters were in a somewhat similar position. The London fashion journal, *Society*, tells in its last number of how, at a certain nobleman's country house, where a fairy hurlesque had been planned for amateur production by an ingenious and aristocratic scribe, the ladies flatly declined to wear the elongated and exposed stockings. A fancy dress ball was given, therefore, instead.

M. Sardou has been the victim of a Portuguese playwright, who, not content with surreptitiously obtaining a copy of his comedy "Divorçons"—which has not yet been printed—and producing a mangled version at the Dona Maria Theatre, in Lisbon, has ventured to publish a pretended letter from the author, expressing his satisfaction at hearing of the success of the Portuguese version. The forged document, which is published in a Lisbon paper under the heading, "A letter from M. Sardou," is said to be a letter of Alexandre Dumas on some bygone occasion. It is written in excellent French, its only fault being some slight mistakes in the spelling of names, such as "M. Polka" instead of "M. Polca." For these trifling hemlines the Portuguese adaptor, in forwarding the letter for publication, is kind enough to apologize. "We preserve," he says, "scrupulously the mistakes in orthography; Frenchmen, as every one knows, are incapable of writing correctly Portuguese names."

The Paris correspondent of the *Dramatic Times* writes concerning the French playwrights: There are two kinds of authors—the one who doubts everything, and the one who doubts nothing. The former is a nervous man, whom the least cough frightens, whose heart stands still while the curtain is up, who walks the green room in a sort of unconscious state while his piece is being played. He has to listen to the praises or the abuse of the artists, the felicitations or the reproaches of the manager, and he grows weaker and weaker as the night wears on. As for the other author, nothing can disturb him. He sits in front in a box, and applauds with the rest as heartily as if he were the most disinterested person in the house. He is pleased with the artists, with the public, with himself. If the spectators laugh at the most pathetic moments he takes it all gaily and as a matter of course; if the contrary happens, then it is "the situation" which makes "the effect." If his piece is hissed, why of course it is by his enemies, by an adverse party, by "Gabrielle," to whom he has refused a diamond bracelet. Thanks to his impudence, the Paris journalists write a good word for the piece, the public patronizes the theatre, the piece has a long run, and the author draws regularly his twelve per cent. of the gross receipts, which amounts on an average to, say, six thousand francs. The dramatic author, the successful one, does not belong to himself. He is photographed or made known to everybody by caricatures, or by paragraphs in the Boulevard journals. Then there are authors here in Paris who are born rich, have titles, and who buy their way into prominence. He writes a play, rents a theatre, pays for the decorations and the costumes, gives presents to the principal artists, and fees every one about the establishment. The newspapers are bought up, and by the time of the first representation he has paid out perhaps one hundred thousand francs. Then comes the *première*; the house is packed with his friends, and the piece falls flat. The next day the critics abuse it, the artists refuse to play in it a second time, and the rich fool gives up the theatre in disgust.

An Eastern writer, in commenting on modern plays, tells a rather amusing story of a witty young French-

man. He remarks that not very long ago, a certain young journalist copied one of Molière's comedies, and sent it, under another name to half a dozen managers. One wrote him to say that the piece was well written, but he could not produce the work of a *débutant*, even though possessed of such remarkable talent. Another manager suggested that the four acts should be condensed into three. A third said he was afraid the piece would not bear the scrutiny of the Censor."

At the time that James O'Neill and Salmi Morse horrified the pious souls of local theologues with their New Testament dialogue, the San Francisco dailies fell into the hyper-orthodox moral and religious strain of rebuke. They published everything that would go to prove that Passion Plays, with the exception of the one at Oberammergau, are universally abominated. A much dwelt upon incident was the horror with which the English greeted and defeated a scheme to hold a Passion Play at the London Crystal Palace. But now comes news that gives a little different coloring to English opinion. A high-church rector, Mr. Chafy, who is also the squire and magnate of his parish, has devoted some of his great wealth to the production of a play, in several acts, nine tableaux, and slow music, called "Immanuel." It is nothing more or less than the Passion Play reproduced as it is played at Oberammergau. The parson-squire was first minded to bring forth this miracle-opera after two perusals of Baroness Taupheus's "Initials," in which the play is described, and a reverential visit to Oberammergau itself. The play was brought out at Rous Leuch, the parson's Worcestershire hamlet, "and was," writes a spectator, "given with earnest piety and sympathy," by the intelligent actors. Mr. Chafy has long been noted as an advanced ritualist, and, therefore, this latest notion is not strange. This reminds us that some thirty years ago, during the "Puseyite" scare, the clever English journalist, Savage, wrote a very funny novel, called "The Bachelor of the Albany," in which he caricatured the Oxford students by the weaving into the story of a miracle play called "Balaam's Ass." The getter-up of the play is a pale young curate, who plays the part of the ass, because nobody else will take the rôle.

Every year with the return of the French plays returns the question of the censorship, says the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. The Lord Chamberlain's office, which has authority in such matters, once thought to escape trouble by announcing that its decision on any particular play was one which changeth not. If the examiner of plays had once damned a play, damned it was to remain to all eternity. But a serious breach was made last year in this defense, when "La Dame aux Camélias," which had heretofore been sternly prohibited, was suddenly licensed. It was whispered about at the time that princely intercession had removed the interdiction. This year a struggle has been made for M. Sardou's "Divorçons," in which Mme. Chaumont wishes to appear. It has been successful. The piece is one of the most hazardous ever seen on the stage even of the Palais Royal, but the examiner of plays has found a way of soothing his official conscience. Monsieur Sardou himself was set to work, and became aware, to his astonishment, that a very little expurgation was all that English prudery required. The piece remains quite unaltered structurally. Some of the too lively dialogue, particularly in the third act, has been excised, and "Divorçons" is henceforth a moral and visible play. "La Princesse Georges," in which Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt is eager to be seen, has not thus far been allowed. The fault with Monsieur Dumas's plot is deemed radical; the piece can not be played unless the incidents of the first act are altered, and if they are altered the motive of the play is gone. Possibly a prince may be found to come to the rescue in this case also. But whether he does or not, how inexpressible is the absurdity of this hairsplitting and fencing among dramatic moralities!

It is said that:—Mary Anderson is in Boston. —Lawrence Barrett is acting "Pendragon" at the Fifth Avenue, New York. —Edwin Booth has been playing a week in St. Louis. —John McCullough is in Cleveland. —Maud Granger is coming to San Francisco next April. —James O'Neill is playing a successful engagement at Niblo's Garden, New York. —John E. Owens has signed a contract with the New York Madison Square Company for five years. —"Odette" has proved a genuine success at Daly's, New York. —"Apajune, the Water Sprite," was produced on the 21st instant at the New York Bijou by Emelie Melville and troupe, aided by the Bijou regular company. —The sale of season tickets for Patti's series of operas in New York has already mounted up to nearly thirty thousand dollars. —Helen Dingenon will support Patti in opera. —Abbey has now under engagement Patti, Nilsson, and probably Gerster. —Burridge, a new scene-painter, has created an artistic sensation in New York. —Boucault Jr. has adapted a play from a story by Besant and Rice for the London Court Theatre. —Percy Fitzgerald, of London, is writing a "History of the English Stage." —Burnand has named his new adaptation from the French "Management."



## THE DEBUT OF A GREAT ACTRESS.

## Helena Faucit's First Theatrical Experience.

I had made, says Helena Faucit, my first girlish experiments on the tiny stage of Richmond, and with indifferent results. The three years following I spent in quiet study. This gave me enlarged views of many things, but did not diminish in any respect my passion for the stage. It was decided that I should submit myself to the dread ordeal of a London audience, to ascertain whether I possessed the qualities to justify my friends in allowing me to adopt the stage as a profession. I selected Juliet for my first appearance. I rehearsed the part, and was announced to appear in it. During the rehearsals, Charles Kemble, who was then taking his leave of the stage, was always present, seated in the front of the dark theatre. On his judgment, and that of one or two others, I believe the manager was to decide whether, having no experience or practice in the actor's art, I was fit to make an appearance before a London audience. I was not told at the time through what an ordeal I was passing. Mr. Kemble gave judgment in my favor, and was to have taken the part of Mercutio. How sympathetic, and courteous, and encouraging he was! He, to use his own words to me, was making his final how to his art, as I my first courtesy. Unhappily for me, the rehearsals showed that the Romeo of the theatre—the only one available at the time—was of too mature an age for so young a Juliet to come before an audience on a debut. I was told that I must forego Juliet, and appear as Julia in "The Hunchback." I was almost heart-broken, and as Julia I had to appear. The Helen of that evening was Miss Taylor (the original Helen of the play). How well I remember that awful moment when called to the side scene to be ready for an entrance with Helen! With sympathetic tears in her own eyes, she begged me not to let those high tears fall so continuously and spoil my pretty cheeks; and when the moment came for our entrance, she put her arm round my waist and propelled me forward, whispering to me to courtesy—again! again!—when but for her help I could hardly stand. It must have been plain to the audience how good she was to me; and they, no doubt, favorite as she was, liked her all the better for it. At the end of the first act the kind actors came about me, saying that it was "all right." I had only to take courage and speak louder. But, alas! I felt it was "all wrong." I could not control my fears and my agitation. My mother looked sad and disappointed. My sister, alas! was not with me. I thought all was over, and did not see my way at all to getting through the play. Then came a knock at my dressing-room door, which my mother answered, and I heard the dear voice of my friend and master say, "Have you given the poor child anything?" I cried out for him to come to me, but the voice answered, "Not now, my child; take all the rest you can." There was, I fancied, such a trouble in the tone, that it added to my own. It was evident he could not trust himself near me. He had been among the audience, but in that enormous theatre only a sea of heads was seen. No one could be distinguished; so this time he had not helped me. I felt despairing. Never can I forget that half-hour. While I write, it comes back upon me with all its hopeless anguish. Again, when we met at the side-scene for the second act, kind Miss Taylor had to go through the admirer's part; she liked my hat and feather, and my whole dress—thought them very becoming, and reminded me that now we were to change characters—that I was to be the gay fine lady and she only the listening astonished one. A very watery smile was, I am sure, all that answered her. When we went upon the scene, and during the pause at the long, kind reception that again awaited me, my eyes lighted on a familiar face raised above all the others, and close to me in the orchestra. Long white hair fell on each side of it, and I saw the handkerchief wiping tears from the eyes. Again, a face saved me. I knew it was that of my dear grandfather, who, because of his deafness, was, during the play, allowed to occupy the leader's seat. In an instant the thought flashed into my mind of the sad disappointment that was in store for these dear grandparents who had been real parents to me in all my earliest years—the one present, and the other, the beloved Quaker grandmother, who had never been inside a theatre, and who was waiting, as I knew, at home in an agony of suspense, and whose blessing was the last thing on my heart as I left it. Oh, I could not endure to pain them! The help I needed, and which I knew was even then being invoked for me, came. In a moment, as it seemed, my agitation calmed. My voice gained tone, and when the point arrived where I had to say, "I'll shine, he sure I will," the kind audience interrupted me with a shout of applause. From this time I never faltered, always keeping the dear and now smiling face before me. At the end of the third act I was told the manager had requested to see my friends to consult about a three years' engagement, which, as I was much under age, was signed by them for me next morning, and attached me for that period to Covent Garden as the leading actress there. Thus was I bound to the art which was the delight of my after-life, and the way opened for me to clothe—oh happy privilege!—with form and motion the great creations of poetical genius over which my girlish imagination had so long brooded. Of Mr. Charles Kemble's kindness to me I could say much. When it was decided that the play should be changed to "The Hunchback," he offered to resume his original part of Sir Thomas Clifford to support me. Never can I forget his rendering of it. What a high and noble bearing! What tender respect in his approaches as a lover! What dignified forbearance and self-respect in his reproof afterwards, and in his deportment as the Secretary! All this made the heroine's part more difficult to act; for who, even the most thoughtless, could for a moment have thought of the idle or the fortune of such a man in comparison with himself?

The first through train from San Francisco arrived at El Paso on the 19th instant, and passed immediately through to New Orleans, it being the first direct shipment between San Francisco and New Orleans, thus opening the route to that city. The first through direct shipment was a large quantity of California wines in a car handsomely decorated. It bore the legend, painted on both sides: "San Francisco greets New Orleans with the pioneer through shipment of California wine, made by Arpad Harazthy & Co."

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## COLLEGES IN NINETEEN-EIGHTY-TWO.

## What We are Coming To.

There is much excitement at Kingston College, and a serious rebellion on the part of the faculty has occurred. Last Saturday Mr. B— made a speech at a political meeting in the village, and that faction of the local Republicans who favor his nomination as the next Republican presidential candidate met him on his arrival at the station, and escorted him to the town-hall. As the procession passed the residence of President Begosh, who for seventy-five years has been a warm supporter of Mr. B—, the aged president hastily illuminated his house. As soon as this fact came to the ears of the students—who are unanimously in favor of the nomination of the distinguished young civil service reformer, C. A. A— Jr., they held a meeting, and sentenced the president to suspension for the remainder of the collegiate year. The professors and tutors, without exception, espoused the cause of President Begosh, and protesting against the decision of the students, announced that they would not attend a single recitation unless the sentence of suspension should be annulled. Thus far the students have remained firm, and have peremptorily refused to reconsider their action. The faculty paraded the village last night with a band of music, and it is rumored that several tutors broke into the mathematical recitation-room and destroyed the black-board, with nearly a pound of chalk. A college rebellion is of course a very unfortunate matter, but in this case it is obvious that if any sort of discipline is to be maintained by the students, they must not yield to any attempts at coercion on the part of the faculty.

It is rumored that the experiment of making the attendance of students at ball matches optional will be tried at Harvard next year. Hitherto every undergraduate has been obliged to attend the regular hall matches, unless he could furnish a physician's certificate that his health would suffer thereby. It is notorious that only a small minority of the students look upon ball-playing with the seriousness which it really deserves, and it is at least doubtful if their compulsory attendance is of any spiritual benefit to them. If attendance on hall matches were made optional, it is thought that all the earnest and piously disposed students would attend, and that the others would lose nothing by staying away. The result of the experiment, should it be tried, will be awaited with much interest, and if successful, it will possibly be followed by the abolition of the compulsory attendance of the students at dog-fights.

The Wheatley College crew has achieved a brilliant success in the late race with the Berlin University crew. The captain of the gallant Americans has just telegraphed to a leading New York sporting journal that the crew succeeded in selling the race for twelve hundred dollars. This is the fourth race that the Wheatley boys have managed to sell since they went abroad. They received five hundred for the Henley race, four hundred dollars for the race with the Oxford University crew, and two hundred and fifty dollars for the race with the London Rowing Club. They have thus made, in the course of six weeks, twenty-three hundred and fifty dollars by honest industry, and may be fairly proud of the result. The last race—with the Berlin crew—was especially creditable to them, for their antagonists rowed so badly that it seemed inevitable that the Americans should win, and nothing but the presence of mind of the stroke, who at the last quarter-mile stretch was suddenly attacked with cerebro-spinal meningitis, enabled the bargain to be safely consummated.

The position of the American student who last year entered the Freshman Class of the San Francisco University is certainly an unenviable one. He says that he is treated fairly by the faculty, but he is the object of intense hostility on the part of the Chinese students, who make insulting remarks to him concerning his want of a pigtail, and annoy him by every means in their power. When he appears on the street he is invariably followed by a mob of young Chinamen, who yell after him, "Metician man must go!" and throw bricks and stones at him. The San Francisco papers assert that he is taking the bread out of the mouths of hard-working Chinamen, and demands that the Emperor of China should make a treaty with the United States forbidding Americans to enter California. The courage of the young man in entering a San Francisco college is perhaps praiseworthy, but he would have been more prudent had he remained among the people of his own race.—*W. L. Alden in Harper's for March.*

Some editor having requested Bill Nye, as a favor, to write him "something funny" for his [the editor's] paper, the great Boomerang slinger thus replies: "MY DEAR CLAREY: Your favor of the seventh instant is received. It was a glad surprise to me because I had not been asked to contribute a facetious article to a paper only two hundred and fifty-six times since the holiday annual business began to boom. I have estimated that in case I had complied with all these suggestions I would have written three thousand dollars' worth of gurgling mirth within four weeks. I could not have worried through it without grinding out at least ten columns per day. When you come to add my other duties, you will readily see that the exercise would at times be irksome. I am the managing editor of a paper that requires at least eight hours a day. I am also a police justice with an average of five plain, undecorated drunks and two assault and batteries per day. I am also United States commissioner, and a member of the vestry of St. Matthew's Church. By the time I get up and cook my breakfast and do the housework and bring in some coal and do some marketing and feed the hens and deal out eleven dollars and nine cents worth of justice and write a leader or two and read a few proofs and do the chores around the office and lick a few total strangers and get my dinner and attend a vestry meeting and write ten or twelve columns of side-splitting mirth on the half-shell and go home and hold the baby a couple of hours, breakfast is ready, and I don't have to go to bed at all. This saves the wear and tear of a night-shirt and keeps a man out of mischief. If you think this letter will throw any light on the subject you are at liberty to use it. It may do a great deal of good. Truly and fraternally yours, BILL NYE."

The Liverpool Porcupine has a correspondent in New York who has been cruelly imposed upon. He says: "Some funny social and domestic customs prevail in New York. Many Brooklyn and New York ladies regard it as a disgrace to have a man in their bed-rooms. I made a call a few days ago, and was ushered at once 'into my lady's chamber.' During my stay other visitors dropped in, and we spent quite a pleasant evening. Some of the ladies are sometimes in bed when callers are announced, but that makes no difference."

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Swinburnian Versiculi.

If you were like the lily,  
And I were Oscar Wilde,  
We'd spoon all night together,  
Nor care a sunflower whether  
The public dubbed us silly,  
To put it rather mild—  
If you were like the lily,  
And I were Oscar Wilde.  
  
If you were "quite too utter,"  
And I, "divinely too,"  
Our souls would intermingle  
With mediæval jingle,  
Our intense hearts would flutter  
Like butterflies in glue—  
If you were "quite too utter,"  
And I, "divinely too."  
  
If you were but a measure,  
And I were but a tune,  
We'd sing till some one licked us,  
And knocked us down and kicked us  
With never-ending pleasure,  
Way into leafy June—  
If you were but a measure  
And I were but a tune. —Puck.

## After the Opera.

We stood, one night, on Beacon Street,  
Before her family mansion,  
While in my heart the throbs of love  
Were struggling for expansion;  
We just had left the theatre,  
Had heard "Il Trovatore,"  
And, on the door-step, talked about  
The music and the story.  
She raved about the wondrous voice  
Of Signor Campanini,  
She praised his acting and his face,  
While I stood like a ninny—  
I wanted to—but why explain,  
(I half suspect she knew it.)  
I hemmed and twisted like a fool,  
And hadn't pluck to do it.  
I waited long, for some excuse  
My stupid brain perplexing,  
And then at length a silence fell,  
So awkward and so vexing;  
But suddenly she brightened up—  
This loveliest of misses—  
"Oh, by the way, did you observe  
How gracefully he kisses?"  
—Boston Advertiser.

## How?

Tell us, won't you, how's the way  
You pronounce it, Judge Tour-jay?  
Some one told me, seems to me,  
That you called it Judge Tour-gee.  
And a member of the clergy  
Told me once he heard Judge Turgy.  
But I heard his daughter say:  
"Ain't he splendid, Judge Tour-zhay?"  
Tell us how you say the "g."  
Hard or soft, good Judge Tour-gee?  
For a fellow, down your way,  
Called it, we here, Judge Tourgay.  
So when we see it now, you see,  
We have to spell it Judge Tourgee.  
—Burdette in Hawkeye.

## Pith and Point.

Here lies a man whose crown was won  
By hlowing in an empty gun.  
No sooner in the gun he blew  
Than up the golden stair he flew,  
And met the girl, on Heaven's green,  
Who lit the fire with kerosene.  
He also saw, astride a stool,  
The man who tampered with a mule.  
He also saw—"twas mighty sore—  
The man who whistled "Pinafore."  
And further on the miner cove  
Who thawed his powder in the stove.  
—Various Liars in Partnership.

## A Spantall Ballad.

De boss, he quall ter de rompin' boys:  
Don't bodder dat jug in de spring!  
De jug, he guggle out good-good-good!  
Nigger, he holler en sing:  
Oh, gimme de gal, de big greasy gal,  
W'at wrap up 'er 'er wid a string!  
  
Little bird flutter w'en de big speckle hawk  
Sail up en light in de pine;  
W'en de overseer come en look thoo de fence  
Nigger don't cut no shine,  
But he roll up he eye, en he break loose en sing:  
En I wish dat big gal w'at mine!  
  
Oh, de speckle hawk light in de top oh de pine,  
En dar he set en swing;  
De overseer lean his chin on de fence,  
En lissen at de cotton-choppers sing:  
Don't nobody bodder dat sway-back gal  
W'at wrap up 'er 'er wid a string!  
  
Oh, de strappin' black gal, de big greasy gal!  
She kyer hersef' mighty fine!  
How de boys gwintet foller along in de row,  
A-waitin' fer ter hetch her sign?  
De boss mighty close, yet I study en I wish—  
En I wish dat big gal 'us mine!  
—Joel Chandler Harris in the Critic.

## Absence of Mind.

[Scene—A sleeping car. An absent-minded passenger suddenly arises from his seat and looks aimlessly around.]

"A heavy weight is on my mind;  
I know I've left something behind;  
It can't be the brazen check,  
For trunks which baggage-masters wreck,  
For here it is. My hat-box? No.  
It safely rests the seat below.  
It must be, then, my new umbrella.  
My wife will taunt me when I tell her,  
'Your fifteenth since the glad New Year!'  
'Why, bless me, no! How very queer;  
'Tis in the rack there, plain in sight;  
My purse and ticket all are right.  
What fancies crowd an addled head;  
There's naught amiss. I'll go to bed.'  
Full peacefully he sank to rest,  
If snored a peaceful sleep attested,  
A tenebrous hour had scarce slipped by,  
When loud upon an anguished cry—  
A crazed man's moan of lamentation—  
'I've left the baby at the station!'"  
—Century.

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Money on hand.....	398,669 34
<b>LIABILITIES.</b>	<b>\$3,523,844 23</b>
Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,759 13
Due Depositors.....	1,988,655 07
Due Banks and Bankers.....	174,370 53
Dividends unpaid.....	59 50
	<b>\$3,523,844 23</b>

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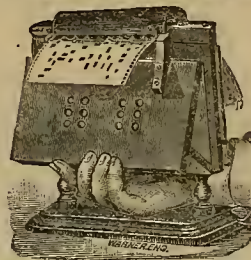
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# The Argonaut.

VOL. X. NO. 9.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 4, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

BRET HARTE.

He Gives His Own Account of his Literary Life.

[The first volume of "The Complete Works of Bret Harte" is just out. It is a "Riverside Edition," and is to make five octavo volumes. The first volume contains Harte's poetical works, and the drama of "The Two Men of Sandy Bar." It begins with an introduction, in which the author gives an account of his labors here and elsewhere, together with correct versions of some of the numerous stories regarding him. We think the readers of the *Argonaut* will find it interesting.]

In rearranging and editing this work, [he says,] the author is impelled by a desire to present, under his own supervision, a complete edition of his writings, which shall show as nearly as possible the order in which his several tales and sketches have appeared in America; shall contain those writings and sketches which have appeared in England at various times, and under various shapes and editions; and shall, more particularly, take the place of a volume known as his "Complete Works." The opportunity here offered to give some account of the genesis of these Californian sketches, and the conditions under which they were conceived, is peculiarly tempting to an author who has been obliged to retain a decent professional reticence under a cloud of ingenious surmise, theory, and misinterpretation. It might seem hardly necessary to assure an intelligent English audience that the idea and invention of these stories was not due to the success of a satirical poem known as the "Heathen Chinee," or that the author obtained a hearing for his prose writings through this happy local parable; yet it is within the past year that he has had the satisfaction of reading this ingenious theory in a literary review of no mean eminence. He very gladly seizes this opportunity to establish the chronology of the sketches, and incidentally to show that what are considered the "happy accidents" of literature are very apt to be the results of quite logical and even prosaic processes.

The author's first volume was published in 1865 in a thin book of verse, containing, beside the titular poem, "The Lost Galleon," various patriotic contributions to the lyrics of the civil war, then raging, and certain better known humorous pieces, which have been hitherto interspersed with his lighter poems in separate volumes, but are now restored to their former companionship. This was followed in 1867 by "The Condensed Novels," originally contributed to the *San Francisco Californian*, a journal then edited by the author, and a number of local sketches entitled "Bohemian Papers," making a single not very pletoric volume, the author's first book of prose. But he deems it worthy of consideration that during this period—i. e., from 1862 to 1866—he produced "The Society upon the Stanislaus" and "The Story of M'Iss"—the first a dialectical poem, the second a Californian romance—his first efforts toward indicating a peculiarly characteristic Western American literature. He would like to offer these facts as evidence of his very early, half-boyish, but very enthusiastic belief in such a possibility—a belief which never deserted him, and which, a few years later, from the better-known pages of the *Overland Monthly*, he was able to demonstrate to a larger and more cosmopolitan audience in the story of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and the poem of the "Heathen Chinee." But it was one of the anomalies of the very condition of life that he worked amidst, and endeavored to portray, that these first efforts were rewarded by very little success; and, as he will presently show, even "The Luck of Roaring Camp" depended for its recognition in California upon its success elsewhere. Hence the critical reader will observe that the bulk of these earlier efforts, as shown in the first two volumes, were marked by very little flavor of the soil, but were addressed to an audience half foreign in their sympathies, and still imbued with Eastern or New England habits and literary traditions. "Home" was still potent with these voluntary exiles in their moments of relaxation. Eastern magazines and current Eastern literature formed their literary recreation, and the sale of the better class of periodicals was singularly great. Nor was the taste confined to American literature. The illustrated and satirical English journals were as frequently seen in California as in Massachusetts; and the author records that he has experienced more difficulty in procuring a copy of *Punch* in an English provincial town than was his fortune at "Red Dog" or "One-Horse Gulch." An audience thus liberally equipped, and familiar with the best modern writers, was naturally critical and exacting, and no one appreciates more than he does the salutary effects of this severe discipline upon his earlier efforts.

When the first number of the *Overland Monthly* appeared, the author, then its editor, called the publisher's attention to the lack of any distinctive Californian romance in its pages, and averred that, should no other contribution come in, he himself would supply the omission in the next number. No other contribution was offered, and the author, having the plot and original idea already in his mind, in a few days sent the manuscript of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" to the printer. He had not yet received the proof-sheets when he was suddenly summoned to the office of the publisher, whom he found standing the picture of dismay and anxiety, with the proof before him. The indignation and stupefaction of the author can be well understood when he was told that the

printer, instead of returning the proofs to him, submitted them to the publisher, with the emphatic declaration that the matter thereof was so indecent, irreligious, and improper that his proof-reader—a young lady—had with difficulty been induced to continue its perusal, and that he, as a friend of the publisher and a well-wisher of the magazine, was impelled to present to him personally this shameless evidence of the manner in which the editor was imperiling the future of that enterprise. It should be premised that the critic was a man of character and standing, the head of a large printing establishment, a church member, and, the author thinks, a deacon. In which circumstances the publisher frankly admitted to the author that, while he could not agree with all of the printer's criticisms, he thought the story open to grave objection, and its publication of doubtful expediency.

Believing only that he was the victim of some extraordinary typographical blunder, the author at once sat down and read the proof. In its new dress, with the metamorphosis of type—that metamorphosis which every writer so well knows changes his relations to it, and makes it no longer seem a part of himself—he was able to read it with some of the freshness of an untold tale. As he read on he found himself affected, even as he had been affected in the conception and writing of it—a feeling so incompatible with the charges against it that he could only lay it down and declare emphatically, albeit hopelessly, that he could really see nothing objectionable in it. Other opinions were sought and given. To the author's surprise, he found himself in the minority. Finally, the story was submitted to three gentlemen of culture and experience, friends of publisher and author—who were unable, however, to come to any clear decision. It was, however, suggested to the author that, assuming the natural hypothesis that his editorial reasoning might be warped by his literary predilections in a consideration of one of his own productions, a personal sacrifice would at this juncture be in the last degree heroic. This last suggestion had the effect of ending all further discussion; for he at once informed the publisher that the question of the propriety of the story was no longer at issue; the only question was of his capacity to exercise the proper editorial judgment; and that unless he was permitted to test that capacity by the publication of the story, and abide squarely by the result, he must resign his editorial position. The publisher, possibly struck with the author's confidence, possibly from kindness of disposition to a younger man, yielded, and "The Luck of Roaring Camp" was published in the current number of the magazine for which it was written, as it was written, without emendation, omission, alteration, or apology. A no inconsiderable part of the grotesqueness of the situation was the feeling, which the author retained throughout the whole affair, of the perfect sincerity, good faith, and seriousness of his friend's—the printer's—objection, and for many days thereafter he was haunted by a consideration of the sufferings of this conscientious man, obliged to assist materially in disseminating the dangerous and subversive doctrines contained in this baleful fiction. What solemn protests must have been laid with the ink on the rollers, and impressed upon those wicked sheets! What pious warnings must have been secretly folded and stitched in that number of the *Overland Monthly*! Across the chasm of years and distance the author stretches forth the hand of sympathy and forgiveness, not forgetting the gentle proof-reader, that chaste and unknown nymph, whose mantling cheeks and downcast eyes gave the first indications of warning.

But the troubles of the "Luck" were far from ended. It had secured an entrance into the world, but, like its own hero, it was born with an evil reputation, and to a community that had to learn to love it. The secular press, with one or two exceptions, received it coolly, and referred to its "singularity"; the religious press frantically excommunicated it, and anathematized it as the offspring of evil; the high promise of the *Overland Monthly* was said to have been ruined by its birth; Christians were cautioned against pollution by its contact; practical business men were gravely urged to condemn and frown upon this picture of Californian society, that was not conducive to Eastern immigration; its hapless author was held up to obloquy as a man who had abused a sacred trust. If its life and reputation had depended on its reception in California, this edition and explanation would alike have been needless. But, fortunately, the young *Overland Monthly* had in its first number secured a hearing and position throughout the American Union, and the author waited the larger verdict. The publisher, albeit his worst fears were confirmed, was not a man to weakly regret a position he had once taken, and waited also. The return mail from the East brought a letter addressed to the "Editor of the *Overland Monthly*," enclosing a letter from Fields, Osgood & Co., the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, addressed to the—to them—unknown "Author of 'The Luck of Roaring Camp.'" This the author opened, and found to be a request, upon the most flattering terms, for a story for the *Atlantic* similar to the "Luck." The same mail brought newspapers and reviews welcoming the little founding of Californian literature with an enthusiasm that half frightened its author; but with the placing of that letter in the hands of the publisher, who chanced to be standing by his side, and who during those dark days had, without the author's faith, sustained the author's position, he felt that his compensation was full and complete.

Thus encouraged, "The Luck of Roaring Camp" was followed by "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Miggles," "Tennessee's Partner," and those various other characters who had impressed the author when, a mere truant schoolboy, he had lived among them. It is hardly necessary to say to any observer of human nature that at this time he was advised by kind and well-meaning friends to content himself with the success of the "Luck," and not tempt criticism again; or that from that moment ever after he was in receipt of that equally sincere contemporaneous criticism which assured him gravely that each successive story was a falling off from the last. Howbeit, by reinvigorated confidence in himself, and some conscientious industry, he managed to get together in a year six or eight of these sketches, which, in a volume called "The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Sketches," gave him that encouragement in America and England that has since seemed to justify him in swelling these records of a picturesque passing civilization into the compass of a complete edition.

A few words regarding the peculiar conditions of life and society that he has rudely sketched, and often but barely outlined. The author is aware that, partly from a habit of thought and expression, partly from the exigencies of brevity in his narratives, and partly from the habit of addressing an audience familiar with the local scenery, he often assumes, as premises already granted by the reader, the existence of a peculiar and romantic state of civilization, the like of which few English readers are inclined to accept without corroborative facts and figures. These he could only give by referring to the ephemeral records of Californian journals of that date, and the testimony of far-scattered witnesses, survivors of the exodus of 1849. He must beg the reader to bear in mind that this emigration was either across a continent almost unexplored, or by the way of a long and dangerous voyage around Cape Horn, and that the promised land itself presented the singular spectacle of a patriarchal Latin race who had been left to themselves, forgotten by the world, for nearly three hundred years. The faith, courage, vigor, youth, and capacity for adventure necessary to this emigration produced a body of men as strongly distinctive as the companions of Jason. Unlike most pioneers, the majority were men of profession and education. All were young, and all had staked their future in the enterprise. Critics who have taken large and exhaustive views of mankind and society from club windows in Pall Mall or the Fifth Avenue can only accept for granted the turbulent chivalry that thronged the streets of San Francisco in the gala days of her youth, and must read the blazon of their deeds like the doubtful quarterings of the shield of Amadis de Gaul. The author has been frequently asked if such and such incidents were real; if he had ever met such and such characters. To this he must return the one answer that in only a single instance was he conscious of drawing purely from his imagination and fancy for a character, and a logical succession of incidents drawn therefrom. A few weeks after his story was published, he received a letter, authentically signed, correcting some of the minor details of his facts, (!) and enclosing as corroborative evidence a slip from an old newspaper, wherein the main incident of his supposed fanciful creation was recorded with a largeness of statement that far transcended his powers of imagination.

He has been repeatedly cautioned, kindly and unkindly, intelligently and unintelligently, against his alleged tendency to confuse recognized standards of morality by extenuating lives of recklessness, and often criminality, with a single solitary virtue. He might easily show that he has never written a sermon; that he has never moralized or commented upon the actions of his heroes; that he has never voiced a creed, or obtrusively demonstrated an ethical opinion. He might easily allege that this merciful effect of his art arose from the reader's weak human sympathies, and hold himself irresponsible. But he would be conscious of a more miserable weakness in thus divorcing himself from his fellow-men, who, in the domain of art, must ever walk hand in hand with him. So he prefers to say that of all the various forms in which Cant presents itself to suffering humanity, he knows of none so outrageous, so illogical, so undemonstrable, so marvelously absurd, as the Cant of "Too Much Mercy." When it shall be proven to him that communities are degraded, and brought to guilt and crime, suffering or destitution, from a predominance of this quality; when he shall see pardoned ticket-of-leave men elbowing men of austere lives out of situation and position, and the repentant Magdalen supplanting the blameless virgin in society, then he will lay aside his pen, and extend his hand to the new Draconian discipline in fiction. But until then he will, without claiming to be a religious man or a moralist, but simply as an artist, reverently and humbly conform to the rules laid down by a Great Poet who created the parable of the "Prodigal Son" and the "Good Samaritan," whose works have lasted eighteen hundred years, and will remain when the present writer and his generation are forgotten. And he is conscious of uttering no original doctrine in this, but of only voicing the beliefs of a few of his literary brethren babbly living, and one gloriously dead, who never made proclamation of this "from the housetops."

"When can I come back from Deutschland, Chester Chester, Chester, tender and true!"—Aaron A. Sargent



## THE LAST PURSUIT OF SANTA ANNA.

A Reminiscence of the Mexican War.

In January, 1848, Colonel Jack Hays was ordered by General Scott to pursue Santa Anna toward the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, by way of Puebla, and thence toward Oaxaca, and to capture him if possible. Colonel Hays, arriving at Puebla from the City of Mexico, invited General Joseph Lane, (afterward candidate for president and nominee for the vice-presidency,) his particular friend, to accompany him on the expedition.

The writer was then acting assistant-surgeon, U. S. A., in the general hospital at Puebla. Having heard, by chance, an hour before it was to set out, that there was to be a night expedition under General Lane, (his personal friend,) he took unasked leave of his hospital ward, after visiting a hundred beds, and overtook the column seven miles out of Puebla, in a sleety rain, one hour after it had started, and long after dark. When he reached the staff, at the head of the column, the general reprimanded him slightly for leaving his post without permission of the medical-director, Madison Mills. The writer explained that he supposed they were to be absent but a night and a day, as usual. The general informed him the command might be gone a month, but that an escort could not be detailed to take him back to the city, and so he would have to ride on, and take the consequences on his return, which be, the general, would do what he could to mitigate. The writer was then twenty-two, and did not trouble himself much about what might happen a month in the future; besides, he was in the midst of a brilliant party of young men, most of them his familiar acquaintances, and several of them amateurs, like himself, who had attached themselves to the expedition merely to see what would happen. Doctor Brower, now for many years consul for Polynesia; Lieutenant-Colonel Dumons, afterward member of Congress; Major W. W. McCoy, who lately died, and many others were among those who went without orders.

The column consisted of Colonel Hays's Texans, some dragoons—the Third, I believe—some mounted rifles, under Major William H. Polk, brother of the President, as he delighted to inform us—five or six hundred men all told.

I am not certain whether the march to Tehuacan, the first objective point, occupied two nights or three, but my impression is we were three nights out, as the distance was nearly one hundred miles by the route we took. The whole day of the 22d of January was passed in an adobe *hacienda*. No one was allowed outside the gate of the surrounding wall during the daylight, and all comers were admitted and detained until the last trooper left the gate, long after the head of the column was out of sight. When some miles from the *hacienda*, on the night of the twenty-second, while we were moving with as little noise as possible, we met a pretentious carriage, drawn by four mules in fine harness, containing a Mexican gentleman and his attendants. Hays promptly arrested him; whereupon he called for our interpreter, and said he had a safe-conduct from General Persifer F. Smith, commanding the district, permitting him to travel anywhere in the district with armed servants, a definite number understood, unmolested by American troops. A match was struck, a candle lighted, and the safe-conduct scrutinized. It was all correct, and then the question arose, in a quite informal and very friendly manner, between Lane and Colonel Hays, whether the safe-conduct should be respected.

Colonel Hays rather insisted on detaining his prisoner, saying it could do no harm, and he would be released in a few hours at most, and that if released he would then find some means of warning Santa Anna of our approach in time for him to escape with his escort, as we had many miles yet to go.

The Mexican acknowledged he had just come from Santa Anna, and that he was lying in security at Tehuacan, some fifteen miles or more further on.

All the gentlemen—several of us amateurs—near the general, composing his volunteer staff, murmured with the freedom of friendship among ourselves that the prisoner should be detained. Just then, some minutes having elapsed in a sort of familiar conversation between Hays and Lane, the latter spoke quite seriously:

"Do you know, Colonel Hays, the penalty for violating a safe-conduct? It is death."

"That's all right," responded Hays; "I'll take the chances."

"I would rather you would set him at liberty," said Lane.

"If you order me to do so, general, of course I shall obey."

"Well, then, if you prefer it in that form, Colonel Hays, I order you to let the Mexican reënter his carriage, and go undisturbed on his way."

The column moved to the side of the road, (pursuant to an order passed down the line from Hays,) as well as it could in the dim starlight. The carriage passed to the rear into the darkness, and out of sight.

This was the great mistake of General Lane's life. No sooner was the Mexican beyond our hearing than he detached his fleetest mule, and sent a servant, with orders to ride for his life, and inform Santa Anna that he was lost if he did not immediately escape to the mountains.

Had the prisoner been detained, Santa Anna, his staff, and a portion of General Valencia's cavalry, and many officers of rank would have been captured, and thus would have been achieved a splendid climax to the glorious epic of the second conquest of Mexico. But fortune would not permit this crowning triumph for the "Marion of the war." Lane was an upright man, and the peer of the bravest. He held the honor of that army and of the nation near and dear to his heart. He thought there was something discourteous, apparently lacking in courage, and insubordinate, in even temporarily violating a safe conduct, which might tend to bring the word or guarantee of an American officer into disrespect. He risked his last chance, and lost. No one was hurt by it but Lane. The war was not thereby prolonged. The army suffered nothing in loss of prestige. Santa Anna hastened to the gulf coast, and escaped to Havana in a small vessel, and never afterward appeared in public life.

But we have anticipated the narrative. A few hours after the Mexican was set at liberty, a halt was ordered. All at the head of the column dismounted, and the general, with the guide, drew, in the dust of the middle of the road, by

starlight, the plan of the city of Tehuacan, and the roads leading to the plaza. He directed Major Polk to take such a route, and another officer (name forgotten) to take another; while he, with his staff, including the amateurs and Colonel Hays, would enter by the main road we were traveling. Lieutenant Cleburne was with us, he who afterward so distinguished himself in the civil war as a rebel general, and gave his life for an idea. Lane directed there should be no talking above a whisper, and as little rattling of arms as possible, and that, as soon as the enemy was seen, all were to charge and fight in their own way. Our numbers were so few that everything must be done with a rush, and success must be certain; for, with our tired horses, retreat would be simply impossible. Each man believed his life depended on his individual action. All were mounted, and rode slowly for a while, but, as we neared the city, at a trot, and finally through the town at a gallop.

No enemy was found. No noise was heard, but the thunder of our horses' hoofs on the stone pavement, and the rattling clang of scabbards. We rode into the court of the headquarters of Santa Anna. All was silent. Not a living thing was in sight. Men and animals had disappeared, or were in deep sleep.

We entered the deserted apartments. There was a long table in a very long room. The cloth was still laid, and candles were burning. It was not yet daylight. The writer went into a side room off the dining-hall. A candle had been turned over burning, and had gone out, leaving a line of melted wax across the green covering of the writing-desk. An ink-stand of crystal, with a silver top by its side, had been upset over a white satin mat tied with pink ribbons, leaving a broad, black stain across its middle, not yet dry. The writer gave this souvenir of hasty departure to Governor Downey in 1861, who, no doubt, still has it in his possession. Everything betokened the haste and hurry of flight. Seventeen packed trunks were left in a room adjoining the *patio*, (inner court). The door of this room was wide-open. In the same room was a great bedstead, a state affair, with posts to the ceiling, all of burnished brass.

And now began the sack of the trunks. They contained everything, from a tiny slipper from the tiny foot of Donna Santa Anna, to full court toilette; dresses by hundreds, which General Lane gallantly had forwarded to Donna Santa Anna, with the expressed hope that when next he found her dresses he would find her in them. A coat of Santa Anna's, by actual test, weighed fifteen pounds, so much was it embroidered and embossed with solid gold. This was given to the State of Texas. There was a resplendent gold bullion sash of immense proportions and weight. This was sent to some other State. Then there was a life-size oil portrait of Santa Anna, sent to Indiana. These are memories thirty-four years old, and may not be strictly accurate, but they are at least quite as accurate as history in general.

But, marvel of all, a Texan lieutenant, and perhaps some privates, drew forth from the bottom of a trunk a long, tapering, green velvet-covered case. This was quickly opened, and from its satin cushions was taken a cane of wondrous splendor. Its staff was of polished iron. Its pedestal was of gold, tipped with steel. Its head was an eagle blazing with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds—an immense diamond in the eagle's beak, jewels in his claws, diamonds everywhere. The cane was a marvel of beauty.

The Texans cried out with one accord: "Give it to Colonel Jack!"

The finders instantly assented, and joined the chorus: "Give it to Colonel Jack!"

There was an adjournment of the young treasure-seekers to the room occupied by the headquarters. General Lane was lying on a small bed in one corner. Colonel Hays was resting near on a cane chair. A few officers were lounging around.

The presentation was made and accepted in the most informal manner, and while all were admiring the imperial bauble, in came the redoubtable Major William H. Polk, (late minister to Naples,) and going up to Hays, asked to inspect the cane. While looking at it with beaming admiration, he said:

"I should like such a thing as this very much, to give to my brother."

Hays replied promptly: "I have no use for such an ornament; take it, major, and give it to the President, and say it is a present from the Texans."

The brother of the President thanked the chivalrous colonel in a common-place manner, but accepted the princely gift he had solicited, and from that day to this neither Colonel Hays, nor Texas, nor the American people has ever heard from the Polk family concerning the diamond-presidential-imperial cane.

Colonel Hays, who a few days since kindly verified this narration, added, in an apologetic manner for the major of cavalry, that some time after he sent a watch to him, as a present for Mrs. Hays.

The Texans were much disgusted that their beloved leader had given the cane to Polk, for whom they had no marked admiration.

After a day's rest in Tehuacan, the column advanced northward, toward Orizaba, crossing the mountain chain near the snow line, at an altitude of about fourteen thousand feet. Our horses panted at a slow walk, and some of the men bled at the nose. We were in the midst of clouds and a misty rain. Far below us lay the Valley of Orizaba, seen through cloud-rifts, resplendent in sunshine and orange groves, and green fields, through which wound a clear stream, cool from the everlasting snow of the summit of Orizaba.

We descended to the valley by the magnificent terraced road, built under the vice-royalty. The road leads down the precipitous mountain side by twenty-three turns, all the way walked with solid masonry surmounted by a parapet. We passed the night at a hamlet at the foot of the mountain, where we bought a wagon-load of oranges for less than five dollars.

The next day was glorious in sunshine. We rode through richly cultivated valley and plain, with fields, gardens, and orange-groves on every hand; while far over all, touching the blue of the sky, stood the mighty dome of Orizaba, a hundred miles from the gulf, yet seen by mariners a hundred miles at sea. As we neared the city, yet some miles away, we saw a long, irregular moving mass of people, young and

old, on foot and on horseback. They were coming toward us, headed by a procession of priests in long, black robes, wearing immense black hats, a yard in diameter, worn only by the clergy. They came up, bearing a vast silver platter, on which were the keys of the city. By this time we had halted. They approached the general and staff, some distance in advance of the head of the column. They dropped on their knees in a group, and presented Lane, now dismounted, with the keys, which he took in his hand and immediately returned, bidding them rise and put on their hats. They asked protection for life and property as a boon for the surrender, which, of course, was promised. Then the column followed, and, flanked by the throng of citizens, priests, and youths in gala costume, bright with gay colors, their horses caracoling to the jingle of silver bells on their trappings, advanced and passed through the great iron gates. Thus we took possession of a town of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, which five times our number of soldiers had just evacuated, leaving one long brass gun dismounted in the middle of the principal street. Sending out the keys of the city was a ruse of the garrison to gain time to get well out of the way of the celebrated Lane and Hays.

There was stored at Orizaba more than a quarter of a million dollars' worth of Mexican government tobacco and cigars, which, of course, Lane confiscated. He tried to sell it to the local merchants, but they refused to buy, well knowing that as soon as the column of Hays retired the tobacco and cigars would be taken from them by Mexican authority. They offered to purchase if Lane would promise to furnish a sufficient guard to protect them in moving it to the City of Mexico, two hundred miles away. Of course this was refused, and Lane did the only thing that could be done. Agreeing with Hays's advice, he turned the tobacco over to the alcalde, and took his receipt, which be forwarded to General Banks, coming up from Vera Cruz to take permanent possession of Orizaba. Banks's quartermaster's name was Forbes. Of course, the quartermaster received the tobacco. There was one Kearny, a contractor, following the army. He told Colonel Hays long subsequently that he bought the tobacco and cigars of the quartermaster, and cleared fifty-six thousand dollars by the transaction. How much the American government got for its share of what belonged to it entirely, will probably never be known. But neither Hays nor Lane, nor even the valorous William H. Polk, ever got a dollar out of this loot. We bad all the cigars we chose to carry away in our pockets. This, and nothing more.

The column moved down to Cordova, and back the same day to Orizaba; the former town also surrendered. The object of the expedition having been accomplished, with the exception of the capture of Santa Anna, we all returned to quarters at Puebla, which we reached without the loss of a man on the 5th of February, 1848, after an absence of fifteen days, having in that time received the submission of more than a dozen cities and large towns. The writer has a small quarto volume bound in morocco and gold, on a fly-leaf of which is written, with the neatness of steel engraving: *Excelentísimo Señor General de División benemerito de la Patria Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna*.

Most of the pursuers and pursued have passed out of sight into that land which, to those left behind, is a veiled and silent resting place, but where, we hope, the vanquished ones have found an everlasting peace.

DAVID WOOSTER, M. D.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1882.

"Has the sunflower got into jewelry yet?" asked a *Sun* reporter of a New York jeweler. "Yes," he said. "It has been put into gold with a heart of very dark topaz. We have also put the lily into silver, with a pearl to represent the tear drop of an æstete, or, if you like better, a dew drop. Flowers made of precious metals and stones are becoming fashionable on account of their warmth of color. They are actually diminishing the fancy for diamonds, because the latter are too cold in appearance when contrasted with the ruby's glow, the emerald's depth, or the intensity of the yellow topaz. A popular flower in jewels now is a corn flower in blue enamel with a heart of sapphire. Emeralds set in the form of a cross show well against a delicate hand, and rubies add to the whiteness of a wrist by contrast. A novelty in jewelry now is the wishbone of childhood, carved in silver and gold, and heavily inlaid with precious stones."

Mr. Pullman, says Bill Nye, who is the author of a work called the Pullman Palace Car, bound in black walnut, and rented to the traveling public at two dollars a snore, is worth ten million dollars. He has built some little houses out at the factory near Chicago, and now he is going to compel his employees to live there at a high rent by cutting off their car fare. Mr. Pullman has a good deal of money, but we wouldn't trade places with him. We would rather bring in our coal, and possess a meal ticket, and a few friends from whom we could borrow a quarter now and then, than to be black-balled in perdition for canned meanness. We never met Mr. Pullman, but some day we would like to examine his soul under a powerful microscope.

A Mephistophelean jester makes the following observation in *Le Voltaire*: "Alfred Bougeart, of *La Vie Moderne*, utters moral reflections with ease and facility, and his conceits are worthy of attention. This, for example: 'The world is divided into two categories—the dupers and the duped. It is more profitable to belong to the former class, but more respectable to belong to the latter.' Very good; but it is one of those truths which have ceased to be applicable to our own times."

There is no doubt, says the London *Truth*, that a priest, who had formerly been a clergyman of the Church of England, did, after hearing certain matters in the confessional, desire the person confessing to call on him at a private address, and there asked him to repeat what he had said in confession. The information thus obtained the priest made public.

"The only way they could hit Bernhardt in St. Petersburg," says *Peck's Sun*, "was to throw a string of sausages at her."



## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Don Carlos will pass the season in London.

Whittier has lately grown exceedingly deaf. He is at present far from strong.

Francis Harte, the oldest son of the author, is about to enter the dramatic profession.

Annie Louise Cary contradicts the reports that she intends to leave the stage and to marry.

Queen Victoria will spend three weeks in Switzerland this spring, leaving England on March 17.

Richard Brinsley Knowles, only surviving son of the dramatist, has just died in London. Mr. Knowles's one comedy, "The Maiden Aunt," was brought out in London in 1845; Farren and Mrs. Glover playing the chief parts.

Queen Margaret, of Italy, has among the ladies of her court two Americans whose magnificent jewels almost eclipse the famous diamonds of the Roman princesses. They are the Princess Trignano Brancacci, *née* Field, and the Princess Cenci, *née* Spencer.

Lavater's remains have just been exhumed from the disused Zurich church-yard, and in the interval before they were reinterred the physiognomist's skull was examined. It is small but well formed; the eye-sockets are large, and the nose is long and over-hanging the upper lip.

One of Mr. Wilde's remarks made in Washington, has become a popular phrase in that city. In response to an invitation to dance at the Bachelors' German which he attended, escorted by Mrs. Robeson, he said: "I have dined and don't dawdle; those who dawdle don't dine."

While yet a boy, Baron Nordenskjöld, the Arctic explorer, was an industrious collector of minerals and insects, and was permitted to accompany his father, a well-known naturalist, and chief of the Finland mines, on his tours, thus acquiring early in life the keen eye of the mineralogist.

Oscar Wilde likes Chicago people, but does not admire the city. He says: "Your city looks positively too dreary to me. I like your society people very much. They have all apologized to me for their newspapers, telling me I mustn't mind what you reporters say. Your newspapers are comic without being amusing. English papers are founded on facts, while American papers are founded on imagination."

Among the presents received by Alexander H. Stephens on his seventieth birthday was an autograph album containing the names of many prominent men. The velvet case of the album was ornamented with a painting of "Liberty Hall," whose portals have been closed recently against promiscuous hospitality, for the first time in forty years. Mr. Stephens has passed twenty-five of his birthdays in Washington.

Sir Edward Thornton is practicing in St. Petersburg some of the pleasant arts he learned in Washington. He gave a brilliant reception a short time ago, at which his distinguished guests were much delighted by the peculiar iced drinks served to them. Huge blocks of Neva ice were placed on the buffet, extending along one side of the dining-room, and champagne and claret were ladled from the centre of them.

While Bernhardt was in St. Petersburg a Russian count fell madly in love with her, and when she left for Vienna he followed in her steps. Many sensational stories of the affair have since been printed in Continental newspapers. One of them says the count made her an offer of marriage, to which she replied that she could not marry a man, because she was already married to her art—a remark, by the way, which is not original with this woman nor these times.

Arthur Sullivan will not return to London from Egypt until April. The Egyptian nobles have been entertaining him, and he describes himself as idling about the streets at Cairo, watching the scene so full of variety and color. It must be rarely industrious idling, for he says in a letter to Mr. Yates: "I have completed an unfinished anthem of my old master, Sir John Goss; I am trying the motet for the Bach Choir which I promised; and I sketch the numbers of the new piece which Gilbert sends me."

Princess Kafida Hanem, the wife of the Khedive, likes politics, and keeps well informed of the affairs of her country. The princess is a beautiful woman, according to Turkish taste. She is exceedingly stout, with splendid black hair and eyes, and a lovely complexion. She is twenty-four years old, and was married at fifteen to the prince, who has no other wife. They have eight children. The two are deeply attached to each other. Tewfik passes his evenings at home whenever he can, and when business or pleasure calls him out, his wife is generally not far off, behind a curtain or trellis.

The King of Holland is one of the most ardent autograph collectors of the present century. He has just paid three hundred dollars at a Paris sale for a bundle of letters from the Duchesse de Civrac, lady-in-waiting to the daughter of Louis XV., giving details of court life. At the same sale a will of Voltaire, dated July 10, 1769, and the original MS. of the proceedings taken at Paris for the canonization of St. Vincent de Paul brought one thousand dollars. A letter from Voltaire to J. B. Rousseau, giving him the plot of the "Henriade," brought two hundred dollars; and the plan of a battle sketched by Ney, one hundred and twenty dollars.

The parish church of Carlsruhe has sold its famous golden chalice to Baron Rothschild, of Frankfurt, for \$32,000. It is a unique specimen, of Gothic shape, enameled, and ornamented with precious stones. On its foot is a cross in brilliants, and the Metternich coat of arms. Underneath is the inscription: "Adolphus Wolff dictus Metternich Decanus Spirensis Anno 1608." It was presented by the Grand Duke Carl Friedrich, as whose successor the present grand duke and the See of Freiburg permitted the sale on account of financial necessities, the recent renovation of the church having caused an expense of several hundred thousand marks. The giver little reckoned that it would pass to a Jew.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Doorstep.

The conference-meeting through at last,  
We hoys around the vestry waited  
To see the girls come tripping past,  
Like snowbirds willing to be mated.  
Not braver he that leaps the wall  
By level musket-flashes bitten,  
Than I, who stepped before them all,  
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no; she blushed, and took my arm;  
We let the old folks have the highway,  
And started toward the Maple Farm  
Along a kind of lovers' hi-way.  
I can't remember what we said;  
'Twas nothing worth a song or story;  
Yet that rude path by which we sped  
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet;  
The moon was full; the fields were gleaming;  
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,  
Her face with youth and health was beaming.  
The little hand outside her muff—  
O sculptor, if you could hut mould it!—  
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,  
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone—  
'Twas love, and fear, and triumph blended.  
At last we reached the foot-worn stone  
Where that delicious journey ended.  
The old folks, too, were almost home;  
Her dimpled hand the latches fingered;  
We heard the voices nearer come;  
Yet on the doorstep still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her head,  
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled;  
But yet I knew she understood  
With what a daring wish I trembled.  
A cloud passed kindly overhead;  
The moon was slyly peeping through it,  
Yet hid its face, as if it said,  
"Come, now or never! do it! do it!"

My lips till then had only known  
The kiss of mother and of sister;  
But somehow, full upon her own  
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her!  
Perhaps 'twas boyish love; yet still,  
O listless woman, weary lover!  
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill  
I'd give—but who can live youth over?  
—E. C. Steadman.

## Langley Lane.

In all the land, range up, range down,  
Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet  
As Langley Lane, in London town,  
Just out of the bustle of square and street?  
Little white cottages all in a row,  
Gardens where hachelors'-buttons grow,  
Swallows' nests in roof and wall,  
And up above the still blue sky,  
Where the woolly-white clouds go sailing by—  
I seem to be able to see it all!  
For now, in summer, I take my chair,  
And sit outside in the sun, and hear  
The distant murmur of street and square,  
And the swallows and sparrows chirping near;  
And Fanny, who lives just over the way,  
Comes running many a time each day,  
With her little hand's-touch, so warm and kind;  
And I smile and talk, with the sun on my cheek,  
And the little live hand seems to stir and speak—  
For Fanny is dumb and I am blind.  
Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she  
Has fine black ringlets, and dark eyes clear,  
And I am older by summers three—  
Why should we hold one another so dear?  
Because she can not utter a word,  
Nor hear the music of hee or bird,  
The water-cart's splash, or the milkman's call,  
Because I have never seen the sky,  
Nor the little singers that hum and fly—  
Yet know she is gazing upon them all.  
For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,  
The bees and the blue-flies murmur low,  
And I hear the water-cart go by,  
With its cool splash-splash down the dusty row;  
And the little one, close at my side, perceives  
Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,  
Where birds are chirping in summer shine,  
And I bear, though I can not look, and she,  
Though she can not hear, can the singers see—  
And the little soft fingers flutter in mine.  
Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,  
When it stirs on my palm for the love of me?  
Do I not know she is pretty and young?  
Hath not my soul an eye to see?  
'Tis pleasure to make one's bosom stir,  
To wonder how things appear to her,  
That I only bear as they pass around;  
And as long as we sit in the music and light,  
She is happy to keep God's sight,  
And I am happy to keep God's sound.  
Why, I know her face, though I am blind—  
I made it of music long ago;  
Strange large eyes, and dark hair twined  
Round the pensive light of a brow of snow;  
And when I sit by my little one,  
And hold her hand, and talk in the sun,  
And hear the music that haunts the place,  
I know she is raising her eyes to me,  
And guessing how gentle my voice must be,  
And seeing the music upon my face.  
Though if ever Lord God should grant me a prayer,  
(I know the fancy is only vain),  
I should pray: Just once, when the weather is fair,  
To see little Fanny and Langley Lane;  
Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to hear  
The voice of the friend that she holds so dear,  
The song of the birds, the hum of the street—  
It is better to be as we have been—  
Each keeping up something, unheard, unseen,  
To make God's heaven more strange and sweet.  
Ah! life is pleasant in Langley Lane;  
There is always something sweet to hear—  
Chirping of birds, or patter of rain,  
And Fanny, my little one, always near,  
And though I am weak, and can not live long,  
And Fanny, my darling, is far from strong,  
And though we can never married be,  
What then?—since we hold one another so dear,  
For the sake of the pleasure one can not bear,  
And the pleasure that only one can see.

—Robert Buchanan.

## PARISIAN JOTTINGS.

Our Correspondent Tells of the Stock and Other Gambling Manias.

The mania for speculation, which so developed in the Union Générale disaster, has resulted in the ruin, or partial failure, of many eminent personages. The Princes of Orleans lost, in round numbers, thirty million francs. The Count de Chambord was deprived in this, his first speculation, of four million francs. The Vicomte de Panouse, bus-band of the great Marie Heilbron, has been compelled to sell at an alarming sacrifice his beautiful park and palace. One Aubinol has lost his whole fortune, amounting to some twenty-five million francs. As a matter of course, there are many suicides. A rich banker, who dwelt in the Passage des Couronnes, blew out his brains. A well-known financier, Gustav Delavoire, went out in a whiff of charcoal smoke. Vincent, the corset-maker of the Boulevard Sebastopol, used his right eye for target practice. For the first time in thirty years there was a Jew in the Morgue. It was the body of M. Paul Lévy, found in the public gardens, with a revolver at his side. A captain of dragoons was riding in the Bois de Boulogne when he came upon the body of a handsome young man, whose face was disfigured by a pistol-shot. The corpse was identified as that of a brilliant young society man, who had been totally ruined in the crash.

But France loves gambling better than almost any other pastime. For months past it has been in a ferment over the Algerian lottery, with its one-hundred-thousand-dollar prize, and tickets at one franc each. The drawing netted seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the suffering and flooded Algerians.

Beside this grand game of chance, there is another and simpler method of winning golden spoils. Every billiard-table, public or private, for the last few months, has been provided with a queer-looking miniature hut, which, with an archway in the middle, is placed at one end of the billiard-table. Beyond the little hut is a board upon an inclined plane. This is drilled with holes, each one bearing a number. The players endeavor with the billiard cue to roll the balls through the archway on to the inclined plane. The player whose ball enters the hole with the highest number is winner. This game is called "Baraque," from the little hut, which is so prominent a feature. Lords, ladies, and lackeys have lost large sums at this pastime, and it suffers no diminution of devotees.

Its inventor has just died. His name was Ferdinand Danger, and he spent all his time in getting up popular games. The papers have given a list of many of his ingenious inventions. He was the originator of many of those curious card puzzles and tricks, such as "questions of the day." He planned a new and very original manner of playing the "three-card monte" swindle. It kept the police in a state of happy excitement for many months, and brought in millions of francs to Paris gamblers and blacklegs. His last great invention, previous to the "baraque," was a "Conscience Album," which asked questions concerning your favorite virtue or cherished vice, etc., and which furnished the drawing-room tables with engaging literature for months. But it must not be supposed that "baraque" is flourishing unforbidden by the police. The swindlers have discovered that it gives beautiful chances for cheating, and so they have sought to take every advantage of the fact. The death of Danger deprives Paris and the police of a great source of continued and unvarying pleasure.

The Paris papers are telling funny stories about the twenty Chinese mandarins who were sent out on a diplomatic tour through America and Europe. They say that the Englishman who interprets for them was bribed by a large tea corporation to teach the mandarins to repeat in the language of whatever court they might be visiting, the following phrases on being introduced: "The best tea is that of the Chinese-Anglo-Franco-American Tea Company." And at departure to exclaim: "It is the only tea which does not produce sleeplessness." This is advertising worthy of an American.

Amid all the excitement of the Bourse, people have found time to read and become interested in Emile Zola's new story, which is coming out in daily *feuilletons*. It is called "Pot-Bouille," and, as usual, deals with scenes from actual life. In fact, the scenes and characters are too actual, for one of them has got the author into a "pot-bouille" himself. In the story there is a "M. Duverdy," a lawyer, who, after keeping a mistress for fifteen years, turns her into the street because he has fallen in love with another and prettier woman. In the same law court in which this fictitious "Duverdy" is supposed to practice, there is actually at the present time an advocate who hears the same name. Now, as every one knows that Zola is an extreme realist, people began to shun this unfortunate Duverdy of real life, as they would an aggravated contagion. The miserable victim has sought and obtained redress from a tribunal of justice, and Zola is enjoined against hereafter using the name of Duverdy in his story, the penalty to be two hundred francs a day.

As you may imagine from this little incident, this last effort is no cleaner than the previous stories of this author. It is about a family named Josseraud, which is the representative of a certain class of Paris tradespeople. Zola is said to have been so determined to make his picture of a great Parisian shop realistic, that he got employment under a feigned name in one of the largest, and remained there for several weeks. The house is one of coarse and tawdry surroundings. The chairs and furniture are stiff, and stand in dark, gloomy parlors. The husband has an income of about fifteen hundred dollars a year, on which the vulgar wife makes a pretentious display. Both the daughters are attractive. The elder enrages her violent mother by marrying a deserving and promising youth of a lesser social rank. The younger is a sweet, promising, and pretty maiden, not meriting such surroundings. Her mother tries to force her into marrying a vile, but rich scoundrel. This wretch, while tipsy, comes to see the girl. The mother admits him, and leaves the two alone. The girl repels an insult of the drunken brute, and indignantly drives him away. The rage of the mother, when she finds out the result, has not yet been told, but it will probably correspond with the rest of the woman's violence.

BAT

PARIS, February 9, 1882.



## MUSICAL NOTES.

## The Lenten Concert.

Judging from the length of the programme offered at Mr. Ugo Talbo's lenten concert, it might seem that we had fallen upon those millennial times, in which one day shall be as a thousand years. As this is not the case, however, and as the powers of human endurance still remain adapted to periods of less ample leisure, the Stabat Mater for a first part, and a miscellany of eight numbers (to say nothing of encores) for the second, made up an evening of really tire-some duration. Nothing daunted by frank enough announcements of the profusion to be set before it, a large and extremely fashionable audience assembled in Platt's Hall upon this lavish occasion; and, although the same audience had dwindled in numbers before eleven o'clock, to the credit of many brave people let it be said that they were constant to the end. Taking into consideration the difficulties of the music, the weakness of the chorus and orchestra, and the inefficiency of certain soloists, the Stabat Mater was very well given. Mr. Hinrichs, as conductor, certainly did all in his power to make it a success. He is a leader who knows how a thing should be done; and if he has to labor (as he did on Friday evening) with a set of players, the result of whose combined efforts was a shambling unison, thin, scratchy, and often out of tune, that, of course, is not his fault. The overture was gotten through with, and also the introductory chorus and quartette. Mr. Talbo followed in the beautiful air, "Cujus Animam." Mention having been already made in these columns of the peculiarities of Mr. Talbo's style and manner, it is only necessary to say that faults which would materially mar the most brilliant excellence still exist in the method of this singer; and not until they are removed will be musically merit the unstinted praise now accorded him from many quarters. In addition to the "Cujus Animam," Mr. Talbo's solos during the evening were: "Salve Dimora," from "Faust," and "The Pilgrim's Love," a song by Bishop.

Miss Childs and Miss McKenzie next distinguished themselves together, in the duet "Quis est homo," and afterward respectively, in the "Inflammatus" and "Fac ut portem" solos. Miss Childs is already known to the public as the possessor of a powerful soprano voice, which she uses in an effortless manner that, if somewhat cold and stolid, is not without dignity. Miss Childs sings in good tune, and some of her middle and lower tones are pure, round, and pleasant. In the upper registers, however, her voice is shrill, and of a flat, grating quality that shows a bad flaw in the mechanical training through which she has evidently passed. Her school, moreover, has obviously no room for sympathy, or style, or interpretation; and as Miss McKenzie's method is also lacking in this particular, the delicious independence of aim which characterized the singing of "Quis est homo," by these well-meaning young ladies, was something quite unique.

Of Miss McKenzie as a debutante the less said the better. Nature may have been unkind to her in withholding the gift of musical genius, but art has been unkindlier still in its operations upon Miss McKenzie's share of musical talent. She is without force, richness, or sympathy of tone; and cultivation (if the word may be used in this connection) has only served to emphasize her marked inequality of voice, to throw it hopelessly into her head and throat, and to rob it of all artistic instinct. It seems hard to say these things when Miss McKenzie's modest demeanor and evident earnestness of purpose are recalled; but these merits alone do not, unfortunately, make a successful vocalist.

Signor Parolini, who was by far the most worthy member, musically speaking, of the late lamented Bianchi-Montaldo opera troupe, gave the air "Pro Peccatis" with pleasing effect, although visibly annoyed by a severe cold. The Signor seemed to be impressed with the ostrich-like idea that hiding his head would somehow help him to overcome his catarrhal difficulties, and during his singing of the air beld his book so closely before his face, as to seriously obstruct the sound. Later, in the duet from "Favorita" with Miss Landsmann, being without notes, he was much more enjoyable.

In the recitative, with chorus, "Eia Mater," Mr. Dochez attended strictly to business, and carried the number through with excellent spirit. The two quartettes, "Sancta Mater" and "Quando Corpus," were poorly given—especially the first. Mrs. Porteous appeared in both as the soprano, and her light, insubstantial voice was utterly swallowed up and lost in the superior strength of the other parts. The *Finale* was rendered in a really inspiring manner, after the chorus once got under way, and here ended the first part.

Miss Jennie Landsmann introduced the second with an elaborate cavatina from "Ernani." Miss Landsmann is a great favorite of many of our concert-goers, and is always received with enthusiasm. If this had been her first appearance, one might venture to adapt the description originally applied to some politician or other, and say of the lady that she has a musical future behind her—possibly in Milan. Not that Miss Landsmann is old at all, but it is rather late in the day to hope for a change in her manner of forming, or not forming, certain tones, or to expect that she will ever be quicker to sing than to look her sympathies. Miss Landsmann received much applause, an encore, and beautiful flowers.

Mrs. Carmichael-Carr can not be thanked enough for her delightful contribution to this exceedingly varied programme. Her numbers were a "Barcarole" by Rubinstein, and the "Waltz," in C sharp minor, by Chopin, both of which were so clearly, so delicately, so musically played that Mrs. Carr was eagerly and sincerely recalled. Her third selection was the charming Chopin Mazurk, Opus 33, No. 2.

Mrs. Porteous sang the "Magnetic Waltz" in rather better style than usual, and, as an encore, "Beware!"

Herr Carl Formes was warmly greeted in the buffo aria, "Madamina," from "Don Giovanni," which he interpreted with all his famous skill and spirit, and would have been gladly heard again, in spite of the late hour.

A quartette from "Rigoletto," sung by Mrs. Porteous, Miss McKenzie, Mr. Talbo, and Signor Parolini, finally concluded the entertainment, which lasted until after eleven o'clock.

The details of the business management of the concert were under the care of Mr. Henry Heyman. F. A.

## Mr. Hartmann's Recital Redivivus.

A correspondent sends us the following remarks regarding the piano recital given by Mr. Ernst Hartmann in this city some days ago:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: There has been much dissatisfaction throughout musical circles with the thoroughly unappreciative criticisms of the late Hartmann concert in this city, which several journals—but more especially yours—published. Even the master, at whose shrine your critic is supposed to kneel, has expressed sorrow at the injustice of the estimate. Mr. Hartmann's noble efforts for the cause of music in this community demand, at least, some slight tribute. Your critic asserts that the warmth of feeling in Beethoven and Chopin is destroyed by the coldness of Mr. Hartmann's style. In that characterization the critic betrays a failure to comprehend the inner spirit of that true art which animates Mr. Hartmann's playing. His style is one which does not descend to clap-trap devices to catch the popular and inartistic ear. It is a style which does not rely upon an abnormal *pianissimo*, developed at the expense of every other expression. The attribute of coldness is especially unjust in this case, since Mr. Hartmann's greatest zeal is devoted to the proper shading of each musical picture which he develops. So thorough is he upon this point, that he will often seemingly over-practice a study in order that he may catch the faintest subtlety of tone. This patience to be perfect is the nicety of art which places Herr Joachim so far above the numerous violinists who strive to secure popular immortality either through an ethereal touch, or through the intensity with which they gush over the depths of some passionate passage. There are similar extremes in the case of piano playing. And there can be just as much gush upon the piano as upon the violin. But each of these extremes is the coarseness and not the refinement of playing. The performer who steers clear of both these rocks is he who attains the classical purity of art, and causes the performance to stand out as perfect a whole as a statue of Phidias. This perfection of expression is frequently lost upon the uninitiated; but to the worshippers of Art it is the most exquisite enjoyment. X. Y. Z.

## Mr. Talbo's Concert.

We have received from a correspondent the following note upon Mr. Talbo's Lenten Concert. It must be understood that the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Inasmuch as your musical critic went out of the way to indulge in what Mr. Talbo's friends considered some rather uncalled-for strictures on the occasion of the last Philharmonic Concert, I suppose she will do so in reviewing the Lenten Concert. I have therefore considered it necessary to disarm public opinion by giving some of the inner workings of the musical machine, if you will kindly grant me space. You are, of course, aware of the feud between the Homeier and the Philharmonic people. You are also aware that your critic belongs to the Homeier clan, and that she has taken them under her especial protection. Everything at these concerts, good or bad, has been praised, while the Philharmonic concerts have either been unstintedly condemned, or damned with that faint praise which is worse than condemnation. At the last regular Homeier concert Mr. Talbo was asked to sing. He consented to do so for—dollars. He was informed that he would have to sing gratuitously. Inasmuch as he had already done much of that sort of thing for charitable and other purposes, he very naturally declined. A few days afterward he was asked to sing at the Philharmonic concert, and satisfactory arrangements having been made, he did so. This vexed the Homeier clan, and inspired the caustic criticism upon him which appeared in your columns. I suppose that it will be repeated in this week's issue. I shall be sorry if it does, for to the audience the Lenten Concert was a most enjoyable one. I shall be doubly sorry, for Mr. Talbo, through a laudable but somewhat quixotic generosity toward his artists, has lost money by the concert, despite his large and brilliant audience. He has experienced the further pleasure of having the newspapers style it "a complimentary concert tendered to Mr. Talbo," which it decidedly was not. He will now doubtless have his cup filled to running over by an assumption that the concert was an artistic failure. L.

## Musical Chit-Chat.

A prize competition of ten thousand francs for the composition of a symphony has been arranged in Paris. The successful work will be performed in public six months after the decision is made known.

Marie Roze has just received from Queen Victoria a beautiful bracelet; a thin band of gold, set with seven solitaire stones, consisting of four diamonds of considerable size and of unusual purity, two sapphires, and one ruby in the centre. This queenly gift was intended as a recollection of the evening last December on which Marie Roze sang at Osborne. Beside this the queen recently sent her a magnificently bound copy of the late Prince Consort's musical compositions.

Madame Marie Heilbron, in consequence of a reverse of fortune, will return to the operatic stage. The recent Bourse failures are credited with the cause. Madame Heilbron, who was popular both in the United States and at Covent Garden, and who retired on her marriage, will, it is said, make her reappearance in America. Cable advices state that her husband, the Vicomte de la Panouse, has slain himself through insanity at his loss of fortune.

Rumors have now and then been started that the generosity of Rubinstein had brought him into serious embarrassments, but a Berlin correspondent, who professes to know, declares that this is far from true or possible. He learns that Rubinstein refused five hundred thousand francs for a five months' tour in America, the money to be deposited in Berlin before he took his departure. His reply was this: "I shall accept your offer as soon as my banker fails, which Heaven forbid." The fortune of Rubinstein is estimated at five million francs, one-half of which is represented in his house.

A German writer in the London *Figaro* thus corrects some ludicrous popular errors: "The two dots over *a, o, and u*, in German words, (substituting the *e* of the diphthong) still cause many difficulties to some musical reporters. We are accustomed to see Gluck spelled Glück, and Händel, Handel—a most amusing combination to any one conversant with the German language; for 'Glück' is the German word for luck or happiness, and 'Handel' for commerce or trade; so that 'Handel' and 'Glück' actually mean 'Trade' and 'Prosperity.' I have even seen Spohr printed 'Spör,' for which there is no possible reason, except to show off the writer's profound knowledge of the German language; and the *Daily News's* critic invariably spells 'Lieder ohne Worte,' instead of 'Worte'; the other German word, 'Wörter'—not 'Wörte,' (which does not exist)—meaning 'loose, incoherent' words. Another frequent error consists in putting *ie* (pronounced in German *i*) for *ie* (pronounced *e*); and nothing is more amusing than to see Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words' translated into 'Leider ohne Worte,' which means in German 'Alas! without words.'"

## SOCIETY NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Mrs. Drury Melone contemplates spending the month of March at Monterey, after which she will return to the Palace for a short time, and then go to Oak Knoll for the summer. Mrs. Van Dyke Hubbard leaves for San Rafael to-day. Mrs. General Stoneman has returned to the Palace from San Gabriel. Mrs. Colonel Eddy and her daughter have arrived in Constantinople. Mrs. Berry, of Angel Island, has returned from the East. Mrs. H. H. Toland has left India for Egypt. Mrs. Fannie B. Edgerton is still in Rome. Mrs. G. A. Low has gone to Monterey to remain a few weeks; after her return she will go to San Rafael for the season. Captain and Mrs. Fred Rogers, who were married at Carson City a few weeks ago, have been very handsomely entertained in New York upon several occasions since their arrival in that city. Lieutenant and Mrs. Lewis C. Heilner, who were married in this city on the twentieth ultimo, have arrived in Philadelphia, and have been entertained by the parents of the groom in elegant style. Lady Hesketh, *née* Flora Sharon, has left England for San Francisco, and is expected to arrive here in about two weeks from to-day. Mr. and Mrs. William Bourn, who have been visiting Grass Valley, have returned to the Palace. Miss Bourn and Miss Madison have been enjoying themselves at St. Helena for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Weller, who have been wintering at the Palace, and whose accomplished daughter has been one of the acknowledged objects of attraction at that place, will soon leave for San Rafael, where they have a summer residence. General and Mrs. P. Banning, of Los Angeles, came up from Southern California on Sunday last, and are tarrying a few days in this city. Mrs. Alexander Forbes and Miss Maud Forbes will return to San Rafael in a few days. Mrs. Captain Nicholas T. Smith has her first reception at the Palace on Monday next, and, as heretofore announced, her after-wedding receptions will continue during Mondays in March. Mrs. Susie Russell, of Sacramento, and Miss Ada Johnson, are at the Ralston House, as the guests of Mrs. McClung. Judge and Mrs. James M. Allen will soon take possession of their new residence. Mrs. Captain Forney, who has lately been a guest of Mrs. Pay-Director Fulton, at the Navy Yard, has returned to Oakland. James P. Scott, son of the late Thomas A. Scott, of Pennsylvania, arrived here a few days ago, with a special car-load of friends. General W. H. Dimond returned from the East on Monday last. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dargie, of Oakland, have been staying a few days at the Grand. Mrs. Judge Hager, who was up at the Navy Yard last week as the guest of Mrs. Commodore Phelps, has returned home. General Stoneman has been at the Palace during the week. Willard V. Huntington, nephew of C. P. Huntington, of New York, and an attaché of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, who married Miss Ream, of this city, on Thursday evening of last week, and went to Southern California on a short bridal tour, has returned. Judge Campbell, formerly of this city, but now of Arizona, has been in San Francisco during the week. Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Pool, of the Grand, are contemplating a European trip. Louis McLane will remove to Baltimore with his family in a few months, and again take up his permanent residence in the Monumental City. Mrs. Lieutenant Greeley, wife of the Arctic explorer, is living quietly at San José with her two children. Mrs. Lillie Coit has returned from her brief *pasear* at Mare Island. Civil Engineer Menocal, U. S. N., has been spending a few days in Los Angeles. Paymaster Sullivan, U. S. N., who came up from the lower coast with the Panama fever a few weeks ago, is sojourning a while among the orange groves of Southern California. D. Freeman, of Los Angeles, is at the Palace. Colonel and Mrs. Judd, of Honolulu, were the guests of Admiral and Mrs. Murray last week in Washington. We do not generally go away from home for local news; still, we can not permit the following intelligence, purveyed by the *Philadelphia Times*, to remain unquoted: "Frederick May, whose memorable duel with James Gordon Bennett caused ruddy Mars to wink, was married in San Francisco on Wednesday night to Miss Cecilia Coleman, a niece of the late millionaire O'Brien; the bride's mother is worth several millions, which were left her by her brother." Captain C. L. Hooper, who commanded the *Corwin* on her recent Arctic cruise, was lately the recipient of a dinner at Welcker's, in Washington. The *Washington Post*, in speaking of Mrs. Samuel Mayer, of California, says: "Mrs. Mayer's toilet of royal purple velvet and heliotrope silk was a creation of art; there was a touch of old gold skillfully combined, and the entire front was handsomely embroidered with clusters of pansies." Mrs. James Kirkland, of Oakland, returned home on the *City of New York*. The last two Germans given by Miss Dora Miller and Miss Hutchinson are pronounced superb affairs by the Washington papers. Judge Hunt, who has been dispensing justice in Los Angeles for two weeks or more, returns home to-day. Judge Sepulveda, of Los Angeles, who has been sitting here for Judge Hunt, returns home on Monday next. Honorable William L. Banning, an eminent railway builder and resident of St. Paul, and brother of General P. Banning, of Los Angeles County, and the Misses Banning, after having spent nearly two months in sight-seeing in Southern California, are at the Palace. George Crocker and Dick Pease Jr. are at the St. Charles, New Orleans. Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Gibbs, of Sacramento, are visiting in this city. Miss Jennie Selby, who arrived in New York from Europe last week, is expected home in a few days. C. H. Harlow and R. G. Davenport, U. S. N., were at the Palace on Monday and Tuesday last. W. R. Dubois, U. S. N., arrived here yesterday from the East. F. Guerlin, U. S. N., arrived here on Wednesday last. Judge and Mrs. Sanderson and the Misses Sanderson spent last Saturday and Sunday at Monterey. J. J. Owen, of San José, has been visiting Sacramento, as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Armstrong. Mrs. J. V. Coleman has returned from Monterey. D. M. Delmas and wife and the Misses Delmas, of San José, are at Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs left New York for San Francisco, *via* New Orleans, in their special car, on Monday last, and will arrive here in two weeks. Mrs. Arnold, of Sacramento, is sojourning a short time at Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. Henry May and Miss Julia May have also been staying a few days at Monterey. W. C. Canfield, G. Arthur, W. H. Nauman,



M. V. Bronough, T. M. Brumby, W. S. Hogg, C. H. Harlow, and O. N. Atwater, U. S. N., and a number of other navy officers, were domiciled at the Occidental on Tuesday last. Governor Kinkead, of Nevada, after a long sojourn in the East, returned to Carson last evening. The officers of the *McArthur* gave a dinner on board their vessel to some of their friends on Friday evening, the twenty-fourth ultimo. Miss Jennie McFarland, of Sacramento, who has been visiting in Oakland, returned home on Tuesday last. Mrs. Colonel Haywood gave a dinner to a number of her friends at the Navy Yard on Wednesday evening last. The next "literary" will take place at the residence of Mrs. Commodore Phelps. The appointment of General Rufus Ingalls as quartermaster-general advances Major Batchelder up the line, and makes him lieutenant-colonel and deputy quartermaster-general, which will not only be pleasant to Batchelder, but to his multitude of friends hereabouts. Mrs. Crittenden Thornton went up to the Navy Yard on Tuesday last, on a visit to Mrs. Paymaster Colby, and was joined by her husband on Friday; Mr. and Mrs. T. return to-day, and meet Mrs. Colton, who also returns to the city, after a long visit to the East. The *Jamestown* proceeded to sea on Thursday, the second instant. After a brief visit in the East, Mrs. Colonel Eyre and the Misses Eyre return home this morning. Mr. Charles Clough, of the firm of Freeman, Smith & Co., sailed last Wednesday morning for the Society Islands. Among the many friends at the wharf to bid him farewell and a bon voyage, were L. W. Mix, H. Durbrow, George Redding, S. Buckbee, Albert Castle, Arthur Page, George Page, T. Olmsted and Captain Turner. Charles Laird, U. S. N., is at the Palace. T. C. Patterson, W. C. Rafferty, J. L. Chamberlain, C. P. Truett, and J. Summerhayes, U. S. A., are at the Occidental; also F. Singer, U. S. N. A letter, written from Germany to a friend in this city, states that Miss Cora Caduc is quietly pursuing her studies at Hanover, and has, at present, no intention of making her debut, as was asserted several months ago. Fritz King, of this city, is one of the most popular candidates for the "Varsity Eight" in the coming season at Harvard. San Francisco boys certainly win laurels in athletics at Harvard. Vanderlynn Stowe, four years ago, was in the winning crew; Dick Sherwood, last year, was stroke oar of the winning freshmen; Fred Sharon carried off all the light weight boxing laurels; and now comes this last tribute. On Thursday evening last Miss Laura Pike gave a delightful reception to a number of most intimate friends. Dancing was indulged in, and a splendid supper was served at eleven o'clock. Among those present were the Misses Cutter, Miss Robinson, Miss Perkins, Miss K. Grim, Miss F. Hubbard, Miss S. Torbert, Miss M. Findley, Miss C. Adams, Miss Joliffe, Miss Jackson, Miss M. Carr, Miss G. Jones, the Misses Bolton, Miss Ella Smith, Mr. Belvin, Mr. Langhorn, Mr. L. D. Smith, Mr. C. Alexander, Mr. Charles Wood, Mr. George Redding, Mr. Schofield, Mr. H. Houghton, Messrs. Swain, Messrs. Jackson, Mr. Moulton, Mr. W. Jones, Mr. F. Ball, Mr. F. Bates, Ed. Van Bergen, Charles Walton, Fred. Laton, and Lieutenant Corbin.

The scene in the police court last Saturday was a most disgraceful one. It was disgraceful to all the parties concerned—particularly so to Judge Rosenbaum. A judge who can not restrain counsel within the proper bounds is unworthy of a seat upon the bench. There is no doubt in the minds of most men that there has been altogether too much latitude given to lawyers in this city—particularly in the police courts. The writer has heard the most insulting language used toward witnesses on the stand; has seen counsel deliberately abuse and browbeat witnesses; has seen these witnesses appeal to the court for protection; but he has never seen that protection granted. There is no excuse for officer Moroney's attempt at assassination; but the philosopher will console himself with the reflection that it will doubtless have a healthy effect upon our police-court system of procedure. It is an ill wind that blows nowhere. In shooting through Murphy's neck, Moroney seems to have given him a new lease of life, as he was of an apoplectic tendency, and the loss of blood has really been beneficial to him. It is a peculiar occurrence. In New York, some days ago, one boy killed another with a pop-gun, the ball entering the eye. In this case a heavy bull-dog pistol, fired at a few inches from a man's head, only succeeded in sending a ball through the neck, which ball carefully dodged the carotid artery and jugular vein, and improved the man's health. Yet there are people who do not believe in luck.

Congress has a wild, untamed, uncombed, long-haired, ancient Irish ass from Brooklyn, whose whole idea of duty as an American legislator is to make up faces at the British lion, call him by harsh names, and endeavor to provoke him by speeches that would be only significant for their blackguardism if delivered elsewhere than in the House of Representatives of the United States. In this business we regret to say that he has an ally in the person of Sunset Cox, who represents an Irish Democratic constituency in some Donnybrook corner of the city of New York. These men have quite a following among the rag-tag-and-bobtail of both parties, and especially among those men who are kept in public life by the votes of the Pope's Irish. Robinson is anxious "to declare war against England, and take London." There is a snuff called "Irish blackguard." He had better take that snuff, and sneeze his head off. It would be an immense relief to the entire body of the House of Representatives, in which he is an unmitigated nuisance.

The great meeting recently held in London to condemn the conduct of the Russian government in not repressing atrocities against the Jews has provoked from the press of St. Petersburg the inquiry of how England would like it, if similar meetings were held in Russia to denounce the conduct of the English parliament and the English people, because they do not suppress similar outrages in Ireland? The Russian journals say that these stories of Russian atrocities are greatly exaggerated; many of them are false and baseless; and that all this hubbub in England is gotten up for political purposes by Russophobists who have ulterior designs.

Senator M. C. Butler, of South Carolina, says that journalism has become as much a separate and distinct profession as medicine, or law, or engineering, or architecture.

## ARGONAUT VERSE.

## From the Japanese.

When I flew to my sweet love,  
A thousand miles seemed one;  
Though stormy skies made night above,  
Within me shone the sun.

What matter if the way were wild,  
And white the cold sea's crest,  
If I might reach, where summer smiled,  
The haven of her breast?

But now that far from her I go,  
Light of my lovely dreams!  
Since every step is sad and slow,  
One mile a thousand seems.

TATSUGORO NISANO, JAPANESE VICE-CONSUL.

March, 1882.

## My Lady of Dreams.

I dream of you sleeping and waking,  
I'm dreaming by day and by night;  
The vision comes cheering and making  
My wasted and lonely life bright.  
Through the gloom of my irksome duty  
There fitfully flashes and gleams  
The light of your radiant beauty,  
My lady of dreams.

At evening I sit sad and lonely  
And weary of worry and strife,  
And sneer at a life that is only  
The pitiful half of a life;  
When suddenly life is Elysian,  
For over its loneliness streams  
The glory and sheen of the vision—  
My lady of dreams.

At night, on my lone couch reclining,  
The dear form is hending above,  
And the sweet eyes are tenderly shining  
With the warm glow and soft light of love.  
How I long in my arms to enfold you,  
Till, loving and longing, it seems  
I must have you, and clasp you, and hold you,  
My lady of dreams!

March, 1882.

MAX.

## My Road to Rome.

Now here he bloodless faces all about,  
Wan, but blue-tinged, beneath lack-lustre eyes;  
White, trembling hands, that once were brownly stout,  
And limbs far shrunk within their warrior's guise,  
At Capua.

The points we ground for Roman ribs to blunt  
Rust in their sheaths, unless in private brawl  
Some tepid spirit their chivalry affront  
Of dwindling stream unsourced—and that is all  
At Capua.

The nights we conned of war, all new device,  
School of defense, the enginery of siege,  
These hawks waste, these, and shows, and songs, and dice,  
Cheap bondmen, bought of Pleasure, our lord liege  
At Capua.

No more at dawn, by sinuous mountain paths,  
On holds unguarded steal our Afric braves;  
The spiced wines lure them, and the simmering baths,  
And all the sensuous ministry of slaves,  
At Capua.

Tinkle of lutes on all the midnight air;  
The night-torch at each captain's quarters throws  
Weird shade and shine on some frail alien fair,  
On moist red lips, and shoulders of the snows,  
At Capua.

The winter wanes—the Latin altars smoke,  
And read their augurs of them that we fly,  
Or in limp ranks beneath their gladius stroke,  
Through some blue noon of spring-tide swooning, die  
At Capua!

## Ordo

At Capua! I came to conquer Rome—  
And here I rest—ah, prate they as they may  
Of Carthage, Latium—this white warmth is home  
Of thy twined arms! Say, dear heart, shall I stay  
At Capua?

March, 1882.

A. E. WATROUS.

## A Vigil.

My soul to-night is filled with such wild pain—  
Such restless craving for forbidden things;  
The Past comes back to me like some soft strain  
A singer breathes, unknowing that he sings—  
The sweet, dead past that rises from its grave  
As fresh and radiant from the dim damp clay  
As though it were but one short hour ago  
That I, with breaking heart, laid it away.  
And then the Present comes with gloomy brow,  
A grim, dark shadow, like a shape of strife;  
Ah, see! she grasps my smiling, heauteous Past,  
And with fierce hands she throttles out its life!  
My soul is filled with such rebellious pain,  
Above the fair white body of my slain.

March, 1882.

FANNY DRISCOLL.

## INGERSOLL.

## A Christian Woman's Comment.

DEAR ARGONAUT: I am going to lecture you. What good do you accomplish in espousing the creed and belief of that successful and notorious reviler, Ingersoll? Your paper can well afford to let such persons as he "gang their ain gait." You do not gain one more subscriber or friend by it, and it hurts many of your readers. Mr. Pixley's letter in your last, describing the infidel's home and family, and contrasting it favorably with one of the old God-fearing Puritan families, pained me much. I don't like to argue; and then, too, I am a woman, and possibly can not. But do you really think that if Bob Ingersoll were a poor man, unsuccessful in financial matters, struggling with fortune, that his ideas, and beliefs, and blasphemies would ever be tolerated, much less listened to? I don't. Why shouldn't he have a happy home, and everything beautiful and pleasant around him? God has singularly blessed him in worldly gifts, in verification of the divine truth, that "the wicked shall flourish like a green bay tree." But it hurts me, dear *Argonaut*, to think that you, the champion of what is right and honest, should print an article laudatory of a man who is such an enemy to the only friend that many of us have—our Heavenly Father. I know of many good Christian people whom it has hurt. And among them it has deeply wounded

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 26, 1882. A LITTLE PURITAN.

## An Infidel Induction.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In the last number of your paper there was a letter from Frank Pixley describing the home and family of Robert Ingersoll, and written in the most eulogistic strain. I am an admirer of certain phases of Ingersoll's character, and inasmuch as I am not a professing Christian, I will not be suspected of orthodox bias in what I have to say. I am not an atheist, as Ingersoll is, but an infidel; I deny the inspiration of the Scriptures, the divinity of Christ, and believe in no creed. But I believe in God, which he does not.

Despite the fact that I am an infidel, I would never marry a woman who was as I am—much less one who was an atheist. I would be afraid to do so. Robert Ingersoll has two daughters—"accomplished and lovely girls," says Mr. Pixley. I have no doubt they are. I know nothing against these young ladies—they are probably good and virtuous girls. I merely take them because they serve as striking illustrations of my theory. They have been atheists from infancy. They do not believe in God. They believe in no divine law. Now, what is to keep these young women chaste?

I use plain language, but so does Colonel Ingersoll in his denunciation of divine law, and so does Mr. Pixley in his depreciation of the Christian family. Let us summarize. What are the various elements which go to make up that impalpable thing which we call virtue in women? What is it, rather, which restrains women from unchastity? The elements, in my opinion, are these:

1. A regard for the divine law which forbids unchastity.
2. Fear of divine retribution, or punishment after death.
3. Fear of human law, together with the consequences of indiscretion, and the scorn which follows shame.
4. Bodily chastity.

Now, if a woman ceases to believe in God she is at once deprived of two of the barriers which the wisdom of ages has placed around her. The two things which will then tend to keep her from falling are:

- a. Fear of exposure;
- b. Bodily chastity.

Being a man, I can not, of course, tell how strong this latter feeling is in woman. Being a man, I am brutal enough to think it not very strong in an atheistic woman. We are then reduced to "fear of exposure." This is, without doubt, a strong element; yet here, again, I am tempted to believe that a woman who can so rise above the tendencies of her sex as to become an adherent of the ferocious creed of atheism, can rise above the lesser difficulties of secrecy and caution.

I have used plain language; it was necessary. I have used it from the best of motives. But I fear it will offend many women. I crave the forgiveness of those among them who are God-fearing—whether their God be He whom Christians adore, whom Jews revere, or Mohammedans worship. But those women who are atheists I do not ask to pardon me; I have a right, according to their creed, to discuss anything, no matter how holy. And I tender them my best wishes, with a strong admixture of solicitude.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 28, 1882. A DEIST.

## Another Scoring

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I wish to say a word or two concerning the statement which Mr. Pixley made in his last letter regarding Colonel Ingersoll's method of home management. According to that account Colonel Ingersoll allows his children to do as they please, on the ground that they will always please to do right. A greater man than Colonel Ingersoll has written an appropriate criticism on just such a system of training. John Stuart Mill wrote that he very much feared for the lax discipline in American homes; remarking that, in a community or family where children are not properly "compelled," they will not be able, when they grow up, to "compel themselves." According to Mr. Pixley's report, Colonel Ingersoll's plan seems to be the exaggeration of this American method which gave Mill cause for alarm. The most eminent educators in their various systems have invariably insisted upon obedience and restraint as the first rules for the guidance of children. For, without this restraint, they will be as little able to exercise, further on in life, that self-restraint which renders a man fit to live in the society of his fellow-men, as they will be to compel themselves to that right-doing which is the result of previous years of judicious compulsion. If I mistake not, Colonel Ingersoll has inherited from Puritan ancestry, a sound physical, mental, moral, and spiritual constitution. With clean nerve-cells, a healthy brain, and vigorous muscles, this state of things may continue "even to the fourth generation." But I doubt if it continue further without the vivifying influence of Him, to obey whom is "life."

OAKLAND, March 1, 1882.



## VANITY FAIR.

Concerning Lent, the New York *Hour* has the following to say: Pious ingenuity has invented for its behoof certain forms of pious relaxation, so like the diversions of its worldly time that only a very close and accurate observer could tell them apart. These—according to a highly esteemed religious contemporary—are variously termed “parlor work” and “drawing-room talks.” In the former, ladies go about calling upon each other, to all appearances as they used in their frivolous days. In reality they join in prayer and invoke the Spirit; after which, refreshed and elevated beyond the conception of the unbelieving, they fall to comparing notes about their honnets, or to dissecting the reputation of their absent friends with a zest and a sweet satisfaction which only the regenerate know. “Drawing-room talks” are a sort of fashionable revivals which, it is hoped, will agreeably replace the missing four o’clock teas and afternoon receptions. A number of ladies assemble by invitation in the house of one of their friends. Chairs are arranged in the parlors, as if for private theatricals; there are flowers and music; tea and cakes are handed about between the spasms, and the congregation is made to feel in every way that, after all, piety is very nearly as nice as wickedness, and not so very unlike it either. Then they are addressed for an hour or so by an able exhorter of their own sex, who works them up to a gentle degree of camp-meeting fervor, and often succeeds in bringing them either to conversion or hysterics—the sensation being much the same, the difference is immaterial. Then there is a little prayer and a little hymn, a little gossip and perhaps a little more tea, and the fair guests depart in a condition of extreme heatitude and self-contentment, wondering how they could ever have thought religion dull, and feeling how much jollier—that is to say, more improving—“drawing-room talk” is than ketledrums.

At Madame Guichard’s fancy-dress hall in Paris recently, the most attractive costumes were those of a cock and hen, worn by a young married couple. The cock, whose face was entirely concealed by his head-dress, strutted proudly in, giving his arm to the hen; he wore a yellow-plush coat, a tremendous *jabot* of white feathers, breeches covered with brown feathers, silk stockings, red-heeled shoes, a rose in his button-hole, and a field-marshal’s bat with golden plumes on his cock’s crest, thus thoroughly personifying the martial Gallic cock. The hen wore a white satin petticoat, with long rows of showy white feathers, a white plush cuirass bodice, a tunic composed entirely of feathers, to which was attached a small hen’s tail, scarlet silk stockings and shoes, and on her head she had a coral tuft, and carried a basket of eggs on her arm.

A gentleman writing to the New York *Times* from Athens gives many interesting facts concerning a court hall, at which the king and all the aristocracy were present. After the formal presentations were over, dancing began with a square dance, which resembled a quadrille in its figures, but which permitted a number of couples, instead of one on each side. The waltz was a furious dance, in which the couples plunged about the room without reversing or paying any regard to the music. One round was usually sufficient to exhaust them, and a number of accidents occurred on account of a conflict of swords and legs during this dangerous dancing. The ladies present all wore the corsage low, and were lavishly painted and powdered. They are not handsome—these maids of Athens. They have large, heavy faces, dark hair and eyes, and pale complexions. But the beautiful Greek girl is by no means a myth, and among the lower classes of the capital, or among the peasants of the Greek islands, you will see many faces that are wonderfully fine. The dances were confined to the first of the suite of hall-rooms, and the other rooms were occupied by promenaders. In one room many of the superfluous gentlemen were seated at card-tables—for it is the custom to gamble on New Year’s night, and some of the young men lose large sums by this form of the day’s festivity.

Hardly had the anger of New York femininity against the young men who left the “Bachelors” to go to the naughty “Cercle Française” subsided, when there is another wail going up from society. At the last Patriarch’s hall there was a sensation caused by the hilarious condition of the young men to whom invitations had been extended by the simple-minded elderly gentlemen whose names composed the subscription list of the hall, with the fresh and verdant idea that they would acknowledge the civility by making the evening agreeable to the wives and daughters of their hosts. But young New York was that night on very different thoughts intent. They arrived just in time for the supper, and after doing full justice to the hest that Delmonico could provide, boldly announced to gentle maidens and frowning matrons that they were off to the Elks’ hall, of second-class actors and theatre sports, where, doubtless, they found themselves more at home than in the company of ladies and gentlemen. The consequence of this stampede on the part of the silver-plated youth of New York society was that the German was reduced to barely fifty couples, and the cloakroom room before one o’clock was crowded with lovely girls in lovely toilets preparing to return home. Probably the next improvement upon hall and party giving will be to order partners for the lady dancers from Delmonico or Pinard, and thus gentlemen who spend money enough upon one entertainment to support a poor family for a year, will have some security that they are not wasting their hospitality.

There is a peculiar eye-glass seemingly unknown to other nations of the civilized world through which American parents regard the flirtations of their youthful progeny, says an Eastern writer. So long as the lens in question only reveals to them a jolly friendship between the daughter of the house and a young man of their own set—an intimacy which is based on a community of tastes in respect to Terpsichorean performances, and which is sustained by a mutual exchange of flowers, honbons, and useless articles of needlework and embroidery—perfect serenity reigns in the household. But the moment that this *insouciant* good-fellowship assumes a graver character, and the youth seeks to demonstrate that in his attentions are intentions, and those of the most honorable nature, his presence is regarded with a cer-

tain suspicion, and at times with aversion. Of course, it is not in human nature that mammas should not be match-makers to a certain extent, but until the chosen bridegroom appears on the stage of private life other suitors are viewed in the light of pretenders, and something akin to hores. At all events, unless some colossal advantage attaches to a particular match, an entire family will unite in explaining that there is nothing serious in the attentions of So-and-So to any one fair member of the flock, and that they are merely good friends and understand each other. This disregard of the *bon motif*, which usually meets with consideration in foreign circles, is an American peculiarity.

A New York paper observes that the popularity of velvet gowns for receptions and matinees has been somewhat impaired by the discovery that their power to hold a lady captive, and to deprive her when most she desires it of all capacity of locomotion, is compromising in the extreme. A sturdy cavalier, wishing to assure himself of the prolonged companionship of a fair being, has but to entwine his foot in her velvet train, and she is riven to the spot as though bound in chains of iron. Conspicuous bores who seize on every expedient to strengthen their dominating power, have long ago mastered this important detail of a lady’s toilet, and have arrived at considerable skill in pinning down the unconscious victims of the velvet gown.

## San Francisco Fashions.

The very newest importations are in the hosiery line. At one of our leading establishments I saw as many as twenty different patterns. From the ordinary cotton hose, either bleached or unbleached, to the exquisitely fine silk mesh, with delicately tinted surface, there are many varieties. The handsomest that have just been placed upon the market are silk and Lisle thread. The style in Lisle thread is called the “Sarah.” And here I saw all of the new shades and tints that have but recently made their appearance in dress material, such as shrimp, Bordeaux, dark *pruen*, like blue, and like gold. Some are in solid colors, and others are open-work, checked over the instep, and harred with contrasting colors, such, for instance, as the ground of *pruen* harred with lemon-color; the shrimp, barred with dark-blue; and the navy-blue, harred with lemon, or perhaps white. Then there was another style called “bride’s hose.” These were also in Lisle thread and silk, and entirely of a lace pattern. But the oddest article in the stocking is the “*Esthetic*.” Upon a ground of red *velure*, or navy-blue, rest cherries, strawberries, or plums, so artistically introduced that one is almost tempted to try to gather them. They sell for two dollars and twenty-five cents a pair. The harred Lisle thread come as high as three dollars and fifty cents and four dollars. In stockings for children there is also a great variety. The most beautiful is the *velours* hose. In cheaper ones there is a still greater variety, the principal samples of which are in ombre. There are also new designs in gentlemen’s handkerchiefs. They are styled *danier*. They have an outer and an inner border in contrasting colors, such as navy blue and red, black and red, and black and navy blue. On the inside of these borders are pin-head dots of some other color. Another pattern is known as *pain à cacher*. Novelty in this line are the borders in imitation of tapestry work in the *esthetic* blue, *pruen* and red, and black and blue. But the most beautiful of all are the borders in cashmere colors. These handkerchiefs are also found in smaller sizes for ladies, and range from eighty-five cents up to one dollar and twenty-five cents a piece. There has been a great variety of mitts just received for summer wear. They are so long that they reach above the elbow, and not only come in black, but in the most delicate shades, to correspond with every costume. Those in lace-work show a number of beautiful and graceful designs. The most popular shades for the street, however, will be *ecru*, old-gold, and black. The style is the Sarah Bernhard, in which no buttons are required. They are as long as the ten, twelve, and fourteen-button gloves. This style also comes in kid, at the price of four dollars, and in lace, from one dollar to two dollars and fifty cents. There is, besides those already mentioned, a large choice assortment in undressed kid, which is now very fashionable, especially for *negligée* or driving, and which is also of the Bernhard cut. In another establishment I saw some newly arrived dress-goods. One sample was in pin-head stripes, of two or three grades. It was of silk and wool, double width, forty-eight inches, and was marked at ninety cents. One piece was intended as second mourning, to be made up entirely of itself, or to be combined with black silk, or any black cloth. There is a great variety of woolen goods, which are exceedingly soft to the touch. They come in small stripes of a variety of tints of the very faintest shades. Another fabric which our merchants are showing is called “*soleil* cloth.” This comes in light colors, forty-eight inches wide. Among other cloths is the Yokohama cloth. This is not entirely new, except in the design. Instead of being in the former plain colors, it is striped and checked. These goods are made up mixed, with plain either of woolen or silk. Something quite new is named the “*Cendrillon*.” This is in pin-head stripes, alternating with satin stripes, in a shade either lighter or darker. Another line of these dress materials comes in cross-hair plaids; in silk and wool. I saw a handsome suit for every-day wear, made of a soft and pretty woolen material, with dark pin-head checks upon a ground of a light *ecru* sort of tint. There are large plaids to be seen; but they do not promise to become very popular, especially for short or slight ladies. Cuffs are at present large and straight, like a gentleman’s shirt-cuff. Collars are deep and round; some in squares of red and blue, and others in flaring colors, representing every tint of the rainbow. I saw, two or three days ago, an imported costume which was a *fac-simile* of a magnificent toilet seen at a *soirée* in Paris, which was given in honor of the Marquis François Magninoli and his newly-married wife, who was before marriage Donna Flaminia Torlonia. The train was of white satin, tablier of white velvet, covered with arabesques wrought with heads and embroidery, underlined with white jet. It had Henri Deux bodice, showered, like the tablier, with jet. Valenciennes lace, hitherto almost exclusively used as a trimming for lingerie, is now patronized by dress-makers, and promises to become quite a favorite lace on thin dress materials for the summer season, and especially for the country.

HELENA.

## LITERARY NOTES.

In 1880, G. T. and Julia Bedell deeded the sum of five thousand dollars to Kenyon College, Ohio, for a lecture fund. From the interest of this fund a biennial lecture was to be secured, the subject of which was to be the “*Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion*.” The first lecture was given last November, by Bishop Williams, of Connecticut. Its title, as it now appears in book form, is “*The World’s Witness to Jesus Christ*.” Doctor Williams’s address is scholarly and to the point, although he wisely depends more on circumstantial than actual proof. Published by G. P. Putnam’s Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

William Black’s latest story, “*The Four MacNicoles*,” is the account of four Hebrides Island lads, who suddenly found that to exist they must go to work. They set about and accomplished their purpose with such hearty energy that they soon became the richest fishermen on the “loch,” and thus reaped the reward of virtuous labor. The book will prove interesting to boys from its breezy and graphic style. One of the most attractive features is the dainty cover. It is of a changeable blue-green tint. Across it runs the gold-title letters, bordered by an exquisite maroon shade. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft.

Mr. Patton, in “*The Art of Voice Production*,” has given a valuable addition to the literature of vocal culture. With commendable wisdom, he has devoted the greater part of the book to the development of the larynx and the proper method of controlling the breath. Much has been written on this subject by other writers, the majority of whom were professional elocutionists or retired singing-teachers; but in no other volume does the important art of breathing appear to receive so much analysis and intelligent illustration as is devoted to it in this volume. Published by G. P. Putnam’s Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

In the “*American Men of Letters*” series, “*Noah Webster*” succeeds—singularly enough—“*Washington Irving*.” It is written by Horace E. Scudder, who does not prove as agreeable a writer as did Charles Dudley Warner. The history, although giving somewhat pleasing pictures of life eighty years ago, contains too much prolix moralizing by Mr. Scudder. The main facts of Webster’s history do not materially differ from the dictionary biography. There are, of course, many new anecdotes relating to various circumstances of the great lexicographer’s life; but, aside from these, his career proved rather uneventful, except in the point of view of a philological specialist. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Bancroft.

Shakespeare’s comedy of “*The Merry Wives of Windsor*” is the last number of Mr. Rolfe’s excellent edition. We say excellent, because the hooks of this series contain as well prepared notes as could be expected for the size of the volumes, and will bear comparison with other similar editions. If, however, a class of intelligent students take up these numbers as a study, they will find many more difficulties than are treated of in the notes. This fact has been demonstrated in many instances since the appearance of Mr. Rolfe’s first volume. Besides this frequent paucity of notes, there is too little said concerning the structure and derivation of the words themselves. Phrases certainly receive commendable attention; but in a text-book of this nature more philology is needed. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft.

The first volume of a new edition of “*The Complete Works of Bret Harte*” is just out. It is to make five volumes, crown octavo, the first of which contains his poetical works, together with the drama, “*Two Men of Sandy Bar*.” Interspersed with the older and more familiar poems are those unconsidered trifles which have appeared in magazines and other periodicals during the last few years. The edition is a handsome one. It is printed from large, clear type, on good paper, with large margins and uncut edges. There is a fine portrait of Bret Harte in the first volume. He appears shorn of the familiar side-whiskers, wearing only a mustache. A large fur collar and disheveled hair give him a Wilde and somewhat æsthetic air. The introduction to the work is extremely interesting. It will be found elsewhere in this number. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$2.

Books to come: Robert Buchanan is bringing out a volume under the title of “*Ballads of Life, Love, and Humor*.”—“*James Ahrum Garfield*,” an eulogy by Honorable George F. Hoar, has just been published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—W. E. Norris, the author of “*Matrimony*,” is at work on another story—“*No New Thing*.” It is to be begun in the April number of *Cornhill*, with illustrations by Mr. Du Maurier.—Edwin Arnold is not the only writer in his household. His second son, Julian, after an Egyptian journey, has prepared a discursive volume called “*Palms and Temples*.”—It is said that “*Six Months in the Ranks*” was written by the late Mr. Grenville Murray.—“*Magyarland*,” an interesting hook of travel in two volumes, well illustrated, is soon to be republished in this country by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—Among the hooks of the spring will be a volume of “*Poems from Puck*,” which will contain verses by Mr. H. C. Bunner, the late Irvin Russell, Munkidrick, Lot, Watrous, Jessup, Bret Harte, and others.—The posthumous work by Thomas Carlyle, “*A Tour in Ireland 1849*,” announced as recently discovered, will be begun in the May *Century*, and will run through several numbers.—Macmillan & Co. announce for immediate issue in their series of “*Popular Novels*” a cheap edition of “*John Inglesant*,” Mr. Shorthouse’s new story. This novel has met with a good deal of praise from the English press, the *Pall Mall Gazette* describing it as “*one of the most remarkable books, not only of this season, but of a good many seasons*.”—The third volume of the writings of Kossuth will be published in March. The Hungarian public are naturally looking forward with great interest to its appearance.—“*Through Siberia*” is the title of a work soon to be published.

Literary and Magazine Miscellany: The Marquis de Villeneuve Esclapion is to marry, next month, Princess Jeanne, daughter of Prince Pierre Bonaparte, her dowry being two million francs. The *Gaulois* states that the young couple became acquainted while contributing, one the preface, the other the illustrations, of some forthcoming Provençal poems by Mr. William Bonaparte Wyse, the friend of M. de Villeneuve and cousin to the princess.—Signor E. d’Amicis, author of “*Spain*,” “*Holland*,” and other entertaining works of travel, has been decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, on the nomination of M. Gambetta.—Miss Kate Greenaway’s picture-book, “*At Home*,” says the *Athenæum*, had a great success. Before Christmas over ninety thousand were subscribed for. Over twenty thousand copies of “*Children Busy*, Children Glad,” have been sold.—The *Revue Politique et Littéraire* of January 7th contained a five-column narrative poem by Henry Gréville. It is called “*La Juive*,” and is the first poem by Madame Durand which has seen the light.—Charles Dudley Warner, who went to the south of Spain with his wife a few weeks ago, found that the air did not agree with her, and has taken her to Munich. He will return to southern Spain for a time, and from there will go to Sicily.—Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford is writing a short serial story for *Our Continent*.—Journalism and longevity go hand-in-hand in Scotland. The jubilee of *Chambers’s Journal* was celebrated last month. Dr. William Chambers, one of the original projectors of this venerable and highly successful periodical, continues to edit it, being assisted by his nephew, Mr. Robert Chambers. The Glasgow *Herald* attained its one hundredth year February 27th, and the centenary was celebrated by a banquet in the Merchants’ House, Glasgow. Mr. Henry Davies has begun the fiftieth volume of the Cheltenham *Looker-On*, which he has edited since it began in 1832.—Miss Constance Woolson’s novel, “*Anne*,” will be concluded in the May number of *Harper’s Magazine*.—Few readers of illustrated papers appreciate the heavy expense attendant on really fine engravings. The picture on the first page of the third number of *Our Continent* cost for the engraving alone two hundred and fifty dollars. It is announced that one will shortly appear in the department of “*Household Decoration*,” in the same paper, for which the engraver is to receive four hundred dollars, and the designer also a large sum additional.



## AN ISTHMUS EPISODE.

The Romantic Experience of a Young Lady Coming to California.

## II.

We rose, and she cast a scowling look upon me as she recognized us, and I could see in the moonlight the flushed cheeks and clouded brow with which she regarded me. But she recovered herself instantly.

Often before we separated that evening I saw that same earnest look directed to me, and, without fully understanding her feelings, I knew by an instinct that I had made an enemy. But if I flushed and paled at Charles Belmont's glances, I did not at hers, for I was by nature no coward, and feared not any malice or slander.

When in my berth that night, tossing, restlessly, I felt a sense of shame at the familiarity I had allowed in Mr. Belmont, yet a sweet and glowing consciousness of happiness rather eclipsed this feeling. Still I subjected myself to a strict self-analysis. Where were all the barriers of pride and reserve with which I had hitherto been fortified? Where was the hoisted superiority to mere failings of sense that I had assumed in my essays? Was Charles Belmont the ideal man for me? I asked myself. Had he the requisite congenialities of soul and mind that I conceived to be necessary for a union? For, simple maiden that I was, I thought all love-making tended to marriage, and—he had *kissed* me. He must then love me very much.

O artless innocence of a pure maiden! Pity that the sweet trust in man, the sublime faith in his honor and goodness, which is natural to every pure and untried soul of a woman, should ever be broken! I, fresh from my knightly heroes of romance, dreamed of the high and lofty nature of a De Laville, and because my idol had perfect proportions, I thought I discovered a pure and noble mind and tender soul.

Yet was I alone in my delusion? Do not the strongest, the bravest, and the tenderest men daily wreck themselves for some fair face of a woman, which is only a vain delusion? And do they not leave the higher and nobler characters, which in the far years would be their comfort and solace, to a "wall-flower" fate, while they clasp in unbounded faith the lovely unreality, to find a Dead Sea apple of emptiness? And then they rail at women.

I was, indeed, desperately in love—I could not deny it. But the balmy breath of the tropics, the mist of the moonlight nights, and the glow of the torrid, languid days, helps on a romance wonderfully. What need to tell that as we sped through the Caribbean Sea the days were passed, from early morn till late eve, together; that we only followed the example of our neighbors in flirting—for in steamer-life flirtation is in the air, and is the daily business of existence—and that at last the minutes that Charles Belmont spent at my side were all my life, and his absence, long and dreary blanks.

Sometimes he would be tender, and would be sympathetic, and appreciative, and at others, a great gloom seemed to overshadow him, and he grew morose, and even surly. I was almost afraid of these moods, for I seemed to have no power to charm them away. His sister told me bits of his history; how he had run away from home when only a lad; had gone to Cuba, and had established himself there for some years; had finally traveled, as his business required, far and near. What business I did not ask, but I got the idea he was a commercial traveler. In my calmer moods I would have scorned even such an association, for had I not the blood of generations of professional men in my veins? And although I had been better taught than to pay respect to money alone, yet position and birth I *did* revere. But my infatuation was complete, and I only said to myself, "Poor fellow," and grew more tender to him. She told me once he was almost a Spaniard in education, was a Catholic, and had been embroiled in some quarrel in Havana—was "used to the knife," as she expressed it.

How my mother would have held up her hands in holy horror! Her daughter Helen in love with a Catholic, and a foreigner one might say!—so rooted are New England prejudices. But her daughter Helen was oblivious to everything excepting the personal presence of this stranger, and would not have cared a pin if she had remembered her early teachings. So does nature overrule education, and impulse and passion transcend cold rules of life.

And now we heard that we were to stay a week at Panama. Aspinwall was in sight, and at last I should catch a glimpse of that tropic land. Hazy visions of oranges dropping into our hands as we rode across the Isthmus of Panama; of bananas obstructing our way with their bunches of fruit; of tropical vegetation so rank that one could not see the sun, floated confusedly in my mind as we, a gay party of six—Mr. Belmont and sister, Miss Thorndale, two New York gentlemen, and myself—took our seats in the open rattan cars that bright morning. Some dim view of Balboa overlooking the Pacific, and of the Spanish conquerors, also came to me. But the fun and laughter of my companions drove Balboa out of my mind, for, after all, I was only nineteen, and I was in love.

We had the darkey Sam, of lemonade memory, a jolly farewell; we ate fruit in prodigious quantities, and thereby ran the risk of a fever; we learned a new old song—"We sat by the river, you and I," (even now when I hear that I see the Chagres River and the face of an Apollo opposite me.) We laughed at the so-called "cities of the Isthmus," which proved to be collections of thatched huts, and we expressed our wonder and chagrin when no oranges dropped into our hands, no bananas hung over our heads to be cut, and instead of the rank vegetation we had been led to expect, a thin and straggling mass of dusky green and rosy vines bounded our vision. In short, we had a jolly and an innocent time, and were young, and foolish, and happy, as people are only once in their lives.

Suddenly across this content shot a sharp pang, as I realized that at Panama I must part from my lover, unless—but pshaw! I could not go with him, he had not asked me, and if he did, was I ready to change my life for his?

In all our happy love-making this was the first time that the practical side of the question had presented itself so forcibly to my mind, and I sat suddenly chilled and silent, listening to Miss Thorndale's boisterous laughter and the

puns of the New Yorkers. Suddenly Mr. Belmont leaned over and said to his sister:

"We will go to the Grand Hotel." And hending low, he whispered to me, tenderly: "We have a week, dear; perhaps a lifetime."

I looked up, with all my soul in my eyes, to meet a sudden change in his face. Twice now, when we had spoken of our future, had come that deadly paleness and that strange look, and my heart grew cold for a moment; but I would not horror trouble.

"Panama!" called the guard, and "presto, change," a great racket and confusion. I clung to Miss Thorndale, who hustled about and seemed in her element. And as a squad of soldiers appeared to escort us to our tug, I saw an ill-favored individual come forward and shake hands familiarly with Belmont, and I heard the words, "rest gone ahead," "booked for a six months' tour," "no new stars." I wondered what it meant, but had no time to think.

"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean" were we the next day, anchored three miles out in the bay. We watched the Mother Carey's chickens wheel and dart in the water; we looked longingly at an island near by. "Could we go ashore?" we asked the captain. "No, we could not; there had been trouble, and it was not allowed." I had letters of introduction from Captain Lee to his brother-in-law, a resident of Panama, and was dying of impatience to deliver them, to see Panama, and if a thought of Mr. Belmont outruded itself, it was pardonable. The climax was reached when, standing near Miss Thorndale, who was now my excellent friend, and who seemed to have forgotten her incipient animosity toward me, I saw a little boat dancing gaily over the waters of the bay, and in it the two New Yorkers of Isthmus companionship—wild fellows, who had let a rope over the stern, and were waving their hats at us in a most tantalizing way.

"I'm going," I cried, with sudden, reckless determination, and, bargaining with a boatman alongside, I rushed appealingly to the purser.

"Will you pass me, purser? I want to go ashore."

"Certainly; come this way."

"Get your things, Miss Thorndale," I said; "we're going." And in two minutes, in company with some gentlemen who were glad to seize the opportunity, we were following in the wake of the little boat, and heading for the old sea-wall in the distance. We found our friends at the Grand Hotel, and we gazed with interest at its cool and massive stone corridors which led from the central courtyard to the rooms, like cells, with their lack of luxurious adornment, their uncarpeted floors, and narrow iron headsteads, and their heavy shutters opening outward upon the fretted balconies. All things seemed contrived for coolness, and to resist a tropical climate. We sallied forth and explored the old Spanish city thoroughly—so quaint and foreign, so full of novelty to us. A ruined and worn old place, indeed, with grasses and huge vines—yes, and oftentimes trees growing luxuriantly from the crumbling roofs; a place where silence and decay reigned, yet were made the one suggestive and the other beautiful by the thought of the heroic old days that time only makes more valiant-seeming, and the new, rich life of brilliance and bloom that ever liveth in that sunlit land. We sat for hours upon the old sea-wall, penetrated with the beauty of the sapphire and emerald waters of the bay, sparkling beneath the glories of a tropic sun, washing its feet in silvery spray, or where her golden shores stretch out, rippling in gentle waves upon the sandy levee, as though murmuring in low but passionate tones the love notes of the south. Mr. Belmont and I sat together, Miss Thorndale engrossing the group of gentlemen, as usual. I was sad and silent, and at last rising, we paced up and down the quay.

"Dear Helen, you can not feel this approaching separation more keenly than I," said my lover. "You have been a providence of goodness and loveliness to me, upon this voyage. Yet," he continued, "why need there be a separation? Trust yourself to me, darling. To be sure, we could not well be married until our arrival in Santiago; but I love you, dear, you know how earnestly." So he urged me. What a mighty temptation for me! All the adventurous fibres in my nature answered to this call for a free and untrammelled life. I longed to see new lands—to go I knew not where—with him. How could I leave him, perhaps forever? for distances are great, and absence breaks all ties. Yet how could I give up my plans of life for a comparative stranger, much as I loved him? Prudence cried, "Wait, reflect!" Inclination said, "Go!" Well, why not go? I was mistress of myself. A voyage south would not harm me, and his sister would extend her protection to me.

I grew faint and pale with the tension of this decision. I was at a loss what to do. He was saying, tenderly: "Sit here, Helen; you are tired, and take a little time," when I heard his steps approaching, and turned to face the same ill-favored individual I had seen on the wharf.

"Hello! Belmont, is this the rest of the—"

"Hush! for God's sake," said Belmont, looking sternly at him, and thus checked, the man wheeled about with a subdued air, and was introduced to me. I noticed that he seemed to know Miss Thorndale, and spoke familiarly to her; and I wondered where on earth she had known him. He drew Mr. Belmont aside, and they held a low and hurried conversation, in which I heard the word "to-night" frequently repeated; then, the colloquy finished, he turned and touched his hat in a free-and-easy way, winked at Miss Thorndale, and said, as he went away, slapping Mr. Belmont on the shoulder: "Don't forget, old boy—eight, sharp."

Mr. Belmont's face, as he came to my side, was white, and his eyes shone with a sombre light. He seemed about to address me, but suddenly he looked to Miss Thorndale, and led her aside. I heard her say, "To-night?—impossible. All these people?—why, they are crazy!" and heard him answer, in a firm and masterful way: "We must." She rose immediately, saying she would return, and we, too, followed silently.

"Helen," he said, finally, "I want to tell you. I am going to— I am— You must—"

"Oh, don't say anything to her," broke in Miss Thorndale's loud voice, as she turned round. "She won't care. She'll know soon enough."

She stepped back and walked between us, and our *lêve-à-lêve* was over. We walked back through the narrow, dusky

ways, out of the enervating heat, the palpitating glow of the torrid day, and seated ourselves in the cool courtyard of the hotel.

Mr. Belmont's sister and I were then left alone for nearly an hour, when Don Ximenes, to whom I had sent my letters of introduction early in the morning, was announced. He proved to be a courtly Spanish-American. He would not hear of my return to the steamer till evening; said he had heard of a *fiesta* in the town, and would be pleased to escort me to it. I was charmed with his manners and appearance, and readily consented. I saw my dark lady start violently at the mention of the festivities, but she said nothing.

"You will honor our humble dwelling, señorita, with your presence till evening, and I will see you safely to your steamer."

I could only thank him, and we left the courtyard, and proceeded to his house. The remaining hours of the day were spent in delightful converse with his wife and dark-eyed daughters, who talked a musical broken English and Spanish, and at eight o'clock we were ready for the *fiesta*.

"What are we to see?" I said.

"A circus," said the Don. "The steamer people have a troupe among them, and a troupe joins them here."

"I have heard of no troupe," I said. "They must be steamer passengers."

"The leading stars are said to be *wonderful*," he replied. "The manager, Jones, was describing them to me this afternoon."

Jones, the odious little ill-favored man! I remembered his name—no great effort, to be sure. But we neared the scene of the entertainment. How strange a spectacle! The familiar saw-dust ring, the tiers of benches, and the wide canvas tent, with the unfamiliar adjuncts of the dark faces of the natives, with their picturesque lack of costume, the tropical vines overhanging, and the dasbing of the breakers against the old sea-wall hard by.

Amid a blinding light that confused me, we entered and sat down. A sea of dark faces was before and around me, and the hum and murmur of an excited crowd filled the air. I was conscious of a great glitter and flash in the direction of the ring, and I saw dimly the sparkle of gorgeous caparisons, blazing with scarlet and gold, as two, then four, then eight superb horses were brought into the ring. A wild cheer went up from hundreds of dusky throats as a splendid figure dashed upon the backs of the horses, and, with herculean strength and trained grace, careered in glittering circles fast and faster. Had I never seen that splendidly-proportioned figure? As he passed he turned, and gathering the guiding lines in one hand, took off his cap, and waved it around his head serenely to the admiring crowd. A flash from glorious midnight eyes, a lifting of tendrils of dark hair. Heavens! it was Charles Belmont.

I sat stunned, and clung feebly to Don Ximenes's arm. "He rides magnificently," said he, with fervor. "What proportions! how lithe! how trained! But see, Señorita Lester"—as with clash of cymbals and renewed cheers another figure entered, a woman—"the star lady! Now! She is wonderful."

Again I looked at the swaying figure in spangles and tights poised airily on one foot, and dashing through hoops amid renewed cheers. Did my eyes deceive me? It was Miss Thorndale.

Refusing to believe the evidence of my eyes, and clutching the Don's arm, I said wildly: "But who is that?"

"She?" said he, with a polite shrug, "oh, she is—as you see—a magnificent rider, and," he added, in a shamefaced whisper, "worse—of the *media cuerda*."

"But what is the *media cuerda*?" I asked.

He politely evaded me, but I understood him. It was indeed Miss Thorndale, and she was an evil woman.

So this was the end of my romance. The man I had loved was a circus-rider.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1882.

## YOU SCRATCH MY BACK—

The *Examiner* is the best morning paper in the city. Its telegraphic news is daily superior to the *Chronicle's*, its editorial column, despite its strong Democratic bias, is honest and vigorous, while in general news and their preparation it ranks first. The public appreciation of these facts is made evident by a rapid yet healthy growth, and when the spacious new office in the Phelan building, on Market Street, is occupied, *Examiner* stock will boom. The announced policy of the *Chronicle* of making every consideration of its influence subsidiary to the money-drawer, makes the presence of one honest and fearless journal a matter for public congratulation.—*San Francisco Wash*, February 18.

## —AND I'LL TICKLE YOU.

The *Wash* this week is at its best. It has three very effective cartoons. The most ambitious is "A fresh eruption of the Pacific Coast Vesuvius," which is helbing forth hordes of coolies to infest the land. Another telling picture is a design for a monument for the Panama canal—a gigantic skeleton labeled "isthmus fever." The typographical work on the paper is excellent. As to its literary merit we need not speak. The editor of the *Wash* is admittedly the ablest satirist and the most perfect master of English employed on the press of this coast, and, indeed, his style is his own, and we do not know any one anywhere who writes better than he. His coadjutor is fit to work with him. With such a team in the editorial harness, the *Wash* can not ever be other than bright and interesting. We are glad to know that the paper is prospering, and has obtained a large circulation.—*San Francisco Examiner*, February 25.

"Young Subscriber" wants to know "what is an organ?" "It is the opposition paper, my son," answers Burdette; "the vile and truckling sheet through whose venomous maw, fetid with vice, and festering with the loathsome corruption in which it daily wallows, the other party, blistered with the plague spot of political leprosy, sewers the noisome filth of its pestilential ideas, Gur-r-r! That's what an organ is, my boy. Our own paper is a Fearless and Outspoken Champion for the Truth. You may have noticed that."

I am still in the field for 1884 if Sammy Tilden is.—*Peter Cooper*.



## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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## THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1882.

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The Chinese question is again up in Congress, and again the New England humanitarians are slobbering over the Celestial. In reply to the clear and logical presentation of facts made by General Miller in his speech, Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, has repeated his extraordinary mixture of sentiment and sophistry. It is much the same as was his speech of last year—the "fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man" idea. This nation is, according to Senator Hoar, an asylum for the oppressed of every nation, kindred, and tongue. If it ever was, it has ceased to be. We have enough of our own kindred and tongue to provide for. If we count the Hoars, and others of that stripe, we have too many. The Massachusetts senator further holds that "every human being has the right to earn an honest living anywhere upon the surface of the earth that he chooses to go, without 'interference from any government.'" That depends very much upon circumstances. If a wandering human being—let us say Mr. Hoar—should wander into a land where there were other human beings who did not want him, they have a right to bid him go. If Mr. Hoar, for instance, should wander to Pitcairn Island, where there is scarcely room or sustenance for the present small population, the Pitcairn Islanders would have a perfect right to request Mr. Hoar to travel. Self-preservation is the first law of nature with nations as well as with individuals. It is time that we in America were passing out of the sucking-bottle and pap stage of nationhood. It is time that we were laying aside the possibly romantic but certainly absurd ideas of our youth. This country is not an asylum for the world's paupers. It is not an asylum for the oppressed of other lands. It is for Americans. When the race of old women of both sexes who maunder about its being otherwise shall have died out, we shall hear no more talk in this direction. Fortunately, being epicene, they can leave no posterity to inherit their views.

The discussion of these New England humanitarians recalls to us the fact that we have some of the same kidney upon this side of the continent. They are very few, however. Most of them belong to the missionary brood. In a recent number of the *Bulletin* there was a column article from one of this class, entitled "Anti-Chinese Legislation." The writer read it with the indignation every intelligent person must feel at the utterly malicious perversion of this matter in which a certain class of the Christian clergy delight to indulge. We shall assume that the article in question was written from the standpoint of one of those "home" missions which Eastern piety has planted, with good salaries, a good house, a generous dinner-table and comfortable beds in the heart of Chinese San Francisco—that kind of missionary labor which, in the very centre of prostitution, disease, dirt, gambling, and opium-eating, is content here and there to snatch from some loathsome den in some vile Chinese alley an occasional prostitute. It is that kind of missionary labor that works at Chinese soul-saving for hire, and which, in order to earn

its stipends, must impose upon the credulity of Eastern Christians by lying annual reports which give in figures the number of "souls saved"; give statistics of those "who have found Jesus." The men and the women who earn wages in this moral vineyard know that they can not point to the education of one individual Chinese man or woman to an intelligent knowledge of the Christian religion. They are unable to point to the conversion of one heart to an appreciation and practice of Christ's moral code. This Chinese home missionary work in San Francisco is simply a money-making industry, hypocritical, mercenary, and contemptible. It has not made any sort of inroad upon the gambling, prostitution, opium-eating, or the general crime and debauchery amid which it has planted itself. If it has made any effort in rescuing young white boys from the utter destruction of association with Chinese women; if it has ever taken one from out the opium den, with an effort to reclaim him; if it has ever endeavored to prevent a sailor, minor, mechanic, or country visitor from entering the gambling halls, opium dens, and the rooms of scarlet women in the Chinese quarter, we have never heard of it. If in the heart of this dreadful part of our city some good Christian souls would plant themselves for the rescue of white boys and girls, and the deliverance of white men and women from the evils of Chinese association, and would go about among our white population, relieving them from poverty, and ministering to the bodies and minds diseased by Chinese contact, it would be a glorious work. It would produce practical results. One of the delightful things at the final resurrection, when we all go trooping up the Golden Heights, clamorous for admission to the Golden City, will be to see hypocrites kicked by strong-limbed angels and archangels, clad in adamant boots, from the loftiest battlements of heaven to the profoundest depths of a hell that we hope may be eternal. We shall trust the mercy and goodness of God to find some more comfortable place for those who have denied themselves the enjoyment of at least one sin, viz., hypocrisy.

This article to which we have referred is sophistical and ingenious. To any one not conversant with the Chinese question who had taken its lying statements for facts, it would seem, in some less important conclusions, convincing. The argument is based on misstatements deliberately made, and is simply one of the burglar's tools with which its mercenary writer hopes to open the hearts and crack the safes of pious Boston. Legislation to restrict Chinese immigration through the Congress of the United States, and with the consent of the Chinese empire, is designated by this self-appointed "attorney in fact" of God as "an effort to thwart the manifest purpose of the enthroned Redeemer, 'the Governor among the nations,' to bring multitudes of 'the heathen into the United States that many of them may hear the Gospel offer, and that many of them may be evangelized and carry the Gospel back to China, and so hasten the Christianization of that great nation. If this 'is the will and purpose of the Lord of nations, He will certainly frustrate the purpose of this people and their allies, the politicians, who do not care whether China ever has the Gospel or not. He may wait long, but He to whom 'all power in heaven and earth is given will yet hear the prayer of those who cry day and night that that vast empire may soon become a kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ.' We have not so poor an opinion of the 'enthroned Redeemer' as to believe that He could not Christianize the Chinese in China if He deemed it at all important for their welfare or His glory. If He has not this power, then He had better not attempt to enter into a conflict with those politicians 'who do not care whether China ever has the Gospel or not'; for if He does, He will get worsted in the combat. On the passage of the anti-Chinese bill we are willing to stake the question whether God loves best America, American freedom, civilization, progress, and the common sense people and politicians who oppose Chinese inundation, or the heatben Chinese and their allies of mercenary and hypocritical preachers who labor in the Mongolian vineyard.

The demonstration in favor of the bill now pending, to take place in this State to-day, should be an earnest and dignified one. We hope it will be, and we think it will. It will have the moral support of the entire coast, and the cooperation of all the State officials, from the governor down. Let the day be unmarred by any demonstrations of a passionate nature. They would only do us harm.

By the nomination of Aaron A. Sargent to the position of Minister to Germany, President Arthur has admitted the unfitness of the ex-senator for the position of Secretary of the Interior. Notwithstanding the immense pressure that was brought to bear upon the President, he did not dare to nominate this man. He has given Sargent the empty honor of a diplomatic post. It is an empty honor for these reasons: The ministers of the United States accredited to foreign governments receive comparatively small salaries—seventeen thousand five hundred dollars per year. The duties of entertainment devolving upon them are onerous and costly. When the incumbent is a literary man—as is Lowell,

and as were Washington Irving and Bayard Taylor—such duties are not expected of him. With Sargent it will be different. He is not a rich man, and the office will probably cost him much more than his salary. In the second place, it is an empty honor for this reason: Sargent is an ambitious, active, intriguing politician, still in the prime of life. His appointment to this post involves his being practically put upon the shelf for nearly four years. Those of our politicians who, like Noyes, Kasson, and others, have accepted ministerial posts abroad, return political Rip Van Winkles—they find themselves forgotten. So will it be with Sargent. It is a fall.

We have received a number of communications during the week, bearing upon the article published in the *Argonaut* of February 25 on the grain market. They are so numerous and so lengthy that we have decided to publish none of them. Some approve the article; some condemn it; some make corrections in minor details. For instance, we stated that the technical term "quarter" means a quarter of a long ton; this was an error—it is a quarter of a short ton. The name Hirschbeck, we are further informed, should have been Dresbach. It is well. Render unto Dresbach the things which are Dresbach's, and unto Hirschbeck that which is his. In regard to the remarks upon a "ring," our correspondents differ. Several state that there is a ring; others that there is not; one informs us that such an assertion is "bosh." Still another remarks that our statement of "the existence of a nefarious ring is pure assumption from 'the jaundiced imaginations of a few discontented and unsuccessful outside dealers.'" In fact, the stigma evidently attaching to the word "ring" rather surprises us. We did not mean to insinuate that the firms composing what we called the "ring" were engaged in a conspiracy, or in what was not perfectly legitimate. We did not even mean that they were in collusion to any further extent than is compatible with business rules. In this world the weakest goose generally goes to the wall. If Jones, Smith, and Brown can buy up all the potatoes in the market, and thereby force O'Flanagan to pay dearly for his native spud, it is hard on O'Flanagan, but it is profitable for Brown, Smith, and Jones. Thus thinking, we were not aware that we had trodden upon the toes of the larger dealers. We were not aware, in short, that they were Pharisees as well as speculators. We extend our thanks to those of our correspondents who signed their articles, and regret that we can not print them. To the anonymous and abusive ones we wish better manners and the courage of their convictions.

The most important act performed by the existing Board of Supervisors is the passage of the ordinance fixing water-rates for the coming year. The vote upon its passage was so nearly unanimous—ten out of the entire twelve voting in its favor—that it is entitled to the greatest consideration as a conscientious and deliberate proceeding. The members who adopted it were elected because they promised to perform this duty to the best of their ability, and so as to afford to the rate-payers as much relief as they could honestly and justly bestow. The party which was defeated at the election gave lavish promises to make, in case of being elected, specific reductions, having no relation to questions of duty or of right. There never has been a plainer or more clean cut issue than was the water question at that election. The *Evening Bulletin*, actuated by malice to the Water Company, supported with all its ability the Democratic party and its pledges as to water-policy. In case of success it hoped to get some public pap in the way of city printing at liberal rates. It did not demand of its candidates any pledges to reduce the printing rates. Had it not been for the issue made upon the water question, there is scarcely a doubt that the Democratic party would have elected a fair proportion of the city officers. But the people had got sick and tired of the *Bulletin's* insincere pretense of public interest, and they recognized its water policy as a sham and a fraud, to deceive its readers and to affect the value of stock of the water company. To accomplish these ends it resorted to the most absurd misrepresentations and demagogic suggestions. The president of the company appealed to the people in a manly argument, and stripped the mask from the face of the falsifying journal. The result of the election was an unmistakable verdict, rendered alike by rate-payers and by property-owners, that the city should pay for water. There is now no undetermined issue on that proposition, except for the Supreme Court to affirm what the constitution and the people have declared. According to the ordinance passed, water rates are reduced ten per cent. from the rates heretofore allowed, the city is to pay for water supplied to it the sum of thirty-three thousand and fifty-five dollars per month, and on such payment being made the water company is to abate its rates to consumers a further amount of thirty-three and one-third per cent. from the ordinance rates. Thus the rate-payers will receive a total reduction of forty-three and one-third per cent. from the rates established by the Bayly ordinance of last year. The Republican supervisors, who made no specific pledges, have done good service to the whole people, and deserve, as they will doubtless receive, the approval of the community.



## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A PEN-PICTURE OF THE SENATE.—THE DEBATE ON THE MORMON BILL.—SENATORS MORGAN, VEST, BAYARD, BROWN, JONES, SAULSBURY, CALL, SHERMAN, HOAR, AND EDMUNDS.—THE CHINESE BILL.—OUR USELESS NAVY.—SOME DETAILS REGARDING IT.—WILL NAVY REMAIN SECRETARY?

Washington, February 17.—Yesterday, and for the first time, I spent the day listening to a senatorial debate. Senator Farley had invited me to the floor of the Senate to listen to the discussion of the Mormon question. The bill, as reported from the Judiciary Committee by Senator Edmunds, declares penalties of fine and imprisonment for the crime of polygamy, and that upon a trial for polygamy no polygamist shall be competent to be a juror. The President may grant amnesty for past offenses. Issue of polygamous unions prior to January 1st, 1883, is legitimized. No polygamist shall be entitled to vote, hold office, or be eligible for any place of public trust. The bill declares all registration and elective offices in Utah Territory vacant. Such duties must be hereafter performed by proper persons, appointed to fill such offices by a board of five officers, who, in turn, shall be appointed by the President. Not more than three of this five shall be members of one political party. The salaries of the commissioners shall be three thousand dollars per annum.

The Senate is composed of seventy-six members. When I arrived Senator Morgan, of Alabama, had the floor. He was speaking with only twenty-six senators in their seats. Of these, only seven were on the Republican side, and only nine senators were apparently listening. Eight were writing letters. Three were reading newspapers. Others were conversing. Senator Edmunds, who had charge of the bill, came in occasionally from the smoking-room with his unfinished cigar. Senator Morgan made a logical, and, I thought, able speech upon the constitutionality of passing what he called an *ex post facto* law, or a "bill of attainder." He maintained that depriving the polygamous citizens of Utah of the privilege of voting or holding office, is the infliction of a penalty for the commission of a crime; that this is a legislative act that inflicts a punishment without judicial trial, and is, therefore, unconstitutional and void. While I do not admit the application of his law and his argument to the Mormon case, and while I believe that Congress has such absolute authority over any territory that it may withhold or withdraw from it all political privileges; and while I think that the Mormon who believes in and sanctions polygamy ought to be disfranchised and made ineligible for office, yet I was interested in Senator Morgan's speech. It was exhaustive of the law, as he applied it. His manner is impressive. His diction is good. If asked to name the ablest man and the best debater on the Southern side, I should place the senator from Alabama, if not the first, yet among the first.

Vest, of Missouri, whom I had heard described as the most eloquent man on the Democratic side, followed in the same line of constitutional argument, and made some effective points. It was an argument that would have been very convincing if the bill had directed its provisions against a sovereign State; but, as I thought, altogether inapplicable to a territory. He had the ability to draw Senator Edmunds from the cloak-room. The latter continually prodded him with questions that he found it very difficult to answer. In this quiet mode of interrogative interruption the senator from Vermont made most telling points. Senator Vest is not an orator, and has none of the essentials of true oratory. His manner is an affectation of earnestness. He is sophomoric. He talks for the galleries, exhibits personal vanity, uses classic quotations which do not indicate learning, is superficial, poor in diction, and given to flights or bursts of rhetoric that are merely words of sound and fury.

Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, made a speech favoring the bill. I was disappointed in it. I am disappointed in Senator Bayard. I can scarcely say why, but I had drawn upon my imagination largely in favor of this gentleman. Somehow I had placed him upon a pedestal above the influence of party passion, and above the prejudice of local politics. I had come to regard him as something exceptional among modern politicians. I had come to regard him as a statesman of the type of the earlier and better time. Perhaps his family name had its influence—and I am not much given to that sort of veneration. I had clothed the Delaware senator with character and genius. I had attributed to him culture and scholarly learning. I had associated his name with a Presidential candidacy which I might have favored, unless against him there had been some Republican of exceptional qualities. How far he lacks the amiable and honorable character that in my imagination I had attributed to him, I do not know. I only know that he, like most great men whom I have been permitted to approach, is in some manner dwarfed in his mental and moral stature to my closer observation. He is not eloquent.

Senator Brown, of Georgia, had evidently prepared himself for a great speech. Senator Brown, of Georgia, is a small man, with a small head, and long, gray beard. He is restless and uneasy while in his seat, and unctuous and oily when on his legs. He shakes hands with himself while he

talks, and looks up to the gallery with a pious self-satisfaction that would seem to indicate that through and beyond the skylight he saw the approving smile of a benignant Providence. He took especial pains to announce that he was a Baptist—I should guess a soft-shell, for he looks truly good; a sort of cross between clergyman and village school-master. The senator drew a parallel between India and the ancient civilization of that land of millions when polygamy was practiced; between the traditions and the religion of that prehistoric race and this little upstart band of polygamous Mormons. The patriarchal chronicles of the Jews, and the sacred writings of the Zend-Avesta and the Talmud were contrasted with the fantastic story of the Mormon bible. The practices of ancient races were invoked to sanction the libidinous crimes of Brigham Young's latter-day saints. It was a curious jumble of encyclopædic learning that indicated how shallow were his acquirements. His speech was to prove that polygamy is based upon religious conviction; that it is somehow an act of worship, and that to attack it is to take from the Mormon citizen the right to worship God. He argued that it was an assault upon the exercise of spiritual freedom, and was an act of tyranny against the liberty of conscience. Then he pitched into the early immigrants to New England, who burned witches, persecuted Quakers, and drove Baptists out of the land. This provoked Senator Edmunds to one or two quizzical interruptions which broke the senator from Georgia into a hundred pieces. It was a stupid, tiresome, incoherent, and altogether nonsensical piece of bad declamation.

Jones, of Florida, followed, against the bill. His manner, upon rising, was singularly unimpressive. His voice was low, and it was difficult to find in his opening five minutes anything to challenge especial attention. As he warmed up to his theme, he exhibited a higher oratorical capacity than any speaker who had preceded him. He was earnest, forcible, and at times, if not eloquent, at least suggested that among his reserved powers might be those of genuine oratory. His speech was directed to the constitutional question, and, in answer to Senators Morgan and Vest, was a legal argument which was excellently made. His manner was earnest, and, unlike that of Brown, Vest, and many others that I heard speak, was directed to the President of the Senate, in seeming forgetfulness that he had any other audience.

Saulsbury, of Delaware, made a very happy effort. It was a good argument for both sides of the question, as were the speeches of all the others who opposed the bill. He expressed himself as distinctly in opposition to Mormonism. The whole opposition to the twin relic came from Southern men, not one of whom did not express his utter detestation of polygamy, of the Mormon hierarchy, and of theocracy in general; but they all found some convenient legal or conscientious excuse to justify them in refusing to strike a blow at the institution. Senator Saulsbury is stately in form, forcible in manner, and altogether an interesting speaker. I fancied that, if he could have been talking upon a measure in which he was sincere and in earnest, he would have made a better impression. Then came Call, of Florida. He is a farmer-looking chap, and is also in opposition to the bill. He is an impressive speaker. He talks loudly and earnestly, and gesticulates forcibly. He worked himself up to an alarming anxiety lest the passage of a bill depriving polygamous Mormons of the right of voting and holding office in Utah would shake the foundations of this republic as to disturb the permanence and stability of our free institutions. Call is an effective ranter, and commands but little attention in the Senate. His eloquence is a cross between the stump and the camp-meeting, with all the seeming sincerity and earnestness that distinguishes that style of speaking.

And now the President of the Senate announces "the senator from Ohio." It is not John Sherman, and it must, therefore, be Mr. Pendleton—"Gentleman George," possible candidate of the Democracy for President; who owns the handsomest Queen Anne house in Washington; who is rich, and around whom (in my imagination) clustered all the qualities that adorn the statesman, the gentleman, the orator; an Apollo in form, a brave Bayard in deportment, a sort of Democratic first gentleman in America; the Northern *alter ego* of the Southern Bayard. Again I was disappointed. Mr. Pendleton spoke only for the sake of speaking. It was one of the questions which, as a leader, he felt called upon to discuss. Not that he had anything especial to say; not that he was very clear as to what he intended to say. He did not intend to sustain Mormonism; but he did intend to support the principles of the Democratic party, which he did in a rambling, discursive, illogical, and altogether disjointed speech. He had a vapory idea that it was unconstitutional, and undertook to hobble over the ground taken by senators Morgan and Vest in reference to the constitutionality of the matter under debate. His voice is harsh and raspy; his gesticulation is in no respect easy or graceful; and, while not lacking energy of manner, or fluency and fullness of diction, he falls immensely short of being a parliamentary orator.

During the argument Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, propounded a question to the senator which nonplussed him exceedingly, and which he could not answer without giving

away his whole argument. Mr. Hoar is the talking hen of the Senate. I have never been in that body that he did not have something to say. My agricultural readers all know that in every barn-yard there is one cackling and garrulous hen that wanders around in a self-complacent way, talking to herself—talking hen-talk, and looking as pleased and satisfied with her colloquial efforts as though she had laid the largest egg of the day, or raised successfully the largest brood of the season. The senator reminds me of this fat, happy, self-complacent, garrulous, pot-pie fowl.

The debate had now come to a close, with the privilege reserved to Senator Edmunds of ten minutes. By consent, John Sherman, of Ohio, spoke some five minutes, favoring the bill, but fearing that it would not fulfill all that it promised. The manner of John Sherman was quite in contrast with the ambitious efforts on the Democratic side. In low but distinct tones, making no effort at more than a conversational statement of his apprehensions lest the measure should prove inadequate, he engaged the attention of the Senate, now with well-filled benches. Everybody listened with attention. It was not an effort, and yet it impressed me that Mr. Sherman could command a hearing whenever he should choose to discuss any topic of general interest.

Senator Edmunds then took the floor. He had ten minutes allotted to him in which to close a debate that had occupied an entire sitting, and it was now past six o'clock in the evening. The gas-jets sent their mellow light down through the stained glass, giving to the Senate-chamber the glow of a sunset twilight. When the senator began there was paid to him the involuntary respect which an assembly like this accords to its leading mind. It was the respect that is always accorded to brains; the willing respect which is given to brains when used with honest intention for the accomplishment of an honest purpose. Senator Edmunds frankly admitted, in reply to the suggestion of Senator Sherman, that he did not know whether this bill would accomplish all it proposed. He, as yet, was in doubt as to whether it would be as effective toward suppressing this great evil of a Mormon theocracy or hierarchy that is growing up among us, that is in antagonism to republican government, and in direct opposition to the Christian civilization of our age, as the committee hoped it would be. It was a step in the right direction. It was the beginning of a series of legislative acts within the contemplation of the Judiciary Committee. He feared that the gentlemen from the South had too tender a regard for the twin relic. He had no time to go over the constitutional argument. The Judiciary Committee, having fully considered the question, believed it would stand the test of judicial examination. The simple, direct, and earnest manner of Senator Edmunds was strongly in contrast with the over-strained declamation on the Democratic side. It chained the attention of the entire body. It was not a speech. It was not an effort at oratory or eloquence. There was no gesture accompanying it. There was no variation of tone. There was no display, or effort at display. Standing between two desks, with a hand on each, he simply talked in a natural way and in a natural voice. In ten minutes he convinced me, at least, of the propriety of passing the bill. The bill passed, with some fifteen or twenty dissenting votes. This was not a party measure, as indicated by the vote. Our Pacific Coast senators, I think, all voted for it. Senator Farley voted for it; Senator Fair paired in its favor. No Northern Republican senator voted against it.

Thus is struck the first blow at a church iniquity that has dared to set itself up in opposition to the government of the law. This church affects to be ruled by a divine inspiration that comes from God, through its prophets. Its members must be taught that the Congress of the United States and the legislatures of sovereign States are the only mediums through which divine inspiration will be permitted to control the political conduct of citizens. It is the announcement to the American people that the prophets of the Church of Latter-Day Saints will not be allowed to instruct American citizens as to their political duties, under the lying pretense of divine revelation. It is suggestive to an older and grander church, which has a larger following upon this continent, that its authority is subordinate to law, and that neither priest, bishop, cardinal, pope, nor church will be allowed to act as viceroys or vice-gerents of God within the jurisdiction of the United States of America upon any political question. Between the Constitution of the United States and God there can be no middle-man of apostle, priest, or prophet.

I can not close this letter upon the Senate without expressing the regret that I feel, in common with other than Mr. Conkling's friends, that he is absent from it. There is so much to admire in the life and conduct of this remarkable man; he has been so honest, and so free from personal stain; he has been so earnest and so prominent in his great office of senator from New York; he possesses such ability, such qualities of leadership, and such influence, that it seems pitiful that he should not be in his place. It seems the more pitiful that so great a State should be represented by two gentlemen so utterly insignificant that in this letter I must be excused from mentioning their names as I



have no congressional directory at my immediate command. Massachusetts is in a worse position than New York, as her senators, by virtue of their vain desire to talk, make their mental dimensions more conspicuous. Their names I can recall, because they are peculiar—Hoar and Dawes.

I shall endeavor to be present at the Chinese debate. This will call out, I think, an earnest discussion. There is a strong sentiment on the part of certain New England senators against the limitation of Chinese immigration. I have no doubt of the ultimate passage of some bill embracing the general features of Senator Miller's bill. It is not a political question. Senators Farley, Miller, Jones, and Fair, and the senators from Oregon are all in accord. There is, I think, likely to be some opposition from the Democratic South, as well as from Republican New England; but there will be a sufficient number of sensible men to consider the question as a practical one, and to overcome all the "fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man" nonsense in either house of Congress. Page, General Rosecrans, and all our members in the House are working upon the Chinese question in perfect harmony; and, when the bill shall have become a law, all of California's members will be entitled to equal credit, for each will do his duty to the full of his ability. The Chinese bill is being energetically watched in both branches.

S. G. Hillborne, a practicing lawyer, formerly senator, a resident of Vallejo, will, I think, be United States District Attorney for California.

If I were called upon to guess who would succeed General Coey in the postoffice in San Francisco, I would name Jos. T. Goodman, formerly member of the Board of Brokers, and partner of Mr. Crowley, now chief of police.

The Honorable Thomas Murphy, Republican, and formerly collector of customs in the city of New York, is a guest at the Arlington, where he is to be seen every day. He is a man of quiet and modest deportment. He minds his own business quite attentively, and is seemingly very popular among a large circle of New York politicians. He is companionable and witty, and has a budget of good stories. Among others he tells the following at the expense of his countrymen: At a large land-league meeting held in the city of New York, the speaker, a recent importation from the green island, opened his address by saying: "Me fel-low-citizens, leedies and gentlemen: I have a secret to tell ye—a secret that must go no further; but ye are all friends of the old country, and I am sure ye will keep it. I tell ye but the frozen truth when I assure ye that England stands on the thin crust of a burning volcano that may bust at any moment. Ireland has an organized and well-disciplined body of a million well-armed, desperate, and courageous men. She could, at a given signal, rise and drive every mother's son of the invading Saxons into the sea. The shores of the sea-girt island would be washed with billows of red blood, and Ireland would be free." "Then," shouted an eager listener, "why, in the devil's name, don't they do it?" "Why don't they do it? Why don't they do it, ye ask? Bedad they would if it weren't for the nasty police, bad luck to them."

February 20.—The Honorable Aaron A. Sargent still holds his position as Secretary of the Exterior, with no prospect of being called in out of the cold. I am of the opinion that Mr. Kirkwood will not be displaced, and that there will be no change. Speculation is at fault in reference to the Secretary of the Navy. In the event of Mr. Secretary Hunt's retirement, it seems to be conceded by the knowing ones that the appointment lies between Mr. Chandler—he who was one of Blaine's leaders at Chicago—and General Beale, of California. The same kind of men and influences that urge Mr. Sargent are desirous of seeing Mr. Chandler in the position of Secretary of the Navy. It is supposed that there will be a large appropriation of money for the construction of a new navy. Some scores of millions are to be expended in coast defenses, and in the building of new ships. It is believed that the antecedents and character of Mr. Chandler justify the opinion of his immediate friends that he will distribute those millions where they will do the most good. General Beale served some fifteen years in the navy, and being a practical business man, of independent fortune, there is a large and influential class that believes he would bring to the office a high degree of intelligence and thorough integrity, and that he would introduce into this most useless, extravagant, and shamefully administered department of our government thorough and rational reforms. I believe that there is not another man in the nation who would make a more efficient administration of the Navy Department than General Beale; and I say this knowing all the unkind things said of him by his enemies in California. I think I know also that, in the event of his advancement to this position, California would find in him an appreciative and earnest friend. I think that she would have constructed for her a great navy-yard, and Mare Island would be changed to a great national workshop, where guns would be cast, and ships built and launched, instead of what it is now, under the control of fossilized shell-backs and politicians, a sweat-house for idle patriots and a refuge for the lazzaroni of the sea.

The navy is in a most shameful condition. In fact, we have no navy. We have but one ship that can make twelve knots an hour. We have ten navy-yards, from Kittery, in Maine, to Pensacola, in Florida. They are navy-yards filled with useless material and rotting ships. In all our navy there is not one single vessel capable of making a sea-fight, or defending a harbor; and not one capable of even defending herself if attacked. We have neither ship nor squadron able to fight or run away. The ships in service are not only incapable of doing duty, but they are not compelled to the performance of any substantial duty. Our squadron in the Mediterranean lies up in winter at Nice, because it dare not go to sea. Our squadron in the North Atlantic is useless in winter. We have one commissioned officer for every two and a half seamen. Washington is crowded with navy men, from admirals down to cadet midshipmen, who have little if anything to do. Our old men of the navy are admirable crew cut, and our young men of the navy dress with tail-coats, part their hair with precision, twirl bamboo canes with

dexterity, dance with elegance, and lead the German with marvelous ability. We have rank enough and officers enough to command all the navies of the world. We have one admiral, one vice-admiral, twenty-five rear-admirals, ninety captains, eighty lieutenant-commanders, two hundred and eighty lieutenants, one hundred masters, one hundred ensigns, eighty midshipmen, one hundred and thirty cadet midshipmen; fifteen medical directors with rank of captain, fifteen medical inspectors with rank of commander, thirty-eight surgeons with rank of lieutenant-commander, twelve surgeons with rank of lieutenant, twenty-seven passed-assistant-surgeons with rank of lieutenant, fifty-two passed-assistant-surgeons with rank of master; thirteen pay-directors with rank of captain, twelve with rank of commander, forty-nine with rank of lieutenant-commander, twenty-nine assistant-paymasters with rank of lieutenant, four with rank of master, and fifteen with rank of ensign. We have ten chief-engineers with rank of captain, fifteen with rank of commander, forty-five with rank of lieutenant-commander; eighty-seven passed-assistant-engineers with rank of lieutenant, thirteen with rank of master, thirty-five with rank of ensign, thirty-five assistant-engineers with rank of ensign, and seventy-three cadet engineers. We have four chaplains with rank of captain, seven with rank of commander, thirteen with rank of lieutenant; three professors of mathematics with rank of captain, four with rank of commander, five with rank of lieutenant. The admiral and vice-admiral have each a secretary with rank of lieutenant. There are two naval-constructors with rank of captain, three with rank of commander, five with rank of lieutenant; one assistant naval-constructor with rank of lieutenant, four with rank of master; ten civil-engineers, fifty-one boatswains, fifty-five gunners, fifty-three carpenters, forty-two sail-makers, forty-one mates, thirty-nine cadet midshipmen on probation in the first class, forty-three in the second class, thirty-eight in the third class, and twenty-two in the fourth class. There are twenty-seven cadet engineers in the first-class, and twenty-six in the second class. In addition to all these, we have forty-one retired rear-admirals, and thirteen retired commodores. The whole number on the retired and reserved list, of all grades and ranks in the service, and all drawing pay, is two hundred and eighty-three. In addition to this there is a marine corps. It has a colonel-commandant, with a general staff headquarters at Washington; it has a colonel and two lieutenant-colonels, four majors, twenty captains, thirty first-lieutenants, and fourteen second-lieutenants; also with a retired list of colonels, lieutenant-colonels, majors, captains, first and second lieutenants.

Our navy carries upon its list the names of ninety-one vessels, twenty-four ironclads, and twenty-five tugs—one hundred and forty in all. Not one-sixth of them are capable of going to sea at all. The ironclads are bunched down at Point Comfort, and look like decoy-ducks black with age. It is safe to say that, with few exceptions, the entire navy is not worth the cordwood and pig-iron of which it is constructed. To burn all the navy-yards, all the ships, and all the material would not be a loss, if by so doing the country could get rid of the cost of maintaining useless navy-yards, useless ships, useless material, and the multitude of useless men that are on the navy pay-roll. The whole navy is decrepit with age, and, like the ships, is covered with barnacles. Around the navy hang the traditions of the past. No modern idea has penetrated its administration since the war. It is a thing of fossils and exploded traditions. Its officers, from admiral down, lack enthusiasm for the service, and lack invention. A new idea has no more chance of penetrating the naval service, under its present management, than the pea of a boy's pop-gun has to penetrate the dried skin of the stuffed rhinoceros at the Smithsonian Institution. It needs new life; and, to be born again, it must necessarily die. There should be three navy-yards; one at New York for the Atlantic, and one at San Francisco—Mare Island—for the Pacific, both complete with foundries, dry-docks, yards, and a force that should be able to build, equip, and repair ships. The navy-yard at Washington should be reserved for experiments in all matters concerning the service, such as torpedoes, guns, etc., etc. In this manner members of Congress and those connected with the navy administration could be always present at the trials of new inventions. Our forts should be defended with great, ponderous, moveable batteries that can be pushed from one point to another in calm water, and which should be made indestructible by impenetrable mail. These batteries should carry guns equal or superior to any that an invading fleet could bring against us. The ship of the future navy should be light, carrying one or two long range guns, and fast beyond any merchant passenger ship. They should be constructed so as to carry coal, remain long at sea, run away—if need be—from an ironclad, destroy the enemy's commerce, and should need a force of but few men. These ships should never operate in squadrons; so we would need no admirals, vice-admirals, commodores, and no flag-ships. Let each ship have a captain, subordinate officers, and seamen; one paymaster, one doctor, one surgeon, an engineer and assistant, no chaplain, but plenty of active, able-bodied seamen. Let it be run under orders from Washington, and be made to cruise summer and winter, as merchant ships are compelled to do. Let there be no dancing at Nice, or picnicking at Newport. Break up the naval lobby at Washington, which is the most persistent, brazen-cheeked, and impertinent of all the lobbies at the capital. Put the old men on an allowance of brandy and water, with terrapin and canvas-back ducks. Put the young men at work on the sea, where they belong. Make them earn their money as do the officers of the Cunard, White Star, and other lines of sea-going ships. Reward the adventurous and serviceable among them. Encourage them to study the science of navigation, and to invent something new in machinery, ship-building, guns, torpedoes, and the engine of naval war. It is easy enough to have a good and serviceable navy, ably and economically managed; but it can never be done without destroying the present system; and it can never be done by keeping Mr. Hunt in as Secretary of the Navy, nor by putting so very capable and deserving a politician in his place as Mr. Chandler.

Bronson Alcott says that the blue or brown-eyed women, with fair complexion, sanguine temperament, and fair-sized feet, love deeper and make better wives than any other sort.

## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

Among the fast runs made by trains running out of London are the following: Great Western, (Swindon 77½,) 87 minutes, no stoppage; Great Northern, (Peterboro 76½,) 90 minutes, no stoppage; North-western, (Rugby 82½,) 110 minutes, 1 minute stoppage; Midland, (Kettering 72,) 91 minutes, no stoppage; South-western, (Salisbury 83½,) 121 minutes, 3 minutes stoppage; Great Eastern, (Stowmarket 86½,) 124 minutes, 5 minutes stoppage.

A few days ago, while the fly-wheel of the Winchester Arms Manufactory in New Haven was revolving so rapidly that the spokes were indistinguishable, the engineer noticed a white blotch revolving with it, but supposing that it was merely sunlight falling on the wheel, he at first made no investigation. Two hours and a half later he observed that the white streak was still there, and, having stopped the engine, he discovered to his amazement that the apparition was a substantial white cat, which had been clinging to one of the spokes since the wheel started. She was very much exhausted, and the numberless revolutions had made her cross-eyed, but she has since recovered her strength and visual perception, and become the pet of the establishment.

When Doctor Johnson was compiling his dictionary he exacted tribute from all sources by virtue of his right as autocat of letters. Unable to determine the derivation of *curmudgeon*, he inquired in a London periodical as to the origin of the word. A correspondent suggested that it came from the French *cœur*, "heart," and *machant*, "bad." Johnson accepted the derivation as probable, and without translating the French, engrafted it into his dictionary, giving credit to an "unknown correspondent." Dr. Ash, his successor in lexicography, copied the definition, and it appeared in his dictionary thus: "*Curmudgeon* (sub. from the French *cœur*, 'unknown,' and *machant*, 'a correspondent')—A miser, a churl, a griper." Webster defines its meaning as coming from "corn merchant," alluding to the fact that this class, from its withholding bread from the people, were much detested.

Is the generally received derivation of this technical term correct? asks a writer in *Notes and Queries*, concerning the word "dove-tail." I do not remember to have seen any other suggested, and turning to the only English dictionary within ready access, I find: "Dove-tail—Joint in form of a dove-tail spread." It seems probable that the word is no more derivable from "dove" than "rabbit"—another term of carpentry—from "rabbit," but is one of many familiar technical terms borrowed from the French. The French *dove* (which appears in German as *daube*) is a cask-stave, and is connected, Littré says, by Dugange with L. Latin *doga*, a vase, a cup—the transition from *doga* to *dove* being normal. So "dove-tail," if *dove-taille*, as surmised, would have meant such "cutting" (French *tailleur*) as was applied to cask staves. Whether such staves are precisely dove-tailed affects the question but little. Their joints were necessarily water-tight, and thus a very close joint may well have been called a "dove-tail." It is right to add that the compound word *dove-taille* (possibly obsolete) does not appear in any of several French dictionaries consulted.

An uncommon type of swindler was tried a few days ago in Paris, for forging checks for fifteen thousand francs. He was born in 1840, and calls himself Valentin Schapolski. When four days old he was left at the foundling hospital at Agen. At fifteen he left that town, and became in turn a sailor, a soldier, a traveler, and an antiquary in Egypt, whence he came to India with a Swedish officer. He then turned up as a tutor to a Russian family in Holland, and was next heard of at Bordeaux, where, having been wounded during the war, he married a lady who nursed him. His peculiar industry in more recent years was to assume the character of a doctor, and worm himself into the confidence of woman patients of doubtful position. At a convenient time he administered narcotics, and robbed them of what he could find. When tried, he asserted "that he was the unconscious envelope of the soul of Plato"; that he had a distinct memory of many anterior existences, and posed as a victim of metempsychosis and human ingratitude. He was remanded to Bicêtre for three months, under medical observation, to test his sanity, and was brought up again the other day, when the doctors said he was shamming.

An Ohio woman recently wrote (dipping her pen in the thickest of "gall") to a Colorado railway superintendent, stating that she was organizing a party to go to Colorado this spring, and wrote for a favor, which she felt assured he would grant without hesitation. The party was to number seventy-five people, most of whom were to be ladies. She had already found sixty-eight who expressed a willingness to go. What she desired was passes for the party. They would travel in conventional tourist fashion, and intended to have a perfectly lovely time of it, if the country suited. She wound up with the following "taffy": "Please make our passes good for six months. I never had the pleasure of meeting you, but I understand from a gentleman friend who knows you that you are very kind to ladies. He told me that you would not hesitate in giving me passes for the party. I am not much acquainted with Colorado, and hear that it is a very wild and dangerous country for women to travel in without protection. When you send the passes please also write me full particulars concerning the country, the people, how they act, and which is the most comfortable attire for ladies out there. Some people say it is very cold in Colorado. By the time I hear from you I shall have made all my other arrangements."

The following wealthy citizens of New York have died within the past few years, leaving the following sums:

Commodore Vanderbilt, railroad king.....	\$75,000,000
William B. Astor, real estate king.....	60,000,000
Alexander T. Stewart, dry-goods autocrat.....	35,000,000
Peter Goellet, real estate lord.....	20,000,000
Robert Goellet, sugar refiner.....	7,000,000
Peter Gilsey, real estate lord.....	2,000,000
William C. Rhinelander, real estate lord.....	2,500,000
James Brown, banker.....	6,000,000
Courtland Palmer, retired capitalist.....	2,000,000
John Anderson, tobaccoist.....	2,000,000
John W. Chandler, son-in-law of William B. Astor.....	1,500,000
Charles Morgan, shipping merchant.....	10,000,000
John Q. Jones, Chemical Bank President.....	2,500,000
Colonel Van Buren, real estate lord.....	1,000,000
David Leavitt, banker and financier.....	3,500,000
Benjamin Winthrop, retired wealth.....	1,000,000
David Jones, brewer.....	5,000,000
John Lenox, philanthropist and capitalist.....	6,000,000
George Law, contractor.....	6,000,000
Webster Wagner, railway king.....	2,000,000
	\$250,000,000

I recently came across a copy of a funny old bill from a painter sent to a noble lord, a professed connoisseur and large collector of pictures, writes a London art critic. I give the items verbatim, for the amusement of your readers, from the copy, which reads more like a conic effusion than a poor man's claim for artistic work:

To filling up the chink in the Red Sea, and repairing the damages of Pharaoh's host. To cleaning six of the Apostles, and adding an entirely new Judas Iscariot. To a pair of new hands for Daniel in the lions' den, and a set of teeth for the lioness. To an alteration in the Belshazzar, mending the Commandments, and making a new Lord's Prayer. To a pair of ears for Balaam, and making a new tongue for the ass. To a new broom and bonnet for the Witch of Endor. To a sheet-anchor, a jury-mast, and a long-boat for Noah's Ark. To painting twenty-one new steps to Jacob's ladder. To making a new head for Holofernes, and cleansing Judah's hands. To giving a blush to the cheeks of Eve on presenting the apple to Adam. To painting a shoulder of mutton and a shin of beef in the mouth of two of the ravens feeding Elijah. To the exact representation of Noah in the character of a general reviewing his troops, preparatory to their march, with the dove dressed as an aide-de-camp. To painting Samson making a present of his jawbone to the proprietors of the British Museum. To making the Congress of America, as in 1784, and the Tower of Babel companion pictures. To preparing Solomon's nose, and making a new nail to his middle finger.



## THE WESTERN HUMORISTS.

## Chang and Eng.

In answer to a correspondent who writes us information on the above subject, we have compiled the following information: Eng and Chang were born simultaneously, on the 13th day of April, 1811, and died at the age of sixty-three years. They were connected together by a patent coupler, which entered the body of each in the region of the vest-pocket. This connecting arrangement necessarily threw them a great deal in each others' society. When they were boys their lives were rendered more or less unhappy by their widely different tastes. Eng was very fond of sour apples in his youth, and when at night he rolled and tossed upon his couch with a large stock of colic on hand, Chang had to lie awake and get the benefit. Later in life Chang developed a strange longing for the flowing bowl, while Eng was a Good Templar. When Eng went to the lodge, the worthy outside guard would refuse to let Chang in, because he couldn't give the pass-word, and as Eng couldn't go in and leave Chang in the ante-room, he had to go home and wait till another meeting. Eng was a Mason and Chang was a Knight of Pythias, and they used to give each other away sometimes, and have lots of fun. Eng was a half-breed and Chang was a Stalwart, and that made it had about attending caucuses. Chang joined the Episcopal Church and believed in sprinkling, while Eng was a Baptist, and not only got immersed himself, but fixed it so that Chang had his sins washed away at the same time. Once in a while Chang would get an invitation to a private party in a set to which Eng did not belong, and then they had to settle the question by putting Etruscan noses on each other as to whether they should go or remain at home. Chang died first, and Eng died a few hours later as a matter of courtesy. Eng was not prepared to die, and regretted that he was not consulted by Chang before this important step was taken, but he said it would save the expense of two funerals, and he wanted to do what was right. The lives of these two men were somewhat peculiar in many respects. There were many little nameless annoyances to which each was compelled to submit, and which would not at first occur to the student. For instance, Chang had to get up and go for the doctor in company with Eng whenever Eng's children had the croup; and whenever Chang's wife thought there was a burglar in the woodshed, Eng had to get up in his night-shirt, and go with his brother in search of the villain. They couldn't ride the festive velocipede, and when Chang got hilling drunk, Eng had to go to the jug with him, and stay there till the fine was paid. Among the many blessings which cluster about us, and are showered down upon us through life, we are prone to lose sight of the fact that with all of our sorrows and disappointments, we were not horn Siamese twins.—*Bill Nye in the Boomerang.*

## Gwendolen Riordan's Love.

Up from the meadows, where the freshly-mown hay lay in long windrows, and down by the mossy-banked lake where the sweet-smelling sedges grew in riotous abundance, and the lily pressed its white face against the cool, clear surface of the blue waters, the soft breezes of a June evening came stealing o'er cot and palace—o'er simple hamlet and moated castle. Standing idly, almost listlessly, by the postern gate that marked the entrance to her father's broad demesne, Gwendolen Riordan looked down the broad avenue that skirted the ancestral acres of her sire with a wistful, pleading expression in her County Antrim features that told more plainly than words, more eloquently than a three-sheet poster, of the hopes and fears that were harassing her young soul.

"Will he ever come?" she said softly to herself, hushing even as she spoke. "Is the fruition of my hopes to be a glad one, or must I again throw the black pall of disappointment over my cherished plans? Heaven forefend that I should for the third time drain to its dregs the bitter cup that a cruel fate has twice held to my lips—lips that were dry and parched for the kisses of one whom I shall ever love, and who will not see my mad passion for him. Do not drive me too far, Menelaus McGuire, or you will rue the day when Superintendent Holmes gave you a bohtail car to drive—that day when he felt so corky over his joke about the cable-car heing like a Grecian king, because it was Agrippa." And with these words the girl kicked the family goat off the sidewalk, and turned to enter the house. As she did so, the rustle of a patrician polonaise was heard, and a fair-haired maiden of nineteen summers and an early spring came around the corner with her starboard tacks aboard.

Giroflé Mahaffy was daughter of a purse-proud aristocrat who owned a milk-route, and she was not slow to make use of the social position to which, as the heiress of over eight hundred dollars, a time-serving world had raised her. She had met Menelaus McGuire at a *fete champetre* given in honor of Aphrodite Johnson's eighteenth birthday, and fallen desperately in love with him, although aware that he had plighted his troth to Gwendolen. She had sought by every art known to woman to lure him from his rightful love. Was it strange, then, that Gwendolen both feared and hated her, and that once, in a mad frenzy of rage, she had said that Giroflé's back hair was no better than it should be?

The girls did not speak, and as Giroflé passed the Riordan goat, which was eating a discarded hoop-skirt, a haughty smile flitted over her face. "Goat's milk is healthy," she said in low, scornful tones.

Gwendolen heard the words and faced the speaker. "Yes, Giroflé Mahaffy," she said, speaking slowly and calmly, although in turning she had pinched her corn, "we are poor, but I notice that you are invited to all the wakes and christenings. When it comes to going with the *haut ton* we capture the confectionery, and don't you forget it."

As the two girls stood there that June evening, their little figures sharply outlined against the crimson western sky, the sight was a pretty one. Gwendolen with soft, lustrous, tearful eyes, and a pained expression in her sweetly pure face; Giroflé smiling a bitter, cruel smile. Suddenly Menelaus McGuire, he whom they both loved so well, came around the corner. Giroflé started toward him, a smile on her face, but he headed her not. Stepping quickly to Gwendolen's side, he took her hand in his, while a wave of color rushed over his face, and an infinite look of tenderness came into his bright eyes.

"Can you forgive my neglect, darling?" he said; "can you take me again to your heart?"

A great passionate throb of intense joy filled Gwendolen's heart. Looking up to Menelaus with tear-stained eyes, she said, in broken tones:

"Can I forgive you, my own? Well, I should giggle."—*Chicago Tribune Novelist.*

## VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

## Villanelle.

A dainty dress, cut out by Worth,  
Whate'er male critics choose to say,  
Is still the dearest thing on earth.

It well becomes a rich man's hearth,  
Or hall, or rout, or feast, or play—  
A dainty dress cut out by Worth.

And e'en if there's of food a dearth,  
Such dress, though black, or red, or gray,  
Is still the dearest thing on earth.

None but a genius could give birth  
Unto that marvel of the day,  
A dainty dress cut out by Worth.

Such dress excites no husband's mirth;  
He'll find it, when he comes to pay,  
Is still the dearest thing on earth.

And, if a maid is large in girth,  
She'll find, made up in any way,  
A dainty dress, cut out by Worth,  
Is still the dearest thing on earth.

—Archer Lynn.

## Afterward.

The lights flash out—the last wild flight  
Of music at the ceiling soars;  
Dies, falling back—the throat of night  
They seem to ope who draw the doors,  
From sheltered nook of curtained box,  
From confabs deep-a-corridor  
We press, a rapid rout that mocks  
The rout the Red Sea parted for.  
Fan screams, Dick swears, each dainty waist  
Bears button prints—of fashion late—  
The Spartan urchin's joys we taste  
By girlish elbows lacinate.  
The dancers cower in cape and cloud,  
The drinkers steal one final spark  
Of life—we pour, a struggling crowd,  
Into the winter midnight's dark.  
Ho, friends, to me who with you wait  
To advent glad of cah and car,  
A thought insistent comes as Fate,  
And startling as a wheeling star.  
I think that most of us who end  
Here now our rouse hehdomadal,  
Shall find the last way man may wend,  
Much like the exit from a hall.  
Our lights shall die—shall drop our glass,  
Our kisses falter—shall they not?  
From warmth, and wine, and waltz we'll pass  
To shivering darkness, and then—what?

—A. E. Watrous.

## An Ecstasy of the Ball-Room.

Some sweet enchantment holds me now;  
I'm drifting on, I know not how—  
Nor do I want to.

There's dreamy music in the air—  
Where are my feet? I wonder where  
The deuce they've gone to!

This liliputian piece of kid,  
Wherein a dainty hand is hid  
In jealous keeping,  
Can this—oh no, it is a dream;  
Such fairy fingers can but seem—  
Of course, I'm sleeping.

This lily-rounded arm above,  
And—Goodness! here's the other glove!  
It's on my shoulder!

A stone would smoulder 'neath the touch,  
And I—I feel it twice as much,  
And more than smoulder.

'Tis true we've often met before;  
But I, although my heart is sore,  
Am but her poet.

I sing her shoe, her scarf, her glove—  
Alas! I dare not sing my love;  
She can not know it.

The music stops; she tells me now  
She's rather tired, (I feel, somehow,  
From heaven descended.)

We bow; I lead her to a seat;  
And then we talk about the heat—  
The waltz is ended.

—Anon.

## Engaged.

I've sat at her feet by the hour  
In the properly worshipful way;  
I've carried her many a flower,  
I've read to her many a lay;  
Social battles with friend and with lover  
For her sake I often have waged;  
And now from her lips I discover  
That she—oh, that she is engaged!

One season we led in the German,  
And one we were partners at whist;  
On Sundays we heard the same sermon,  
The opera never once missed;  
We were generally winners at tennis;  
Our skill at the target we gauged;  
But a difference between now and then is—  
For now she—for now she's engaged.

I have carried a parasol o'er her  
When we strolled in the deep-shaded grove;  
Whole minutes I've dallied before her,  
Assisting to hutton her glove;  
As she sprang to the saddle, my fingers  
Her wee feet a moment have caged,  
And the thrill in my pulses still lingers,  
Though now she—though now she's engaged.

Does she ever live over, I wonder,  
The night that we sat in the cove,  
One shawl wrapped around us, while thunder  
And wind-storms and hail raged above?  
How, trembling, she hid her white face on  
My shoulder, and how I assuaged  
Her fears by the story of Jason—  
Does she think of all that when engaged?

On my walls hang her many mementoes;  
That cathedral she sketched me in Rome;  
It was after my camp-life she sent those  
Silk slippers to welcome me home.

I've the letters she wrote me at college,  
In a book all sorted and paged;  
How delightful to read with the knowledge  
That now she—yes!—now she's engaged!

I am going to call there to-morrow;  
In her joy she will greet her old friend  
Without even a shadow of sorrow  
That our friendship has come to an end;  
And close in my arms I will hold her,  
No matter for papa enraged;  
Shall his wrath from me longer withhold her  
When to me—tis to me she's engaged?

—Boston Gazette.

## THE INNER MAN.

William III. injured his vigorous constitution by green peas.  
Charles II. died from the effects of an overdose of eggs and amberggris.  
Brillat-Savarin chronicles that no grand dinner began without the pleasant mollusk.  
Byron, toward the end of his life, sustained existence on biscuits, gin, and soda water.  
King John succeeded in ridding England of his presence by a surfeit of peaches and ale.  
Sheridan made his greatest speech while under the influence of several bottles of Madeira wine.  
Synesius, a fifth century hishop, sat up whole nights drinking strong liquors while he composed hymns.  
Napoleon gorged himself at Leipsic with roast mutton and onions. The result of that battle was the turning point in his career.  
Phagon, in the presence of Aurelius, devoured a wild boar and a pig stuffed with a hundred loaves, all of which he washed down with an entire cask of wine.  
When in Japan, Cyrus W. Field visited the house of a Japanese merchant, and to afford some idea of the elegance of the entertainment, he relates that the tea was made in his presence in a golden tea-kettle. He also says that the Japanese taste in art is exquisite.

Voltaire, who loved oysters and always ate them cooked, would never be without them in the proper season. He used to say: "It seems harsh to swallow raw *un aussi joli petit animal*." And as to broiled oysters, Thackeray refused them, because he said that they reminded him of babies' ears rolled in sawdust.

The late Duc de Cambracres, who has just died in Paris, was always regarded as the last of that race of *bon vivants* and *gourmets* of whom Prince Talleyrand was the founder and the chief. One of the good old customs observed by the duke to the very last was that of serving the coffee to his guests with his own hand.

Mercier, in his "Tableaux de Paris," relates how Crebillon once ate, in his presence, a hundred dozen oysters. He drank only milk, while Mercier drank champagne. Each recommended his drink to the other, and they had a fierce dispute as to the digestive qualities of each fluid. But the author ends by acknowledging that Crebillon was right, and that milk is the true solvent of oysters.

Frederick the Great could dine on a cup of chocolate in war times, but in his days of peace he was dangerously unorthodox in his dietary habits. Every day he ate of ten or twelve dishes at dinner. At breakfast he feasted on bread and butter covered with salted tongue, and finally overtaken his digestive organs and hastened his dissolution by an eel-pie, so hot that, as Miraheau expressively describes, "it looked as if it had been baked in hell."

There is an impression prevalent on the continent, says a correspondent of the *Republic*, that the English like their beef almost raw, and inexperienced travelers seeing "Roshif à l'Anglaise" or "Bifteck à l'Anglaise" on the *carte* will be horrified at the result of choosing either for their repast. In Paris, not long ago, I was hesitating what to order when the waiter, thinking to help me to a decision, said "Il y a du roshif," and seeing that I still deliberated he added: "Du roshif tout à fait saignant," as though that must be quite irresistible.

"No milk? Pas de crème?" No longer will the visitors to the Café de la Paix hear the joyous voice of the Falstaffian *verseur* who knew the equivalent for "no milk" in all the languages of Europe. Says the *Parisian*: "Not many days ago six hundred *garçons de café* followed him to his modest grave in the cemetery of Saint-Ouen. It appears that the worthy man's body became too heavy; his legs swelled and refused their service; he was obliged to enter the hospital of Saint-Louis, where he died. His name was Théophile Lehreton. He weighed no less than two hundred and sixty pounds. He was only forty-nine years of age, and he had been *verseur* at the Café de la Paix for fifteen years."

Several correspondents, says a Washington journal, whose culinary experience rarely rises above a peck of steamed oysters or a Welsh rarebit, have glowingly described the dinner-service laid before the President at the Riggs House as the "finest Sevres china." Do they know that the *finest* Sevres is almost priceless, not alone from age and association, but from cost of manufacture. That which Mr. Spofford covered with the gastronomic triumphs of his *cordons bleu* was doubtless as fine as any hotel in the country possesses, but that sensible landlord has probably no desire to rob Louis XIV. of about his only merit as a king. After all, to presidents or princes it is not the container, but the thing contained which is important.

A finicky, fussy, round little man stepped up to the first waiter in a new oyster saloon, in Sixth Avenue, New York, and said: "Have you got any really nice, fresh, good oysters?" "Yes, sir." "Not too fat, you know—but not thin, either. I want them just exactly right, and I want them perfectly fresh." "How will you have them—half shell?" "Stop a moment," said the little man; "if you have got just the right kind, in just the right condition, please take half a pint of small ones, (not too small, you know,) and strain the juice off them carefully, leaving just a little juice on them; put them in a pan which has been scoured and dried, and then add a little butter, (good, pure butter,) and a little milk, (not New York milk, but real country cow's milk,) and then place the pan over a coal fire, and be careful to keep the pan in motion, so as not to let the oysters or the milk burn; add a little juice, if you choose, and then watch the pan closely, so that the exact moment it comes to a boil you can whip it off. At the same time have a deep dish warming near at hand, and when you see the first sign of boiling, empty the pan into the dish. Do you think you can remember that?" "One stew!" the waiter called out.

CCXVIII.—Sunday, March 5.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Gumbo Fillet.  
Fried Trout. Larded Sweetbreads. Green Peas.  
Lamb Chops. Tomato Sauce. Asparagus. Cauliflower.  
Roast Chicken.  
Fried Potatoes. Lettuce, French Dressing.  
Bavarian Cream with Peaches.

BAVARIAN CREAM WITH PEACHES.—Cut eighteen fine peaches, or a sufficient number of canned ones, into small pieces, and boil them with half a pound of sugar. When they are reduced to a marmalade press them through a coarse sieve or colander, then add half a package of dissolved gelatine, and a glassful of good cream. Stir this well to make it smooth, and when about set, then add a pint of whipped cream, and put into a mould. It makes a still prettier dish to serve halves or quarters of peaches, half frozen, around the cream.

## TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

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People's thoughts drift strangely at the play. I fell a-wondering, the other night, while poor Bertuccio was capering, why the kings of the earth had let the court-fool go out of fashion. His very frankness must have been a luxury, and kings must really ache sometimes to have some one slap them on the back and call them "old boy." Not that such was the province of the jester who was a creature of quips and antics, but might not cross the hedging divinity except with words. In these days, perhaps—ah, in these days. Well, when one comes to think of it, it is only the motley that has gone out of fashion, and the domestic fool of the great is still an institution. The cap and bells are invisible wear, but how often we hear the jingle. For the great are multiplying in the land, and there are more kings than kingdom kings to be made laugh in hours of ennui. There are kings of rails, and kings of finance, and kings in letters; and, he it only the king of a little coterie, he has his fool, a creature to study his moods, to pet his foibles, to tickle his mirth, and, though they wear no livery, do we not all know them as easily as courtiers knew the jester in the palace corridors?

Then there is Society's Fool, whom we all know as a happy fellow, with an ever-ready joke, and an ever-ringing laugh. He is poor. People seldom crack jokes who are very rich. When they do, it passes into history like the *mot* of the English duke who complains of the "mervousness" of the government over the importance of Merve. The Society Fool, poor fellow, "gets off" a dozen such in an evening, but they are like shooting stars—we exclaim for a moment, and they disappear forever. And yet he is invited everywhere for the clever things he says, and he knows he must say them. His life is a ceaseless round of gayety, dinners, halls, Germans, drives, picnics, sails—everything that people do to get out of sight and thought of themselves. The dinners are an object, and the halls and drives float him among the dinner-givers. I watch him sometimes with an infinite pity, which he does not suspect. He keeps up the fire nobly, but, as the evening goes, and the tension stretches, his voice pitches higher, and his eye grows feverish. I get a peep at the reverse, but I know he dares not peep himself, or one day his own especial bit of pasteboard will go unaddressed, and he will be asked no more forever when he ceases to be a "funny man," until he comes to be a rich or great one. Alas! Society's Fool is the unhappiest of them all, for the world laughs at him always, while it is much given to a romantic sympathy for the professional jester, and always suspects the graver side.

Have we not all read melancholy stories of clowns until we feel, when the canvas flap falls between us and the painted creature of the ring, that he has gone into his dressing-room to hug a rooted sorrow? The chances are many that it is a bottle of London stout instead; but we have grown into the other way of thinking, and like to revel in our sentiment.

Which of the new pictures has had the appeal of that clown who nurses his sick baby in his dressing-room, with a horrible anxiety forcing its way through the paint on his face? With what have the librettists more successfully played upon our sympathies than with "Rigoletto"? We are all given to weeping over fools—that is professional, not natural ones. Our tear ducts would soon run dry in the latter case; and when Tom Taylor took it into his head to make a drama of the opera tale, he assured success in a choice of subject. There are few more touching situations in all the drama than the helpless Bertuccio seeking to jest his frantic way into the banquet chamber. When Sheridan dropped himself out of the pale of toleration last week, he left a difficult task upon Grismer's young hands. But Grismer has plucked a leaf of laurel out of the emergency. If Marie Geistering and the bloodhounds had not been in town, (pardon, fair sinner, for the juxtaposition), his Bertuccio would have been the sensation of the week, for it was a strong and touching bit of acting—a wonderful hit, perhaps, when one considers the haste of his study and the suddenness of his warning.

But Marie Geistering and her troupe became the fashion all at once, and the bloodhounds in solemn procession through the streets captivated the public fancy, for people would seem to be all amateur dog fanciers in a way, and dote especially upon the stage canine. They are talking seriously just now of establishing in London a school for dramatic instruction. It is safe to hazard a suspicion that Haverly will establish a dramatic zoological garden along the coast, where donkeys will be trained not to huck and bloodhounds not to hite; where, indeed, every

animal that ever came out of the ark shall be made adaptable for a Haverly spectacle. We shall have the walrus in an Arctic play, and the tapir in a tropical extravaganza, and the kangaroo in an antipodean comedy, and the spirit of the new Noah shall brood over them all in a brilliant lithograph, and vast hordes of obscure actors will offer up incense thereto.

The Germans have been crowing most triumphantly since Monday. The "Favart" night was a fearful blow to them, but their crushed spirits rose triumphant when Boccaccio made his bow. We Americans are so accustomed to a single star shining upon a sea of incompetency, that we all went the first night to see Geistering, as we go to see Booth or Clara Morris, with a lordly indifference to their surroundings. To all she was, and to some is still, a disappointment. She is not a meteor. She does not flash with dazzling brilliancy. But she does shine with pale, steady refulgence. No one will dare to say that she is incompetent. Her art is perfect, but it is not subtle; and it is all art and never naturalness. She will be an immense favorite before she goes, for she has the qualities that wear. It is a great comfort in this world to be able to lean upon anything with thorough confidence, from a halcyon rail to an artist's talent, and Marie Geistering is so thoroughly schooled in her work that she can not go amiss. It is in herself and not in her art that there is that something lacking which makes her fail to delight. "Did you see that little touch of nature?" asked some one, with a lynx eye for detail. "When Favart comes out of the cellar she wipes the cobwebs from his hair. Emelie Melville would never have thought of a little thing like that." "I do not remember whether she combed the cobwebs from Favart's hair or not," I made answer; "but I do know that she was the most charming of Boccaccios, and that if she could have sung it in a setting like this, it would have been something never to forget." For are not those comedians unctuously good, even to Schultze, who will strain a point to be funny? and Lube is irresistibly droll, and the chorus is something quite unexampled in our history of opera bouffe, and the minor parts are all thoroughly well acted, and, for the most part, well sung. Who would ever recognize our old friend, the Prince of Palermo, in that quiet young man with a modicum of talent and of voice?

They do not make a point of the costumes. Even Leonato, who is always something of a swell, appears rather shabby, and Fiametta is aggressively modern, and certainly not Italian in her attire. Mrs. Raberg has a full, rich voice, and charms the ear with Fiametta's lovely music, but her acting powers are limited to a pretty pout. But there is a merry little body, with a shrill voice, who is an offset, coming so far down the list. Little Miss Schatz is a most clever soubrette, and belongs to the comedy wing of excellence rather than in opera bouffe. "You should see Geistering in farce," say the Germans when it is opera bouffe night, or "in melodrama" if it be farce night. Why? They stop at home themselves when the opera is taken off, and, as Marie Geistering knows every note in her throat, and just how to make it by all the laws and canons, and just how long she can hold it, and she can hold one a very long time, opera nights will be her best nights.

They say she is the best Duchesse of all the German Duchesses, and it is easy to fancy her carrying the dignity of the situation; but when her Royal Highness begins to frolic, what is to become of Geistering? Can any one imagine her taking a little fly at the can-can, as Aimée did, with the very spirit of diablerie in her eyes? And, alas! beside being a little cold about the eyes, she is a little stiff about the legs. But even enchantresses are incomplete somehow, for did not the fair Melusina become a serpent on Saturdays, and has not every school-girl with a heart in her bosom wept it out over Hans Andersen's tale of the little mermaid? BETSY B.

—THE MARIE GEISTERING TROUPE, AT THE Grand Opera House, has been playing to excellent audiences all the week. It is said that large numbers of seats have been engaged for the entire season. This (Saturday) afternoon "Boccaccio" will be given, and this evening Strauss's "Fledermaus." To-morrow (Sunday) evening the performance will be "Three Pair of Shoes," and Monday evening the ever popular "Grande Duchesse" will be rendered. Tuesday, "Boccaccio;" no Wednesday matinee; Wednesday evening, "The Royal Middy;" Thursday, "Die Fledermaus;" Friday, "Adrienne Lecouvreur," with Miss Von Trautmann in the cast; Saturday matinee, "La Grande Duchesse."

—FRIEDRICH HAASE, THE DISTINGUISHED GERMAN actor, who will make his first appearance in this city to-morrow night, at the Baldwin Theatre, under the management of Madam Genée, supported by her excellent company, is an exceptionally fortunate actor. From his earliest years his education tended toward an artistic career. This, together with his natural abilities, and the influence of the Emperor of Germany, who is his godfather, has enabled him to rise to the enviable position of the first actor in all Germany. Mr. Haase will appear to-morrow night as Lord Harleigh in the two-act drama of "She is Mad," known in English as "Dreams of Delusion," and in a one-act comedy called "A Game of Piquet." On Wednesday evening, March 8, "Narcisse" will be given.

#### MELVILLE IN GOTHAM.

The New York Critics on the California Troupe.

The Emelie Melville Opera Troupe have joined some of the members of the Bijou Theatre Troupe, of New York, and are playing at that theatre in a series of operas. The principal piece is "Apajune." They were, however, unable to play this until last Monday, the 27th ultimo, and so filled up with "The Royal Middy." Concerning their rendition of this sparkling opera, the New York *Tribune* says: "The opera was well mounted, and the costumes were new and fresh. The acting was good, and was well received by the audience. The song, 'If Neptune were a mortal,' was twice redemanded." The *World* opens its criticism by remarking: "The Emelie Melville Opera Company gave a charming performance of 'The Royal Middy,' at the Bijou Opera House, to an audience that filled every part of the house. Miss Melville as the Middy and Miss Lillie Post as the Queen were received with special commendation, both of them singing and acting with much good taste and spirit. The company is well trained, and the chorus above the average in merit." The *Times* report finishes by observing that "the combination of the Melville Opera Company and the troupe of the Bijou Theatre results in a performance of unusual merit. The audiences have been large, and there have been all the evidences of appreciation of a very pleasing representation." The *Graphic* devotes considerable space to the performance, and says: "Miss Emelie Melville as Fanchette sang and acted with much spirit. In the last act especially her make-up and acting were exceeding effective. Miss Lillie Post was pleasing as Maria Francesco, and was repeatedly encored in the second act. Mr. Lennox as Mungo was also very clever in this act, and caused no little amusement by his droll acting. Wallace Maccreary as Don Lamberto, Tom Casselli as Don Januario, Charles Dungan as Don Norberto, and Al. Henderson as Don Domingos, were on the whole satisfactory." The *Sun* gives the following comment on the players: "Miss Emelie Melville sings and acts the rôle of Fanchette with spirit. Miss Lillie Post has a strong, fresh voice, and a bold, assured style of vocalization. As Queen Maria she makes an imposing figure. Mr. Casselli, Mr. Maccreary, and Mr. Lennox are all efficient in their respective rôles of the Brazilian, the Admiral, and the negro Mungo." The *Mirror* says of the coming "Apajune": "Miss Melville is an actress of the first force, young, pretty, and graceful, and, if the English version of the piece be even tolerable, she will do it full justice." The *Dramatic Times*' critic thinks that "Miss Melville presented a pretty appearance as Fanchette, and acted with considerable sprightliness. Her singing, though occasionally faulty, accorded with her acting in general, and was quite pleasing. The greatest applause was bestowed on Mr. Lennox and Miss Lillie Post, the former in the rôle of Mungo, and the latter as the Queen. Probably one of the best things of the evening was the Don Norberto of Charles Dungan." *Nym Crinkle* devotes a column to the company, the main part of which is about the leading lady: "Miss Emelie Melville is a California lady who seems to have a private recipe for the preservation of eternal youth, and whose abilities as an actress have never had full scope in this city. Miss Melville is, to our mind, a remarkably fascinating woman. She is confessedly not young. She is scarcely beautiful, and there is very little that is distinctively feminine about her. But her individuality is so marked, and her ways are so graceful that she quickly attracts the interest of the auditor, and by the variety of her methods holds it to the end of a performance. Miss Melville has lived, and breathed, and played so long in the golden climate of California that the natural spontaneity of her humor and sense of fun has been to some degree perverted to the 'What do yer say?' order of the hoodlums of that far-off country. Miss Melville, despite her residence and training, is a consummate actress, and much of her stage business is extremely attractive. It would be very difficult to conceive of a prettier picture than Miss Melville presents in the garb of the young midddy. It is attractiveness itself. But in the first act of the 'Royal Middy,' when the young lady enacts the not-too-French French actress, her idea of the rôle is singularly out of keeping with its very obvious demands, and she purifies it as—and in pretty much the same sort of way—a gust of snow might a bank of flowers. Miss Melville, if memory serves us aright, once undertook to play 'La Belle Hélène' in San Francisco, and to make that amorous and exotic female a pink of Trojan propriety. How well or how ill she succeeded may be imagined. At any rate Offenbach's opera was withdrawn, and the lady never evinced any desire to revive it, nor did the public see it revived. Miss Melville is a comedy actress—a full-grown soubrette—but she will never be an opera bouffe artist. As a singer her individuality is equally distinct. She has, to put it briefly and succinctly, a man's voice. It is deep, chesty, and never sweet. It may be defined as a high contralto. She sings thoughtfully, but often false. Her voice is worn, but it has lost little since her last appearance here, some years since—in fact, she is very little changed indeed. She permeates the 'Royal Middy' with a pair of the sweetest blue eyes ever vouchsafed a woman, and she shows all of a woman's pride in a man's pretty clothes."

#### DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

In a recent conversation with a Philadelphia journalist, Mapleson told the following interesting anecdote about the Prince of Wales: "King Ludwig is not the only royal personage who has developed strong dramatic capacity. The Prince of Wales has as fine a knowledge of stage-management and scene-setting as I could ever wish to see in any of my own people. Years ago, when I produced 'Il Talismano' in London, the prince was present at a rehearsal, and I noticed that he was making copious notes on the margin of his libretto. I was dissatisfied with the setting of three of the scenes, and his royal highness stepped on the stage and requested permission to try his hand. He being the prince, I of course, allowed him, as I thought, to amuse himself. To my surprise and gratification, however, he not only directed the setting of the scenery with a perfect knowledge of stage effect, but gave several valuable suggestions in regard to the grouping of the choruses. I remarked afterward to the prince that if he ever became hard up and desired a dramatic position, I would offer his royal highness the largest salary at my command, as I consider him the first stage-manager in the world."

The comments of two theatrical managers who went to see the Greek play at Booth's Theatre, New York, were overheard by a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*. "Now, isn't that a misuse of opportunities?" remarked the first; "isn't it a waste of good material? No end of effective situations handled with the faintest conception of dramatic construction; good lines here and there buried in a lot of rubbish; a heggary chorus forever dunning in your ears just what any North American audience might be counted on to see for itself, and absolutely no comedy for a relief—absolutely no comic element!" "The part of Creon," said the other manager, "is deliberately stolen from Lady Jane in 'Patience,' even to dress and attitudes. Whatever the condition of international copyright, such an outrage ought not to be permitted. Gilbert and Sullivan ought to apply to Chief Justice Gish, of the Marine Judiciary, for an injunction restraining this Sophocles." "That's so, by Jove!" said the first. "Only it would advertise the fellow's tragedy."

The Paris correspondent of the *Dramatic Times*, in referring to the Auber anniversary, tells the story of Sarah Bernhardt's reception by the *maestro*. "Originally Auber was not a Parisian. But he came up from Normandy when very young, and got to be pretty well sanctified with the incense and odors of the boulevards before old father Time put him under the earth. He got to be director of the Conservatoire in course of time, and was a kind and smiling one; but his successor, Ambrose Thomas, is much more severe and morose in his manner. It was Auber who once welcomed a young girl to the Conservatoire, and said to her, after she had recited 'Deux pigeons s'aimaient d'amour tendre,' 'Enough; come here, little one.' The girl approached, with her eyes cast down, and timidly. 'Thou art called Sarah?' he asked. 'Yes, sir.' 'Thou art a Jewess?' 'By birth, yes, sir; but I have been baptized.' 'She has been baptized,' exclaimed Auber, turning to his colleagues. 'She has recited charmingly; she shall be admitted,' and Sarah Bernhardt entered into the class of M. Prevost."

"In theatrical circles and in general society Mrs. Langtry is the topic of the hour," says the London correspondent of the New York *Times*. "The fuss this lady has managed to make is a curious satire on the reputed stolidity and common sense of the British people. She is crowding the Haymarket Theatre. To secure seats you must book them several weeks in advance. 'Ours' is the comedy. The people do not go to see the piece. They do not even go to see the new actress. They go to see Mrs. Langtry 'the beauty'; Mrs. Langtry, the belle of several London seasons; the 'Jersey Lily' of the painters; the lady who is so much admired by the Prince of Wales; the lady who, when scandal spoke her name in whispers, was rehabilitated by the Princess of Wales herself publicly patronizing her début on the stage. The *Times* gushed over her, and was laughed at—so much so that it has been announced by the friends of Mr. Mowbray Morris that he did not write 'the first night notice of 'Ours.' I have it on the best authority that Mr. John Hollingshead offered Mrs. Langtry one thousand dollars a week for a month's appearance. The lady's reply was sensible, and, so far as it goes, modest. 'I would rather,' she said, 'have a moderate salary in a company where I could learn my profession and take a permanent position.' She gets three hundred dollars a week at the Haymarket, and fifty dollars for each morning performance. There are now two matinées a week, and her salary may therefore be put down at four hundred dollars. It is reported at five hundred in various journals, but the figures I have quoted are correct. It is understood that she hopes in due course to visit America. Her husband is reported to have property on the other side of the Atlantic. There is no truth in the current belief that she does not live with him. It is true that his income is not sufficient for her requirements, and that is the only reason put forth by her friends that she has joined 'the profession.'"



## SOME CURIOUS BLUNDERS.

Notes Jotted Down by a Classical Pedagogue.

One of the commonest types of hoy is the strictly matter-of-fact, says a writer in *Macmillan's Magazine*. Boys have a strong distaste for "show off," and a strong determination to avoid any exhibition of such a weakness in themselves. Hence a literalness and a dogged, matter-of-fact style of going to work, which is sometimes mistaken for sheer stupidity. What can be better than this exactly literal translation of Ovid's words concerning the Scythians, *Arcent mala frigora braccis*: "They keep off had colds by means of wearing breeches"? A less conservative and matter-of-fact person would have missed the point of the plural in this passage. Again, that line of Horace, which has led to the fall of many a victim, when subjected to a common-sense view, thus yields up the secret of its meaning, *Si torrens jecur quavis idoneum*: "If you want to roast a liver properly." In the Latin grammar paper a hoy was required to decline *qui*. Not being familiar with that pronoun, he selected from the English language a word which seemed to have some affinities with it—"quickly." To this he added a miscellaneous lot of Latin inflections, and the result was this: *Quicklya, quicklye, quicklyorum, quicklyy, quicklyz, quicklyx*. He was once required to spell the word *gymnasium*. An adherence to his comprehensive system may be traced in his effort, which was this: *gymnegynnasay room*.

Being in difficulties with respect to the Latin rule for the construction of the place to which one goes, a small hoy once came to me to know if Sicily was an island large enough to take the preposition *ad*. Another wanted to know if *abs* was the plural form of *ab*.

But breadth of view and a philosophical habit of inquiry can not be said to be usual characteristics of school-boys. As a rule, their views are extremely narrow. They are guided commonly by a rigid and orthodox trust in the letter of grammar and dictionary. For example, a boy is required to turn into Latin the following English sentence: "We know that the gods are on our side." He produces this rendering: *Scimus deos citra esse*. Again: "The king yielded to the augur," is turned *Rex perforaculo concessit*. Another friend of mine considered that the words applied by Horace to the ship of the state, *Non tibi sunt integra linteae*, was adequately rendered by "You have not fresh linen." A few months ago a hoy brought me, in a copy of Latin elegiacs, the following rendering of the line, "And autumn presses near," *Autumnusque artus post duo farvas agit*. It is fair to him to add that the translation of his line is not what I thought it to be. "And yellow autumn behind plies his two legs"; the words *post duo* referring to the two past seasons of the year. This pentameter is reported from a Yorkshire school: *Pulvis et hic hac omnia moe fuit*. Some of my readers may remember Virgil's description, in the "Georgics," of bees leaving their hives in the morning: *Mane ruunt partis, nequaquam mora*. A pupil of mine thus Englished the words: "In the morning they rush forth from the gates; manners are nowhere." A similar tendency toward slang may be observed in this translation: *Tempetiva viro*. "For your blooming husband." It was a hoy educated in the Isle of Man who rendered *Tres gravissimi historici*, by "Three very grievous hysterics."

The following is an instance of a narrow and orthodox view of the use of the dictionary:

Boy (translating)—*Otia tuta, safe plins*.

Master—Safe what?

Boy—Safe plins, sir.

Master—What are plins?

Boy—A kind of fish, sir.

Master (aware that there may be more things in heaven and earth and sea than are dreamt of in his philosophy)—Where do you find that?

Boy—In my dictionary, sir?

Master—Let me see it (reading from the book), "*Otia*, a kind of fish, *Plin*."

This mistake is akin to that of the editor of a once well-known Greek Testament, who is said, in his preface, (since suppressed,) to have expressed his obligations to various German critics, "including that copious writer, Professor Ebend" (the German equivalent for Dr. Ditto).

A still more common type of boy is the puzzle-headed, on whose hanners confusion waits, as he marches forth to do battle with his natural enemies, his teachers. Perhaps no species of boy produces such a plentiful crop of ludicrous blunders as this: *Labiens nudo capite in equo versabatur* is turned, with a wild scorn of proprieties, into "Labiens was riding about on his horse's bare head." One translator has thought it right to say that *Age fare vicissim* means, "Come, tell me for the twentieth time." *Tripodas geminos* alludes to no such monster as a boy imagined who translated it by "three-footed twins." Cerberus is represented in the poets as an animal *latratu trifauci*, which one hoy, not without ingenuity, has twisted into "Cerberus with treble hack." The Cambridge Little-go Examination lately produced the following graphic translation: *Domestico vulnere ictus, filium anno ante natum amisit*—"Having been bitten by a tame fox, he lost his son a year before he was born," a sentence which starts clearly, if not correctly, but ends in clouds and darkness. But we must bear in mind that we are treating of the hoy; at the universities we are all men. *Ignari sumus* is a sentence so very simple that I was surprised, though proof against a good deal, to find a boy making it mean "the height of ignorance." *Medius juvenum* is perplexing when said to mean "middle-aged youths."

Here is another communication from friends in council:

Q.—What is the difference between a strong and weak verb?

A.—You use a weak verb when you are not quite sure of the truth of what you say; but you use a strong verb when you are perfectly sure, and wish to be emphatic.

The following literary effort is from a theme on English poetry:

"English poetry consists of lines put together so that they come in rhyme, and have the same number of syllables in each line; but there is another kind of poetry called prose, which has lines of different lengths, and different numbers of syllables in each line." This is rather rough on Mr. Walt Whitman.

Another boy seriously wrote down the following, on the same subject: "Poetry may be divided into two kinds; the comic and the holy." Perhaps the best specimen of a literary effort that ever came into my hands was produced by an invitation to write a theme upon assassination. Thus it goes off: "Assassination is an awful crime, and if not found out during the assassin's life, he will meet his reward some day. The last assassination which has been committed is of a

very awful description, committed by some Nihilists on the Czar of Russia."

The following is a confusing piece of classical dictionary work: "Orestes, Alcmæon, and Oedipus were the three mothers of Thebes; he was born by Oedipus, who afterwards killed her husband; they were all matricides." *Cena caput erat*, etc., was a short time ago in my hearing translated: "He was drunk in the head." A conscientious but not very successful attempt, too, was this: *Pari felicitate se gessit*, "He waged himself with Parian felicity." An odd mixture of ideas is suggested by putting "Peace was concluded" into Latin thus: *Pax debellata est*. *Undantia aena* is translated "The surging pot."

—THOMAS HILL'S PICTURES AT AUCTION.—On the evening of Thursday next, at the gallery of the Art Association, 430 Pine Street, Messrs. Easton & Eldridge will sell at auction a collection of paintings and sketches—about seventy-five of the former and sixty of the latter—comprising California, Oregon, and Eastern scenery. The pictures will be on view day and evening, commencing Monday, up to the hour of sale. A number of the larger pictures have been exhibited at the Art Association exhibitions, as also have many of the sketches. Of the latter, it is said that they are more finished than is usually the case with sketches.

—S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., THE NEWSPAPER advertising agents of New York, whose business and connections are larger than any similar establishment in the United States, were burned out in the great fire of January 31st. They have now reopened their establishment in new quarters, at 263 Broadway, where they will transact business on their former plan. This house has the advantage over any other by reason of its superior facilities for the successful transaction of business.

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## A SAGACIOUS CAT.

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The demand for stories illustrating the sagacity of animals seems to be insatiable, and the more incredible these stories are the more widely are they circulated. There are a good many incidents in the "Lives of the Saints" which severely tax the credulity of even the most ardent Roman Catholic, and the stories told by enthusiastic spiritualists are sometimes slightly improbable; but there are stories told of animals by eminent and comparatively conscientious scientific persons in comparison with which the wildest stories of saints or spirits are probable and prosaic. Of course, we can not doubt these stories, for there is no taint of piety or superstition about them; but still they do inflict a terrible strain upon the credulity of any but the strongest men. For example, there is the anecdote of the sagacious elephant to whom a wicked boy in the circus gave a large piece of molasses candy, in the centre of which was concealed an ounce of red pepper. Instead of swallowing it, and undergoing pleasing agonies, the beast wound one leg around the boy, pried open his mouth with a tusk, and, holding the candy with the extremity of his trunk, sifted the entire lot of pepper down the boy's throat, amid the cheers of the assembled people. There, too, is the story of the sagacious horse, who was carrying on his back a worn-out Methodist preacher, and traveling in the thickest of darkness over a wretched Western road. The minister fell asleep, and the horse, on reaching a miller's river, and finding that the bridge had been carried away, crossed the raging torrent by walking carefully over a telegraph wire that had been blown from the poles, and stretched from bank to bank. And then there is the story of the sagacious bitch who had lost an entire litter of pups, just at the time that a hen of her acquaintance ventured too near a colored camp-meeting, and left a family of fifteen young chickens to mourn her loss. The bitch instantly adopted the chickens, nursed them with great assiduity, and brought them all to maturity, although they ever afterward betrayed an abnormal fondness for bones, and insisted upon sleeping on the front piazza and cackling loudly at the moon. These stories must be strictly true, but hardly any one who had not been carefully trained to disbelieve stories of able and ingenious saints could believe them without some little difficulty.

Undoubtedly the following incident, illustrating the extraordinary intelligence of a cat, will be disbelieved by a few bold spirits, but there is no reason to doubt that it is as true as fully three-fourths of the animal stories with which the public is already familiar. Mr. Martin, of New York city, recently had the electric light put into his house, and for a time it afforded him great satisfaction, although he was never quite certain that it was a perfectly safe thing to have in the house. During the late intensely cold weather Mr. Martin went to bed at his usual hour, and was subjected to the usual questions in regard to the locking up of the house, with which all married men are familiar. To these, however, Mrs. Martin added a new question. She asked: "Mr. Martin, did you think to turn the electricity on before you came to bed?" and Mr. Martin replied that he "didn't know as he had." "Then," said Mrs. Martin, arranging her pillow, "that electricity will be sure to freeze and burst, and we shall have it all over the house before morning." In vain did Mr. Martin remark that the men who put the electricity in the house never told him that it would freeze, and that he didn't believe there was any danger. His wife inflexibly maintained that he should have let the electricity run just as he had let the water run in the bath-room, and that if he was not perfectly selfish and brutal he would get up at once and attend to the matter. Now, Mr. Martin was a well-meaning but an obstinate man, and he totally refused to get up, and went to sleep, remarking that the electricity might burst and blow the house up or all he cared.

It happened that in the course of the night the thermometer descended far below zero, and, as Mrs. Martin had predicted, the electric wire burst, and the electricity began to leak. The leak was in the bath-room, and when morning came, and Mr. Martin awoke, he smelt such a strong smell of electricity that he at once knew that something was wrong. His nose guided him to the bath-room door, under which a small stream of electricity was flowing; but, comprehending that the room must be filled with the escaping fluid, he wisely forebore to open it. He went down stairs into the butler's pantry, where he found that the electricity had ruined the ceiling, and he was about to go down to the cellar, when, as he opened the door, the family cat sprang to meet him. Knowing the sagacity of cats and their intimate connection with electricity, he resolved to watch the animal, and see what she would do.

The cat smelled the escaping electricity, and took in the situation at once. She examined the whole house, and then with expressive gestures asked to be let out of the back door. Mr. Martin let her out. To his unspeakable astonishment she instantly climbed up an iron waste-pipe that ran from the roof to the ground, passing close by the bath-room window. When she reached the window-sill, she placed her tail close against the metallic "catch" intended for the window-blind, and placed her fore feet against the waste-pipe. Instantly a stream of electricity flowed over her back from the bath-room to the waste-pipe, and so the ground. For a few moments the cat was enveloped in a shower of sparks, but—to be exact—in precisely two minutes and thirty-four seconds by Mr. Martin's watch the ingenious animal emptied the bath-room of electricity so that her master could safely enter and stop the leak temporarily with white lead. It is needless to say that Mr. Martin is proud of his cat, and that he regards her as the most sagacious animal of her species that has ever yet appeared.—*New York Times.*

One day Adolphe Adam went to Auber to borrow his "Séjour Militaire," the first opera written by the composer. Auber presented him with a copy, and added, apologetically, that he was rather indifferent to it. "Precisely—that is what I want it for," was the answer. "Often and often I find my most promising pupils discouraged, and thinking they never can produce anything worth listening to, and I think of you when they are despondent I show them your opera they'll cry, 'Oh, heavens, we can do better than that,' and so it'll encourage them. Good morning!"

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

After Wilde.

## IMPRESSION DU BULLDOG.

Flame-brindled harlequin, aright  
I read you, grim and lantern-jawed,  
Your jagged coupons, rudely chewed,  
Proclaim you travel on the fight.

Bow-legged champion of the town,  
You yawn and lick your chops in glee,  
And watch the cat ascend the tree  
Like lightning when you deign to frown.

You chew all enemies to pulp,  
And, 'neath the light of summer moons,  
The lover's doeskin pantaloons  
You swallow at a single gulp.

## IMPRESSION DU COLLAR-BUTTON.

Somewhat you always seem too small  
To rightly fit the button-hole;  
O pearly disk, you rattle my soul  
When down into my shoes you fall.

I lose you twenty times a week,  
And find you when I think you lost.  
When hunting you on moorlands of frost,  
What eulogies of peace I speak.

You wander coldly down my back,  
And o'er the carpet nimbly stroll,  
Then underneath the bureau roll,  
And settle in the furthest crack.

—R. K. Munkittrick in *Puck*.

## Two to One.

Love, you are Utter, I'm Too-too,  
Yet we are one in some things. Say,  
Am I not therefore dear to you?

You love the green that shades to blue;  
I love the blue that's somewhat gray—  
Love, you are Utter, I'm Too-too!

You to the sunflower are true;  
I love the lily, loved of May—  
Am I not therefore dear to you?

And I can place myself askew,  
And you are plastic-ally play—  
Love, you are Utter, I'm Too-too!

And you delight in naught that's new,  
And I like nothing like decay—  
Am I not therefore dear to you?

And dearer yet that I can woo  
In metres of an ancient lay.  
Love, you are Utter, I'm Too-too!  
Am I not therefore dear to you?

—*London Punch.*

## Ballad.

The auld wife sat at her ivied door,  
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese,)  
A thing she had frequently done before,  
And her spectacles lay on her aproned knees.  
The piper he piped on the hill-top high,  
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese,)  
Till the cow said "I die," and the goose asked  
"Why?"

And the dog said nothing, but searched for fleas.  
The farmer he strode through the square farm-yard  
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese,)  
His last brew of ale was a trifle hard—

The connection of which with the plot one sees.  
The farmer's daughter hath frank blue eyes  
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese,)  
She hears the rooks caw in the windy skies,

As she sits at her lattice and shells her peas.  
The farmer's daughter hath ripe red lips  
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese,)  
If you try to approach her, away she skips

Over tables and chairs with apparent ease.  
The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair  
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese,)  
And I met with a ballad, I can't say where,

Which wholly consisted of lines like these.  
She sat with her hands 'neath her dimpled cheeks,  
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese,)  
And spake not a word. While a lady speaks

There is hope, but she didn't even sneeze.  
She sat with her hands 'neath her crimson cheeks  
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese,)  
She gave up mending her father's breeches,

And let the cat roll in her best chemise.  
She sat with her hands 'neath her burning cheeks,  
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese,)  
And gazed at the piper for thirteen weeks.

Then she followed him out o'er the misty leas.  
Her sheep followed her, as their tails did them  
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese,)  
And this song is considered a perfect gem.

And as to the meaning, it's what you please.  
—*Charles S. Calverley.*

## A Successful Lawyer.

He heaped the logic pile on pile, the evidence still higher;  
The counsel on the other side he hinted was a liar.  
He said his client was a well-known gentleman and scholar,  
And that his side had never paid their witnesses a dollar.

He told them of the orphans' moans, the base oppressor's sneers,  
And, piling pathos mountain deep, moved all the court to tears.

He said: "I came not here for fame, nor yet for paltry gold;  
But justice is a thing, my friends, that never can be sold."

And then at the rascality filled with indignant rage,  
Declared the act unparalleled in any previous age.

He said that such a perjured wretch ne'er breathed beneath the sun,  
And, rising in his legal might, asked that the right be done.

He quoted Blackstone, Chitty Bumm, that no one could dispute,  
And said his "chain of reasoning" no lawyer could refute.

He told the "honest, lawful men" to judge alone by fact,  
And not be swayed by empty speech and mere word-juggling tact.

He wound up with a "glowing scene" that moistened every eye,  
And took his seat—to meditate on his stupendous lie.

—*Century for March.*

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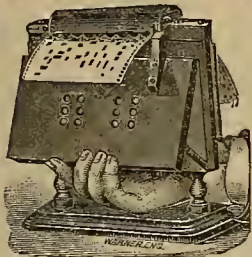
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VOL. X. NO. 10.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 11, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## IRISH VALOR.

An Historical Review of Irish Pretensions in Ireland and America.

The Land-League rebellion in Ireland is culminating and collapsing. Like all Irish uprisings, it has been a wordy, money-getting campaign, with most of the money coming from the Irish working class of America.

The Irish political revolutionist talks more and does less, brags louder of his courage, and makes less display of it, than any other race under the sun. This has been true of the Irish for seven hundred years, and will probably continue to the end of time. We in America might close our ears if all this noisy declamation, empty vamping, and unmeaning agitation were confined to Ireland. But when it is brought to our country, and its unceasing clamor is dinned into us, it becomes unendurable. When disloyalty to England, accompanied by ignorance and bigotry, is transported across the ocean, and our land is made the theatre for its display, and when the Irish vote is massed under the leadership of papist priests and Democratic politicians, it is a state of affairs which is to the last degree offensive. It is more than offensive when it assumes—as it continually does—the attitude of opposition to our laws, and breaks out—as it continually does—in riotous demonstrations against the peace and good order of society. If the Irish in Ireland were less idle and more honest; if they would breed fewer children, and pay less attention to the priests; if they would be more economical, and send less pence to the Pope; if they would imitate the industry, providence, and prudence of the French peasantry; if they would work harder, and agitate less; if they would be more loyal to the government; if they would try as hard to pay their rent as they do to repudiate their debts; if they would cultivate a national pride above hegemony—if all these things were to come to pass, there would be less famine, less discontent, and less revolutionary agitation in that country. If the Irish in America would avoid the great cities, the Roman Catholic churches, the gin-mills, and the corner groceries; if they would go out to the occupancy of lands and to the labor of farmers; if they would pay less attention to politics, and more to their own business; if they would let other nationalities alone, and would recognize that there is no class of foreigners which does not furnish quite as good citizens as they are; if they would not allow themselves to be governed by priests and controlled by politicians; if they would not make themselves over-conspicuous at primary Democratic elections, and offensively numerous at general elections; if they would be more appreciative of the privileges they enjoy, and more grateful for them; if they would brag less, drink less, and mind their own business better—if, we say, they should heed these rules, they would get on better than they have done, or are likely to do, with respectable citizens who are native or foreign-born.

Ingratitude is the underlying and predominant characteristic of the Irish people. It is interwoven with their entire history. The bitterness and hatred of that part of the Irish who are Romanists in religion against England and the English is unreasonable and illogical. If it had not been for the English and English domination over them they would not have emerged from barbarism. If England should allow them self-government, the island would relapse into anarchy. Take from Ireland what she has gained from English laws and English civilization, and hers would be a history of violence, rapine, and bloodshed. English "despotism and tyranny," as compared with the conduct of Austria to Hungary, Russia to Poland, Turkey to the Balkan Provinces, Spain to her American colonies, England to India, or the Vice-gerent of God to the people of his own capital and the subjects of his own Papal States, is generosity, justice, and mercy.

Ireland never had a government that was respected among the nations of the earth for firmness and stability. If left to govern herself, what would be her probable position in the family of nations? Let Ireland achieve independence tomorrow, and in ten or even fifty years is it within the possibilities of human government that she would have a parliament, an army and navy, a civil establishment, and a system of education which would make her honored and feared abroad? Would property be respected by the anti-renters, communists, agrarians, and mendicants who now compose a majority of her people? Would there be liberty of conscience and freedom of religious belief? There was no freedom of conscience in Rome fifteen years ago; there was no indulgence to any other form of worship without the pale of the Roman church. Yet Ireland is more Roman than Rome itself. Would there be a system of free schools permitted? Would not church and state be wedded in indissoluble hands?

The claim of the Irish to independence of government and to the ownership of land, because ten centuries ago Ireland had not been conquered by England, or brought into subjection to English laws, is inadmissible and absurd. Tested by the same rule there is very little of God's earth that is now in rightful possession. England was conquered by Romans and Normans; France was the Trans-Alpine Gaul over which the legions of Cæsar carried the eagles of conquest; Rome was conquered by the barbarians who came swarming from out the forests of Russia and Germany. The

nurslings of the wolf were invaders. The ancient Greeks conquered yet more ancient conquerors. The history of the Moors in Spain, of Africa from the period of Hannibal, of the Turks, of the Mohammedans, are all histories of invasion, war, and conquest. China was conquered by the Tartars. America, in all its breadth and length of continent, was wrested from another race. Where on Fifth Avenue, in the city of New York, now stands a white marble cathedral, dedicated to the worship of Christ the God, there stood an American wigwam before Christ was born.

The right of revolution we recognize. Ireland has some six or seven millions of people. If she would throw off the yoke of England and be free, let her fight. She has whined, grumbled, and agitated long enough. If the Irish are a brave people, if they are such gallant fighters as they claim to be, let them come out from their lurking-places and fight. Let the Irish declare their right to be a free people and to enjoy self-government. Let them appeal to the god of battles. America did it when she had but three millions of people, scattered through a wilderness, and along a thousand miles of ocean shore. She achieved her independence. Ireland has had nine millions of people, and a compact and ocean-bound territory. Nearly all the countries in the world have, within the last six hundred years, fought for their liberties. If the Irish would be free, let them come out from behind the hedges where they shoot landlords. Let them stop houghing cattle, and boycotting men who would pay their rent. Let them cease bragging, and go to war. As the Greeks fought for their independence; as the Poles contended against Russia; as the Hungarians struggled for their liberty; as the Italians fought under Garibaldi; as the Mexicans fought to repel Maximilian; as the Cubans fought against Spain; as the Algerians fought for their native land; as the Abyssinians under King Theodore dared to defy the power of England; as South African Boers dared to endeavor to make for themselves a free republic—so let Ireland emulate the oppressed. Let her be as bold in her attempt for freedom as the Abyssinian negro, the Algerian, the Cuban slave, the Dutch farmer. These despised races had too much pride to attempt to defend their rights or achieve their liberties depending upon only one kind of weapon, viz.: that with which Samson slew the Philistines.

Perhaps we do the Irish injustice, and that, after all, they will fight, and are as brave as they claim to be. Let us see. We will jump the fabulous history of Milesus, the glory, wealth, and learning—if it ever existed—of the very early times, the ancient kings, the halls of Tara, the mythical Saint Patrick, the miraculous banishment of some of the reptiles, the hards, the tanists, the magi, and the invasions of Northmen. We will not discuss the heroic acts of Brian Boru, of Malachi of the golden collar, Roderick O'Connor, Macmorrough, and Hugh O'Neill. But we will come down to the United Irishmen of '93. This was one of the most patriotic of the secret orders of Ireland, and one of the most numerous. It numbered on its rolls five hundred thousand adult males. It counted the gallant Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the brave Wolfe Tone, and the most patriotic and gifted of all Ireland's sons, Thomas Addis Emmet, as its leaders. If this uprising was not a rebellion, it was a conspiracy in connection with France, England's enemy. It was not in any sense a war. It was a series of skirmishes, showing in some cases great personal valor of individual leadership. It ended with an abortive French invasion, and this uprising for Irish liberty was quelled without a decisive action. The uprising was confined to a small locality. Of the five hundred thousand enrolled and able-bodied warriors who were to fight to the death for the independence of Ireland, not one in ten made his appearance to take upon himself the dangers of an open conflict. Contrast this with our civil war. When England had suppressed the uprising, it purchased an Irish parliament to betray Ireland. Thus was consummated the parliamentary union between Ireland and Great Britain. If it was wrong to bribe, it was base to be bribed.

It was in 1843 that the great O'Connell agitated for the repeal of this union. For repeal he worked in Parliament. To hear the marvelous oratory of this most eloquent of Irishmen, hundreds of thousands of Irishmen gathered at monster meetings all over Ireland. A quarter of a million of people gathered on the hill of Tara. A meeting was called at Clontarf. On its being prohibited by a proclamation of the Lord Lieutenant, it was not held, and the whole agitation in favor of repeal was snuffed out by a pair of paper scissors. This O'Connell agitation had about it more smoke and less fire than any similar demonstration the world ever witnessed. It was a perfect anti-climax—all wind, bravado, and bluster. All this monster meeting business, with crowds and hanners, processions and illuminations, marshaling and marching, demonstrations and reviews, orations and counselings, was simply talk—words, empty sound, and nothing more. It was very Irish, and had an Irish result—*quelled by the police.*

The repeal agitation was succeeded in 1848 by the abortive and whimsical demonstration of "Young Ireland," which was a fantastic bubble that danced for a moment upon the sea of Irish agitation. Gallant, hoisterous, bragging "Young Ireland" saw its really earnest leader, John Mitchel, taken by the police and imprisoned. Not a sword leaped from its scabbard; not a shot was fired for his rescue. After a cabbage-patch splutter, O'Brien, Mitchel, Gavan Duffy, and

D'Arcy McGee were picked up by the constabulary, tried, and sent abroad. Mitchel came to America, where he became a ranting slavery advocate and rebel during our civil war. D'Arcy McGee went to Canada, where he blossomed into a crown minister of ultra loyalty. Gavan Duffy emigrated to Australia, where he afterward received the title of baronet, for his faithful devotion to the English government. All these demonstrations ended in the wild and frantic talk of a few feather-headed agitators.

Insurrections, rebellions, and uprisings are in other countries formidable offenses. They sweep the land with fierce desolation. When driven to desperation, the rebel fights with all the bitterness of despair. Rebellions have hidden themselves in the Alps. They have found shelter in the Apennines. They have crouched in the fens of Scotland. They have hurried themselves in the jungles of India. They have shaken the foundations of empires, and driven dynasties from power. They have overturned fixed governments, sent emperors and kings to hasty flight, and driven the Pope hounding from Rome. They have drenched the boulevards of Paris in blood, beheaded kings, laid broad and deep the foundations of republican government, and proclaimed freedom and liberty to the world. But these were not newspaper insurrections, like those preached by the *Irish Nation* and *United Irishmen*. Nor were they the empty talk of political demagogues, nor the methodical ravings of ambitious priests. But they were the bold and earnest efforts of brave men, who dared to die for principle, and who had a principle to die for.

In 1866 came the Fenian agitation, the most conspicuously absurd of all Ireland's absurd rebellions. It was all talk, bluster, and bravado. Two or three men were hanged; twelve innocent men were killed at the explosion before the gates of Clerkenwell prison; a hundred innocent men were wounded, and one policeman was shot through a key-hole. There was a convention in America, with an organization in New York. There was a congress and executive department. There was a great deal of mystery, and a sort of plan to invade Canada when war should break out between England and America over the *Alabama* affair. A great deal of fervid eloquence was uttered by Irish orators, and a great deal of money was furnished by Irish servant-girls to provide Irish patriots with gin, and the Fenian scare ended—as all Irish scares do everywhere—in words of empty sound and harmless fury. We shall not need to review the last attempt of the Irish to shake off "the iron heel of oppression," by refusing to pay their debts, as an evidence that no man in Ireland has won for himself any reputation for manly courage from his connection with the Land-League. It has been a base, cowardly, and ignoble exhibition. Houghing cows and shooting landlords, assassinating tenants because they paid their rents, and boycotting farmers and traders, is not our idea of courage. It is a "Boh Acres" kind of courage, which ran away to France when the English Government pronounced the league illegal. A disgraceful and cowardly exhibition was that of the draft riots in New York, where negroes were hanged by a drunken mob, and an orphan asylum burned because the children were not white. The "Molly Maguire" conspiracy could only exist among the most dastardly of cowards. Assassination and secret murder is the result of cowardice. The sand-lot was a cowardly mob. All mobs are cowardly, and all mobs in America are largely Irish.

Let us dispose of another Irish boast before we close. We will consign it to the merited oblivion where lie buried a million other lying romances of bragging Irishmen. This one, more offensive to us than all others, is in the mouth of every Irish orator, and is caught up and repeated by unreflecting demagogues all over our land: *The Irish fought the battles of our civil war.* This lie, with its seven-leagued boots, has been seventy times around the world, and, unless arrested, it will soon become an accepted fact that we owe our independence to the gallantry of Irishmen in the war of the Revolution, and the preservation of the American Union to the Irishmen in the civil war. With a few exceptions there were no Irishmen in the war against England. The potato famine had not then occurred, and the Irish immigrants were small in number. It was the American descendants of Englishmen who achieved the independence of America. The Irish in the civil war were not conspicuous for their patriotism. The number of Irish soldiers was very small compared to their number as citizens, and, with rare exceptions, they were not conspicuous for their achievements. Take from the Irish contingent those who enlisted for bounties, those who acted as teamsters and servants, those who belonged to the commissariat and hospital service, and who filled other positions than those of soldiers in the ranks, and they cut but an indifferent figure in the host that fought to save the Union. The muster-rolls on file in the archives of the War Department show the nativity of two million eighteen thousand one hundred and ninety-five of our soldiers, as follows:

United States.....	1,523,267
Germany.....	170,817
Ireland.....	144,221
British America and England.....	90,000
Other foreigners.....	71,000
Total.....	2,018,000

This shows more Germans than Irish by 32,000, and



45,000 more Irish than English. There were 178,895 colored troops—more "niggers" than Irish by 34,674. Our colored regiments did not suffer in comparison with any Irish brigade. The whole number of men of all arms in our service was 2,762,401. The five Southern States of Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Missouri, and Kentucky sent twice as many soldiers to the Union battle-fields as Ireland. There were 282,498 loyal men enlisted in the Federal army from these States. More than half their total voters went to the Union army; while not one in five of our brave Irish ever joined the army, and not one in twenty-five was ever under fire. The Irish love to vote better than to go to war.

Let us hear no more of the gratitude we owe to Irish soldiers for fighting or aiding to fight for the preservation of the land that gave them asylum, citizenship, property, and protection. It is boastful, arrogant, and offensive. The civil war was fought, on both sides, by native-born American citizens. The money came from them. The brains came from them. It was the narrow-faced Yankee of New England, the men of the Middle States, the broad-armed Western men, who had the heart, the courage, and the valor to meet the native-born Southern on the bloody field of battle. These men went not as teamsters and hospital nurses. They went not for bounty or as laborers. They went not as adventurers, or because they had nothing better to do. But they left employment, happy homes, families, and friends, to fight under an inspiration that no man can feel, and for a patriotic sentiment that no man can experience, except he be native-born. The patriotism that saved this nation was from its soil. Foreigners may fight for ambition and for pay. No man is patriotic enough to fight for any country unless he is born within its borders. It was the million five hundred and twenty-three thousand two hundred and sixty-seven native-born Americans who saved this Union from dismemberment by those other native-born Americans who fought for their half. Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan, Halleck, Logan, McPherson, Schofield, Hooker, Terry, Rosecrans, McDowell, Garfield, Wadsworth, Hancock, Wright, Warren, Baldy Smith, and nearly every name on the illustrious roll was that of a native-born American. Nearly every man who achieved honorable distinction was an American. So it was in the South, with Lee, Jackson, Longstreet, Johnston, Albert Sidney Johnston, Early, Bragg, Beauregard, and Breckinridge. It was not necessary to seek for military skill or martial courage in Ireland.

We would not underrate the services of many gallant men of Irish birth. A brave man is modest, and does not brag; but we protest, now and forever, against the boastful claim that Irishmen did more than their duty during the civil war to this, the land of their adoption. And now we conclude this article by declaring that among the rare instances of treasonable defection in our army, the Irish hold the front rank in infamy. During the Mexican war there was a company in the enemy's army composed largely of deserters from our ranks. These deserters were mostly Irish, and all Catholics, and the regiment was named after Ireland's patron, Saint Patrick. We give the official correspondence sent from the War Department for the use of the *Argonaut*:

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,  
WASHINGTON, February 7, 1882.

In reply to your communication of the twenty-seventh ultimo, requesting to be furnished with the names of the twenty-nine men who were hanged on the thirteenth of September, 1847, at the City of Mexico, for having deserted from the American army and joined a company known as St. Patrick Guards, I enclose herewith a list containing the names of thirty enlisted men of the Army of the United States who were tried before a general court martial upon the charge of desertion, found guilty, and sentenced to be "hanged by the neck until dead," under the direction of the commanding officer of the post at which they may be found. They were hanged in a field just outside the village of Misocao, on a rudely constructed gallows. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

L. A. DRUMM, Adjutant-General.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,  
TACUBAYA, September 11, 1847.

[GENERAL ORDERS No. 283. Extract.

1. Proceedings of a General Court-martial, which convened at this place by virtue of General Orders No. 259, Headquarters of the Army, and of which Brevet-Colonel Garland, Fourth Infantry is president. Before the said court were severally tried and convicted in due form, upon the charge of Desertion, the following-named prisoners, enlisted men of the army of the United States, viz.:

The remainder of the prisoners sentenced to death by the Court, viz.: Frederick Fogal, Co. K 2d Dragoons; John Krager, same company and regiment; Henry Longenbammer, Co. F, same regiment; Francis O'Connor, 3d Infantry; John Appleby, Co. D 2d artillery; M. T. Frautius, Co. K 3d Infy; Peter Neill, Co. B 4th Infy; Geo. W. Jackson, Co. H 1st Art'y; Kerr Delaney, Co. D 4th Infy; John Price, Co. F 2d Infy; John Cuttle, Co. B 2d Infy; Richard Parker, Co. K 5th Infy; Roger Hogan, Co. I 4th Infy; George Dalwig, Co. K 2d Art'y; Barney Hart, Co. K 2d Art'y; Parian Fritz, Co. F 6th Infy; John Benedict, Co. F 6th Infy; Auguste Morstandt, Co. I 7th Infy; John Rose, Co. F 6th Infy; Lachlin McLachlin, Co. F 6th Infy; John Cavanaugh, Co. E 8th Infy; Richard Hanly, Co. A 2d Art'y; Gibson McDowell, Co. A 8th Infy; Lemuel N. Wheaton, Co. A 6th Infy; Patrick Casey, Co. F 6th Infy; Patrick Anison, Co. E 4th Infy; Harrison Kenney, Co. E 4th Infy; Hugh McClellan, Co. A 8th Infy; Thomas Millett, Co. D, 3d Art'y; and John McDonald, Co. A 8th Infy, will be hanged by the neck until dead, between the hours of six and eleven in the forenoon next after the receipt of this order, under the direction of the commanding officer of the post at which they may respectively be found.

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL SCOTT.  
H. L. SCOTT, A. A. A. General.

A true extract: L. A. DRUMM, Adjutant-General.

We make this argument, and present these unpleasant figures, that when again some blatant Land-League Irish Democrat may be found airing, with boastful eloquence, the valor of his countrymen, and their service to this, the land of their adoption, he may be reminded that the Irish race is more conspicuous for the use of its tongue and for the indulgence of a vivid imagination than it is for gratitude or patriotism toward England or America, or for loyal devotion and bravery to its own native soil.

A young man who was "left out" of a Cleveland surprise party invited the young lady who was to be surprised to go with him to the theatre that evening. She did so. And the company which called on her, after waiting around well nigh unto Sunday morning, when the young lady came back with a smile from the theatre, understood exactly what had become of that "surprise" when the two walked in together.

One-half of the 34,274 newspapers published in the world are in English.

## THE TRAGEDY IN THE RUE CRUSOL.

What a Letter Told.

New Year's Day, 1869, will long be remembered in that quiet little house in the Rue Crusol, where, eight days ago, there were only smiles and happiness, but where, to-day, all is desolation and horror. On the second floor, where so many merry birds twittered amid the foliage of hanging-baskets filled with growing plants and flowers, giving the windows the appearance of bright and fragrant bowers, lawyers, mourners, and officers of justice have entered; and while a coffin is being borne away to Père-Lachaise, and a carriage is rolling toward the Maison-Blanche, legal seals are affixed to everything—to the cages and the baskets; and little placards, stamped in black, announce the administrator's sale for the following Thursday.

One year ago two young men lived there in that familiar intimacy which, commenced at college and cemented by a similarity of tastes and character, occasionally produces a strong and sincere affection. Paul was studying engineering; Emile was a notary's clerk. They had been school-companions, and meeting again at the beginning of the battle of life, resolved to pass together through that period of trials which intervenes between the happy days of boyhood and the experiences of after life, when it is so difficult to form new ties. The perfect harmony of their friendship was undisturbed by a single unkind word or action. Could it, then, have been other than sincere and strong, faithful and devoted?

Paul was engaged to a sweet, simple girl, and though very much in love with her, he never thought of being astonished that Emile should converse with her on the easy terms of familiar acquaintance; while Emile, who would have thrown himself into the fire to save the young girl's fan, never dreamed that his want of formality could surprise Paul. Their friendship was founded on esteem and confidence—a confidence so great that during the early part of April Paul, who had for some time been in communication with an American company for the construction of a railroad, said to his friend:

"An opportunity presents itself by which I can prove my ability, and establish myself in my profession. The superintendence of a railroad in Louisiana is offered to me. I shall be obliged to be absent for at least a year. I can not take Hortense, and the thought of leaving her breaks my heart. In love, jealousy is a virtue. I will not confide her to my brother's care, but I place her in your charge. You will guard her as you would a sister, and in one year, when I return, I shall find her faithful to her promise, and I shall make her my wife."

"You can depend on me," Emile said, simply pressing the hand of his friend. And Paul departed, free from care, and full of trust.

They were left alone—she, with all the charms of youth and beauty; he, with all the fervor of a young and tender heart of twenty years, susceptible to all the uncontrollable emotions of affection. Emile and Hortense renounced all selfish interests and pleasures in order to concentrate all their thoughts, all their purposes, all their wishes in the supreme gratification of performing an accepted and acknowledged duty. When Hortense would return from the studio, at the end of her lesson, Emile would go to meet her and conduct her home. They talked of love and mutual affection, he supporting the cause of the absent lover, she allowing her heart to be deluded by the soft music of his voice, which filled her soul with insidious delight. On Sundays, when there were no lessons, and the studio was closed, he accompanied her to the environs of Paris, to fêtes and to places of amusement, and the passers-by, stopping to look at this couple, so young and so beautiful, on whom radiant happiness seemed to smile, exclaimed:

"Two lovers! Ah, they are in paradise."

This paradise became a hell.

By dint of speaking of love to the young girl, Emile felt awakened in him a magnetic echo, a world of strange, nameless sensations, the power and nature of which he tried in vain to disregard, and which responded to his mental conflict by imperious demands and vehement defiance.

By dint of listening to Emile, Hortense was forced to the secret confession that there was no other voice in the world which could speak the language of true passion so well, and that the woman who should receive such love would indeed be happy.

The fire which they intended to fan for another burned them to the quick, and their scruples, their duty, their vows to the absent one could not quench it. The flames spread and devoured them. Without betraying their feelings by word, look, or gesture, they gradually avoided each other's society, and never dared to speak of Paul, his love, and his hopes. His name was never mentioned. It would have sounded like a reproach ringing in their ears. Emile soon stopped paying Hortense any little attentions, so afraid was he that she would discover his secret. He talked to her of acquaintances which he pretended to have made, and of love affairs which never existed. He bought photographs of pretty women at the stationer's, and showing her one of them, said:

"That's my sweetheart. What do you think of her?"

Hortense answered, with feigned indifference: "She is very pretty."

Then they separated, retired to their rooms, and wept bitterly. For two months Paul had not written. Emile's letters were unanswered. Hortense had written twice, but received no reply.

Matters had reached this pass on the morning of that fatal first of January. Emile awaited the appearance of Hortense, to offer her his good wishes and presents for the year. He had succeeded in procuring from Paul's relations his photograph, reduced from a portrait, and had set it in a gold locket, bearing Hortense's initials in a spray of diamonds. When the young girl received the present, she opened the case, and seeing Paul's photograph, she blushed, turned pale, and began to weep.

"Why these tears?" said Emile, almost ready to suffocate. He quickly recovered himself.

"You don't understand me," said Hortense. "I weep, but it is from pleasure," and she burst into sobs.

Emile went away, and did not return until near evening. Hortense waited for him, seated by the fireplace, and still weeping. The locket, partly open, was lying on the mantel-piece. Emile, quite perplexed by her appearance, mechanically cast his eyes upon it, and uttered an exclamation. His picture had taken the place of Paul's.

"What does this mean?" he exclaimed. "Hortense, what have you done?"

"Leave me," she said, taking the locket and slipping it into her dress. "Leave me; don't speak to me—I am going mad!"

"Mad!" repeated Emile, really alarmed.

"Don't you see? Can't you understand anything?" the girl cried out, a prey to violent agitation. "Don't you see that this kind of life is impossible? Can't you understand that I love you, and that this life of falsehood and restraint is killing me!" and throwing her arms around him, she hid her face on his breast and sobbed, while he trembled like one shaking with fever. It required a few moments for this intense emotion to subside; then, making a violent effort, he disengaged himself from her embrace, and obliging her to sit down, said, in a broken voice:

"Hortense, I love you!"

"Oh, Emile!" interrupted Hortense, overjoyed.

"Let me speak. I love you. For a long time I have vainly struggled against the feeling, which has overwhelmed me, fool that I was. How could one help loving you? When I felt that intense love taking possession of my heart, the memory of Paul rose up before me like a reproach. At this very moment it causes me deep remorse."

"But I love you," faltered the girl.

"Be still! Those words are a crime. Poor boy! I am so full of trust; relying on our honor, counting on your fidelity, on my word, he"—He stopped, overcome by emotion.

"But why is he not here?" Hortense asked, suddenly.

"Because he has confidence in us. I will not betray him for any consideration. Death sooner!"

They paused, and a strange, thrilling look was exchanged between them. All their thoughts and emotions seemed to be fixed on that idea of death, thus abruptly invoked as a menace, a refuge, and an expiation.

"Yes," said the young girl, crowding all her long pent-up feelings into that one second, "I would rather die than think of—"

She did not finish. She was going to pronounce Paul's name. Emile took her two hands in his, placed himself in front of her, and with a penetrating look scanned her face, in search of confirmation of the desperate thought just expressed.

"Would you?" he asked slowly, with determined energy.

Hortense rose, and with solemn affection, exclaimed: "Instantly!" and falling into each other's arms, they remained in a long embrace. This was their death sentence.

The following morning, at an early hour, the postman appeared at the door with a letter bearing the post-mark of New Orleans. He knocked and rang without avail. No one answered, and he was going away, when a neighbor stopped him, saying that Emile was at home. They rang and knocked again. Suddenly the neighbor turned pale.

"Do you smell anything?" she asked, frightened.

"No," he replied.

"That smell! Charcoal! My God! could anything have happened?"

The concierge was called, and said that the night before, very late, Emile had gone out to buy a sack of charcoal. The neighbor remembered that the evening before, at different times, she had seen Hortense at the window, her eyes all swollen and red from crying.

"There is no doubt about it," she exclaimed; "they have perished. We must send for the magistrate."

The magistrate on arriving forced open the door. The woman's predictions were only too true. Emile was lying extended on a lounge, Hortense on a chair, both cold and insensible. Restoratives were immediately applied. Alas! all their efforts to revive Emile were useless. The carbonic gas had done the work. He was dead. Hortense still breathed. They succeeded in restoring her. When she had recovered her senses, the magistrate proceeded to open before her the letter addressed to Emile. It contained only the words:

MY DEAR EMILE: I hope you are well and happy—you and your little sweetheart—for you know very well that I am not so foolish as to believe that you are waiting for my permission to fall in love with Hortense. Don't let your conscience trouble you for breaking your promise. I have been married a month.

PAUL.

Hortense, on hearing this, rose, ran to the lounge where lay the body of Emile, and showing him the letter, with feverish excitement exclaimed:

"Look, Emile, look! Isn't it an excellent joke?"

Then she burst into a peal of hysteric laughter.

She was insane.—Adapted for the *Argonaut* from the French.

Judge Major, of Kentucky, says a writer in the *Detroit Free Press*, recently related the following story of Santa Anna, the Mexican dictator: "Did you ever hear," he said, "that he was a Kentuckian?" I confessed that I never had. "Well, that is believed by many old people about Frankfort; I have heard it from boyhood. It is said that Santa Anna, afterward president of the Mexican republic, was an illegitimate son of one Nat Sanders, of Kentucky. While a youth he went to New Orleans on a flatboat, and was never afterward heard from. When captured at San Jacinto, in 1836, he was brought through this place on his way to Washington, and was seen by the Sanders, who recognized him as their illegitimate and long-lost relative. He did not deny it. He spoke English like a Kentuckian, and with a Kentucky accent. One of the Sanders had determined to kill him, on account of the death of a relative in the massacre of the Alamo, but abandoned his purpose when he was convinced that they were blood relatives. The mother of Evan E. Settle, of Owenton, was a Sanders, and he bears a marked resemblance to the pictures of Santa Anna. Larkin F. Sanders, representative from Carroll County to the present General Assembly, belongs to the family, as also did the noted George N. Sanders, who figured so prominently in politics during the administration of Pierce and Buchanan."



## WILD OATS.

The Systematic Way in which English Lords and Ladies Sow Them.

The recent death of Saint George Henry Lowther, fourth Earl of Lonsdale, has excited much comment in English circles. When he entered into his title and estates, five years ago, he possessed a clear four hundred thousand dollars a year. He was the first of his line to be extravagant. He put society in a ferment for the first three months of his titled career by the enormous quantity of statuary and jewels which he purchased. He started a racing stud, and won several cups. In short, he began the "rake's progress." About three years ago he fell in love with the beautiful sister of Lord Pembroke, who was a daughter of the good Lord Herbert of Lea, whom Disraeli so beautifully sketched in "Endymion." She rejoiced in the romantic name of Constance Gladys, and was the loveliest girl of the season. She could make no better match, and so married him. She proved as wild as her lord. The two together "went it" with a vengeance. Lady Lonsdale began to set up as a professional beauty. Mrs. Cornwallis West, Mrs. Langtry, and herself formed the trio of graces with whom the Prince of Wales used to play haccarat so much. It was at one of these haccarat parties that the famous quarrel occurred which Lahouchere so travestied in *Truth*. But card parties were not the sole characteristics of the gay countess. There was just then, in London society, a rather fine-looking and rich young Yorkshire haronet, Sir John Lister-Kaye, captain in the Life Guards. His reputation, as well as that of his family, was, however, heavily encumbered. His grandfather's gallantries with various titled dames, fifty years ago, won a sobriquet which is enviable only to those whose tutelary god is "Don Juan." Sir John's record is by no means behind his progenitor's. Lonsdale had not hothered the countess about the prince, but when the baronet's intrigues became notorious, he instituted proceedings for divorce against Lady Lonsdale, with Sir John Lister-Kaye as co-respondent. Labouchere says that the Prince of Wales was also made a co-respondent. Relatives interfered, and took Lady Lonsdale home to Wilton. Lonsdale advertised that he would not be responsible for her debts. Finally Lord Pembroke secured a reconciliation. Lord Lonsdale received back his wife, and the two attended a "drawing-room" in the season of 1880, at which Lord Beaconsfield forsook a group of ministers to promenade with the fascinating countess. Just then a rich old reprobate wrote a scandalous letter to the lady. He was sued, and convicted in court. This frightened off the wicked society papers, and also served to effectually drive away Lister-Kaye. All went peacefully for a while; but Sir John really loved the countess, and moped a good deal over his fate. At last he decided to visit America. He did so last summer, and found himself at the opening of the winter season in New York. There he met the beautiful Cuban, Miss Natica Yznaga, whose elder sister, a year or two ago, married Lord Mandeville, the ill-conditioned heir of the Duke of Manchester. As Lady Lonsdale was not likely to become a widow for many years, Sir John Lister-Kaye decided to take the beautiful "bird in the hand." On the fifth of December last Miss Yznaga became Lady Lister-Kaye. And now Lord Lonsdale has left a beautiful widow, and the gossips are saying: "If Sir John had only waited two months before he, thought of blundering into that New York marriage!"

Another subject of comment is the Duke of Hamilton, who is about to sell one of the finest private libraries in Europe. The duke, at an early age, inherited an income of seven hundred thousand dollars a year. But his kindred are a "had lot." His aunt married the late Duke of Newcastle. She lived with her husband until the early manhood of her eldest son. This eldest son was considerably edified, in company with his father, to suddenly come upon his mother, the duchess, in the arms of a dissolute nobleman—the young and festive Earl of Oxford. Of course a divorce ensued. The duchess left with the wicked lord. But she was soon forsaken, and of late years has lived a miserable existence in some continental town. The young Duke of Newcastle married the illegitimate daughter of Hope, the banker, whose fortune of three millions could not suffice to pay the debts which the young duke had contracted in an incredibly short space of time. He and his brother now figure in every wild scrape that takes place, and are distinguished only for their prominent vices. His sister was an estimable girl, but in an evil hour was married to Lord Adolphus Vane-Tempest, a titled rascal, who leads her a sad life. The present Duke of Hamilton's father wished, in his early life, to marry a lovely young member of Queen Victoria's early court. His father, the present duke's grandfather, ordered him to relinquish his lady love, and, since he could find nothing good enough at home, wedded him to the Princess Marie, of Baden, who was a cousin to Napoleon Bonaparte. She would not stay in England, for the reason that the desired precedence over other duchesses was not given her. So the two went over to the court of Napoleon III., where, much to the duke's disgust, he spent the balance of his life. He gradually fell into bad habits, and died a horrible death, after drinking forty glasses of brandy on a wager with one Howard, a diplomat. The present duke has an only sister, who was forced into a marriage with the devilish Prince of Monaco, from whom the Pope, out of sheer pity, divorced her by special dispensation. The present duke, upon his father's death, fell into bad hands. The notorious money-lender, Padwick, who had just got through fleecing the dissipated young Marquis of Hastings, got "his scape-grace" of Hamilton into his clutches. Together with an unprincipled old roué, Sir Claude Scott, he conspired for the young duke's guardianship. This was finally accomplished, and the two stole right and left. The duke was kept drunk nearly all the time. Both of the scoundrels died at last; but not until the duke was ruined. He married, not long ago, the daughter of the Duchess of Manchester, and has partially sobered down. The papers reported, however, recently, that he, in company with his cousin, the Duke of Newcastle, had a fist fight with the police at Newmarket, where, aided by a lot of blacklegs, the two were superintending a cock-fight.

B.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 7, 1882.

## THE LATEST VERSE.

Quia Nominor Leo.

I.

What part is left thee, lion? Ravenous beast,  
Which hadst the world for pasture, and for scope  
And compass of thine homicidal hope  
The kingdom of the spirit of man, the feast  
Of souls subdued from west to sunless east.  
From blackening north to blood-red south aslope,  
All servile; earth for footcloth of the pope,  
And heaven for chancel-ceiling of the priest.  
Thou that hadst earth by right of rack and rod,  
Thou that hadst Rome because thy name was God,  
And by thy creed's gift heaven wherein to dwell,  
Heaven laughs with all his light and might above  
That earth has cast thee out of faith and love;  
Thy part is but the hollow dream of hell.

II.

The light of life has faded from thy cause,  
High priest of heaven, and hell, and purgatory;  
Thy lips are loud with strains of old-world story;  
But the red prey was rent out of thy paws  
Long since; and they that dying brake down thy laws  
Have with the fires of death enkindled glory;  
Put out the flame that faltered on thy hoary  
High altars, waning with the world's applause.  
This Italy was Dante's; Bruno died  
Here; Campanella, too sublime for pride,  
Endured thy God's worst here, and hence went home.  
And what art thou, that Time's full tide should shrink  
For thy sake downward? What art thou to think  
Thy God shall give thee back for birthright Rome?  
—A. C. Swinburne, in the *Fortnightly Review*.

## Oxford Revisited.

Mother! mild Mother! after many years—  
So many that the head I bow turns gray—  
Come I once more to thee, thinking to say  
In what far lands, through what hard hopes and fears,  
Mid how much toil and triumph, joys and tears,  
I taught thy teaching; and, withal, to lay  
At thy kind feet such of my wreaths as may  
Seem the least withered. But what grown child dares  
Offer thee honors, Fair and Queenly One!  
Tower-crowned, and girdled with thy silver streams,  
Mother of, ah! so many a better son?  
Let me but list thy solemn voice, which seems  
Like Christ's, raising my Dead; and let me be  
Back for one hour—a boy—beside thy knee.  
—Edwin Arnold.

## Resurgam.

From depth to height, from height to loftier beight,  
The climber sets his foot and rests his face,  
Tracks lingering sunbeams to their resting-place,  
And counts the last pulsations of the light.  
Strenuous thro' day and unsurprised by night  
He runs a race with Time, and wins the race,  
Emptied and stripped of all save only Grace,  
Will, Love, a threefold panoply of might.  
Darkness descends for light he toiled to seek;  
He stumbles on the darkened mountain-head,  
Left breathless in the unbreathable pure air,  
Made freemen of the living and the dead:—  
He wots not he has topped the topmost peak,  
But the returning sun will find him there.  
—Christina G. Rossetti in the *London Athenæum*.

## Tennyson's New Poem.

(The following poem, "The Heavy Brigade," which is the Laureate's latest, has just appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and was cabled to the *New York Herald*. It was carefully garbled in the *Tuesday Call*.)

The charge of the gallant Three Hundred, the heavy brigade!  
Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,  
Thousands of horsemen drew to the valley—and stayed,  
For Scarlett and Scarlett's three hundred were riding by  
When the points of the Russian lances broke in on the sky,  
And he called, "Left wheel into line!" and they wheeled and obeyed.  
Then he looked at the host that had bated, he knew not why,  
And he turned half round, and he bade his trumpeter sound,  
"To the charge!" and he rode on ahead, as he waved his blade,  
To the gallant Three Hundred, whose glory will never die.  
"Follow, and up the hill,"  
Up the bill, up the bill, followed the Heavy Brigade.

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of the fight.  
Down the hill slowly thousands of Russians  
Drew to the valley, and halted at last on the height,  
With a wing pushed out to the left, and a wing to the right.  
But Scarlett was far on ahead, and he dashed up alone  
Through the great gray slope of men,  
And he whirled his sabre, he held his own,  
Like an Englishman there and then.  
And the three that were nearest him followed with force,  
Wedged themselves in between horse and horse,  
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made,  
Four amid thousands and up the hill, up the bill,  
Galloped the gallant three hundred, the heavy Brigade.  
Fell like a cannon-shot,  
Burst like a thunderbolt,  
Crashed like a hurricane,  
Broke through the mass from below,  
Drove through the midst of the foe,  
Plunged up and down, to and fro,  
Rode, flashing blow upon blow,  
Brave Enniskillens and Grays,  
Whirling their sabres in circles of light,  
And some of us all in a maze,  
Who were bled for awhile from the fight,  
And were only standing at gaze,  
When the dark-muffled Russian crowd  
Folded its wings from the left and the right,  
And rolled them around like a cloud.  
Oh! mad for the charge and the battle we,  
When our own good red-coats sank from sight  
Like drops of blood in a dark-gray sea,  
And we turned to each other, muttering, all-dismayed,  
"Lost are the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade."  
But they rode like victors and lords,  
Through the forest of lances and swords,  
In the heart of the Russian hordes  
They rode, or they stood, at bay.  
Struck with the sword-hand and slew,  
Down with the bridle-hand drew  
The foe from the saddle, and threw  
Under foot there in the fray.  
Raged like a storm, or stood like a rock,  
In the wave of a stormy day,  
Till suddenly, shock upon shock,  
Staggered the mass from without,  
For our men galloped up with a cheer and a shout,  
And the Russians surged, and wavered, and reeled,  
Up the bill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,  
Over the brow and away.  
Glory to each and to all, and the charge that they made,  
Glory to all the three hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

## A SHARP FIGHT.

Being a Story of the Australian Mounted Police.

Some years ago—a good many more, in fact, than I care to recall now—I obtained a place on the Melbourne mounted police. On the evening of the day after notice of my appointment had been given me, I found at my quarters a note from the superintendent, conspicuously marked "Private," and conveying the request that I would call at once on the superintendent. Somewhat to my dismay, I found, on presenting myself, that my permanent appointment was conditional upon my satisfactorily carrying through a special job then on hand. It was an affair of some nicety; and an old hand, from another station, would have been given the work but for being absent on other business. The matter would admit of no delay, and it was imperatively necessary that it was undertaken by some one not, or seemingly not, belonging to the Melbourne force. In short, I was to do it. The matter was briefly this: A packet of government papers, of great importance, had been stolen from the messenger to whose care they had been intrusted, and, from information received, it seemed pretty certain that their present possessor—a man fast becoming notorious in the colony—would be walking toward the city the next afternoon, and to prevent his intimate acquaintance with the town enabling him to escape, or any confederates attempting his release, I was to wait by a bridge on the line of the road, and about ten miles out of Melbourne, and get the papers from him. The man was by no means to be shot, or, if possible, even hurt; but the papers must be secured. Minute instructions as to his appearance were followed by a pretty plain implication that my career in the force would very largely depend upon my success. Next day, which was Sunday, I accordingly procured a horse from the station, and, taking my revolver with me, started out to try my luck as a policeman, and about two o'clock in the afternoon came near the place mentioned. I left my horse at the nearest roadside hotel, sauntered to the bridge, and, leaning over the rail with no very distinct notion of how I was going to act, waited for my man with what coolness I could muster.

Two hours had passed; the sun was beginning to go down, and I was just preparing to console myself with the notion that the man had got wind of our intention, and gone by another route, when I became aware of the approach of a solitary pedestrian. As he came nearer, I ran over the description of the man I wanted—which I had learned by heart—and at once concluded that this was the individual. He was a tall, powerful, uncompromising-looking fellow of about five-and-forty, muscular enough to have lifted me up and thrown me over the bridge into the shining water beneath. I commenced to walk over the bridge as the man approached it—passed him slowly, and felt sure it was the man. After going two or three yards I turned back. Hearing my step, the purloiner of State documents turned around.

"Well, mate, what is it?"  
"Can you oblige me with a pipe of 'baccy'?" I asked.  
"Oh, yes," handing me his pouch. "What are you doing about here? You don't look over-hrisk. Broke?"  
"Pretty nearly," I replied.  
"New arrival, I suppose?"  
"Almost."

"Ah! there are too many carpet-knights flooding Melbourne. Came out expecting to make a pile, got disappointed, and don't like to work for your grub, eh? Put a screw of tobacco in your pocket—you'll find it pleasant company on the road."

I nearly emptied the pouch, and handed it back, and as the owner put out his hand for it, I slipped my foot behind his heel and pushed him. He tripped and fell splendidly. I was pretty quick in wrestling, and I took hold of the man's throat with my left hand, put my knees on his chest, and with my right hand felt in the breast-pocket of his coat. He struggled violently, but I thought I should succeed. I got my hands on some papers; but as I was drawing them from his pocket, the ruffian got hold of my right knee-cap with his left hand, and gave it such a terrible wrench, that I believed he had dislocated the joint. Then feeling my hold relax, he suddenly hoisted himself with his right hand, sprang up, caught hold of my wrists, and hurried me to the railing of the bridge. Holding me thus in an iron grip, and glaring fiercely at me, he said:

"I see your game; there is only one way of dealing with the police. Dead men tell no tales; so over you're going, youngster."

Suiting the action to the word he released my hands, and at the same instant grasped me firmly and hoisted me. My last chance seemed to lie in an old twist I had learned at college. As the man raised me, I placed my feet on the brickwork of the bridge, pushed myself back with all my strength, jerked a little forward, lowered my head, and then fairly twisted under my captor's arm from left to right. My school experience had saved my life, for the man let go his hold with a cry of pain, and quick as thought I sprang upon him.

"It's all right, old fellow; take the papers and read them." But in the mad passion of the moment, and remembering my mission, I thought his surrender was only a ruse on the part of the ruffian. He sat down on the road in a most undignified fashion, and handed me the papers. The first thing that met my gaze was a headed piece of police-office paper, on which was written, "This is your test for entering the force;" and was signed by the superintendent.

"Well, young man," said mine enemy, "you have passed the last exam. with honors. You have nearly broken my wrist. But my horse is at the first roadside hotel. If you'll come with me I'll have a drink with you, and get some cold lotion for this sprain. I believe it will be a case of splints and sick leave; but you have done your work well. Bother the arm, how it aches!" So did my knees.

The report was satisfactory, and I was appointed. Mr. Superintendent's test caused me to be sent on various duties that led me into many rough experiences; but I never believed myself so near death as when I was deciding my future with my superior officer.—*Chambers's Journal*.

I could tie one hand behind me and beat Tennyson's poem.—*Longfellow*.



## SOCIETY.

## Drawing a Capital Prize in the Matrimonial Market.

Miss Maggie Hamilton, a well-known member of San Francisco society, who is engaged to be married to Sir Sydney Waterlow, ex-Lord Mayor of London, on Tuesday, the 28th instant, has certainly drawn a capital prize in the so-called lottery of life; and there is no end of congratulations already going on around the many firesides on California Street, Van Ness Avenue and elsewhere, at which Miss Maggie's presence always imparted additional zest and flavor. If there are any who do not know Miss Hamilton, we would state that she is a daughter of the late William Hamilton, who came to this State nearly twenty years ago, and first settled in Napa, where he went into business and prospered, and subsequently came to San Francisco to take up a permanent residence, and died, leaving a widow and two daughters, the Misses Maggie and Alice. He also left enough property to have served Mrs. Hamilton and her daughters comfortably for life had it been judiciously invested and managed; but untrustworthy parties were unfortunately selected as custodians and manipulators of the property above mentioned, and in the shortest time possible the modest little fortune had been imprudently, if not indeed recklessly, scattered to the winds. But there were those here, and conspicuously the Hearsts, and the Heads, and the Crockers, and the Melones, who were not of that kind who permit their social hands to slacken in such cases of adverse circumstances—the best proof of which is that few elegant social events have ever transpired among those who are termed leaders in society in which the names of the Misses Maggie and Alice Hamilton did not receive mention in those journals which make a specialty of news of this kind.

There are not in San Francisco two more charming young ladies than the two Misses Hamilton. They have a vivacity of manner which has made them irresistibly attractive to all who enjoy their acquaintance. Miss Maggie Hamilton is endowed with rare conversational tact; is witty, agreeable, and jolly withal.

And now comes the second romance in Miss Hamilton's life. Some six or eight months ago, so we are informed, Sir Sydney Waterlow, ex-Lord Mayor of London, came to this coast to see for himself if what Hittell, Nordboff, and other California authors had written of our State was true. In the course of his occidental rambles Sir Sydney visited Monterey, and at that place became acquainted with Miss Maggie Hamilton, and several other young ladies. It was noticed that Sir Sydney became highly interested in this lady, and that he frequently sought her company. In due time he called upon her in this city. He confessed his deep regard for her, and asked her to become his wife. In the height of her surprise she promptly denied his suit. But the gentleman besought her to give the important matter consideration. To this she consented, and sought counsel with her mother and friends. In the meantime, Sir Sydney visited Mrs. Hamilton, and modestly requested her to go to Europe with her daughters and see for herself who and what he was, and learn his history. It will be remembered that a few months ago we announced that Mrs. George Hearst and Miss Maggie Hamilton had departed for Europe, and that Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Alice Hamilton had gone to Chicago. The rest is quickly told. Upon their arrival in London Mrs. Hearst and Miss Maggie discovered that Sir Sydney Waterlow was held in the highest respect and honor; that he had considerable property in London and elsewhere; that he had been one of the most popular Lord Mayors that London had ever had, and that his reception of the Shah of Persia, a number of years ago, had become famous.

Miss Hamilton, realizing the gentleman's worth and position, at once accepted his proposal, and subsequently became a favorite with the kindred and family of Sir Sydney. Mrs. Hearst then acquainted Mrs. Hamilton with the development of this romance, and sent word for that lady and her daughter Alice to immediately proceed to London, which they did. If nothing happens, they will arrive there in time to attend the wedding, which will take place in London two weeks from Tuesday next.

## Another Announcement.

It is stated, and generally credited in society circles, that the son of Senator Fair and Miss Emma A. Wixom, who has created a furore in opera, under the stage name of "Emma Nevada," and is at present singing in Italy, are engaged to be married.

## Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Ames, of Riverside, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Jenks and Mrs. Trowbridge, at the Grand, departed for her home on Saturday last. Miss Ada Ryland, of San José, is visiting in this city. Judge Hunt, who has been holding court at Los Angeles for the past two or three weeks, returned to San Francisco on Saturday last. Mrs. J. H. Baird, who has been living at the Baldwin for a long time, has taken up her permanent residence at Alameda. Miss Sue Wilkins, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Goid at the Ralston House during the past winter, has returned to her home in Colusa. A large number of Eastern papers have pronounced Miss Dora Miller's second German the most delightful that has ever taken place in Washington; and now comes the *Herald*, which says: "The last German given by Miss Miller at the residence of her father, Senator Miller, of California, on Connecticut avenue, has not been surpassed for the elegance of toilet, the beauty of the favors, the excellence of the supper, or the character of the company." Mrs. Colonel James arrived here a few days ago from Tucson. Miss Dora Pierson, of Sacramento, is visiting in this city. The family of Charles F. McDermott are spending a few days at Monterey. Mrs. Captain N. T. Smith held her first reception at the Palace on Monday last, and was the recipient of a large number of calls. Mrs. Colonel E. E. Eyre and the Misses Eyre returned from the East on Saturday last. Mrs. Anderson, of this city, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Charles Hudson, at Tucson. Major Harry Hammond has resigned the command of the Third Battalion, N. G. C. Mrs. Colonel Horace Fletcher gave a "dinner" at her residence on Tuesday evening last. Colonel Baker, A. Q. M., a son of the lamented Senator Baker, fell early in the late war at Ball's Bluff, will shortly arrive and succeed Colonel Batchelder. Commander Pierson, U. S. N., has relieved Commander Glass, who will soon return from Alaska and go on waiting orders. General and Mrs. Banning, who have been at the Palace for a week or more, have returned to Southern California. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Main and Miss Winchester have been spending a few days at Monterey. William T. Coleman and family will take possession of their summer residence at San Rafael on about the first of April. Mrs. General Stoneman has returned to San Gabriel. Thomas Williams left for the East yesterday. Mrs. E. S. Pillsbury will spend the coming summer at Baden Baden. Miss Mamie Carpenter and Miss Lillie Winans leave for home on or about the first of next month. Mrs. Joseph D. Redding leaves for Monterey in a day or two, to remain away two or three weeks. Miss Fanny Hubbard, of Sacramento, is visiting friends in this city. Leland Stanford left Albany, N. Y., for San Francisco on Monday evening last, and is expected to arrive home in a few days. Major Whitney has departed for Arizona. Judge and Mrs. Hager gave a dinner to Joseph Gordon at their rooms at the Palace on Saturday evening last, at which Judge Hoffman, General Keyes, and a number of ladies were present. The evening previous James M. Requa was very handsomely entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Dean at the Baldwin. Mrs. Archibald Forbes and the Misses Forbes, who are now at the Ralston House, will soon go to San Rafael for the season. An Eastern society correspondent says: "Mrs. Senator Jones, of Nevada, has introduced a very pretty hospitality this winter, which is already being imitated; she invited twenty young ladies to an afternoon lunch, having the edibles temptingly displayed on a centre-table; ten little side-tables are ranged around the walls of the adjoining parlor; there are no servants visible, each cavalier waiting upon the maiden of his choice, and enjoying a *à la carte* with her for his reward; after the eating, the clever ones amuse the others by solos, duets, recitations, and readings." The same writer says that the flowers at Miss Dora Miller's last reception cost a thousand dollars, and the favors distributed a thousand more. Dr. and Mrs. W. R. G. Samuels gave a silver wedding reception at their residence, 1822 Market Street, on Wednesday evening last. It is the intention of Mr. and Mrs. Squire P. Dewey to return to this city shortly, and spend a month or two at Monterey. Mrs. Charles E. Stevens returned from the East on Wednesday last. Mrs. Toland, who is making a tour of the world, has been ill, but is now recovering; at last accounts she was going to leave India soon. J. W. Pickrell, U. S. N., arrived here from the East on Friday. Captain H. Wagner, U. S. A., arrived here on Tuesday last. Lieutenant A. J. Iverson, U. S. A., arrived here from the East a few days since. William Bahcock and wife and Miss Bahcock have been visiting Monterey. Colonel and Mrs. Stanwood, of the Palace, went down to Santa Barbara yesterday to spend a week or two; Mrs. Stanwood will spend the coming summer at San Rafael. A number of young gentlemen, among whom were W. L. Ashe, R. P. Ashe, M. S. Wilson, Arthur Page, and George S. Page, spent Sunday last at Monterey. Miss Allie Hawes, who has been dividing her time for the past six months between New York and Washington, left the latter city a few days ago for the former, where she is at present visiting Mrs. General Rufus Ingalls. Mrs. Breckinridge has returned from Monterey. Doctor Hugh, U. S. N., is at the Occidental, and R. A. Williams, U. S. N., is at the Grand. C. F. Fargo, Lloyd Tevis, and Sol. Heydenfeldt have been down at Monterey. Mrs. Commodore Phelps has been visiting in the city during the week. Mrs. General Redington, Mrs. Charles Clayton, Mrs. N. G. Kittle, and Mrs. R. N. Graves have been sojourning at Monterey during the week. Also Albert Miller and wife, Miss Annie Miller, H. M. A. Miller, and Alfred Bannister and wife, of Oakland. Many persons in this city will remember the Mathews family, who resided for many years on California Street near Leavenworth. Miss Daisy Mathews, one of the daughters, was remarkable for her beauty, and married, about two years ago, a captain in the English horse-guards, of very good family. Her brother, Mr. Charles Mathews, was chiefly renowned for his dancing, and brilliant toilets. He appears to have added to his stock of attainments. From the *London World* of February 15th we take the following bit of news, written by the Monaco correspondent: "The unusually dull season at Monte Carlo was enlivened last week by the arrival of several people of note, representing, not only the nobility, but also the photograph windows and stage of England. There has been considerable excitement over the success of a young American gentleman named Mathews, said to be one of the numerous sons of the late Mr. Singer. This gentleman has cleared over five hundred thousand francs during his stay of about a fortnight here, three hundred thousand francs of which he won in three consecutive nights; his greatest loss in one night amounting to seventy thousand francs, which appeared to be a very small matter to the intrepid player." One of the most enjoyable social events of the season was the Reynolds musicale at their Bush Street residence last Thursday evening; the most noted among our vocal and instrumental amateurs were present, and many choice selections were given, together with some pleasing recitations; after a very choice supper, dancing commenced and was kept up till after midnight. W. J. Raymond, U. S. A., and Mrs. Raymond are at the Baldwin. Mr. and Mrs. H. Barlioth, of San Mateo, have been at the Palace during the week. Merritt H. Weed and wife (*née* Minnie Gannon, daughter of Colonel James Gannon) went East on Thursday last to permanently reside. Mrs. Weed has many friends who will regret her departure.

The farewell testimonial concert to Mrs. J. E. Tippet, prior to her departure for Europe, has been definitely fixed for March 30th, and both society and musical circles are preparing to wish the popular and gifted little lady a worthy *bon voyage* on her approaching tour. The arrangements are in the hands of a committee of well-known gentlemen who have volunteered to take entire charge of the matter; and, from the preparations in progress in certain quarters, the concert will present some features of unusual interest to both the circles named. The programme is not yet arranged.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## The Fourth Philharmonic Concert.

If it were possible to express the emotions by means of geometrical figures, or significant hieroglyphics of any sort, a sensible amount of *Argonaut* space might thus be economized in setting forth impressions of the last Philharmonic concert. For if the fashion of picturing the sensibilities had ever been introduced—if people were agreed, for instance, that love is round, approval square, and disapprobation a straight line—it would not be a difficult matter to fairly represent the general effect of Friday's programme, by a single character somewhat after the style of an isosceles triangle. Its vertex, as the point of most contracted interest, would be marked by the Cherubini overture; from that on it would widen gradually to take in the increased excellence of the Mozart symphony, and with the final modern numbers, it would broaden into a very respectable base of musical worthiness. As this simple and unoffending method of critical record is yet to be adopted, however, the diffusiveness of words must still be resorted to, and the "Water Carrier" described as an overture of less intrinsic interest than others which have been played by the society. The real worth of a composition has, after all, a great deal to do with one's judgment of its interpretation. Thus in the famous G minor symphony, which followed, if absolute perfection of pitch was sometimes lacking, and the connection was not always smooth between the detached phrases variously assigned to the strings and wood wind, (especially in the Andante,) much could be forgiven for the sake of the exquisite melodic beauty pervading this master-piece from beginning to end. Its grace, its individuality, its scholarly treatment are known to all musicians; and though it is scored for comparatively few instruments, its effects are marvelously rich and full.

In the Finale the strings were admirable in the execution of the elaborately embellished passages falling to their part, as well as in their accompaniment of the theme carried by the oboe and bassoon.

The singing of Miss Minna Fleissner was a disappointment, possibly owing in a large degree to the injudiciousness of her selections. The aria from Von Weher's "Oheron," "Ocean! thou mighty monster," is a composition whose demands upon the most large and powerful voice are enormous. It is not only extremely high, but it is characterized by a dramatic intensity that calls for sustained and ardent force, quite at variance with Miss Fleissner's mild and unimpassioned vocal manner. She could not have been more delightfully lady-like, and many of her upper notes were clear and pure, being entirely free from the nasal and guttural quality of her medium tones. But as for the spirit, the inspiration, the massiveness of voice to be looked for in a singer able to cope successfully with the difficulties of the "Oheron" aria, they are not found in Miss Fleissner. The first accompaniment was too loudly played, and that to her encore so inaccurately given, that one verse of an unfamiliar ballad completed the vocal part of the evening.

The introduction to the opera of "Loreley" by Bruch, given here for the first time, was a delightful number and most enjoyably played; as was also the "Rakoczy March," from Berlioz's legend, the "Damnation of Faust." The latter, a spirited imagination, and holdly interpreted, was encored. Next in order was Schubert's beautiful Entre-Act music, No. 2, from "Rosamunde." This, in parts, was somewhat coldly given, (though thereby sentimentalism was well avoided,) and the lovely effect of the melody taken by the wood wind, with string accompaniment, was charmingly brought out. The number was redemanded, and partially repeated. The programme and the series ended together with Meyerbeer's fourth "Marche aux Flambeaux." F. A.

## Theodor Kullak.

By the death of Theodor Kullak, announced by cablegram from Berlin, March second, the musical world loses one of its most distinguished members; one whose place will not soon be filled, and whose great worth was highly appreciated by pupils and friends. Kullak was born in Krotzen, Posen, September 12, 1818, and was consequently sixty-three years of age at the time of his death. He was a musical prodigy, at the age of five years being able to play by ear any melody once heard, and at eleven so pleasing the king by his charming performance at a royal concert that his majesty presented him with twenty broad pieces of gold. Earnest study under the best teachers of his time, notably Carl Czerny, caused him to rise rapidly, and rank with the artists Liszt, Henselt, Dreyschock, Von Bulow, and Rubinstein. He combined the ease, grace, and delicacy of the French school with that of German solidity and power. His numerous compositions, mostly of salon style, are very popular, principally "La Gazelle," "Les Danaïdes," "Perles d'Ecume," "Fantasie Etude Op. 37," "Ondine," "Balades," and "Boleros." After being appointed court pianist and teacher to the royal family, he established a musical conservatory, widely known as "Neue Akademie der Tonkunst." His school for octave playing has become famous, and is as necessary to students as Cramer Etudes or Gradus of Clementi. As a teacher he had no equal, many of his pupils acquiring enviable reputations, notably Charles Wehle, Alma HOLLANDER, the Swedish pianists, Lie and Backer, Scharwenka, Hans Bischoff, Hoffmann, Alfred Pease, and Robert Sherwood. Fred. Liser and Samuel Freidenrich, of our city, were among his pupils; and it was the intention of Samuel Fabian, the young pianist, who has just left us, to study under this great master. Kullak was brilliant, and at times witty, the story being told of him that, invited to dinner by a wealthy English parvenu, who began life with a lap-stone on his knee, immediately after the meal the host insisted on his playing for the company. Kullak complied, and invited the snob to a dinner at his residence the following Sunday. After the meal Kullak astonished his guests by placing a pair of old shoes before his rich parvenu friend. "What are these for?" inquired the latter. Kullak replied: "Last Sunday you did me the honor to invite me to dinner, and insisted on my paying with music. I have returned the compliment, and require my shoes to be mended. Every man to his own trade."



## ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE.

"Ich habe, du hast, er hat—I really must rub up my German—wir haben, ihr habt, sie haben—it is extraordinary how rusty one gets in a foreign tongue—ich bin, du bist, er ist, wir—wir—wir—why, confound it, I can't even conjugate the verb to be!"

Such were my thoughts going home from the opera the other evening. It is maddening to sit there hanging to your ear, comprehending about ten per cent., misunderstanding about ten more, and sweetly oblivious to the remaining eighty.

"Yes," I said to myself, "I must rub up my German. I shall begin at once. I'll keep it quiet, and when I go again I'll paralyze Zulana."

I regret to state that on this occasion her paralysis had been hut partial.

The next day, however, when I went to look for the German dictionary, it was gone. I whistled softly to myself, and went up-stairs. There sat Zulana, with a grammar, a dictionary, a phrase-book, and that intensely puzzled expression of countenance which women always assume when they are studying, or think they are.

Why was she startled when she saw me? Why did she blush? Her conscience pricked her.

"Zulana," said I, kindly, "I hope you will learn enough against the next performance to impress me with your knowledge."

I saw that I had made her uncomfortable, so I went away. But I am very glad I found her out instead of her finding me. It is always disagreeable to be found out.

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What caused the train of thought and action that I have just narrated was this—I had been to see Geistering in "Boccaccio" on Tuesday, and was going to see Haase in "Narcisse" on Wednesday. "Boccaccio" I enjoyed extremely, maugre my dullness of comprehension. But there were others in the same boat with me. At the close of the first act young Saistout came to me with alarm depicted upon his knowing visage.

"Zulano," said he, "I am in trouble."

"You frequently are, dear hoy," I replied; "but what is it now?"

"I have been laughing all through this confounded act when the others did, and now the young lady with me wants to know what it's all about."

"Well, tell her, then," quoth I.

"But I don't know the first blamed thing about the opera," groaned Saistout; "all the German I know is *alle gesunde* and *ja wohl*."

"They seem to use *ja wohl* a good deal," said I, encouragingly.

"True, but I can't build a plot on that. I went and bought a libretto, intending to post myself before the next act began."

"Well?"

"The blasted thing is in German, and I can't read it," said Saistout, with a hollow groan.

The hell rung for the curtain and we parted. After the next act Saistout struck me once more.

"She's at me again," said he. "I wish I had owned up at the beginning."

"Saistout," said I, coldly, "you are a fraud."

"I know I am," he replied, penitently, "but help a fellow out, can't you?"

"Well," said I, "go and tell her it is too broad to translate."

"Oh, I have already; but she said she wanted to bear it anyway."

"Does, eh? Well, then, you had better give her the remarks on *mädchen* which Lambertuccio and Boccaccio just made in the garden." And I repeated them to him.

When I met him again, "Well?" I inquired.

"Worked like a charm," he replied. "When I told it to her, with much apparent reluctance, she blushed furiously, begged me not to go on, and asked my pardon for having requested a translation."

"She is a modest young lady," said I, "and I am only sorry for two things."

"Which are—?"

"First, that she should be in the company of such a fraud as you are, Saistout."

"Humph! Go on."

"Second, that she doesn't understand German."

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I have been reading Daudet's novel, "Numa Roumestan." I read it in the English translation by Virginia Champlin—rather a poor one, by the way. When you find *défendu*, "forbidden," translated "defended," it is a little startling. However, I read it in the translation, because the French edition had not arrived. It is a curious fact that the French booksellers here are so extremely slow that it is possible for Eastern houses to translate, publish, and ship English copies to this city before the original arrives. I remember when "Le Nahab" had created a furore in Paris, and was up to its fiftieth thousand, I went into a French bookstore here and asked for it.

"Le Nahab," monsieur? Never heard of it."

"But it is a work by Daudet, which has caused a sensation in Paris."

The shopkeeper smiled indulgently, as one who humors a child, and immediately offered me a volume of Montesquieu. Unfortunately I had read "L'Esprit des Lois." It had been out some little time.

The other day I went in again:

"Have you 'La Faustin'?"

"La Faustin"? Monsieur evidently means *La Faustine*.

"No; 'La Faustin,' a new work by Goncourt."

A compassionate smile passed between the shopkeeper and his young man—a sort of retail smile; you all know it.

"No, monsieur, we have not 'La Faustin'—[with a satiric inflection on the final syllable]. 'We never heard of it.'"

I am used to being crushed by shopkeepers. I have be-

come callous to their affable disdain. But I could not refrain from asking, as I went out:

"Did you ever hear of Edmond de Goncourt?"

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Last week at the Philharmonic concert there sat in a box near mine two females and two males. I consider these nouns detestable as applied to humans—particularly the word "female"—therefore I use them. These people talked incessantly throughout the concert. When the music would fade into the softer effects, their voices would sound out through it in snuffling undertones which were inexpressibly disagreeable to the nerves.

Now, these people had the external marks of being well-to-do. They were well-dressed, and looked as if they were well-fed. Yet no gentle blood ran in their veins, and gentle breeding was to them unknown. I once saw a Piute squaw who had more of the lady in her than these creatures in the box.

After all, it is largely training. There must be something to build on, of course. The Piute squaw had a kindly heart, and was considerate. The San Francisco "lady" was neither kindly nor considerate. The squaw, therefore, taken in early youth, and with the proper training and influences, would have made a polished lady. The other might, too, with the same training and influences—in about five thousand years.

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Yes, we need training. Children are not naturally polite. If any man gainsays me, and instance his own childhood as an example, I can only congratulate him upon the thoroughness with which he has been trained—his course having included lying among the other accomplishments.

Apropos of children's naive discourtesy, I remember when I was a very little boy, many years ago, I once went to the house of another little hoy to "spend the day." We were both of us very good little boys—as little boys go. We passed some time in the innocent sports of childhood—we nearly knocked each other's brains out with the well-windlass, letting the hucket down "for fun"—and at about the third watch of the morning, while it was not yet lunch-time, our little waistbands flapped against our little abdomens. I frankly told the Other Little Boy of my hunger, and made him go and forage. He freely admitted his own, and said he would. Anon he returned with two round, red-cheeked apples—one large, the other small. He advanced toward me, and with a certain impressive though infantile gravity, gave me—the large apple.

I gazed upon him in wonder. Then, taking a large semi-circular bite out of the apple, in order to forestall any possible change of mind on his part, I spoke:

"Say," said I, with the ingenuous frankness of childhood, "say, wha' jou gimme the big one fur, hey?"

"Cos," said he, with equal frankness, "cos my ma is a-lookin' out f'm the window."

"Sho!" I replied; "they aint no ma could make me do that."

"They aint, aint they!" he replied, with impressive gloom; "she said she'd spank me ef I didn't give you the big one, and I'll take a little apple ruther'n a spankin'."

He was perfectly right. He was a wise youth. His after-life showed that. It is frequently better in this world to take little apples rather than spankings.

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At the California the houses have not been vacant, if the audiences have been vacuous. It is really a study to look around the house. The spectators are exactly the kind of people you see at a circus, with just enough of the worldly element to leaven the lump. The audience is infinitely more interesting than the play. It is performed by a third-rate country company, and is as dull as ditchwater. But it is probable that the theatre will make money out of them, for their terms are very low. The house needs to make money. It has lost heavily lately.

I am not sorry for it. When Haverly opened here I expected there would be only first-class entertainments at the California. How grievously we have all been disappointed I need not say. My readers know.

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Tuesday I went to see "The Curse of Cain" at the Baldwin. Judging from the number of animals upon the stage (not including species *bimana*) it would seem as though the Baldwin were determined to heat Haverly at his own game. We had—

Item—One wall-eyed white horse.

Item—One spavined black ditto.

Item—One setter dog. (The aforesaid dog during the course of the evening threw up his engagement, and left the stage over the orchestra.)

Item—Some hens and cocks.

Item—A turkey-gobbler.

Item—One donkey.

This last does not refer to any member of the company with a speaking rôle. He was a real donkey and he did not talk. The false donkey always does.

The play is rather long. Much time is consumed, too, in setting the scenes, sometimes needlessly. For instance, the cell scene in the last act is a set; for no reason that I could see, except that the audience might gaze upon furniture disappearing through traps, walls retiring gracefully in the clutches of scene-shifters, etc. This lasted something like five minutes. If the cell had been an ordinary flat front scene, the water business behind might have been set without delay.

The play, I believe, has been "written to curtains." One of the young dramatists, when asked as to what was the share of his coadjutor, replied:

"Oh, he got up the curtains—brings 'em down on a strong situation every time. He's great on curtains—there are three or four beautiful ones. I have written to the curtains."

A not uncommon plan, this, I believe. First, choose your curtains and effects, and then write your play to fit them. Clay Greene, I am told, has copyrighted an "effect"—the effect of a falling tenement house. He will probably construct a five-act play on the ruins of this ill-starred edifice. There was enough villainy in the play to satisfy the greediest of the gods. There were two barded villains, and the

hero is an amateur murderer—a sort of chance-medley murderer as it were. I have tabulated the points of the play:

Villains.....	2
Fights.....	2
Knock-down-and-drag-out.....	1
Stand-up.....	1
Total.....	2
Secret Rendezvous at Rocks and Things.....	1
Prison Escapes.....	1
Attempted Drowning (with splash of real water).....	1
Rohberies.....	1
False Beacon-lights.....	1
Shipwrecks.....	1
Tumultuous Waves.....	Till you can't rest

There is wealth of material here, is there not? Judging from the taste of the public, one would think the play ought to be a success. But scarcely at the Baldwin, I fancy. This theatre, despite its bandsome interior, seems fated to ill-luck. I think its luck will not change, either, until it has a new management. It is a pity that such a pretty little theatre should remain in the hands of men who are about as much fitted to run it as I am to write sermons.

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There was a sharp contrast between the Baldwin audience of Tuesday and that of Wednesday, when Haase played. On the latter night the house was full. There was a contrast, too, between the players. Where on Tuesday there was hesitancy, lines forgotten, lines mutilated, the authors' points destroyed, and the prompter's voice continually heard, on Wednesday there was perfection. Not a bitch, not a wait; everything went like clockwork. The very curtain shared the general promptitude; it started down on every act about three words from the close.

Haase is a wonderfully fine actor. There is nothing of the heaviness about him which we are wont, perhaps wrongly, to consider German. He has a keen, bright eye, an aquiline nose, and a mobile mouth. The intense interest with which the audience followed him was almost painful. When he was on, you could hear the ticking of a clock somewhere behind the scenes.

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There has always been a matter in dispute between Zulana and myself, and I fear it will never be settled. It is in regard to snoring. Odious word, is it not? I am certain she snores, and she says I do. I am positive I do not. The matter, of course, can not be decided, for the reason that the person snoring is always asleep. When I told Zulana this, she viciously remarked:

"I sometimes wonder that the sound of your own snoring does not wake you up."

And then the woman went to sleep and snored so that the windows rattled. And when I groaned in anguish she suddenly awoke and accused me of snoring. Fortunately I am a patient man.

Yes, we never can decide it unless a jury of matrons be called in. This, of course, I would never submit to. Why the mere thought of myself lying helpless there, wrapped in slumber and my n—t g—n, my innocence and beauty my sole protection, (the wife of my bosom being asleep,) makes my blood run cold. No, no!

The other day, in a playful mood, inspired by the music of Zulana's snores, I tossed off these lines:

"Oh, the snore, the resonant snore,  
How it makes quiver the ceiling and floor!  
Filling the room with monotonous sound,  
Circling and swinging in eddies around,  
Purling,  
Gurgling,  
Rippling along,

Now soft as a sighlet, now gruff as a gong,  
Now solemn, now blithesome, now rumbling, now shrill,  
Now tumbling like torrent, now rippling like rill,  
All the notes of the gamut in mellow waves soar  
When Zulana is sleeping, and sleeping doth snore."

I left them where she would find them, and went down town. Would you believe that she was absurd enough to get angry? She didn't speak to me for two days, and wouldn't have done it then had she not wanted some money.

I am beginning to believe that women are entirely destitute of a sense of humor.

ZULANO.

The first proof of the new five-cent postage stamp, bearing a vignette of President Garfield, is to be presented to Queen Victoria by the American Bank Note Company. The stamp is set in a frame of ebony, containing a mat of sterling silver, upon which is engraved an exquisite border of geometric lathe-work. This is surrounded by a rod of solid gold nearly a quarter of an inch in diameter, cut in harley-corn work of new design with brilliant facets. This rod is between the silver matting and the royal purple velvet on the concave portion of the frame. A French-plate glass, with bevelled edge, covers the picture and matting, and the whole is encased in a fine cedar box lined with royal purple velvet.

A colored janitor of Philadelphia, named Joseph W. H. Cathcart, has a curious library, which may eventually prove useful to historians. For twenty-five years he has assiduously collected in scrap-books whatever especially struck his fancy in the newspaper press, until now he has one hundred large volumes, which he regards with affectionate pride. Three of these are devoted to "China and Japan"; "Incidents in the Life of Jefferson Davis" fill two volumes; "The Freedmen's Bureau" and "Slavery" claim each five volumes. One of the most interesting collections is "Poetry of the Rebellion," which contains about a thousand war-songs.

Germany has taken a new departure in her diplomatic service. Hereafter, among the staff of the ambassadors at every important foreign court will be a thoroughly accomplished and experienced mechanical engineer, whose duty it shall be to acquaint himself with the progress in the mechanical arts in the country to which he is accredited, so that German manufacturers may be immediately informed of every new improvement in the industrial arts.

At a German Ball. *Lieutenant*—"Did you not that your father has an estate in Silesia?" *Young*—"Yes, and two in Pomerania." *Lieutenant*—"And still doubt my love?"



VANITY FAIR.

The royal princes of England are proverbially good waltzers, notably the Prince of Wales, who scarcely ever misses a waltz. The Crown Prince of Austria is also a splendid waltzer; but on his recent visit to England he maintained the strict etiquette of the Austrian court, and required that every one should quit dancing when he waltzed. It is fortunate for the sociability of English society that this rule is not in force, and that when a member of the royal family, he it even the Prince of Wales himself, honors any one with his presence at a hall, he does not require that every one shall stand still while he dances, although, at the same time, ladies and gentlemen are discreet enough to refrain from dancing, if by doing so they would be at all likely to overcrowd the circle.

The latest thing in evening dress for men of fashion in England is to have the dress-coats slashed with satin. White waistcoats are also much worn. It is true that some distinction should be made between the costume of the guests and that of the waiters, for not long ago a hostess, making up a set of quadrilles, asked one of the waiters to choose a partner, thinking he was a guest who had not been introduced.

Nice is full of winter visitors, many of whom arrived in time for the races. Some astonishing toilets were seen at the first assemblage. One costume, which attracted many eyes, was embroidered with cats. In all the "Magasins de Nouveautés" on the Quai Masséna there is a wonderful display of curious things. One costume consists of a panier hodie of soft woolen material, navy blue, with squares of old gold; in each alternate square there was a cow, calmly chewing her cud. The skirt is plain blue. In another shop were some very strange fans and parasols to match. One, of cream-colored satin, was painted with a branch of apple-blossoms and a number of little sparrows. But what would be thought of scarlet, on which two storks are running a race; or blue with a gay-colored cockatoo? In another magasin there are the newest artificial flowers for trimming dresses, roses mounted on a brilliant-hued lizard instead of a stem; green velvet frogs resting on begonia leaves.

The new colors are copied from foliage and flowers, and take their names accordingly. For instance, a new dark green is called elder green, another is sycamore, and the olive greens are called lichen green. Sunflower yellow, like the "gaudy leonine flower" of the æsthetes, is shown in ribbons and crapes, while the paler yellow tints are maize, like the corn and straw colors worn before dull écru shades were popular.

"In Paris, this winter, there is a horrible custom practiced by rich and fashionable hostesses of passing round the hat, after a dinner or soirée, in the pious name of charity. Young men of slender incomes and modest manners—and there are such even in naughty, expensive Paris—find certain drawing-rooms worse than the cluh card-table. They do not know how to refuse, and give more than they can afford. Ladies belonging to the charitable associations resort to even bribery and corruption to stand first on the list, and swell the pile amassed at the expense of friends and acquaintances, says a correspondent. Between patronesses of rival institutions or societies it is diamond cut diamond, and one of them, when she succeeds in getting a heavy subscription out of another, knows that she will have to show herself as generous on her side, on the very first occasion." In San Francisco, too, there are hideous little charity jugs standing on gorgeous mantel-pieces, into which young men, with sickly smiles, drop shekels.

Speaking of fancy halls, says the Boston *Courier*—English society is rapidly turning into one, everybody—even the children—being seized with a mad longing to parade in clothes which shall rival the wonderful attire of the æsthetes. White Dresden china is a favorite costume, appearing at each chronicle hall. Among the attractive dresses for little folks are those of Bopeep and the King of Hearts. Mrs. Cornwallis West sent her small child to the Marchioness of Conyngham's as Morgiana, with a splendid diamond ornament in her head-dress.

We hasten, observes the *American Queen*, to assure several journalists and writers who are wasting much time and space over the matter, that the Frederick May, married recently to Miss Coleman in San Francisco, is not the Fred. May who became somewhat prominent a few years ago by his encounter with Mr. James Gordon Bennett, and who has retained that prominence ever since. The gentleman who married Miss Coleman, is Dr. Frederick May, of Baltimore, a cousin of our well-known New York Fred. He acted as second to his cousin, however, in the Bennett-May duel, and hence, perhaps, the natural confusion added to the identity of name. If there are any more honanzaking heiresses in San Francisco looking toward the East, we would suggest, as a solace to while away the tedium of their waiting, the humming of the old song, "It is not always May."

"I heard," says Lahouchere in *London Truth*, "of a ball the other day in average middle-class 'society,' at which less than two hundred people were present, and the liquor consumed between nine P. M. and six A. M. amounted to seventeen dozen of champagne, two dozen of sherry, twenty bottles of brandy, besides several dozen of claret. The scene at the finale was almost precisely similar to that described at the commencement of the first chapter of 'Harry Lorrequer.'"

Clara Belle, in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, thus comments on the pajamas which men of fashion have been putting themselves into so numerously: "Pajamas are worn by gentlemen of luxurious tastes for negligé and chamber use, as well as to sleep in. The pajama is a suit of pongee silk, consisting of a loose Japanese blouse and loose Oriental trousers. I have seen them hanging up in the stores—plain affairs in dark blue, with white dots; daintier in bright Chinese silk, and positively gorgeous in delicate shades and

embroidery. However, my knowledge of the pajama is not confined to the unsold examples. I saw one with a man in it. My look was hasty, but comprehensive. I was passing a window in a corridor of a certain hotel, a figure in the room caught my eye, and I mistook it for a Chinaman in native dress. So gay was he that, for the moment, I revered him as a mandarin at the very least. A brief, square gaze showed me that he was an American swell in a pajama, and I no longer tarried. His togs were made of light yellow silk, almost covered with delicate embroidery. They were beautiful in themselves, but they hung on him shapelessly, and made him look like a silly fool. Men had better leave such finery to women. Did I hurry away because the fellow in the pajama was indelicately clad? Not at all. He was delicacy itself. But I was afraid the sweet, sweet thing would pluck a feather from his pillow and strike me with it real hard."

The London correspondent of a Paris paper writes: "The English have singular amusements. Their fashionable game of the moment, and for ladies, mind you, is to fish for candies with their fingers in bowls of burning punch. They say that the Princess of Wales burned herself cruelly. What do you think of this adorable recreation? *L'odor della feminità* in this charming country must be the odor of rum."

Queen Victoria starts on the seventeenth instant for the continent. She will spend one night in Paris, *en route* to Mentone. From the French capital she will travel in a saloon carriage which was used in the imperial days, *via* Lyons, Marseilles, and Nice, to the charming villa surrounded by lemon groves, which has been taken for her at Mentone. Her majesty, says a writer in the London *Figaro*, will be within a twenty minutes' railway journey of Monte Carlo, and will, in fact, pass through the principality of Monaco on her journey to Mentone; but as she will travel in strict incognito, the reigning prince will not welcome her to his dominions. House rent has already gone up twenty per cent. at Mentone on the strength of her majesty's visit.

A few days ago, at one of the church weddings in New York, the bridesmaids carried, instead of the customary bouquets, ivory-bound prayer-hooks, with a conspicuous cross on the outside cover. It was given out that they were gifts of the bridegroom. Apropos of this subject, bridesmaids' flower-baskets are now made of gilt wicker-work with rich satin ribbon, twisted elaborately, with loops and ends on one side of the handle and, falling nearly to the base of the basket. These are filled with flowers for strewing in the pathway of the bride.

A week or two or ago the ladies of Richmond, Va., perhaps as a set-off to the rudeness of the Harvard students, paid Mr. Oscar Wilde the compliment of an Oscar Wilde German, with all the costumes of the latest æsthetic mode. The gentlemen were dressed in velvet coats, knee-breeches, and wore sunflowers. Mr. Curry personated Mr. Wilde, and escorted Miss Sadie R. Tyler of Baltimore, who wore white Canton-flannel embroidered with sunflowers, and a large white hat. But all the local journals are unanimous in awarding the prize of "utterness" to Miss Gay Caskie, who wore white muslin trimmed with blue, a large blue sash fastened in renaissance style, an utterly utter bonnet adorned with lilies—a sunflower peeping beneath its broad brim—with a cluster of lilies in her mittened hand. One of the narrators says she was one of Kate Greenaway's pictures stepped out of a Christmas book.

On the upper left-hand corner of softly-tinted correspondence cards and sheets of fashionable note-paper a series of ludicrous figures are introduced in colors, with sunflowers and all complete, and with corresponding quotations, such as, "In a rapt ecstasy way," "You hold yourself like this," "Consummately utter," etc.

At a recent dinner, where the Emperor of Austria entertained the English, Italian, and American Ministers, appeared a bronzed young officer in top boots, short jacket, red trousers, and with helmet under arm. He waited until the guests were seated around the table, which blazed with the crystal and gold a long line of Hapsburgs had accumulated, and then modestly put his helmet under his chair and sat down. The Emperor rose, and as the guests sought the salon the young fellow approached Mr. Phelps, and with winning frankness and very fair English, begged to express his admiration for the American republic, and his gratitude for the kindnesses which had accompanied him during his tour of nine months in the States. It was Count Hoyos, well remembered as one of the party of young Austrian and Hungarian nobles whose wanderings through the States have been so extensively chronicled.

At a late fancy dress ball given to the royal family in London the great success of the evening was the impersonation of Marie de Medicis by Madam Munkaczy, the wife of the famous painter. It was a splendid compound of ruby plush, and black satin, and stamped velvet, and gold embroidery, and was an accurate copy of the costume of that queen in one of Rubens's many portraits of her.

Economy, remarks an Eastern journal, is a virtue to be practiced with discretion. There is no economy in piecing the tops of ten-button kid gloves on to new three-button ones, and covering the seams with bangles and bracelets; and yet that method is advised by a writer who thinks she knows all the ways and means of economical dressing. This person also suggests "pinning in" lisse ruching in the sleeves and necks of dresses, because then they can be easily removed when a heavy jacket is worn. A better practice as well as preaching would be not to wear lisse or ten-button gloves at all. Two yards of good Valenciennes or Breton lace, costing no more than the lisse ruching, make sufficient ruffling for neck and wrists, and it can be washed again and again, besides being infinitely more becoming. Piecing gloves involves the necessity of always buying the same shade, and the truly economical girl would prefer a less number of huttons and another fresh pair to any such patch-work that doesn't pay in the end.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"The Temple Rebuilt," by Rev. Frederick Abbe, of Boston, is a poem descriptive of the life of man. In an allegorical fashion it takes a soul from primal innocence through temptation and the fall from grace to repentance and final salvation. The poem has appeared before, but the author takes advantage of a second edition to revise his former work. It is rendered in blank verse. Published and for sale by D. Lothrop & Co., Franklin Street, Boston; price, \$1.25.

Senator George F. Hoar's oration on James A. Garfield can hardly be called an oration. It is more in the nature of a chronological and eulogistical commentary. It was delivered at Worcester, Mass., on the 30th of December last, at the request of the town officers. As a tribute to Garfield it is admirable in a historical point of view, but it contains no flights of oratory, and in every way falls far short of Blaine's masterly eloquence. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Bancroft.

The sixth number of the "Civil War Campaigns" is by Major-General Abner Doubleday, and is upon a subject which no one knows more about—Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. It was at Gettysburg that General Doubleday commanded the first corps, and he takes occasion to pay glowing tributes to his brother officers in command on that day. The narrative of these two important campaigns is told in a clear and straightforward manner. The author very plainly states the facts of General Howard's blunders; and although he refrains from openly blaming him, yet makes out a self-evident case against him. Published by Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, 51.

"English Literature in the Reign of Victoria," by Henry Morley, is a reprint from the two thousandth number of the Tauchnitz edition, which is published at Leipzig, Saxony. Mr. Morley has made rather a sad choice of his book. It is considered as a chronological record it has a little value; but as a review or literary chronicle it falls far short of its intention. Unimportant events in the lives of comparatively obscure authors are made much of, while greater authors are dismissed with the same space, but with the baldest and least valuable information. Mr. Morley's book, while it is somewhat interesting for the relation of incidents, rather striking at times, but still unimportant, will bring little honor to his reputation. For the sake of his previous admirable histories of men and of literature, this last work had better not have been issued. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

Doctor John Richard Green has not been a voluminous writer, but the works which he has undertaken have always been thoroughly carried out. His "Short History of the English People" has long been a text-book in English schools, while the larger work on the same subject has given Doctor Green a place in the front rank of historians. We have received the American reprint of his last work, "The Making of England." It treats almost entirely of England under the Saxon rule. The author, in his preface, expresses sorrow at the fact that so many modern readers and writers contemptuously refer, with Milton, to the Saxon contests as "battles of kites and cranes." He considers that in events their era was one which, of all other influences, moulded the subsequent career of the English nation. This history is written in a plain and attractive style, and is excellent as a comprehensive review of Saxon times and customs. Published by Harper & Bros., New York, both in book form and in the Franklin Square Library; for sale by Bancroft.

*Macmillan's Magazine* for February contains several excellent articles. Thomas Hughes furnishes a sketch of "Sir Simon Harcourt"; W. J. Loftie presents an interesting paper on "The Great Discovery at Thebes"; and M. L. Meason describes "The French Detective Police"; and Julian Hawthorne's story of "Fortune's Fool" is continued. The March number of the *Eclectic* contains, among other articles, "The Biologists on Vivisection," by R. H. Hutton; "Morley's Life of Cobden," by A. J. Balfour, M. P.; "Inside Kairwán: The Holy City," "A Gondolier's Wedding"; "Note on the Character of Mary Queen of Scots," by Algernon Charles Swinburne; "How I Married Him," edited by Wilkie Collins; "Jenner and His Successors," by Sir Charles Risdon Bennett, M. D.; "Finance West of the Atlantic"; and "Fashion and Art, or Spots on the Sunflower." Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Street, New York. The *North American Review* for March presents a contribution from Senator George F. Edmunds, on "The Conduct of the Guiteau Trial"; ex-Minister Edward F. Noyes communicates his observations of political affairs in France under the title, "The Progress of the French Republic"; "Trial by Jury," is by Judge Edward A. Thomas; "Law for the Indians," is by the Rev. William Justin Harsha; Professor A. B. Palmer writes on the "Fallacies of Homœopathy"; finally, the Hon. Neal Dow contributes an article on the "Results of Prohibitory Legislation."

Literary Miscellany: The weight of some of the books lately published in England is subject of complaint there. They are so heavy that they can not be read with any comfort without a desk. Rawlinson's "Ancient Egypt" weighs two and three-fourths pounds; the "Memoirs of Count Miot de Melito," three pounds; and the "Journals of Caroline Fox" is a source of many aches to hands and arms.——A well-known professor has had the rare good fortune to discover in an Athenian monastery a papyrus which is nothing less than a manuscript of the "Iliad," written about 308 B. C. The writer of this treasure is said to be an Athenian named Theophrastus. Andronicus, the nephew of the last Byzantine emperor, Constantine Palæologus, took it with him to Mount Athos when he went there to end his days. The literary public will wait impatiently to hear more about this "find."——The first Napoleon, though admiring the style of Virgil's "Æneid," poured ridicule upon the story of the Trojan horse for its unique absurdity, claiming that it had no parallel in the "Iliad." He also treated the episodes of Simon and Læocoon in the same practical vein. He could not see how a hundred warriors could be secreted in the wooden horse and brought into Troy, especially as it had to cross two rivers on its way thither.

Books to Come: Carlyle's "Tour in Ireland" is to be published in June.—Mr. Aldrich is now engaged upon his biography of N. P. Willis for the "American Men of Letters Series."—William Hazlitt is the subject of a biography which is now being written by Louis Stevenson, the essayist.—The coming anonymous novels are feminine in title. The next "Round Robin" is to present to the world "A Tallahassee Girl"; while a new "No Name" is to be called "Her Picture." This last volume has an aristocratic origin, being the work of an actual life countess. The scene is laid chiefly in France. E. W. Gosse has nearly completed his biography of Thomas Gray, the poet. Mr. Gosse is trying to trace several unpublished *jeux d'esprit* of Gray's which are known to be in existence. One of these, a "Satire upon Heads," was sold at auction in London in 1854.—Miss Dickens, the daughter of the novelist, has spent the past year in compiling a "Charles Dickens Birthday Book." Her sister Kate, Mrs. Perugini, has furnished for it several illustrations, which have, by the way, no association with her father's work.—The appearance of Robert Buchanan's volume of poems will be immediately followed by that of a long romance, "The Martyrdom of Madeline."—R. H. Stoddard is preparing a "Mrs. Browning Birthday Book." It is to contain not only passages from Mrs. Browning's poems, but extracts from her letters on the Greek poets, from her letters to R. H. Horne, and from M.S. letters.—The possessors of the series of Modern Classics will be able shortly to complete their collection. Two new volumes are ready—Shakespeare's "Sonnets and Songs," with Leigh Hunt's "Favorite Poems"; and "Favorite Poems" of Dryden, Collins, Marvel, Herbert, and Herrick. There are now only three more volumes of the series to come.—Mrs. Ole Bull is now hard at work upon her memorial volume concerning her husband.—A volume of Wendell Philipps's later speeches is to appear in Boston in a few months.



## JANET AND THE DEVIL.

A Weird Scotch Tale of Witchcraft and Demonology.

The Rev. Murdoch Soulis was long minister of the moorland parish of Balweary, in the Vale of Dule. A severe, bleak-faced old man, dreadful to his hearers, he dwelt in the last years of his life without relative, or servant, or any human company, in the small and lonely manse under the Hanging Shaw. In spite of the iron composure of his features, his eye was wild, scared, and uncertain; and when he dwelt, in private admonitions, on the future of the impenitent, it seemed as if his eye pierced through the storms of time to the terrors of eternity. The manse itself, where it stood by the water of Dule, among some thick trees, with the Shaw overhanging it on one side, and on the other many cold, moorland hill-tops rising toward the sky, had begun at a very early period of Mr. Soulis's ministry to be avoided in the dusk hours by all who valued themselves upon their prudence; and gudemen sitting at the ale-house sbook their heads together at the thought of passing late by that dreary neighborhood. There was one spot, he more particular, which was regarded with especial awe. The manse stood between the high road and the water of Dule. The house was two stories high, with two large rooms on each. It opened not directly on the garden, but on a causewayed path, or passage, giving on the road on one hand, and closed on the other by the tall willows and elders that bordered on the stream. And it was this strip of causeway that enjoyed among the young parishioners of Balweary so infamous a reputation. The minister walked there often after dark, sometimes groaning aloud in the intensity of his unspoken prayers; and when he was from home, and the manse door was locked, the more daring school-boys ventured, with beating hearts, to "follow my leader" across that legendary spot.

Many, even of the people of the parish, were ignorant of the cause of the minister's strange looks and solitary life. Fifty years before, when Mr. Soulis came first into Balweary, he was still a young man, full of book-learning and grand at expounding it, but, as was natural in so young a man, with no experience as a pastor. The younger sort were greatly taken with his gifts and his talk; but old, concerned, serious men and women were moved even to prayer for the young man, whom they took to be a self-deceiver, and the parish that was like to be so ill-supplied. There was no doubt, anyway, but that Mr. Soulis had been a long time at college. He was careful and troubled for many things beside the one thing needful. He had a great number of books with him—more than had ever been seen before in all that presbytery; and bard work the carrier had with them, for they were all like to have stopped behind in the Deil's Hag, between Balweary and Kilmakerlie. He desired to get an old, decent woman to keep the manse for him, and see to his dinners; and he was recommended to an old crone—Janet McClour, they called her. There were many advised him to the contrary, for Janet was more than suspected by the best folk in Balweary. Long before that she had had a child to a dragoon; she had not come to communion for maybe thirty years; and boys had seen her mumbling to herself up on Key's Loan in the gloaming, which was an unusual time and place for a God-fearing woman. However, it was the laird himself that had first told the minister of Janet; and in those days he would have gone a great way to please the laird. When folks told him that Janet was sold to the devil, it was all superstition, he said. When it got about the village that Janet McClour was to be servant at the manse, the folks were fairly mad with both him and her; and some of the women had nothing better to do than get round her door-steps and charge her with all that was known against her, from the soldier's child to John Tamson's two cows. Up she got, and there was not an old story in Balweary but she made somebody smart for it that day; they couldn't say one thing, but she could say two to it, till, at last the gudewives caught hold of her and clawed the clothes off her back, and pulled her down the road to the water of the Dule, to see if she were a witch, and would sink or swim. The hag shrieked till you could hear her at the Hanging Shaw, and she fought bard. There was many a gudewife bore the mark of her next day and many a long day after; and just in the bottest of the hubbub, who should come up but the new minister.

"Women," said he, (and he had a grand voice,) "I charge you in the Lord's name to let her go."

Janet ran to him—she was fairly wild with terror—and clung to him, and prayed him, for Christ's sake, to save her from her tormenters; and they, for their part, told him all that was known, and may be more.

"Woman," says he to Janet, "is this true?"

"As the Lord sees me," says she, "as the Lord made me, not a word of it. Saving the child," says she, "I've been a decent woman all my days."

"Will you," says Mr. Soulis, "in the name of God, and before me, his unworthy minister, renounce the devil and his works?"

Well, it would appear that when he asked that, she gave a groan that fairly frightened those who saw her, and they could bear her teeth grind together in her jaws; but there was nothing for it but the one way or the other; and Janet lifted up her band, and renounced the devil before them all.

"And now," said Mr. Soulis to the good women, "bome with you, one and all, and pray to God for his forgiveness."

And he gave Janet his arm, though she bad little on her but a shift, and took her up the road to her own door like a lady of the land; and her screeching and laughing was a scandal to be heard.

There were many solemn-faced people long over their prayers that night; but when the morning came there was such fear fell upon all Balweary that the children bid themselves, and even the men folk stood and peeped from their doors. For there was Janet coming down the road—her or her likeness, none could tell—with her neck disjointed, and her head on one side like a body that has been banged, and a look on her face like an unburied corpse. By and by they got used to it, and even looked at her to see what was wrong; but from that day forth she could not speak like a Christian woman, but stuttered and stammered, and the name

of God came never on her lips. Sometimes she tried to say it, but it might not be. Those that knew best, said least; but they never gave that Thing the name of Janet McClour, for the old Janet, they thought, was in the deepest bell by this time. But the minister was neither to hold nor to bind; he preached about nothing but the cruelty of the people that had given her a stroke of the palsy; he punished the children that tormented her, and he bad her up to the manse that same night, and dwelt there all alone with her under the Hanging Shaw.

About the end of June there came a spell of weather the like of which never was known before; it was close, and hot, and breathless; and yet it was gusty, too, with gusts of wind that whistled through the glens, and hits of showers that moistened nothing. Mr. Soulis could neither eat nor sleep, and when he was not writing at his weary hook he would be roaming over the countryside like a man possessed, when everybody else was glad to keep cool within the bouse.

Above the Hanging Shaw, in the bend of the Black Hill, there is a bit of inclosed ground with an iron gate, at one time the churchyard of Balweary, and consecrated by the papists before the blessed light shone upon the kingdom. It was a great resort of Mr. Soulis's; there he would sit and consider his sermons. Well, as he came over the west end of Black Hill one day, he saw first two, then four, and then seven black crows flying around and around above the old churchyard. They flew low and heavy, and squawked to one another. He was not easily startled, and went straight up to the walls; and what did he see but a man, or the appearance of a man, sitting in the inside upon a grave. He was of great stature, and black as bell, and his eyes were singular to see. Mr. Soulis had heard of black men many times; but there was something forbidding about this black man that caused him to start. But up he spoke, for all of that, and said: "My friend, are you a stranger in this place?" The black man answered not a word; he got upon his feet, and began to walk to the wall on the far side; but he still looked at the minister, and the minister stood and looked back, till suddenly the black man was over the wall and running for the shade of the trees. Mr. Soulis, he hardly knew why, ran after him, but he was wearied with his walk and the hot, unwholesome weather; and run as he would, he got no more than a glimpse of the black man among the trees, till he got down to the foot of the hillside, and there he saw him once more, going hop-step-and-jump over Dule water to the manse.

Mr. Soulis was not pleased that this ill-looking creature should make so free with Balweary manse, and he ran the harder, but no black man was there to be seen. He stepped out upon the road, but there was nobody there; he went all over the garden, but saw no black man. At last, and it is feared, a little timidly, as was but natural, he lifted the hasp and went into the manse, and there was Janet McClour before his eyes, with her broken neck, and none too pleased to see him. And he then remembered that when first he set his eyes upon her he felt the same cold and deadly shiver.

"Janet," said he, "have you seen a black man?"

"A black man!" quoth she. "Save us all! You are not in your right mind, minister. There is no black man in all Balweary."

But she did not speak plain, you must understand, but champed like a pony with the bit in its mouth.

"Well, Janet," said he, "if there is no black man, I have spoken with the Evil One."

And he sat down like one with a fever, and his teeth chattered in his head.

"Pshaw!" said she; "think shame to yourself, minister!" And she gave him some brandy, which she always kept by her.

Soon Mr. Soulis went into his study among his books. Down he sat, and thought of all that had come and gone since he was in Balweary. The more he thought, the more he thought of the black man. He tried to pray, but the words would not come to him; and he tried, they say, to write at his book, but he could not do anything at that. There were times that he thought the black man was at his side, and the perspiration stood on him cold as well water; and there were other times when he came to himself like a Christian child, and minded nothing. The upshot was that he went to the window, and stood looking over Dule water. The trees are rather thick, and the water lies deep and black under the manse; and there was Janet washing the clothes, with her skirts gathered about her waist. She bad her back to the minister, and he, for his part, hardly knew what he was looking at. Suddenly she turned around and showed her face. Mr. Soulis felt the same cold shiver as twice before on that day, and it reminded him of what people said, that Janet had died long since, and this was a demon in her clay-cold flesh. He drew back a little and scanned her narrowly. She was washing the clothes, singing to herself; and, oh, God guide us, but it was a frightful face! Then she sang louder, but there was no man horn of woman that could tell the words of her song. And at times she looked side-long down, but there was nothing there for her to look at. There went a shudder through the flesh upon his bones, and that was heaven's warning. But Mr. Soulis just blamed himself, he said, to think so ill of a poor, old, afflicted creature who bad not a friend but himself. And he offered up a prayer for himself and her, and drank a little water—for his heart rose against the meat—and went up to his bed in the gloaming.

That was a night that has never been forgotten in Balweary, the night of the seventeenth of August, 1712. It had been bot before, as I have said, but that night it was botter than ever. The sun went down among uncouth-looking clouds; not a star nor a breath of wind. You could not see your hand before your face, and even the old folk cast the covers from their beds and lay panting for their breath. With all that he bad upon his mind, Mr. Soulis was troubled; the good, cool bed that he got into scorched his very bones; he slept and awakened; he beard the time of night, and a dog bowling up the moor, as if somebody was dead; he thought he beard devils shouting in his ears, and saw ghosts in the room. He must, he thought, be sick, and sick he was—little he understood the sickness.

At last his mind got clearer, and he sat up on the bed-side, and fell to thinking once more of the black man and

Janet. He could not well tell bow—maybe it was the cold to his feet—but it came in upon him, like a flash, that there was some connection between the two, and that either or both of them were demons. And just at that moment in Janet's room, which was next to his, there came a scuffle of feet, as if men were wrestling, and then a loud hang; then a wind went rustling around the four quarters of the house, and then all was once more as silent as the grave.

Mr. Soulis was afraid of neither man nor devil. He got his tinder-box and lit a candle, and made three steps toward Janet's door. It was standing ajar, and he pushed it open, and walked boldly in. It was a big room, as big as the minister's, and filled with grand, old, solid furniture for he had nothing else. There was a four-post bed with old tapestry, and a broad cabinet of oak, that was full of the minister's divinity books, put there to be out of the way, and a few clothes of Janet's lying here and there about the floor. But no Janet could Mr. Soulis see, nor any sign of contention. In he went, (and there's few that would have followed him,) and looked around and listened. But there was nothing to be heard, neither inside the manse nor in all Balweary parish, and nothing to be seen but the little shadows turning round the candle. And then all at once the minister's heart fluttered and stood stock-still, and a cold wind blew among the hairs of his head. What a weary sight was that for the poor man's eye! For there was Janet, banging from a nail beside the old oak cabinet; her head lay on her shoulder, her eyes were bloody, the tongue projected from her mouth, and her beels were three feet clear above the floor.

"God forgive us all!" thought Mr. Soulis, "poor Janet's dead."

He came a step nearer to the corpse, and then his heart fairly leaped in his breast. For, by what magic it would ill-beseem a man to judge, she was hanging from a single nail, and by a single worsted thread for darning bosc.

It's an awful thing to be alone at night with such a prodigy of darkness, but Mr. Soulis was strong in the Lord. He turned and went his way out of that room, and locked the door behind him, and went, step by step, down the stairs, heavy as lead, and set down the candle on the table at the stair-foot. He could not pray, he could not think; he was dripping with cold sweat, and nothing could he hear but the thumping of his own heart. He may have stood there an hour, or maybe two, be minded so little, when all of a sudden he beard a low, unusual rustle up-stairs, and a foot went to and fro in the chamber where the corpse was hanging. Next the door was opened—though he bad minded well that he had locked it—and then there was a step upon the landing, and it seemed to him as if the corpse was looking over the rail and down upon him where he stood.

He took up the candle again, and, as quickly as he could, went straight out of the manse and to the far end of the causeway. It was still pitch dark; the flame of the candle, when he set it on the ground, burnt steady and clear as in a room; nothing moved but the Dule water, seeping and sobbing down the glen, and the unholy footstep that came toiling down the stairs inside the manse. He knew the footstep well, for it was Janet's; and at each step, which came a little nearer, the cold got deeper in his vitals. He commended his soul to Him that made and kept him; "and, ob Lord," said he, "give me strength this night to war against the powers of evil."

By this time the foot was coming through the passage for the door. He could hear a band feeling along the wall, as if the fearful thing was feeling its way. The branches tossed and moaned together; a long sigh came over the hills; the flame of the candle was blown about; and there stood the corpse of Thrawn Janet, with her gingham gown and her black shawl, with the head still upon the shoulder, and the frown still upon the face of it—living, you would have said; dead, as Mr. Soulis well knew—upon the threshold of the manse.

She did not stand there long. She began to move again, and came slowly toward Mr. Soulis where he stood under the trees. All the life of his body and the strength of his spirit were starting from his eyes. It seemed she was going to speak, but wanted words, and made a sign with the left hand. There came a gust of wind, like a cat's paw; out went the candle, the tree-tops moaned like human beings, and Mr. Soulis knew that, live or die, this was the end of it.

"Witch, heldame, devil!" he cried, "I charge you, by the power of God, begone! If you be dead, to the grave; if you be dammed, to bell."

And at that moment the Lord's own band, out of the heavens, struck the horror where it stood. The old, dead, desecrated corpse of the witch-wife, so long kept from the grave and bustled around by devils, flashed up like flaming brimstone, and fell in ashes to the ground. The thunder came, peal on peal, followed by the pouring rain, and Mr. Soulis leaped through the garden hedge, and ran, with leap upon leap, for the village.

That same morning John Christie saw the black man pass the Muckle Cairn as he was striking six. Before eight he went by the inn at Knockdow; and not long after Sandy McLellan saw him go slinking down the road from Kilmakerlie. There's little doubt but it was him that dwelled so long in Janet's body. But he was caught at last, and since then the devil has never troubled Balweary.

But it was a sore dispensation for the minister. Long, long he lay raving in his bed, and from that hour to this he was a changed man.

W. J. K., Palenstine—"I am a young man of limited means. I have only been in the State a short time, and it doesn't suit me to stay here any longer. Would you advise me to go to Mexico? Please advise me at length through the columns of your paper." As you have not given us full particulars, says the Texas *Siftings*, we are hardly in a position to advise you understandingly. In a general way, however, we would suggest that if you have stolen a horse, the safest thing you could do would be to get over into Mexico as quickly as possible, even if you have to steal another horse to get there on; but if you have only killed a acquaintance, there is no reason why you should put to the inconvenience of running off to Mexico. Stay where you are, prove insanity, self-defense, for an alibi, and be a leading citizen.



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The hard fight against the Chinese bill, the attempted cutting down of its term from twenty to ten years, the extension of the period between its passage and its enforcement to ninety days, and the general disposition to amend it to the point of emasculation, may have surprised some Californians. It need not have done so. If there is anything clear and unmistakable it is that the sentiment of the East is against us in this business. The hill did not pass upon its merits; not because the men of the East sympathize with us of the West in this our trouble; not because they understand or appreciate the dangers of Chinese immigration; but simply for political reasons. We are of the deliberate conviction that there is not a community upon the face of the earth that would have borne the Chinese inflection with the stoic fortitude that the Pacific Coast has shown. It has been a fortitude horn of despair, but tempered with hope. There is not one of the Eastern cities whose papers and politicians have lectured us with such insufferable platitudes—there is not a city, we say, on the other side of the Mississippi where the Chinese would have been treated so well as they have been here. The bloody riots which have occurred there, caused by labor questions infinitely less complex than is the Chinese one, prove this indisputably. Had New York, Boston, or Philadelphia been inundated with Chinese as we have been, the sweet temper of our mild Eastern brethren would have forced protective measures for them long before this. Congressmen and senators, too, would have been a little less blind under these circumstances. Not the least endurable feature of the Chinese question is the pharisaical assumption of superior goodness on the part of the East. It is had enough to have the Chinese here; it is had enough to be told we ought to be glad to have them; but it is infinitely worse to be continually lectured for not treating them with a forbearance which we know our reprovers would not themselves exercise, and which we know we have. We hope the hill will pass the lower house. We wish we were more sanguine as to its success. But the close fight in the senate has not impressed us favorably, and we have reason to think that Mr. Page, who has the hill in charge, is not as enthusiastic as he would have his constituents believe.

There have been so many contradictory statements and impressions as to the existence of a ship freight monopoly in the grain commerce of this coast, that we present the following statistics, in order that every reader may see for himself the exact condition of affairs. Out of the thirty ships which

made up the wheat fleet for July, 1881, Balfour, Guthrie & Co., Dresbach, McNear, Parrott & Co., and Sheehy were shippers for twenty-five. In the August fleet of forty-two ships, those shippers had thirty-seven ships. In the September fleet of forty-three, they had twenty-seven. In the October fleet of fifty-four, they had forty-six. In the November fleet of seventy-four, they had fifty-nine. In the December fleet of sixty-two, they had forty-six. In the January fleet of fifty-nine, they had forty-two, while in the fleet for February, of twenty-seven ships, they had twenty-three. For the eight months there were four hundred and one ships. Of these, Balfour, Guthrie & Co. had forty-nine; Dresbach had seventy-eight; McNear had seventy-two; Parrott & Co. had twenty-three, and Sheehy had eighty-one—making a total of three hundred and three for the five firms out of the four hundred and one ships. These figures speak for themselves.

It is many a year since mining stocks sold at so low a rate in San Francisco as they do to-day. When one recalls the flush times of '69, when Jacket, Savage, Chollar, and others, were up in the thousands, and the honanza excitement of '74-'75, it is instructive to look over the stock-list to-day. Many of the leading mines have been cut up since then, it is true, but the decline is none the less striking. Here are some of the figures: Best & Belcher, six cents; Belcher, fifty-five; California, thirty-five; Con. Virginia, eighty-five; Crown Point, twenty-five; Mexican, eight; Overman, forty; Yellow Jacket, twenty. These figures are all cents, it is to be understood. Yet many of these shares have sold up in the hundreds of dollars, and some in the thousands. The philosopher will take a grim pleasure in looking over these figures—a pleasure unmarred by the pain which holders must feel, because, being a philosopher, he never bought stock. Apropos of the stock market, there is a serial running through the columns of our esteemed contemporary, the *Examiner*. It is entitled the "Delinquent Sale Notice of the California Mining Company," and makes some fifteen columns of agate type daily. The author is C. P. Gordon. Aside from the fact that it is somewhat personal, this serial is extremely interesting to many people.

The widow of Daniel Webster died the other day at an advanced age. It is probable that the stately old lady's declining days were embittered by hearing that peculiar specimen of humanity, Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, called "the successor of Daniel Webster."

The proposed action of the San Francisco Stock Board in regard to establishing a grain exchange, to which we referred some weeks ago, is foreshadowed in a report made by a committee last Wednesday. The main points are as follows: The organization is to be known as the "San Francisco Grain Exchange." It is to have a membership of one hundred and fifty, and its purposes are stated to be "to provide and maintain suitable rooms for a 'Grain Exchange in the city of San Francisco; to establish standards for classifications, which shall govern all transactions connected with the grain trade, and generally to increase the facilities and the amount of 'the grain business.' The organization is to have its own officers, its own directors, its own caller, and is to be entirely distinct from the Stock Board, though under its auspices. The Exchange is to meet daily at 1:30 P. M. The rules provide that no fictitious or wash sales shall be made; that twenty-five cents per cental shall be the margin required on time contracts; that two notices—one of five days and one of three—shall be given before delivery of grain on a contract; that ten tons shall be the lowest amount dealt in; and that there shall be no dealing in "puts and calls." The report has not been acted upon. It is considered probable that the Board will follow its recommendations.

The *Evening Bulletin* and the *Morning Call*, which are practically one, are conspicuous among the San Francisco press. They are conspicuous and distinguished for strong editorial meanness, insincerity, and malice; for specious and persistent falsehood; for malignant abuse of individuals and institutions; for presumptuous arrogance; and for love of power and of money, regardless of the method of gaining either. They are the Ishmaelites of the press. Outside the small circle of a few sycophantic satellites there is scarcely a prominent citizen, corporation, or newspaper that has not been vilified and inexcusably assailed by these pretentious ghouls. In politics they are demagogues, ready to espouse any cause and to stimulate any popular prejudice or passion, if by so doing they can accomplish selfish designs. To make effective their assaults, they affect virtue and prate about the public weal. If business is stagnant, the times hard, money scarce, or labor unemployed, they seize the occasion to place the responsibility upon some capitalist, or some corporation which may have refused to placate or to subsidize them, and they defame the press which has the courage to denounce them. These are patent facts, well known by the thinking public, and often expressed by the respectable press. Ten years ago they became interested in the

schemes of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, then in an almost bankrupt condition, to wheedle the city of San Francisco into granting that railroad a subsidy of ten million dollars. As a means of stimulating the people to commit so mad a folly, they denounced the managers of the Central Pacific as the enemies of San Francisco, and as men who were determined to ruin its prosperity. They launched daily editorials of the most vehement denunciatory character upon the heads of "Stanford & Co.," until their abuse caused disgust in the minds of every intelligent citizen. When their subsidy scheme failed of success, they grew venomous with malignity, and poured an incessant fire of poisonous shafts at "Stanford & Co.," and at the press which discussed fairly the railroad policy. Day after day, for weeks, for months, for years, they reiterated their accusations, and in the most odious and offensive manner held up to the eyes of the people the names of "Stanford & Co." as synonyms of tyranny, selfishness, and ingratitude. They assailed their business capacity, and slandered their financial stability. They stabbed their personal honor at home, and their business credit abroad.

For five years they persisted in this journalistic warfare without an ally among the city newspapers. Suddenly, and without any explanation, without any change in the editorship or proprietorship of the two papers, without any change in management or policy of the railroad corporation, their abuse ceased, and they became the most laudatory and beslobbering flatterers of the very men and the railroad policy which they had for years denounced. To this day they have not recovered from the suspicion which attached to them on account of this mysterious newspaper somersault. Having by some unknown way brought the railroad company into amicable and patronizing relations with them, they next turned their warfare upon the water company. The Spring Valley Water Works had grown up with the city, under the intelligent administration, and by means of the capital and enterprise of a few prominent citizens. All water used for domestic purposes had previously been supplied by peddlers, and sold by the bucketful. Twice had the city been destroyed by fire for want of water which would have saved it. The demands of growing business and of increasing population added rapidly to the number of buildings and to the risks of fire, and as a consequence insurance was not to be obtained upon merchandise or other property except at enormous rates. To meet the requirements of such a condition, the most accessible water sources were purchased by a corporation organized for the purpose, and an abundant supply of pure and wholesome water was, by means of costly aqueducts and pipes, distributed throughout the city. At that time labor cost from five to ten dollars per day, and interest upon capital brought from three to five per cent. per month. The works were necessarily costly, and the returns, above expenses, small. For years no dividends upon capital were paid, but all profits were expended in adding to the extent and efficiency of the works. By statute, water companies were authorized to collect pay for water from private consumers alone; and property and the city at large, which derived the greater part of the benefits of a water supply, were to pay nothing, but were to receive all necessary water for fires and other purposes at the cost of private consumers. This unjust provision of law, together with the great cost of the works, made water a more costly necessity to consumers than it was in other cities. As the rates of interest and labor in California gradually lowered, so did the rates charged for water, although, by reason of being weighted with the free-water obligation to the city, they were necessarily burdened. This was the water company's situation at the time the *Bulletin* and *Call* made peace with "Stanford & Co."

Possibly to divert public attention from their remarkable change of attitude to the railroad, but certainly for some sinister and selfish purpose, these papers, without cause or provocation, turned upon the water company the torrent of falsehood and vilification which they had previously poured upon "Stanford & Co." They denounced the corporation as a monopoly, and yet declared that its works were valueless, and its water foul and insufficient. Failing to intimidate the company to submission to their demands, they endeavored to inflame the public to wage war upon it. They urged the authorities to make lavish use of the water, which was furnished without charge, and they tried to persuade the people that it was an outrage to restrict their consumption of water to the requirements of health and comfort. They demanded that the company should extend its works, and they denounced it for paying eight per cent. dividend upon capital already invested. They declared that the San Francisco Water Company ought to charge no more for water than was charged in Eastern cities, where interest and labor were cheap, and where property, instead of receiving water free, had paid all the cost of constructing works, and now collected from consumers only the cost of operating. They clamored for a law authorizing the city to condemn and take the company's property, and when the company expressed a readiness to sell, they insisted that it should only be upon terms equivalent to confiscation. They urged the legislature to



pass laws hostile to the company, and incited the lobby to efforts designed to force the company to pay money to secure immunity from outrage. When the company appealed to the justice of the legislature, they charged it with meddling with politics, and declared that the law-making body was corrupted. They prevailed upon ambitious lawyers to volunteer its prosecution in the courts, and failing to bring the judiciary to their use, insinuated that the courts were owned by the corporation. When the people determined, by a constitutional amendment, to abolish the injustice of the system of free water for property, they proclaimed it to be an outrage, and that the Constitutional Convention was the creature of the company. They made free water an issue in the local election, and when the people, by an overwhelming vote, repudiated the policy, they insulted the community by declaring that the company purchased the popular vote.

During all this crusade the others of the press denounced the designs of these two frenzied and crafty journals, and they stood conspicuously alone in their war upon the water company, as they had done in their assaults upon "Stanford & Co." Unmindful of the obligations of courtesy to their fellow-craft, they derided the intelligence and denied the honesty of the newspapers that endeavored to be just to the people and to the company. At last, blinded by passion, and maddened by the absence of all sympathy, and stung by defeat in every effort, they threw down the gauntlet of battle, and in last Friday's issue of the *Bulletin* insolently declared the newspapers of San Francisco to be "shameless wantons." The *Argonaut* has seen fit to take up the gauge, and to repel in its own behalf this thrust of the cowardly journal. Ever since this paper has been in existence it has aimed to support the right, and has not feared to denounce the wrong. Upon this water question it has been, and it now is, in open opposition to the insincere and selfish policy of the *Bulletin* and *Call*. It has been so from a clear conviction of right, and from no other motive or influence. It has the gratification of knowing that all the press, with the exception of the two papers mentioned, are in harmony with its views; that the local authorities endorse the policy that it has advocated; that the best and most influential citizens openly assent to the abolition of the free-water system; and that the people have given the only proof in their power of like opinion. When, therefore, a newspaper declares that a corporation, which is created by the law-making power, which is subject to the restraint of the judicial tribunals, which is at all times amenable to the criticism of the press, and which depends for its success upon the will of the people, owns and controls legislature, courts, press, and people, it proves itself a slanderous falsifier, and deserving of the contempt of every decent man and decent journal. The *Argonaut* has endeavored to fulfill its obligations in that respect.

#### EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BLAINE'S ORATION ON THE LATE PRESIDENT GARFIELD—MILLER'S MASTERLY REVIEW OF THE CHINESE QUESTION—SENATOR HOAR'S DRIVEL—PRESIDENT ARTHUR AND SENATOR BLAINE—GENERAL BEALE'S CHANCES FOR THE NAVY SECRETARYSHIP—THE NICARAGUA CANAL SCHEME—SARGENT AND CONKLING.

Washington, February 27.—The sensation of to-day has been the eulogy pronounced upon our murdered President by his Secretary of State and personal friend, the Hon. James G. Blaine. The day was simply perfect. The town was thronged with people anxious to witness the spectacle, and bear the oration. Tickets of admission, necessarily limited to the capacity of the chamber, were in great demand. At an early hour, thanks to the thoughtful kindness of the orator, I had a card to present at the door of the capitol, and found myself amid an anxious throng, pushing for a place to see and hear. By eleven o'clock the galleries were filled, and before twelve o'clock the floor of the House was occupied by members of Congress and distinguished visitors.

The Chinese, in their peculiar garments, were there, as ambassadors to represent the oldest Oriental civilization. The Japanese ambassadors, clad in the latest fashion of the American gentleman, without order or insignia of office, were there to represent the newest nation, as it is the last that has emerged from the darkness of a barbarous past. There was the Turk in his fez, and among the foreign representatives were found those of all the nations that are in friendly intercourse with ours. Happily this embraces all the recognized governments on earth.

Those distinguished officers of our army and navy who had been especially noticed by Congress for their conspicuous services were there in the full regalia of their profession. The galleries were thronged. There was no brilliant dressing among the ladies, and no display of jewels. The etiquette of the occasion demanded simplicity in dress, and the prevailing costumes were sombre.

During the gathering of the audience the Marine Band, stationed in some unseen corridor, filled the chamber with the harmony of its music. At precisely twelve o'clock the Speaker called the House to order. After a brief prayer

had been said by the chaplain, the sergeant-at-arms announced "The Senate of the United States." The Congressmen rose to receive its members as they advanced to the seats provided for them. Again the sergeant announced "The Chief Justice and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States." And the eight members of this august tribunal, clad in their black robes of office, advanced to the seats provided for them, again the audience standing to receive them. Then again the sergeant-at-arms announced "The President of the United States." And General Arthur, accompanied by a committee of both houses, advanced and took the seat provided for him.

A few moments were allowed us to settle quietly to the work of listening to the oration, when the sergeant-at-arms announced "The Orator of the Day: the Honorable James G. Blaine." As that gentleman marched down the aisle the audience again rose, and from all parts of the hall, galleries, and floor went up the applause of clapping hands. The oration, read from manuscript, in the clear but subdued tones of its distinguished author, was distinctly heard in every part of the audience. During its delivery, which consumed one hour and a quarter, the most breathless silence was preserved. The oration will have been read throughout the nation long before this letter is in print. It was a simple narrative of Garfield's life. It portrayed his admirable character in language unadorned. There was no attempt at eloquence, no brilliant pyrotechnics of oratorical display, no imagery, poetry, or strained quotation. It contained no word which could awaken resentment; no thought which could arouse unpleasant memories of the past; nothing to stir up party passion; nothing to advance the personal ambition of Mr. Blaine. Its matter and its manner gave no suggestion of any thought other than to portray the life and character of the martyred dead. It was admirably done, challenging the commendation of all who loved and honored the distinguished man whose tragic death gave cause for the oration.

The occasion was one long to be remembered. More than anything I ever witnessed, it impressed upon me the simplicity and beauty of our republican institutions. It was not in the great hall of William Rufus, which has resounded with acclamations at the coronation of kings. It was the hall of the House of Representatives of the earth's grandest commonwealth. The entrance to this chamber was not guarded by grenadiers, nor were its avenues kept clear by cavalry. There were no peers robed in gold and ermine, heralded under garter king-at-arms. There were no titled lords horn to hereditary greatness and wealth from entailed estates. There was present no prince who is to rule our commonwealth because he sprung from the loins of a royal sire. There was no pomp, no pageantry, no gilded emblems of office. There were ladies as fair as the fairest of the beautiful daughters of the old-world aristocracy. There were men as brave as the bravest knights that ever won or wore a golden spur. There were judges as profound in their knowledge of law as any lord chancellor who ever wore wig or sat on wool-sack. There were the ambassadors of great nations, who gazed on a spectacle of democratic simplicity which no other nation presents. There were men of learning, whose discoveries in the dark and profound mine of science had extracted treasures of erudition more precious, massive, and splendid than belonged to the age of Parr. There were assembled representatives from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous commonwealth; a land that in its infancy numbers fifty million of people; an empire that embraces nearly four million square miles of territory, and that, in the splendid future stretching before it, will claim the right to rule a hemisphere, and dominate the oceans that wash its shores and the islands that dot its neighboring seas. And there, sitting in compact body, was the congress that rules so great a land. There were the representatives of a people who are entrusted to make its laws. And there, not on a throne of state, marked by no emblem of power, or royal robes, or insignia of office, sat the honored gentleman who was distinguished from any other individual in the great audience only by the fact that he had been elevated to the office of chief executive of the nation by the votes of its citizens. And there, sitting behind me on the gallery stairs, with their knees in my cramped back, were two fair females of Washington society. From their conversation I am confident they might have quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees under the rich peacock hangings of Lady Mary Montague's drawing-room, or have carried a congressional election, if they had been willing to use their persuasive lips as freely as did Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire.

When the oration was ended and the benediction was said, there poured out from all the avenues of the splendid structure of our national capitol an intelligent, well-dressed, and orderly mass of men and women, young men and maidens, to find their respective homes on foot, in horse-car, or private equipage, with no heggars to ask alms, and no swell mob to terrify and steal.

The President rode to the executive mansion in his open barouche, with one friend, unattended by horse-guards, household troops, or mounted police.

May we forever preserve the simplicity of our republican institutions! May we ever preserve the liberties of our people!—the features which most distinguish us from the other governments of the world.

February 28.—I have spent this afternoon in listening to a speech in the Senate by General Miller on the Chinese bill. There is no question that I regard as of greater national importance. There is not one that is fraught with more serious consequences to the future of our people, our government, and our institutions. There is no question to which I have given greater study or more serious reflection, and I think I know when this question is ably handled. The speech by Senator Miller exceeded my expectations, though I anticipated ability in its treatment. It was comprehensive, statesman-like, and eloquent. The subject was broadly handled, and most logically and admirably reasoned. The argument was upon the highest plane. There was nothing of demagogism or charlatanism about it. It will, I think, be read with great satisfaction by all whose minds are in condition to enjoy an impartial statement of the only serious question that to-day threatens the people of the United States. For the first time since I have been in attendance upon the debates in Washington did the speaker secure the attention of the Senate. General Miller, before the close of his effort, had gathered about him, as attentive listeners, the leading senators of both sides. At its conclusion he received their warm congratulations for his effort. I believe this was his first important debate. Senators Farley, Fair, and Jones all gave Senator Miller their very close attention. It was a success that afforded me a double pleasure: first, as an oratorical triumph to one whom I esteem; and second, because it was an able presentation of a question in which I am deeply interested.

March 2.—I have heard in the Senate to-day two orations, prepared speeches read from manuscript, and presumably the best efforts within the capacity of their authors. One by the honorable Mr. Voorhies, senator from Indiana, and the other by Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts—the first on the library bill, and the other in reply to Senator Miller upon the Chinese question. The speech of Senator Voorhies was able, scholarly, and eloquent. It was worthy of the Senate in its best days. The matter was excellent, the manner admirable. The result will be—so soon as it can be reached in the order of business—the passage of a bill through the Senate for the construction, on Capitol Hill, of a magnificent and costly building for the nation's library and the accommodation of the Supreme Court.

The speech of Senator Hoar was neither able nor sensible, neither eloquent nor honest. It was the most perfect exhibition I have ever witnessed of Puritan cant and New England demagogism. It was narrow, illiberal, and illogical. It betrayed both prejudice and ignorance, and was in no sense a reply to the arguments of our senator. It was as bad in delivery as it was unsatisfactory in argument. Mr. Hoar is an uninteresting little old gentleman with a bald head fringed with gray hair. On his soft, silly, smirking, florid face there lingers a chronic smile which in social and friendly converse is simply idiotic, and when directed to any senator who in debate differs from him, bears as contemptuous an expression as his feeble features are able to convey. His voice is weak and monotonous. When he talks he teeters on his toes. His leading gesture is an indelicate movement of his right hand, his arm being used only from the elbow down, as it hangs by his side. His language lacks force and beauty of expression. He is utterly devoid of sentiment, poetry, or imagination. Fatherhood of God—brotherhood of man—the pursuit of happiness to all men—the natural right to choose a domicile anywhere on God's earth—all men free and equal—America the home of the oppressed, the asylum of all nations—survival of the fittest—traditions of our country—protection of our flag, was the burden of his sing-song. Inapt reference to the prejudice once entertained against the Irish; inapt comparisons drawn from the persecution of Jews in other lands; the unkind treatment of the Indian race; a little Bible, and a great deal of demagoguery was the substance of his effort upon a live, practical, national question, of which he was seemingly in utter and profound ignorance.

Perhaps I am not in my usually amiable mood because of the fact that in debate he referred to me by name, and read garbled extracts from my writings; and when requested by Senator Farley to continue the reading, refused because "he was not called upon to do more than advance his own argument." He did me the justice, however, to quote an opinion once expressed by me, that in my judgment the Chinese had no souls, and if they had, they were not worth saving at the expense of our liberties and civilization. Senators Jones, of Nevada, and Farley, of California, will reply to the senator, and in listening to them I hope to get my revenge.

Page has not relaxed his efforts against Mr. Dodge; but I think there is no danger of his removal so long as he has the support of Senator Miller. I am of the further opinion that General Miller is not likely to recede from his position.



as friend of Dodge so long as Page maintains his hostile and helligerent attitude. The President evidences a disposition to be very careful in all appointments that are likely to provoke opposition. He is evidently feeling his way very cautiously in the direction of harmonizing the warring factions and contending cliques in the Republican party. Whether he is inspired to this course by an ambition for his own nomination to the Presidency, or by the higher idea of making it possible to elect a Republican successor, by uniting the party, my readers can determine as well as I. In answer to the suggestion that, so far, most of his appointments have been from the Stalwart wing of the party, it is only just to remember that the Blaine wing, or Garfield wing of the party, had been largely provided for before General Arthur came to the executive office. It should be remembered that none of these appointments have been disturbed. It is only natural that General Arthur should feel it his privilege and his duty to remember and reward personal and party friends. I think the disposition to drive Blaine to his corner is not quite so pronounced as it was. Most of the noise and clamor against him came from the lesser dogs of the pack. Black-and-tan terriers are used by hunters in the Sierra who pursue the grizzly bear. These monarchs of the hills will stop and turn upon the snapping terriers at their heels, and thus the hunter gains upon them with his rifle and braver dogs for the death grapple. Blaine is not diverted by the curs and mongrels who bark at his heels. When he turns, it is to face some more pressing danger. So far, when he has turned upon his enemies he has sent them howling before him. Blaine is a brave and strong antagonist. He is gallant in defense, and resolutely aggressive in attack. He has a following that the Republican party cannot afford to antagonize, and that no successful party leader, who looks to the success of the party, dares to antagonize. Without Blaine's friends there is no Republican party. Whenever he shall sulk in his tent, the Democracy will elect the President. General Arthur, and all the prominent men in the organization know and appreciate this fact. General Arthur has no quarrel with Blaine, and will have none. They are personal friends. The bitter feeling against him by both Grant and Senator Conkling has been toned down, and I will again venture to prophesy that at the next national convention the rivalry of political chieftains will not be displayed in the personal rancor that characterized the last one. I shall not be surprised if Arthur, Blaine, Conkling, Grant, Logan, and Cameron are found to be united in the next campaign upon a party programme that shall bring out the entire Republican strength to fight a foe that is powerful, and in the next contest likely to be dangerous unless the Republican party is united. I think I know of what I am speaking, when I say that the differences between Blaine and his opponents are no longer irreconcilable. Conkling can destroy Blaine, and Blaine can destroy the whole squad. If these men love the Republican party and the government more than they dislike each other, it is their duty to harmonize. The rank and file of the organization can not afford to permit these rival chiefs to imperil the cause. Twice they have brought the party to the verge of a dangerous peril by their personal jealousies. Another such squabble and we all go over the brink together. If General Arthur has the genius to heal this wound, he will have accomplished a great purpose. I am generous enough to hope that he may appease the avenging gods, and save the Republican party at less sacrifice than did Quintus Curtius, when, mounted on his horse, he leaped into the opening gulf in Rome.

The concession made to certain American citizens by the government of Nicaragua to build a canal across the isthmus of Nicaragua, expires by limitation on the twenty-second day of next June. So far, nothing has been done, and on that day, unless the canal is commenced, the concession will be lost, and the right will pass away from American control. The parties to whom this concession was made are now actively engaged in the endeavor to have the government assume the franchise and undertake the labor of its construction.

In March, 1879, Mr. Blanchet, a French engineer, agreed with the President of Nicaragua upon a concession, which failed of confirmation in the Nicaraguan senate by one vote. That government is friendly to the United States, and would prefer that the work should be done by Americans, with American capital, and under American protection. It was conceded by Monsieur de Lesseps that the Nicaraguan scheme was far more practicable than that across the Isthmus of Darien, and could the French have obtained the privilege of connecting the oceans by a canal across Nicaragua, the Darien scheme would not have been entertained. Mr. Blanchet is now in Nicaragua, waiting to take up the project in case the American company shall fail to act. A bill is now pending before Congress for aid to this enterprise, and it is regarded as of the utmost importance that it should not pass out from under the control of Americans. A Nicaraguan canal under such control would be a practical solution of all the present complications concerning the Monroe Doctrine, and would take that question out of politics, for a time at least. The construction of this water-way is of the first importance to the interests of our coast. It is a shorter line by some hundreds of miles than that by way of Panama. It can be constructed at a less cost, and in a shorter time. I need not particularize the advantages of this canal to the commerce of the Pacific and of San Francisco over that of any other project, as the question has been intelligently presented to the Pacific Coast people in the able articles of Captain William L. Merry, which have appeared in the *Argonaut* and in the *Bulletin*. The De Lesseps scheme is by no means certain of accomplishment. It is not yet demonstrated that it is practicable, and it is not yet so far advanced as to give assurance that De Lesseps himself regards its accomplishment as possible. He has already expended a vast sum of money, and has so far made but little progress. He has built a fine hospital, and has procured, at extravagant cost, a hotel for the accommodation of his official staff. He has purchased fine machinery. But I have never learned yet that any real work has been done toward opening the waters of the two oceans. The Eads scheme of a ship-railway across Tehuantepec is regarded as a doubt-

ful experiment. It so far finds but little favor in political circles. It is not believed that it is possible to build a road that can carry laden ships of heavy tonnage across it, and there are many who doubt the genuineness of a proposition that asks so many millions from the government as does the Eads project.

That the Nicaraguan scheme is a possible one, all engineers agree. I can not doubt it, when I remember that I once penetrated this isthmus in a steamship carrying some six hundred passengers, from the waters of the Atlantic to within twelve miles of the Pacific. And I remember that Lake Nicaragua is a great and navigable body of deep water, placed at the very highest point of the divide between the two oceans.

The President has treated the country to a genuine surprise in the nomination of Mr. Conkling for the Supreme Bench, and Mr. Sargent as minister to Berlin. Whether Mr. Conkling will accept the position to which he has been appointed will soon be known. It is a matter of speculation to-day. I do not think he will accept it, and if he does not, it is an indication that he will not return to public life except as senator from New York. The conduct of Senator Hoar in denouncing Mr. Conkling as he did, in vile and slanderous words, was not a surprise to any one who knows this irascible and shallow-minded old man. When Cicero was assassinated, his head and hands cut off, and his tongue presented to the harlot Fulvia, she seized the hodkin from her hair and plunged it through the member whose eloquence had angered her. So he of Massachusetts stabbed the ex-senator in secret session by his vituperative denunciation. Fulvia of Rome lives again in Hoar of Massachusetts. Thus history repeats itself.

The nomination of Sargent is to me a happy deliverance. It is a profound disappointment to a gang of disreputable intrigants and flatterers who hoped, in his advancement to the position of Secretary of the Interior, to have used him for dishonest purposes. Offices were to have been secured and jobs to have been provided for as vile a set of rascals as ever disgraced any nation's capital. Dogs are licking their sores in Washington to-day. This honorable exile of Mr. Sargent to Berlin is a happy solution of many of our political complications. His appointment must have reminded those who have been actively engaged in defeating him for the cabinet, of the story of an English premier, who secured the removal of an opponent from the House of Commons to the House of Lords by obtaining for him a peerage, and then congratulated himself that he had kicked his enemy "out of public life, up-stairs, and into the House of Lords." There is no reason now why party matters should not flow in a somewhat smoother channel. If, as I hope and predict, there shall come about at Washington such a condition of things as will give us a harmonious party, and at the next election a programme upon which all Republicans and all who love their country can unite, then I see no reason why the lesser and meaner feuds in California may not be reconciled, and the Republicans of that State, as in the earlier days, become more fraternal than they have been of late.

Since the appointment of Aaron A. Sargent to Berlin, the movement to place General E. F. Beale in the Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy has become active. He is strongly pressed by the most effective influences. It is the conceded opinion of the country that great reforms are demanded in the navy, and that if it is to be restored by the expenditure of ten million dollars its secretary must have some practical knowledge of the requirements of the office. General Beale had an experience of fifteen years during early life in the naval service. He is greatly honored and respected in Washington, where he resides. He is a man of large business experience, and considerable wealth. His integrity has never been challenged except once, as I remember, and that was when he was charged with irregularities in constructing Fort Tejon, which was not built by him, but by a major whose name was Beal, and not Beale; with obtaining grants which he caused to be confirmed by Indian testimony, when it is known that Indians cannot give evidence, and when it is a fact that he bought none but patented grants; with buying and selling camels for the government, when he never bought or sold a camel in his life; and with having unsettled accounts with the government, when he has vouchers which give him a clear settlement, and state that no government account was ever suspended since he had dealings with it. As for myself, I hope General Beale may become Secretary of the Navy; for out of his appointment I am confident we shall have a first-class navy-yard at Mare Island, and a better management than has characterized it for the past few years. I think nearly the entire Pacific Coast delegation favor his appointment over that of the Eastern and somewhat famous politician, Mr. Chandler, of Maine.

The following is said to be an understatement of the work to be done by a musical student in London: "A student of the Royal Academy of Music is expected to attend for lessons daily in both theory and practice. He is expected to practice for five or six hours a day on the instrument, whether violin or piano, which he chooses as his own. That is not all. Every student is bound to have two instruments, and the second instrument he is expected to play for one hour a day. Seven hours per diem are, in fact, to be devoted to mechanical exercise. Two other hours are required for professional tuition; and if a student does not wish to be a musician and nothing more, he has to find time, amid concerts and orchestral practices and ordinary duties, for a little reading, which most other youths find easy. The musician is, in fact, made by labor which would appal a bricklayer's apprentice. He has to do more to get 'supple fingers' and a good tone than would be needed to make a racer."

Amethystine trinkets from Auvergne, enamels from the Campagna, filigree work in silver from the booths at Tunis, golden strings of herries brought by sailors from the Antilles, and chains of red scarabæi dotted with yellow spots, which sown upon velvet for the neck, and called "les bêtes du bon Dieu," are the modern favorites in France.

## A DASH AT "DEIST"

By Some Fair but Irate Atheists, who Proceed to Pull His Hair.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The remarks of the person calling himself "Deist," in last week's *Argonaut*, fill me with disgust. The fellow's whole argument is based on fear, and he can not conceive the possibility of right-doing except as engendered by fear; therefore, he is a thief, murderer, or anything else that is vile, only that fear of the law restrains him; hence, he is a coward, also. "He would not marry a woman who was as he is—would he afraid to?" Why afraid? Afraid, because he would gauge her standard of morals by his own. Himself would remain an infidel, that he might indulge in the (supposed) laxity of infidels, but he would willingly keep his wife in a life-long terror of the orthodox hell for the sole reason that she might remain pure. R. SANTA CRUZ, March 8, 1882.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In the last issue of your paper "A Deist" makes an attack upon atheistic women. Now, I am a woman, and my conscience tells me that I am a good woman. I have lived twenty-six years without transgressing any moral law, yet "I deny the inspiration of the Scriptures, the divinity of Christ, and believe in no creed." My God is Nature—our mother-God. The "Deist" asks, what is to keep such women chaste? I, in reply, ask, what is to keep such male unbelievers from murder, stealing, and like crime? Is he so utterly depraved that fear of human law alone is all that holds his hand from wrong-doing? We all possess a conscience that directs our deeds. Believe me, "a regard for divine law," or "fear of retribution," has less influence over a Christian than this voice of conscience has over AN ATHEIST. SAN FRANCISCO, March 7, 1882.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your last number there was an article commenting on Mr. Pixley's letter in reference to Ingersoll, signed "Deist." Since this gentleman has seen fit, in "plain language," to dissect the characters of the Misses Ingersoll, as representing a class of non-religious women none of whom he has a wish to marry, he has laid himself open to comment in turn. He evidently has good reasons for not wishing to marry a woman who is as he is; and as for the Misses Ingersoll, it is more than probable that the strong love of truth which has made them free-thinkers, places them upon too high a plane to stoop to become Mrs. "Deist." The clouds and mists of revelation still obscure "Deist's" mentality, or he would not confound morality and religion in the manner he does. Morality and dogma are but supplementary growths to any religious form, and form no part of pure religion. If Philosophy could have been the leader when "Deist" left the beaten path, and truth alone been his goal, this umidity in regard to wedding atheistic women would not have found expression in the article alluded to. The highest form of morality has its birth in the conception of a universe governed by law; and not in the fear of a God nor the love of a devil. And I repeat, to give emphasis, that morality can be, and is, independent of religion. I further have no hesitancy in asserting that a woman who is capable of thinking for herself and has the moral courage to admit her convictions and live up to them, in the face of current opinion, for truth's sake, has character enough to preserve her own chastity without any "fear of exposure." As a suggestion, since "Deist" alludes to himself personally, I would like to say that perhaps the very best guaranty we can have of female chastity is masculine chastity; and if "Deist" is careful in the future, we can forgive him the past. A FREE-THINKER AND A WOMAN. SAN FRANCISCO, March 5, 1882.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I noticed in your last issue a communication signed "A Deist," a few points of which I should like to answer, not in defense of Ingersoll, for I do not consider him in need of it, but for the purpose of defending, or endeavoring to defend, my sex from the odious slur cast upon them by this infidel though not atheist. The gentleman advances the extraordinary opinion that atheistic women are only safeguard against unchastity is the fear of punishment. He says: "They do not believe in God; they believe in no divine law. Now, what is to keep these women chaste?" What? why, their own modesty; their innate sense of propriety, and natural self-respect. Does "Deist" suppose that women who go astray err from lack of religious feeling, or is it not because their natures are essentially low and animal-like? Is "A Deist" of the opinion that the thousands upon thousands of high-minded, honorable, and virtuous women in the land are kept so merely through fear of divine punishment or the world's contempt? Where is our boasted civilization, our intellectual progress and enlightenment, if women at this day are to be regarded as mere animals, restrained from indulgence only through physical fear? "A Deist" speaks as though it were admitted that there is no object in life but self-gratification. The only conclusion to be drawn from his remarks is that he is ignorant of any higher life than the animal one, and entirely unacquainted with true womanhood. He evidently shares the opinion of those narrow-minded and egotistical individuals who hold that religion is necessary for women though not for men, for, though he avows himself an infidel, he refers to "the woman who can so rise above the tendencies of her sex as to become an adherent of the ferocious creed of atheism." If it is solely religion that keeps people virtuous, men have greater need of it than women, for they are universally acknowledged to be the least virtuous. In conclusion, "A Deist" tenders to women who are atheists, his "best wishes, with a strong admixture of solicitude." I belong to that class, in behalf of which I beg to reject his proffered solicitude; he may need it himself, and it would be throwing it away to bestow it on those whose moral principles, dignity, and self-respect will suffice to keep them in the right path, now and always. SAN FRANCISCO, March 6, 1882. ATHEISTIC.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have always supposed consistency to be an extremely masculine attribute, and so have imagined it flourishing in all men; but alas! your "Deist" has brushed away the cobwebs. He disbelieves the doctrines of the Christian religion, but denies his wife the same latitude of unbelief. Suppose, dear "Deist," you should marry a darling little Methodist, and should have children—sons and daughters. Your boys you would instruct in the lore of Ingersoll; your girls you would send to Sunday-school and church. Isn't that a fine position for the father of a family to maintain? Again: this "Deist" can see only two reasons for an atheistic woman's virtue—fear of exposure and bodily chastity. Against the first I admit the force of his argument; as to the second, the amount of a woman's bodily chastity must vary with her temperament and temptations, and is not to be calculated. Now, I plead guilty to being a woman, twenty years old, good-looking, and unmarried, and yet "Deist" would not marry me. And why not? Because I am as he is—a disbeliever, and he could have no faith in my virtue. Nevertheless, I am virtuous, and have good reasons for remaining so—desire for my own good, and pride. First, what is right for me, is right for all the world; or, in rationalistic phrase, what is best for me is best for all the world; and conversely, in the highest good of mankind I see a magnified image of my own good. "The wages of sin is death" is just as true as if I believed it to be an inspired saying. Discretion, moderation, may be urged. So, too, when a boy is sliding down hill you might advise him to go slow. The objection to the latter course applies to the former. It is contrary to known tendencies of human nature. Blindness treads in the steps of transgression. Second: Though man may regret the sacrilege, he respects not the shrine he defiles. A pure woman is always an object of respect; but when she falls she becomes an object of pity, or of contempt. I scorn to be either, even in the eyes of one. These reasons have been sufficient to enable me to refuse seductive invitations from gilded youths to French dinners—invitations all the more alluring because gilt is scarce at our house; to resist the temptation of matinee tickets, drives, and diamonds; to other girls, whether orthodox or infidel, do not hesitate to accept. In necessary moments I sometimes wonder if it pays to be so good; but I reflect that for every grain of pleasure there is a grain of pain, and that pain is heavier. To conclude: woman is by nature purer than that ferocious "Deist" can know, and it matters little to a womanly woman's virtue whether her reason adopts the creed of Wesley or of Spencer. M. E. OAKLAND, March 4, 1882.



## BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

Sic Semper Gloria Colorow.

It is with becoming sorrow that we make these sad comments upon the death of William H. Colorow, mayor of North Park, and author of "Baxter's Saint's Rest." Mr. Colorow left nothing to posterity but a few damaged scalps in brine, and his untarnished name. He early learned what was worth doing at all was worth doing well, and his private cemetery at White River was proof of his devotion to this rule. Late in life he acquired a love of strong drink, which made him at times morose and despondent. At these times he would go out and kill a prospector, and then return cheered and encouraged. This morbid appetite for funerals at last grew upon him, however, to such a degree that his personal intimacies were seldom and isolated. Many of his friends learned to regard him as eccentric and unsafe. His room-mate refused to occupy the same couch with him, owing to the fact that Colorow was liable at any moment to be overcome with this mad impulse. Still and pulseless lie the hands of Colorow. In his mountain grave beneath the wintry sky no more anguish or bilious colic can ever come to him. Cold and silent are the lips that were wont to whoop "en up Liza Jane. Noiseless is the hazzoo of the brave inhale of the forest. His work is done, and his labors have followed him. When the death angel came, he did not repine or complain. He bowed his head to the universal decree, and bumped himself to the mandate of the inexorable fiat. When the Colorado zephyr sighed among the blossom rock of the mountains, Colorow gathered himself into an irregular mass, wiggled his off leg a couple of times, and lit out for the evergreen shore. We have always felt a little reserved about visiting Colorow during life, but there is no earthly power that can prevent us from going and weeping above his lonely grave.

## Anecdote of Spotted Tail.

During the early days of what is now the great throbbing and ambitious West a tribe of Utes camped near Fort Sedgewick, and Big Mouth, a chief of some importance, used to go over to the post regularly for the purpose of filling his hindside hide full of Fort Sedgewick "bloom of youth." As a consequence of Big Mouth's fatal yearning for liquid damnation, he generally got impudent, and openly announced on the parade-ground that he could lick the entire regular army. This used to offend some of the heroes who had just arrived from West Point, and in the heat of debate they warned the venerable warrior about two feet below the back of his neck with the flat of their sabres. This was a gross insult to Big Mouth, and he went back to the camp, where he found Spotted Tail eating a mule that had died of inflammatory rheumatism. Spotted Tail had never won much distinction up to that time, except as the owner of an appetite in the presence of which his tribe stood in dumb and terrible awe. Big Mouth tearfully told the wild epicure the way he had been treated, and asked for a council of war. Spot picked his teeth with a tent pin, and then told the defeated relic of a mighty race that if he would quit strong drink he would be subjected to fewer insults. Big Mouth then got irritated, and told S. Tail that he was a liar. Spotted Tail then took a hutchin knife about four feet long, and cut Mr. Big Mouth plumb in two just between the umbilicus and the watch-pocket. As the reader who is familiar with anatomy has already surmised, Big Mouth died from the effect of this wound, and Spotted Tail was at once looked upon as the Moses of the tribe. He readily rose to prominence, and by his strict attention to the duties of his office made for himself a name as a warrior and a pie-biter at which the world turned pale. This should teach us the importance of taking the tide at its flood, which leads on to fortune, and to lay low when there is a hen on, as Benjamin Franklin has so truly said.

## Etiquette of the Napkin.

It has been stated, and very truly, too, that the law of the napkin is but vaguely understood. It may be said, however, on the start, that custom and good breeding have uttered the decree that it is in poor taste to put the napkin in the pocket and carry it away. The rule of etiquette is becoming more and more thoroughly established, that the napkin should be left at the house of the host or hostess, after dinner. There has been a good deal of discussion also upon the matter of folding the napkin after dinner, and whether it should be so disposed of, or negligently tossed into the gravy boat. If, however, it can be folded easily, and without attracting too much attention, and prolonging the session for several bours, it should be so arranged and placed beside the plate, where it may be easily found by the hostess, and returned to her neighbor from whom she borrowed it for the occasion. If, however, the lady of the house is not doing her own work, the napkin may be carefully jammed into a globular war and fired under the table, to convey the idea of utter recklessness and pampered abandon. The use of the finger-bowl is also a subject of much importance to the hon-ton guest who gorges himself at the expense of his friends. The custom of drinking out of the finger-bowl, though not entirely obsolete, has been limited to the extent that good breeding does not now permit the guest to quaff the water from his finger-bowl unless he does so prior to using it as a finger-bowl. Thus it will be seen that social customs are slowly but surely cutting down and circumscribing the rights and privileges of the masses. At the court of Eugénie, the customs of the table were very rigid, and the most prominent guest of H. R. was likely to get the G. B. if he spread his napkin on his lap and cut his egg in two with a carving-knife. The custom was that the napkin should be hung on one knee, and the egg husted at the big end, and scooped out with a spoon. A prominent American at her table one day, in an unguarded moment shattered the shell of a soft-boiled egg with his knife, and while prying it apart, both thumbs were erroneously jammed into the true inwardness of the fruit with so much momentum that the juice took him in the eye, thus blinding him, and maddening him to such a degree that he got up and threw the remnants into the hosom of the hired man plenipotentiary, who stood near the table, scratching his ear with a tray. As may readily be supposed, there was a painful interim, during which it was hard to tell for five or six minutes whether the prominent American or the hired man would come out on top, but at last the American, with the egg in his eye, got the ear of the high-priced hired man in among his back teeth, and the honor of our beloved flag was vindicated.—Boomerang.

## RETROSPECTION.

An Old Miniature.

"You showed me, Roh, the other day,  
A miniature so full of grace  
That it hath stol'n my heart away—  
I long again to see that face.

"Find it for me before I go;  
The eyes had caught the heavenly hue;  
The proud lips give you Cupid's bow;  
The brow was steadfast, strong, and true.

"A regal robe she seemed to wear,  
In newest fashion of our day;  
And on her neck, so nobly fair,  
Splendid old-fashion laces lay."

"I'll look, my boy. Was it this one?  
(Her eye is blue as china-ware);  
Or this? (Her face is like the sun,)  
Stay! Here's the likeness, I dare swear."

"No; none of those, Rob; none of those.  
That's Lizzie Courtenay, this is Jane;  
I know her well—and little Rose;  
Good creatures, though they're rather vain.

"'Twas none of these did steal my heart;  
For them I never breathed a sigh;  
Or, sleeping, wakened with a start  
From thrilling dreams that they were nigh.

"Oh, seek once more the portrait rare;  
In yonder cabinet it lay;  
Then breathe my lady's name and where  
Her knight may follow her to-day."

"Your fond impatience urges me  
To seek the fair enchantress's face—  
Yet here lies all my gallery;  
Not one is absent from its place;

"Or only one an artist friend  
Begged as a loan from me last night;  
It lies apart, half-packed to send—  
Glance at it ere we lose the light.

"What! That is she? O strange, weird fate!  
My boy, your stricken heart lies low  
Before the lovely Countess Kate,  
Who died a hundred years ago!"  
—Anon.

"Portrait of a Lady, 17—." Catalogue.

He has come, do you say? only waits to begin?  
Quick, Betty, the patches, no minute's delay!  
Now, a small one just here, at the side of the chin,  
That may draw people's eye to the dimple at play.  
Oh, Betty, this ruffe—'tis dropping awry!  
And, Betty, my hair—is it piled up too high?  
What think you? the rose, and a string of the pearls  
Just carelessly twining about in the curls?—  
And, Betty—you think I am looking my best?  
You are sure you have done all your utmost endeavor?  
That I lack nothing more to be modishly dressed?  
As you see me to-day folk will see me forever.

Who knocks? what, my lord? (how the gloves get mislaid!)  
Go say that I'll wait on him, girl, in a minute.  
Did I well to make choice of the rosebud brocade?  
(See this ruffe again—I protest you must pin it!)  
For you know 'twas a rose-patterned sacque that I wore

With the necklace of pearls at the duchess's rout,  
With the shoes that stood five inches high from the floor,

When I danced a gavotte, and my lord led me out?  
And then, you remember, I wore it again  
To that syllabub party at Strawberry Hill,  
When he wiled me away down a rose-trellised lane,  
To the grotto that stood by the side of a rill  
With a nymph and an urn—I can see the place still.

And the rose—it was just such another as this!—  
That I stuck in my hair, and he snatched with a kiss.  
He'd a peach-colored coat, and a sword-knot of gold,

And his hair was unpowdered, all curling and yellow—  
And I thought—I was foolish and not very old—  
That I never had met with a prettier fellow.

Do you think he has wit enough left to discover  
That I'm looking to-day as I looked when we met?  
He's a husband, alas! and no longer a lover,  
But still—he is vastly content with me yet!  
And, Betty, perchance when we both have grown old,  
When his hair is no longer all yellow with gold,  
He will look at the picture and sigh, and remember  
How delightful was June till it turned to December—

Will remember, though dimple and blush could not last,  
And the time of brocades and bolero is past,  
Though the shoes are danced through and the roses are dead,  
That I was a beauty when first we were wed.

To think 'twill all vanish—alas! and alas!  
I am ready, you say?—one more look in the glass,  
And, quick, Betty, find me my big yellow fan,  
And let me descend—I have lingered too long—  
My lord will lose patience, I'm sadly afraid,  
And fidget, and fume, and begin to upbraid,  
And to chide me—'tis ever the way with a man!  
And the painter will chafe, and the picture go wrong.

My gloves!—but no matter—there's one of them missing—  
Throw open the door—Why, he's waiting, I vow.  
My lord, at your service! Nay, fie on such kissing!  
Bye-and-hye, if you will—'tis no time for it now!  
—May Probyn.

Dorothy.

Dear little Dorothy, she is no more!  
I have wandered world-wide, from shore to shore,  
I have seen as great beauties as ever were wed,  
But none can console me for Dorothy dead.

Dear little Dorothy! how strange it seems  
That her face is less real than the faces of dreams;  
That the love which kept true, and the lips which so spoke,  
Are more lost than my heart, which died not when it broke!  
—Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

## THE INNER MAN.

Most people are accustomed to think that the wealth of the richest Arabs consists mostly of flocks and herds, that they abhor the luxuries of Christendom, and live in tents of camel skin. *La Vie Moderne* tells the story of the visit to an Arab chief in Paris, which contradicts this opinion. "It is seven o'clock, and the banquet at Ben Ganab's residence is laid out under a dome of elm trees. Night has fallen, and the candelabra sparkle like stars upon the richly served table. Ben Ganab presides like a true gentleman; but being a severe vigorist he absorbs with compunction large glasses of water, more or less pure, while we toss off his champagne from cut crystal. For Ben Ganab reigns master with dignified ease, and his prestige would greatly pale before the eyes of his followers did he allow himself to yield to the weaknesses of the Roumis. His subjects only speak to him on their knees, and kiss his hand. His discretionary power extends over all the cases of Ziban. The French name appears to be dear to him; and Allah, he says, will bear witness to his unalterable fidelity. The Caid's *bordj* is like a feudal castle. Mares of the purest blood neigh without; nimble greyhounds play gracefully in the interior court, and falcons, trained for great hunting occasions, anxiously await the season of love, which is for them the season of liberty. The tapers of the candelabra weep their waxen tears under a beat of forty degrees centigrade. Overhead an immense panka creates a current of cool air whose breath tosses the blonde curls of my pretty neighbor in the most adorable manner. The Arab cooking is a little dulcified, without thereby losing its indigenous originality. Honey-cakes and candied fruits are brought on in the middle of the repast to stimulate the weakening appetite. Then, upon a silver plate, borne in triumph by two *chaouchs*, appears the traditional roasted lamb which the aged Caid carves himself, not without grotesquely introducing his hand from time to time into the animal's smoking interior. And at last Moorish coffee is served in cups of solid silver."

In Paul du Chailly's new book on Scandinavia he tells how he rushed off the train, in American fashion, that he might get a seat in the Norwegian dining-room. He quickly discovered his mistake in such a proceeding, and thus relates his experience: "When I entered the hall I felt ashamed of myself for having elbowed my fellow-travelers as I had done. Everything was quiet, orderly, and clean, and I stopped to survey the spectacle, impressed by its novelty. In the centre of a spacious room, the floor of which was spotless, was a large table covered with a snowy cloth, upon which was displayed a variety of tempting dishes, including large fish from the lakes, roast beef, lamb, chicken, soup, potatoes and other fresh vegetables; different kinds of bread; pudding, jellies, sweet milk, cream, butter, cheese, and the never-failing buttermilk, which many took first, and before the soup. Every article of food was cooked to a turn, and the joints were hot, having just been taken off the fire. Piles of warm plates, with knives, forks, and napkins, lay ready to the traveler's hand, and the whole aspect of the place was tidy, cheerful, and appetizing. There was no confusion—the company walked around the central table, and selected from the dishes they liked best, and then, taking knives, forks, spoons, and napkins, seated themselves at the little marble tables scattered in the room, rising when they desired to help themselves again. I noticed particularly the moderation of the people; the portion of food which each one took was not in excess of that which would have been served at a private table, and every person seemed to remember that his neighbor also might fancy the dish of which he partook. Beer and light wines could be procured, and were served by tidy young girls."

The New York Times thus attacks the much loved lobster: One of the valuable historic facts which students of English history first master is that a certain monarch died prematurely of "a surfeit of lamprays," a delicacy which he had doubtless found to disagree with him, but from which he could not refrain. And now well founded rumor asserts that another delicious fish has been the cause of serious indisposition to a renowned emperor, and lately prevented his appearance in public on an important occasion. Mrs. Camp and her co-laborer, Mrs. Prigg, were not more addicted to pickled salmon than is the Emperor William to the seductive but dangerous lobster. The story goes that a former medical examiner discovered the darling delight of the imperial palate, noted its noxious influences, and banished it peremptorily from the royal table. But this medico of Bismarckian mould passed away. A new Esculapian arose, who quailed before the imperial eye. Lobster was demanded, and lobster was supplied, with almost fatal result. Lobster, indeed, has had much to answer for; at all events, its character is of the worst. There is living a wealthy peeress in England who had a husband greatly addicted to lobster and a thousand other good things, and whose precious life (he having sixty thousand pounds a year, of which she knew she could only inherit a comparatively small portion) she had the best conjugal reasons for wishing to preserve; and this clever lady kept her good man going—surfeits of all sorts, notwithstanding—by prudent little dosings administered without his knowledge. "I'm feeling very poorly, my love, this evening," he would say, about ten o'clock, just half an hour after his cup of coffee, the climax to a colossal dinner, and his invaluable belpmate would reply: "Well, my love, you would eat that lobster salad; I told you how it would be; you better go at once to bed." But not a word did she say as to those insidious grains of jalap she had slipped surreptitiously into his coffee-cup to presently relieve the system.

CCXIX.—Sunday, March 12.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Oyster Soup.  
Beefsteak à la Bordelaise.  
Fried New Potatoes. Stuffed Eggs. Salsify Fritters.  
String Beans. Baked Lamb. Sauce Piquant.  
Cauliflower Salad.  
Charlotte Russe. Brandy Peaches. Apples, Oranges, Walnuts, Figs.

To STUFF EGGS.—Boil the eggs hard, and cut them into halves lengthwise; take out carefully the yolks; mash them well, adding a little finely minced onion, chopped parsley, pepper, and salt. Mash also double the quantity of bread which has been soaked in milk; mix bread, yolks, etc., together; then bind them with a little raw egg, and taste to see if they are properly seasoned. Stuff the whites with the mixture so that each has the appearance of containing a whole round yolk; smooth the remainder of the mixture on the bottom of a pie pan; arrange the halves symmetrically in this bed; brown a little in the oven.

## TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

If you wish to use goods of full weight and absolute purity, see your grocer supplies you with

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"How late are we?" asked Jack of a friend when we found the curtain down the other night, and Signor Navoni waving his hat on some of the most execrable music that ever set people's teeth on edge. "Steen years," said the friend. And it proved to be the watchword of the play, for we were told at intervals of five minutes throughout the long evening that the prologue had taken place sixteen years before. The curtain went up just then upon a well-filled gypsy camp, with Miss Jean Clara Walters as Joan Gray in the foreground, homely arrayed in a brief cashmere garment, which, as to color, was in a state of violent inflammation. She told us that her husband had been foully slain sixteen years before, on the 27th of November, 1850, and as she appeared in the next act in a long black dress and a crape sparker, it would seem to have taken 'steen years for her to feel the full force of the blow. Nevertheless the gypsy camp was a pretty picture, and seemed to be a favorite haunt of the nobility of England, and other parties untinged by Romany blood, for there seemed to be but two real gypsies in the camp, and one of them, Jennings, was extinguished after the first night. Perhaps the nobility of England was drawn by the donkey. The donkey draws well in these times, but, for practical and romantic purposes, the playwrights have introduced a pretty girl instead. She, too, is gypsy-hred in the first act; but, by means of some magic filter, known only to playwrights, is a model of elegant deportment in the second. As a matter of course, she is loved by the nobility of England. The nobility is much given to this sort of thing in melodrama. It is their confirmed habit to marry in gypsy camps. Perhaps it is because of the little current of romance in every Englishman's cold veins; perhaps it is with some view to the safety of his family chicken-roost. Apropos of chickens, this gypsy camp is nobly furnished in the barn-yard line, and boasts, besides the donkey, (a very dignified and calmly contemptuous little beast,) a pair of neighing horses, a pair of cackling chickens, a pair of quacking ducks, and a grunting pig. What could the most ardent realist ask more? Truth to tell, the gypsy scene is an uncommonly pretty one, with its patched tent, and wanderers' wagon, its gypsy tripods, and swinging kettles. It does not quite appear why Joan Gray leads a gypsy life sixteen years; but it was probably to help make up the tableau at the end of that time. There is no grave and potent reason why there should be a gypsy in the play, but so soon as the pretty red picture is over, the entire gypsy business is done with, and we hear no more of Romany. Treloar Parks is the scene of action, and all the gypsies are great swells. Alice Gray blossoms in blue and white, Joan Gray in conventional weeds and starchy dignity. Sir Basil Treloar in the latest thing from his tailor, and even the villain Ashcroft in a pair of extraordinary chintz trousers. "I wonder if the neighbors call on them?" asked Jack, gravely. "The social status of this sort of people should be a little shaky, but their footing seems to be very secure, whatever kind of morals they carry about with them. Fancy one of our money lords, with an object like that a fixture in his drawing-room!" and he pointed to Ashcroft, who certainly spared no pains to make himself odious. "My dear Jack," I said, "you quite forget that melodrama is something to be looked at through a private and particular lens. It is like nothing real, probable, or possible. It is the outcome of riotous imagination. It is made by ladies who, knowing nothing of lords and ladies, yet make familiar puppets of them; who, looking through all the dirt and stench of the gypsies, yet find romance in them. The melodramatist's hero must own a park, a grange, or a hall, and he must be kept out of his own by the machinations of a villain. When he comes to his own, he must stoop from his lofty estate to wed a lowly maid. Sometimes she is a peasant girl, but oftener a gypsy; but, in any case, when they go to live in their park, or grange, or hall, the entire county—(it sounds English to say county, and successful melodramas only take place on English ground),—the entire county is at their feet." I paused for breath. "Betsy," said Jack, solemnly, "when you mount an invisible rostrum you hang over the chasm of idiocy with a sure-footedness which a man could never attain. Do you imagine for one moment that any one ever looks gravely at a melodrama?" "Well," I said, "I suppose they do; although I can not call any one to mind just now, excepting the servant-maid in 'Rudder Grange.'" "Well, perhaps even that romantic maid would have had her gravity upset by this," he said, as, after several minutes' reflection of a gleaming barrel unpleasantly close to the villain remarked, as if he had made a discov-

ery, "He has a pistol!" The house rose to the humor of the situation most spontaneously. But Joan Gray quite crushed the laugh out a moment after by pointing to Sir Rupert Treloar as the man who had foully murdered her husband on the twenty-seventh of November, 1850. "It was an oversight in them," said Jack, "not to have made it the fall of '49. That's a popular date, and might have made the piece go." "The piece will go," I said, "with this beautiful setting, though there were never a date in it; for the ruined abbey in the moonlight was a degree handsomer as a stage picture than anything that had gone before, but was perhaps eclipsed by the 'Whirlpool Light' which came after. By this time the people had all fallen from their high condition. Even Sir Rupert was a condemned criminal escaping from England on a ship, and the villain, by some twist of fortune, had become a light-house keeper. As for Alice Gray and her mother, they roamed wherever they listed, without any visible means of support, the one punishing the guilty, the other rescuing the innocent, until at last all hands were washed up on the beach by the incoming tide. The ebb and flow of the tide is a new stage effect. So, too, is the idea of bringing all the *dramatis personae* together for the curtain by washing them up from the ocean as wreckage. And a lively set-to they had of it. "I'm cross-eyed," cried Jack, suddenly. "I feel it; for I have kept one eye upon the pair wrestling at the top of the tower, and another on those two desperate wrestlers at the left of the stage, and have tried to bring an occasional focus on the pair at the right." The stage was the scene of some vigorous tussle, but when did not a melodrama come out all right?—the good triumphant and happy, and the bad man ready for his funeral. There's a good, hallowed old plot to "The Curse of Cain," and a long succession of beautiful stage-settings; but there are acres of talk to be cut out, and more than one actor to be extinguished. For the rest, Clara Jean Walters is one of the best exponents of the melodrama; Phoebe Davies is interesting, and Grismer almost as much in earnest as if he were playing Bertuccio.

I wonder did any one recognize her frisky highness of Gerolstein in that handsome, well-dressed sovereign of severely correct deportment, who leaned the point of her elbow on Fritz's collar-bone the other night for a brief minute or two, but gave no other evidence of her flattering partiality. For an evening of unexampled dullness commend me to the German company's performance of "La Grande Duchesse." There was nothing worth seeing but Marie Geisting-er's superb toilettes, her court dress, and one other, and nothing worth hearing at all. The three comedians ambled around in melancholy procession, but seemed to have lost their quips and cranks, and every one in all the cast appeared to be at sea, excepting only Steiner, the little tenor. He had visitations of an idea, and vaguely suspected what a clodhopping private might he whom a duchess had fancied for his broad shoulders and towering height; but the severely correct character of her caresses froze his little soul to terror, and he gave it up before the evening was out. As for General Boum—General Boum-Boum, as the bills made him in a moment of inspiration—who was to know this doughty warrior when he became meek as a spring lamb, with nothing of his old self but a pair of oblique mustachios. In short, the entire performance was evenly dull, and cast a depression upon people from which they did not rally till "The Royal Middy" proved itself to be the best performance of the season. As the naughty Fanchette there is a new spring in Marie Geisting-er's action, a new ring in her voice; there was a new soirit everywhere, and from the first note to the last "The Royal Middy" is enjoyment. True, Max Freeman's spirit seems to have descended upon all the Dom Januários, so that we shall never hear it sung well; and that pretty Brazilian serenade loses half its music till the Middy sings it; but Schultze recovered the life and spirit which he had lost as General Boum, and is an excellent Dom Januario, with a few more spangles and richer raiment than our old Brazilian, and perhaps not quite such a degree of Brazilian intensity. The queenly robes are becoming to Mrs. Raherg, and she has one of those comfortable voices which seems always to have a note or two in reserve. It has not half the cultivation of Geisting-er's, but it is fresh, and sweet, and ringing, and people like to hear it. Mr. Steiner was in better voice than upon any night yet, and, contrary to the practice of tenors, he acts. As for Marie Geisting-er, would any one dare to say that she almost frolicked in the gayety of the part? For a Lotta perhaps it would have been grave decorum, but for a Geisting-er it was really sparkle. Marie Geisting-er, for all her deep voice and grave eyes, is thoroughly a soubrette, for it is as a soubrette that she has made her most pronounced successes. As for "The Royal Middy"—tell it not in Germantown, least Teutonia rise in wrath—but there was just a soupçon of the French style in her Fanchette.

BETSY B.

—FREDERICK HAASE, AT THE BALDWIN GERMAN Theatre, attained an artistic triumph last Wednesday evening in "Narcisse," being enthusiastically received by a brilliant audience. To-morrow night (Sunday) he will take the part of "Count Klingsberg," the father in "The Two Kingsberg." On next Wednesday evening he will appear in his great historical character, "Oliver Cromwell."

#### DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Old theatre-goers in San Francisco will remember Rita Sangalli, the *danseuse*, and how her star paled before the sylph-like Bonfanti. The Paris correspondent of the *Dramatic Times* gives the following hit of news concerning her: "Once upon a time there were two ladies, both great artists, who were on the point of fighting. The one who would not was Rosita Mauri, the other was Rita Sangalli. But they have kissed and made it all up, have these two charming danseuses who had so long been separated by their rivalry, and who did not speak to each other for several years. When the Aubert centenary programme was arranged, Ballet-master Méranche caused the two ladies to appear in a *pas de trois* with himself, and the success they met with was wonderful. The reconciliation can, however, be best told in Mauri's own words: 'It was a very simple matter,' she said. 'I always do whatever my manager tells me to do. Well, one day he told me to dance a certain part, and I did so. This displeased Mademoiselle Sangalli, and she resolved not to speak to me any more and to avoid me whenever it was possible for her to do so. When by chance we met we merely bowed, formally, and that was all. At heart I was very sorry, for she is a charming woman. But I could do nothing in the matter except hope that the future would reconcile us to each other. So when I was told I was to dance with her, I was very much pleased. We soon came to an understanding, and now we are the best of friends.' 'But this dance, which contains the same steps for both is a veritable contest?' 'Yes, that is true; but neither of us fear contests. We are both of us very much liked, and for my part I am proud of being put on the same level as this *grande artiste*.' The old *abonnées* of the opera declare that Mauri is the Mario, and Sangalli the Tamherlik of the dance. Before leaving these two charming ladies, I will state that the fact that the Spaniard and the Italian were to dance together was the cause of great excitement in Paris, where the ballet is as powerful and popular as any other part of an opera. In the character dance which has been composed for the occasion, they were dressed as Calahrian peasant girls, with pointed hats and feathers coquettishly worn on one side of Sangalli's head, and on the back of the head of Mauri. It was then our little story of the misunderstanding, lasting for three or four years, which they told on the stage. They compared their faces, their dresses, their smiles. Each admits that the other is adorable, and thereupon they begin to shake their fists at each other. War is declared without there being any reason for it. But Méranche comes on playing the hautbois. He kisses both of them, makes them both dance to his music, and when he sees that the audience is applauding the two stars, rapturously he takes them by the hand, and pushes them into each other's arms."

"Max Freeman," says a writer in the New York *Mirror*, "calls my attention to the singular fatality which has pursued the people who played in 'Diplomacy.' In a California cast of three seasons ago, Sam Piercy, A. D. Billings, and Nina Varian—all dead—acted respectively Beauclerc, Count Orloff, and Dora. Last Summer Piercy alluded to the ill luck associated with 'Diplomacy,' and said: 'My turn comes next.' It did. His wife died, and he followed her. Harry Montague was taken ill while acting in the same play in San Francisco. Poor Porter was murdered by the desperado, Currie, while on a tour with 'Diplomacy.' These coincidences make the actors—naturally superstitious—who have played in the drama feel uncomfortable. Max Freeman shares the fear, as he was in the cast once as Baron Stein."

Geneva, Switzerland, is in a ferment over the announced performance in that city of Calvin de Massenet's opera "L'Hérodiade." All the churches are resounding with invectives against the blasphemy of the story, which has been set to music, though at Brussels, where it was produced, it shocked no one, and in Paris it made a great success, the Parisians rather rejoicing over the sensational manner in which John the Baptist makes his exit while the ballet girls are executing very voluptuous dances. A glance at the story, however, will show that the protest of the Geneva churches is well made. Salome, a courtesan, whose mother is Herodias, is the heroine, and John the hero. The former, when the story opens, is a captive in Herod's palace. She hates Herod and adores John, and while endeavoring to fly to the latter is stopped by Herod, who is abandoning Herodias for Salome. Herodias makes her appearance on the scene, and demands of Herod, in operatic fashion, the head of John. The latter appears and hurls a malediction at the royal pair, who fly in dismay. Salome then makes furious love to John, with a ravishing accompaniment of flutes and oboes. John thereupon fancies he can reform the traitress through her earthly affections, and sings to her, "Love me as one loves in a vision; banish all the transports of profane passion; raise your soul to Heaven." Salome has no idea what he means, and loves him all the more, displaying it in the fashion of Leonora to Manrico, or by any other of the operatic heroines. Salome, pressed by Herod, rejects

his advances, whereupon he throws John in prison, and condemns him to death. Salome joins him in prison, and declares she will die with him. In the last act we find them together singing a love duet, after the manner of Aida and her lover in the sepulchre. Instead of exalting Salome to Heaven, John has been dragged down to earth. In the midst of Herod's revelries, full of voluptuous dances and opera bouffe excitements, Salome hursts in, and declares she will die with John. She intercedes for his life, when the executioner appears who has just beheaded John. Salome seeks to slay Herodias, but is checked by her declaration that she is her mother, whereupon she kills herself, and falls at the feet of the queen.

One of those little episodes of the stage which sometimes occur even to the most divine of actresses or cantatrices, happened recently, says the New Orleans *Democrat*, at the St. Charles Theatre to Patti, as she was trilling out her pearl notes in "Il Barbiere." Her short Spanish dress afforded scope for the display of beautiful silk stockings, elaborately embroidered with delicate rosehuds and tender leaflets. She had toyed with the notes of the middle register, playing with them without seemingly any effort, and had just poured out a flood of high staccato, when slowly down slipped the right stocking, rosehuds and all, until it hung about the shapely instep a limp and subdued mass, displaying an ankle of alabaster whiteness. It did not take long for Patti to appreciate what had happened, and, without the least exhibition of any knowledge on her part of what had occurred, she quietly walked to the side scenes, when, presto! she reappeared, and the stocking was in place again, and the rosehuds were once more shining out. The trio went on, and but few were the wiser.

Several celebrities of the Parisian stage have just passed away, among them Gil Pérès. His real name was Jules Pérès Jolin, and he died of paralysis in a mad-house, to which he was sent in 1879. He was born in Paris in 1827, and after making an unsuccessful début in tragedy, turned his attention to comedy. After playing with indifferent success at the Odéon, the Gymnase, the Gaité, and the Porte-Saint-Martin, he made a hit at the Vaudeville in "La Dame aux Camélias," "La Carde Sensible," and other pieces, and he in 1855 joined the company of the Palais Royal, with which he was identified through the remainder of his life, becoming a great favorite. His last creation of consequence was La Musardiére in "Le Boule." In his early life Gil Pérès was not more remarkable for his professional flirtations—to use a mild word—than for his practical jokes. At the Odéon, being condemned to appear as an attendant in a classical tragedy where there was a banquet scene, the young actor undertook to attract attention to his humble self by falling over one of the banqueters, dish and all, and this action having caused the management to view him with coldness and suspicion, he left the company in a blaze of glory. He was cast for a minor part in a new play, where the hero meditated suicide in the last act, and was to be balked by finding that his wife had removed his pistols, the lady of course entering at this moment for a happy *dénouement*. The audience had seen her remove the weapons, and was electrified when, as the hero was announcing his desperate determination, Gil Pérès entered and handed him a brace of pistols, with the remark, "I know your purpose—your wife has hidden your pistols; take these!" The piece never recovered this blow. Gil Pérès had long taken a queer fancy in his holidays to visit the Dominican convent of Bagneres, and to assist at the services. In 1878, he began to grow gloomy over the reflection that his memory had failed him once or twice on the stage, and to descant upon the horror of losing it entirely. A long journey did not cure him, and at last, after wandering up and down the boulevards for weeks, haggard, sleepless, recognizing no one, he went raving mad in a café.

Adèle Page, who has just died at the age of sixty, was in her time the prettiest and most sought-after of Parisian actresses, with, says Jules Claretie, a gay, bright face, a small, mocking mouth, and great black eyes, very soft, velvety, and of a troubling charm. She played in vaudeville at the Variétés, then in drama at the Ambigu, making especial hits as the grisette in "La Gaton de Béranget," and as the Pompadour disguised as a grisette in "Fanfan la Tulipe," and she was the Musette of Henri Murger. She had served both Murger and Barrière, the authors of that famous "Vie de Bohème." Edmond Texler wrote a story on an incident of his travels. When in an out-of-the-way beer-house in Austria he met one night a bent, worn, and drunken man playing the fiddle for the students and chance comers. The seedy musician, with whom he entered into conversation, gradually warmed, and presently showed himself the possessor of such a fund of anecdote about the literary and artistic Paris of half a generation before that the journalist could only ask in stupefaction: "But how came you to know all this?" "There is nothing surprising about that," was the answer; "I was the husband of Mlle. Page."



## A CRITICAL CLIQUE.

Scenes at the First Night of a Paris Play.

The Premières in our Parisian tongue, says the Paris correspondent of the New York Times, means "the first representations." The Premières are not like the race-courses of England, like the bull-fights of Spain, one of those national pleasures which agitate for the time-being a whole district or a whole city—they are only the sudden passion, at a certain hour, of that fraction of the public which, in that same tongue belonging to the Parisians, is called "all Paris," and which, in reality, is composed of two hundred individuals—let me say three hundred, so as not to wound any one. To these three hundred individuals, who betake themselves during the winter to all the theatres of the capital—but on first nights only—to these we, who are dramatic authors, must defer, for they constitute, without appeal, what is called the opinion, rather the taste, of Paris, consequently of France, and in matters of art of the whole world—for the French have finished by believing that they regulate the taste of the world. Let me say, at once, that this world consists of London, St. Petersburg, and Vienna. This group of final judges is formed of elements the most unlike, the most incompatible one with the other, either as to mind, morals, or social standing. They are men of letters, men of the world, artists, foreigners, men of wealth, public employees, fashionable women, shop clerks, respectable women, and women who are not so. All these people know each other by sight, sometimes by name, and without having ever exchanged a word, they are aware beforehand that they will meet again at first nights, and are very glad of it. At one of these solemn occasions the Princess Three Stars happened to remark the absence of Mlle. X. and to say: "See, Mlle. X. is not present; is she sick?" Certainly, she never made this inquiry from sympathy—at least, I believe not—but from habit, and so that evening Mlle. X. had the honor to be missed by the Princess Three Stars. People whose business it is—fellow-writers (outside even of the question of jealousy or of sympathy)—professional critics, the most conscientious and the most honest, can be deceived, and frequently are deceived, as to the run which a play ought to have; these three hundred persons are never deceived. A piece may have succeeded brilliantly, noisily, enthusiastically at the first night; if one of these three hundred says to you: "It is not a hit," you will see by the fortieth night bad symptoms appear. These symptoms are advertisements on the third page of the papers, somewhat after this fashion: "Never has this theatre obtained a success equal to that of the play which is now running. Every night M. X. and Mme. Y. are called before the curtain;" or this: "The receipts of this theatre for the current month have reached the sum of so many thousand francs;" or this: "The theatre has had to open two box-offices to satisfy the demand of the public," etc. As a general rule, a theatre never begins to advertise its success until it begins to be no longer sure of it.

The very night of a "Première" Paris knows what to think of the new work. The three hundred spectators in question overflow, after the fall of the curtain, into all the places where reputations are made, unmade, and remade—into clubs, in cafés, on the streets, among women of the world, and among the world of women. At the end of an hour there is one great man the more or the less, and that is the sum of it. The verdicts of this Areopagus are given in a particular form, rather mysterious. Should you see entering the club, or should you meet in whatsoever other place, after the play, one of these habitués, and supposing, as you touch more or less on theatrical matters, you say to him:

"Well, the play to-night?"

"Pooh!"

"Not good?"

One actor, one scene, or one witticism was good—what there was was noticed. "Will it pay?" For in this age in which money is everything, (as it has been in all ages past, and will be in all ages to come,) a money success has become a convincing argument—with the masses, be it well understood. You who read and I who write, we are above such considerations, as a matter of course. The habitués reply that it will or it will not pay. The verdict is rendered, the piece is judged. There are variations to this, as follows:

"Well, the play to-night?"

"Very remarkable."

"Will it pay?"

"No."

"Why?"

"I do not know."

"Badly acted?"

"Very well acted."

"And yet—"

"And yet it will not pay; that's all I can tell you. It may do so if they remodel it and start it again."

He can not define his reasons, but he divines them. It is the sixth sense in action—the Parisian faculty. Another variation:

"Well, the play to-night?"

"It is idiotic." (Parisian tongue.)

"It has failed, then?"

"No; a success beyond precedent."

"It's not worth seeing—is it?"

"Yes it is. Get a seat and see it."

"Why?"

"I do not know; but you should see it."

Such are the dialogues which follow a first night. Let us mark those which precede it. If the piece advertised for the evening is by one of the two or three men whose work is an event, this is what you will probably hear on the streets or at the private receptions of the day:

"What are you going to do this evening?"

"What am I going to do? Why, going to the first of Ponsard or Augier."

"Ah! it's to-night?"

He or she who utters this cutting phrase has never been, and will never be, one of the three hundred. A Parisian who does not know that there is a "Première" on hand may have been born at Paris, may never have left it, but can not be a Parisian. You doubtless remarked that the person addressed answered: "I am going to a 'première' of Ponsard or of Augier." In fact, when a new piece bears a name of this celebrity it is no more a "première" simply—it is the "première" of such and such a one. Should the writer occupy the second rank, the dialogue runs somewhat thus:

"What are you going to do this evening?"

"I am going to a 'première' at such a theatre."

The author has no longer anything to do with it.

—Go to Bradley & Rulofson's, 429 Montgomery.

—MARIE GEISTINGER, AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, has been drawing good houses all this week. The Americans appear to appreciate her as much as do the German theatre-goers. This (Saturday) afternoon she will play in the "Grand Ducbessa," and this evening in the comedy, "Three Pairs of Shoes." To-morrow (Sunday) night "Boccaccio" will be given for the last time. On next Monday evening "The Royal Middy" will hold the boards.

There is a sharp fight in progress in Washington between the proprietors of the domestic mineral waters and the owners and agents of the Apollinaris water. Attorney-General MacVeagh has decided that the Apollinaris is an artificial water, and therefore dutiable. Secretary Folger recently reversed this decision, and decided that the Apollinaris was entitled to enter this country without the payment of customs duties. A resolution is now pending before Congress directing the Secretary of the Treasury not to take any steps toward carrying out his decision until there can be an opportunity for an investigation of the question as to whether the Apollinaris is entitled to be placed on the free list. Able legal talent has been employed on both sides. Ex-Senator Conkling is said to be the counsel for the Apollinaris interests, and to have received a cash fee of \$50,000.

Prince Leopold's wedding has been postponed a month. If Leopold would only hustle around and use his influence with the Queen, perhaps his sentence might be commuted to a residence in Canada, says the Chicago Tribune.

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his fellow-men. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

—SO GREAT IS THE FAITH REPOSED IN AYER'S Pills by those who have given them a trial, that the consumption of them almost passes belief, far exceeding any precedent. They cleanse the blood, improve the appetite, promote digestion, restore healthy action, and regulate every function. They are pleasant to take, gentle in their operation, yet thorough, searching, and powerful in subduing disease.

—WRITE TO MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, No. 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets relative to the curative properties of her Vegetable Compound in all female complaints.

—LADIES WHO HAVE TRIED THE EGYPTIAN Elixir, Ainaxab, are profuse in their acknowledgments of its efficacy as the best remedy for the improvement of the complexion.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

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Sunday.....March 12th  
As COUNT KLINGSBERG, THE FATHER, in the Four-Act Comedy,

## THE TWO KLINGSBERG,

And as CHEVALIER DE SAVIGNY, in the One-Act Comedy,

## A FINE DIPLOMAT.

Wednesday.....March 15th  
FRIEDRICH HAASE in his most celebrated historical character as

## OLIVER CROMWELL.

Orders for reserved seats will be received during the whole week at the Baldwin Theatre, care of Box S. Hirsch, and at Sherman & Hyde's, corner of Sutter and Kearny Streets.

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## THE GRAND DUCHESS.

N. B.—To enable the public to see Marie Geistinger once more in her great part of LENI, a character in which she has no rival,

Saturday Evening.....March 11th

## THREE PAIRS OF SHOES,

(Comedy, with Songs and Dance.)

Sunday Evening.....March 12th

(For the last time.)

## BOCCACCIO.

Monday Evening.....March 13th

## ROYAL MIDDY.

Secure Seats at Box Office.

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W. T. Y. SCHENCK,  
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36 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

## DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Silver King Mining Company, San Francisco, March 7, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above-named Company held this day, a Dividend (No. 27) of Twenty-five Cents (25c.) per share was declared, payable on Wednesday, March 15, 1882, at the office of the Company, Room 19, 328 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Transfer books will be closed on March 12, 1882, at 3 P. M. JOSEPH NASH, Sec.

## PALACE HOTEL

A. D. SHARON, LESSEE.

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is fire and earthquake-proof. It has five elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, is a feature hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city.

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Manufactured by S. R. & J. C. Mott at their Mills in Madison County, N. Y., being Pure Apple Juice, contains plenty of natural fruit acid and just enough spirit to be tonic, and is particularly recommended for its well known action on the Liver and Stomach. A glassful taken before or during meals will do more for impaired digestion than any medicines. It is not intoxicating, and is at all times a pleasant family beverage or tipple at the bar. Try it. For sale by all first-class grocers and wine-drawers.

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GROCERS, 208 and 210 California St., San Francisco.



## TRUTHFUL TALES.

## He Was no Chump.

A gay young man, says the *Detroit Free Press*, in a country town having been refused a lively team because he was intoxicated, bought the best horse and huggly in the stable for three hundred dollars, cash down. The lively man, elated at the bargain, said in an excess of generosity: "You bring the team back all right and you can have it again." In three days he returned, had the team looked over, pronounced all right, and the money handed back. As he was walking away, the lively proprietor called out: "You owe me twelve dollars for the use of the team." "Never pay for the use of my own team," remarked the young man, as he departed, never to return.

## A Forty-year-old Spring Chicken.

Two women, relates a New York paper, got into a Third Avenue car the other day, every seat of which was filled. One of the women had prematurely gray hair, and wore spectacles because she was near-sighted. The other was homely, and carried a big bag.

A beautiful girl jumped up, and said to the gray-haired woman:

"Take my seat, madam; I am younger than you." Then every man in the car rose and offered his place to the beautiful girl, who only smiled sweetly, and said:

"No, thank you; I prefer to stand."

Meanwhile the woman with gray hair hung to a strap and glared at the crowd.

"I may not be a bit of seventeen," she said, in vinegar tones, "but I'm not infirm, I'd let you know, and can stand up as long as anybody."

And the homely woman with the bag sat down in a space fourteen inches wide, and wondered what it was all about.

## The Plate was Passed Once Too Often.

M. Granet, says the *Paris Figaro*, a politician, who has been conspicuous of late at Paris, is a well-known collector, and in the world of amateurs is known as "Bramonas," from an incident in his early career.

When he was secretary-general of the Department of the Ardèche, he happened to visit the village of Bramonas, where he learned from the village school-master that there was among the treasures of the parish church a wonderful old china plate.

M. Granet saw the porcelain—a gem—resolved to obtain it, and sent for the aged priest.

"My worthy sir," said he, "you really must let me have that plate. I am secretary of the department. Your church is poor. I will employ my influence to obtain liberal appropriations for the parish. As for the plate, I will send you a sum of money which will enable you to replace it worthily, and the surplus remaining afterward you can employ in decorating the altar and succoring the orphan and the widow."

He took the plate, and departed, leaving the pious pastor shedding tears of ecstasy.

A few days later the sum of money arrived, amounting to one franc.

## He Was Too Previous.

The New York *Sun* is responsible for the following: Mr. Smith stood behind the counter of his drug store one Sunday night and gazed complacently at his clerk. It was about nine o'clock, and the little store, which was established at Cherry and Roosevelt streets A. D. 1795, was wrapped in silence. The door opened, and a young man with an ingenious face came in, and smiled, and said:

"Mrs. Kinney wants a bottle of cod liver oil, an' I'm to take it to onet."

"Who's Mrs. Kinney, and where's the money?" said Mr. Smith, rolling up the bottle.

"Why, don't you know Mrs. Kinney? She lives down on the corner below. She'll pay you to-morrow," remarked the young man. "That's all right." "Oh, no, it ain't," said the druggist. "My clerk will deliver the bottle, and you can show him the way."

The young man said he was agreeable, and the two set out into the night.

Mr. Smith stood at ease behind the counter and looked at the eight-day clock. The door opened, and another young man came in and smiled. Mr. Smith looked at him inquiringly. The young man waltzed around the stove whistling "The Sweet Sixteen."

Then he picked up a chair, and clapping it in his arms, as he would his partner, waltzed around the stove again, and then went out into the chilly night.

"Police!" cried Mr. Smith, vaulting over the counter. He chased the young man through the dark and chilly night, and laid hold of the chair. The young man held on, still smiling and waltzing.

At this moment a little young man without a smile slid into the store, emptied the money drawer, and slid out again. The smiling young man surrendered the chair to Mr. Smith, who entered his store just as his clerk returned. Then he found that his money had taken wings, and said to the clerk:

"Did you find Mrs. Kinney?"

"There isn't any," was the reply.

"Have you got the bottle?"

"Yes. Have you got the chair?"

"Yes. Let's shut up for the night."

## Obscure Intimations.

R. K.—"An Artist's Experience"—Will appear shortly.

A. W.—"A Legend of the Columbia"—Declined.

H. W. C.—Accepted.

"The Dead Man"—Declined.

"E. F."—We may use it when we have space, although it is rather long. You should be more careful about your rhymes. Look in the dictionary for "sough," and you will be surprised to find how far it is from being a rhyme for "vow."

"Memoirs of a Monk"—Declined. There are many absurdities in the story. There were no monasteries or nunneries in France in 1801; Napoleon's concordat with the Pope was in 1802. This is a sample of the many anachronisms in the MS.

"Camp Life on Deer Creek"—Declined.

Six chiefs of the Zuni Indians, whose costumes exhibit the survival of a civilization similar to that of the Aztecs, are on their way East to perform a religious ceremony that can only take place at the ocean.

They are accompanied by Lieutenant Cushing, who is said to be in the performance. Minute details of the ceremony are said to have been handed down by tradition, but the fact that the performance of it now due to the zeal of an enthusiastic white brother will detract from the interest of this Aztec relic.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## A Frisky Matron.

We live in the nineteenth century.  
So say what you like to me—  
The world is no penitentiary—  
(*Mais pas devant mes filles!*)

Tennyson tells us of shady coves,  
On sunniest shores that be;  
In sweet Boulogne I have known soiled doves;  
(*Mais pas devant mes filles!*)

And wildest stories I've heard full oft,  
That would cause your prudes to flee;  
And I've felt a little—well, call it "soft";  
(*Mais pas devant mes filles!*)

I laugh with the loudest, and flirt with the gay;  
With all pleasant folks agree;  
And what they mean some venture to say,  
(*Mais pas devant mes filles!*)

And so, if you tell me a very queer tale,  
You must "wrap it up," you see;  
I like the *chic* that makes others pale;  
(*Mais pas devant mes filles!*)

But when they marry—my pearls of price—  
Their husbands will set me free;  
Then I may hear what's naughty and nice,  
(*Et meme devant mes filles!*)

—*Whitehall Review.*

## Overlooked by Hoyle.

In playing whist this rule observe,  
If you'd not be surpassed—  
'Tis well to have a sigh at first,  
But not ace high till last.

—*Yonkers Gazette.*

## My First Love.

His hair was black as the raven's wing.  
He had the brow of a king;  
His eyes were luminous wells of gray,  
And how the creature could sing!  
I might have married him—I can't tell.  
He loved me alone, he said,  
But he robbed our house one winter night  
Of all our jewels, and fled.  
We met once more. He was caught and tried.  
Alas! his mustache was gone.  
Without a wig, his hair was as red  
As any the sun shone on.

—*A Burlington Girl.*

## A Neglected Education.

Oh, why shall we say for caught, caught,  
As grammarians some say we ought?  
Let us see  
How things be  
When this kind of teaching is taught.

The egg isn't hatched, it is hatched;  
My hreches aren't patched, they are taught;  
John and James are not matched, they are  
maught;

My door isn't latched, it is latched;  
The pie wasn't snatched, it was snatched;  
The roof wasn't thatched, it was thatched;  
The roof wasn't thatched, it was thatched.

If English must this way be wrought,  
It soon will be snatched—that is taught.  
—*Louisville Liar.*

## A Swinnet by Sonburne.

BISMARCK IN SMALL BEER.

Not all disrupt, in Barclay's royal town,  
The impetuous Brewer crushed beneath his hand,  
Alone, indeed, thou Haynau Hildebrand  
And crushed thy corn, and Germania's—crushed her  
frown.

And thine, more limp and lasting than his crown,  
Though iron-forged its gore-enrusted band,  
But now the purpled shield of his hand,  
For hatred's sake (no beer yet) so bows down.

No strength in the corn to spurn; its tread  
Can bruise it now the beer-submitted head.  
But how much more beer-beered, more lowlier low,  
And more intolerably Barclayed.

The flagon submissive of the unprosperous foe,  
Than his whom froth saw shivering in the snow!  
—*R. H. Stoddard.*

## An Improved Congressional Record.

Mr. Hill

Introduced a bill

To give John Smith a pension,

Mr. Bayard

Talked himself tired,

But said nothing worthy of mention.

A very able speech was made by Cox of Minnesota,  
Respecting the necessity of protecting the black voter.  
'Twas indifferently responded to by Smith of Ala-

bama,

Whose abominable talk was silenced by the Speaker's

hammer

Then Atkins of Kansas rose to make an explana-

tion,

But was pulled down by a colleague in a state of in-

digitation.

And Mr. Aleinder, in a speech about insurance,

Taxed the piience of his hearers pretty nearly past

endurance.

After which J. H. Whitaker denounced the reciprocity

Treaty with Hawaii as a scandalous monstrosity.

Then up rose Smith of Florida, the best of the de-

baters,

And spoke abt his measure for protecting alligators;

He showed by tourists shoot at them without re-

gard for nson,

And asked to give it made a crime to kill them out

of season.

Then Brown: moved amendment by inserting a

brief clause

Compelling allators not to operate their jaws;

But Smith, he: and said of him who thought the

subject coical.

That Nature, ven she gave him sense, had been too

economica

And Brown, reondring briefly, wished to say in this

connection

That Smith, inourding reptiles, had an eye to self-

protection.

Then Smith heung a volume of the Message and

Reports,

And Brown waaid upon the floor, a good deal out

of sorts. —*M. x Adeler in Our Continent.*

## MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman's I can Sympathize with Woman.



*Yours for Health*  
*Lydia E. Pinkham*  
**LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S**  
**VEGETABLE COMPOUND.**

## Is a Positive Cure

for all these Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use. It removes flatulency, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 223 and 225 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this Paper.

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For all the Purposes of a Family Physic.



## CURING

Costiveness, Indigestion, Jaundice, Dysentery, Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach and Breath, Headache, Erysipelas, Piles, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Tetter, Tumors and Salt Rheum, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, as a Dinner Pill, and Purifying the Blood, are the most congenial purgative yet perfected. Their effects abundantly show how much they excel all other pills. They are safe and pleasant to take, but powerful to cure. They purge out the foul humors of the blood; they stimulate the sluggish or disordered organs into action, and they impart health and tone to the whole being. They cure not only the every day complaints of everybody, but formidable and dangerous diseases. Most skillful physicians, most eminent clergymen, and our best citizens, send certificates of cures performed, and of great benefits derived from these Pills. They are the safest and best physic for children, because mild as well as effectual. Being sugar-coated, they are easy to take, and being purely vegetable, they are entirely harmless.

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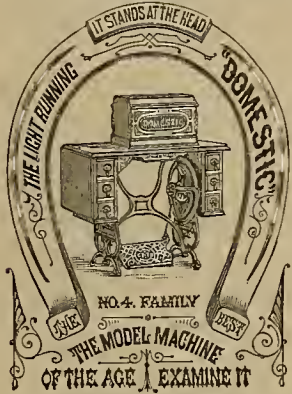
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Other Real Estate.....	5,225 35
United States Bonds.....	626,977 35
Loans on Real Estate.....	134,868 00
Loans on bonds, gas, water and bank stock.....	132,198 35
Loans on other securities.....	577,443 96
Loans on personal security.....	1,106,004 27
Due from banks and bankers.....	392,457 61
Money on hand.....	398,669 34

#### LIABILITIES.

Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,759 13
Due Depositors.....	1,888,655 07
Due Banks and Bankers.....	174,370 53
Dividends unpaid.....	59 60
	<b>\$3,523,844 23</b>

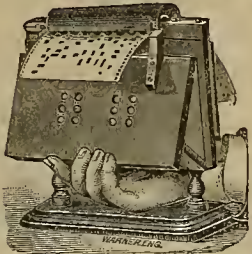
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## BRET HARTE'S LATEST STORY.

"Found at Blazing Star"—A Tale of Early Days in Old Tuolumne.

The rain had only ceased with the gray streaks of morning at Blazing Star, and the settlement awoke to a moral sense of cleanliness, and the finding of forgotten knives, tin-cups, and the smaller camp utensils where the heavy showers had washed away the debris and dust heaps before the cabin doors. Indeed, it was recorded in Blazing Star that a fortunate early riser had once picked up on the highway a solid chunk of gold quartz which the rain had forced from its encumbering soil and washed into immediate and glittering popularity. Possibly this may have been the reason why early risers in that locality during the rainy season adopted a thoughtful habit of body, and seldom lifted their eyes to the rifted or india-ink washed skies above them.

"Cass" Beard had risen early that morning, but not with a view to discovery. A leak in his cabin-roof—quite consistent with his careless, improvident habits—had roused him at 4 A. M., with a flooded bunk and wet blankets. The chips from his wood pile refused to kindle a fire to dry his bed-clothes, and he had recourse to a more provident neighbor's to supply the deficiency. This was nearly opposite. Mr. Cassius crossed the highway, and stopped suddenly. Something glittered in the nearest red pool before him. Gold, surely! But, wonderful to relate, not an irregular, shapeless fragment of crude ore, fresh from Nature's crucible, but a bit of jeweler's handicraft in the form of a plain gold ring. Looking at it more attentively, he saw that it bore the inscription, "May to Cass."

Like most of his fellow-gold-seekers, Cass was superstitious. "Cass!" His own name! He tried the ring. It fitted his little finger closely. It was evidently a woman's ring. He looked up and down the highway. No one was yet stirring. Little pools of water in the red road were beginning to glitter and grow rosy from the far-flushing east, but there was no trace of the shining waif. He knew there was no woman in camp, and among his few comrades in the settlement he remembered to have seen none wearing an ornament like that. Again, the coincidence of the inscription to his rather peculiar nickname would have been a perennial source of playful comment in a camp that made no allowance for sentimental memories. He slipped the glittering little hoop into his pocket, and thoughtfully returned to his cabin.

Two hours later, when the long, straggling procession, which every morning wended its way to Blazing Star Gulch—the seat of mining operations in the settlement—began to move, Cass saw fit to interrogate his fellows.

"Ye didn't none on ye happen to drop anything round yer last night?" he asked, cautiously.

"I dropped a pocketbook containing government bonds and some other securities, with between fifty and sixty thousand dollars," responded Peter Drummond, carelessly; "but no matter; if any man will return a few autograph letters from foreign potentates that happened to be in it—of no value to any one but the owner—be can keep the money. That's nothin' mean about me," he concluded, languidly.

This statement, bearing every evidence of the grossest mendacity, was lightly passed over, and the men walked on with the deepest gravity.

"But hev you?" Cass presently asked of another.

"I lost my pile to Jack Hamlin at draw poker, over at Wingdam last night," returned the other, pensively, "but I don't kalkilate to find it lying round loose."

Forced at last by this kind of irony into more detailed explanation, Cass confided to them his discovery, and produced his treasure. The result was a dozen vague surmises—only one of which seemed to be popular, and to suit the dyspeptic despondency of the party—a despondency born of badly masticated fried pork and flapjacks. The ring was believed to have been dropped by some passing "road agent" laden with guilty spoil.

"Ef I was you," said Drummond, gloomily, "I wouldn't flourish that yer ring around much afore folks. I've seen better men nor you strung up a tree by Vigilantes for baving even less than that in their possession."

"And I wouldn't say much about bein' up so d—d early this morning," added an even more pessimistic comrade. "It might look bad before a jury."

With this the men sadly dispersed, leaving the innocent Cass with the ring in his band, and a general impression on his mind that he was already an object of suspicion to his comrades. An impression, it is hardly necessary to say, they fully intended should be left to rankle in his guileless bosom.

Notwithstanding Cass's first hopeful superstition, the ring did not seem to bring him nor the camp any luck. Daily the "clean up" brought the same scant reward to their labors, and deepened the sardonic gravity of Blazing Star. But, if Cass found no material result from his treasure, it stimulated his lazy imagination, and, albeit a dangerous and seductive stimulant, at least lifted him out of the monotonous grooves of his half-careless, half slovenly, but always self-contented camp-life. Heeding the wise caution of his comrades, he took the habit of wearing the ring only at night. Wrapped in his blanket he stealthily slipped the golden circlet over his little finger, and, as he averred, "slept all the

better for it." Whether it ever evoked any warmer dream or vision during those calm, cold, virgin-like spring nights, when even the moon and the greater planets retreated into the icy blue, steel-like firmament, I cannot say. Enough that this superstition began to be colored a little by fancy, and his fatalism somewhat mitigated by hope. Dreams of this kind did not tend to promote his efficiency in the communistic labors of the camp, and brought him a self-isolation that, however gratifying at first, soon debarred him the benefits of that hard, practical wisdom which underlay the grumbling of his fellow workers.

"I'm doggoned," said one commentator, "ef I don't believe that Cass is looney over that yer ring be found. Wears it on a string under his shirt."

Meantime, the seasons did not wait the discovery of the secret. The red pools in Blazing Star highway were soon dried up in the fervent June sun and riotous night winds of those altitudes. The ephemeral grasses that had quickly supplanted these pools, and the chocolate-colored mud were as quickly parched and withered. The footprints of spring became vague and indefinite, and were finally lost in the impalpable dust of the summer highway.

In one of his long, aimless excursions, Cass had penetrated a thick undergrowth of buckeye and hazel, and found himself unexpectedly upon the highroad to Red Chief's Crossing. Cass knew by the lurid cloud of dust that hid the distance that the up-coach had passed. He had already reached that stage of superstition when the most trivial occurrence seemed to point in some way to an elucidation of the mystery of his treasure. His eyes had mechanically fallen to the ground again, as if he half expected to find in some other waif a hint or corroboration of his imaginings. Thus abstracted, the figure of a young girl on horseback, in the road directly in front of the bushes he emerged from, appeared to have sprung directly from the ground.

"Oh, come here, please do; quick!"

Cass stared, and then moved hesitatingly toward her.

"I heard some one coming through the bushes, and I waited," she went on. "Come, quick. It's something too awful for anything."

In spite of this appalling introduction, Cass could not but notice that the voice, although hurried and excited, was by no means agitated, or frightened; that the eyes which looked into his sparkled with a certain kind of pleased curiosity.

"It was just here," she went on vivaciously, "just here that I went into the bush and cut a switch for my horse—and—" leading him along at a brisk trot by her side, "just here, look, see! this is what I found."

It was scarcely thirty feet from the road. The only object that met Cass's eye was a man's stiff, tall hat, lying empty and vacantly in the grass. It was new, shiny, and of modish shape. But it was so incongruous, so perkily smart, and helpless, lying there, so ghastly ludicrous in its very inappropriateness and incapacity to adjust itself to the surrounding landscape, that it affected him with something more than a sense of its grotesqueness, and he could only stare at it blankly.

"But you are not looking the right way," the girl went on, sharply; "look there!"

Cass followed the direction of her whip. At last, what might have seemed a coat thrown carelessly on the ground met his eye; but presently he became aware of a white, rigid, aimlessly clenched hand protruding from the flaccid sleeve; mingled with it in some absurd way, and half hidden by the grass, lay what might have been a pair of cast-off trousers but for two rigid boots that pointed in opposite angles to the sky. It was a dead man—so palpably dead that life seemed to have taken flight from his very clothes. So impotent, feeble, and degraded by them that the naked subject of a dissecting table would have been less insulting to humanity. The head had fallen back, and was partly bidden in a gopher burrow, but the white, upturned face and closed eyes had less of helpless death in them than those wretched wrappings. Indeed, one limp band that lay across the swollen abdomen lent itself to the grotesquely bideous suggestion of a gentleman sleeping off the excesses of a bearty dinner.

"Ain't he horrid?" continued the girl. "But what killed him?"

Struggling between a certain fascination at the girl's cold-blooded curiosity, and horror of the murdered man, Cass hesitatingly lifted the helpless head. A bluish bole above the right temple, and a few brown, paint-like spots on the forehead, shirt-collar, and matted hair, proved the only record.

"Turn him over again," said the girl, impatiently, as Cass was about to relinquish his burden; "may be you'll find another wound."

But Cass was dimly remembering certain formalities that in older civilizations attend the discovery of dead bodies, and postponed a present inquest.

"Perhaps you'd better ride on, miss, afore you're summoned as a witness. I'll give warning at Red Chief's Crossing, and send the coroner down here."

"Let me go with you," she said, earnestly; "it would be such fun. I don't mind being a witness. Or," she added, without heeding Cass's look of astonishment, "I'll wait here till you come back."

"But you see, it wouldn't seem right"—began Cass.

"But I found him first," interrupted the girl, with a pout.

Staggered by this preëmptive right, sacred to all miners, Cass stopped.

"Who is the coroner?" she asked.

"Joe Hornsby."

"The tall, lame man, who was half-eaten by a grizzly?"

"Yes."

"Well, look now! I'll ride on, and bring him back in half an hour. There!"

"But miss—!"

"Oh, don't mind me. I never saw anything of this kind before, and I want to see it all."

"Do you know Hornsby?" asked Cass, unconsciously a trifle irritated.

"No; but I'll bring him." She wheeled her horse into the road.

In the presence of this living energy Cass quite forgot the helpless dead. "Have you been long in these parts, miss?" he asked.

"About two weeks," she answered, shortly. "Good-bye, just now. Look around for the pistol, or anything else you can find, although I have been over the whole ground twice already."

A little puff of dust as the horse sprang into the middle of the road, a muffled shuffle, struggle, then the regular beat of hoofs, and she was gone.

After five minutes had passed, Cass regretted that he had not accompanied her; waiting in such a spot was an irksome task. Not that there was anything in the scene to awaken gloomy imaginings; the bright, truthful California sunshine scoffed at any illusion of creeping shadows or waving branches. Once, in the rising wind, the empty hat rolled over, but only in a ludicrous, drunken way. A search for any further sign or token had proved futile, and Cass grew impatient. He began to hate himself for having stayed; he would have fled but for shame. Nor was his good-humor restored when, at the close of a weary half hour, two galloping figures emerged from the dusty horizon—Hornsby and the young girl.

His vague annoyance increased, as he fancied that both seemed to ignore him, the coroner barely acknowledging his presence with a nod. Assisted by the young girl, whose energy and enthusiasm delighted him, Hornsby raised the body for a more careful examination. The dead man's pockets were carefully searched. A few coins, a silver pencil, knife, and tobacco-box were all they found. It gave no clue to his identity. Suddenly, the young girl who had, with unabashed curiosity, knelt beside the exploring official hands of Red Chief, uttered a cry of gratification.

"Here's something! It dropped from the bosom of his shirt on the ground. Look!"

She was holding in the air, between her thumb and forefinger, a bit of well-worn newspaper. Her eyes sparkled.

"Shall I open it?" she asked.

"Yes."

"It's a little ring," she said; "looks like an engagement ring. Something is written on it. Look! 'May to Cass.'"

Cass darted forward. "It's mine," he stammered, "mine. I dropped it. It's nothing—nothing," he went on, after a pause, embarrassed and blushing, as the girl and her companion both stared at him; "a mere trifle. I'll take it."

But the coroner opposed his outstretched hand. "Not much," he said, significantly.

"But it's mine," continued Cass, indignation taking the place of shame at his discovered secret. "I found it six months ago in the road. I picked it up."

"With your name already written on it? How handy!" said the coroner, grimly.

"It's an old story," said Cass, blushing again under the half-mischievous, half-searching eyes of the girl. "All Blazing Star knows I found it."

"Then you'll have no difficulty in provin' it," said Hornsby, coolly. "Just now, however, we've found it, and we propose to keep it for the inquest."

Cass shrugged his shoulders. Further altercation would have only heightened his ludicrous situation in the girl's eyes. He turned away, leaving his treasure in the coroner's hands.

The inquest, a day or two later, was prompt and final. No clue to the dead man's identity; no evidence sufficiently strong to prove murder or suicide; no traces of any kind incriminating any party, known or unknown, were found. But much publicity and interest were given to the proceedings by the presence of the principal witness, a handsome girl. "To the pluck, persistency, and intellect of Miss Porter," said the *Red Chief Recorder*, "Tuolumne County owes the discovery of the body."

No one who was present at the inquest failed to be charmed with the appearance and conduct of the beautiful young lady.

"Miss Porter has but lately arrived in this district, in which, it is hoped, she will become an honored resident, and continue to set an example to all lackadaisical and sentimental members of the so-called 'sterner sex.' After this universally recognized allusion to Cass Beard, the *Recorder* returned to its record: "Some interest was excited by what appeared to be a clue to the mystery, in the discovery of a small gold engagement ring on the body. Evidence was afterward offered to show it was the property of a Mr. Cass Beard, of Blazing Star, who appeared upon the scene after the discovery of the corpse by Miss Porter. He alleged he



had dropped it in lifting the unfortunate remains of the deceased. Much amusement was created in court by the sentimental confusion of the claimant, and a certain partisan spirit shown by his fellow-miners of Blazing Star. It appearing, however, by the admission of this sighing Strephon of the Foot Hills, that he had himself found this pledge of affection, lying in the highway, six months previous, the coroner wisely placed it in the safe-keeping of the county court, until the appearance of the rightful owner.

Thus on the thirteenth of September, 186—, the treasure found at Blazing Star passed out of the hands of its finder.

Autumn brought an abrupt explanation of the mystery. Kanaka Joe had been arrested for horse-stealing, but had, with noble candor, confessed to the finer offense of manslaughter. The swift and sure justice which overtook the horse-stealer in these altitudes was stayed a moment and hesitated, for the victim was clearly the mysterious unknown. Curiosity got the better of an extempore judge and jury.

"It was a fair fight," said the accused, not without some human vanity, feeling that the camp bung upon his words, "and was settled by the man az was peartest and liveliest with his weapon. We had a sort of unpleasantness over at Lagrange the night afore, along of our both hev'n' a monotony of four aces. We had a clinch and a stamp around, and when we was separated it was only a question of shootin' on sight. He left Lagrange at sun-up the next morning, and I struck across a hit o' buckeye and underbrush, and came upon him, accidental like, upon the Red Chief Road. I drewed when I sighted him, and called out. He slipped from his mare and covered himself with her flanks, reaching for his holster, but she reared and hacked down on him across the road and into the grass, where I got in another shot and fetched him."

"And you stole his mare?" suggested the judge.

"I got away," said the gambler, simply.

Further questioning only elicited the fact that Joe did not know the name or condition of his victim. He was a stranger in Lagrange.

It was a breezy afternoon, with some turbulency in the camp, and much windy discussion over this unwanted delay of justice. The suggestion that Joe should be first hung for horse-stealing and then tried for murder was angrily discussed, but milder counsels were offered—that the fact of the killing should be admitted only as proof of the theft. A large party from Red Chief had come over to assist in judgment, among them the coroner.

Cass Beard had avoided these proceedings, which only recalled an unpleasant experience, and was wandering with pick, pan, and wallet far from the camp. These accoutrements, as I have before intimated, justified any form of aimless idleness under the equally aimless title of "prospecting." He had, at the end of three bours' relaxation, reached the highway to Red Chief, half hidden by blinding clouds of dust torn from the crumpling red road at every gust which swept down the mountain side. The spot had a familiar aspect to Cass, although some freshly dug holes near the wayside, with scattered earth beside them, showed the presence of a recent prospector. He was struggling with his memory, when the dust was suddenly dispersed, and he found himself again at the scene of the murder. He started; he had not put foot on the road since the inquest. There lacked only the helpless dead man and the contrasting figure of the alert young woman to restore the picture. The body was gone, it was true, but as he turned he beheld Miss Porter, a few paces distant, sitting her horse as energetic and observant as on the first morning they had met. A superstitious thrill passed over him and awoke his old antagonism.

She nodded to him slightly. "I came here to refresh my memory," she said, "as Mr. Hornsby thought I might be asked to give my evidence again at Blazing Star."

Cass carelessly struck an aimless blow with his pick against the sod, and did not reply.

"And you?" she inquired.

"I stumpled upon the place just now while prospecting, or I shouldn't be here."

"Then it was *you* made these boles?"

"No," said Cass, with ill-concealed disgust. "Nobody but a stranger would go foolin' round such a spot."

He stopped, as the rude significance of his speech struck him, and added, surlily, "I mean—no one would dig bere." The girl laughed, and showed a set of very white teeth in her square jaw. Cass averted his face.

"Do you mean to say that every miner doesn't know that it's lucky to dig wherever human blood has been spilt?"

Cass felt a return of his superstition, but he did not look up. "I never heard it before," he said, severely.

"And you call yourself a California miner?"

"I do."

It was impossible for Miss Porter to misunderstand his curt speech and unsocial manner. She stared at him, and colored slightly. Lifting her reins lightly, she said: "You certainly do not seem like most of the miners I have met." "Nor you like any girl from the East I ever met," he responded.

"What do you mean?" she asked, checking her horse.

"What I say," he answered, doggedly. Reasonable as this reply was, it immediately struck him that it was scarcely dignified or manly. But before he could explain himself Miss Porter was gone.

He met her again that very evening. The trial had been summarily suspended by the appearance of the sheriff of Calaveras and his posse, who took Joe from that self-constituted tribunal of Blazing Star, and set his face southward toward authoritative although more cautious justice. But not before the evidence of the previous inquest had been read, and the incident of the ring again delivered to the public. It is said the prisoner burst into an incredulous laugh, and asked to see this mysterious waif. It was handed to him. Standing in the very shadow of the gallows-tree, which might have been one of the pines which sheltered the hilliard-room in which the Vigilance Committee held their conclave, the prisoner gave way to a burst of merriment so genuine and honest that the judge and jury joined in automatic sympathy. When silence was restored, an explanation was asked by the judge. But there was no response from the prisoner except a subdued chuckle.

"Did this ring belong to you?" asked the judge, severely,

the jury and spectators craning their necks forward with an expectant smile already on their faces. But the prisoner's eyes only sparkled maliciously, as he looked around the court.

"Tell us, Joe," said a sympathetic and laughter-loving juror, under his breath. "Let it out, and we'll make it light for you."

"Prisoner," said the judge, with a return of official dignity, "remember that your life is in peril. Do you refuse?"

Joe lazily laid his arm on the back of his chair, with (to quote the words of an animated observer) "the air of having Christian hope, and a sequence flush in his hand," and said: "Well, as I reckon I'm not up yer for stealin' a ring that another man lets on to have found, and, as fur as I kin see, hez nothin' to do with the case, I do!" And as it was here that the sheriff of Calaveras made a precipitate entry into the room, the mystery remained unsolved.

The effect of this freshly-imported ridicule on the sensitive mind of Cass might have been foretold by Blazing Star, had it ever taken that sensitiveness into consideration. He had lost the good humor and easy pliability which had tempted him to frankness, and he had gradually become bitter and hard. He had at first affected amusement over his own vanished day-dream—bidding his virgin disappointment in his own breast; but when he began to turn upon his feelings, he turned upon his comrades also. Cass was for a while unpopular. There is no ingratitude so revolting to the human mind as that of the butt who refuses to be one any longer. The man who rejects that immunity which laughter generally casts upon him, and demands to be seriously considered, deserves no mercy.

It was under these hard conditions that Cass Beard, convicted of over-sentimentalism, aggravated by inconsistency, stepped into the Red Chief coach that evening. It was his habit usually to ride with the driver, but the presence of Hornsby and Miss Porter on the box-seat changed his intention. Yet he had the satisfaction of seeing that neither had noticed him, and as there was no other passenger inside, he stretched himself on the cushion of the back seat, and gave way to moody reflections. He quite determined to leave Blazing Star, to settle himself seriously to the task of money-getting, and to return to his comrades, some day, a sarcastic, cynical, successful man, and so overwhelm them with confusion. For poor Cass had not reached that superiority of knowing that success would depend upon his ability to forego his past. Indeed, part of his boyhood had been cast among these men, and he was not old enough to have learned that success was not to be gauged by their standard. The moon lit up the dark interior of the coach with a faint, poetic light. The lazy swinging of the vehicle that was bearing him away—albeit only for a night and a day—the solitude, the glimpse from the window of great distances full of vague possibilities, made the abused ring potent as that of Gyges. He dreamed with his eyes open. From an Alnaschar vision he suddenly awoke. The coach had stopped. The voices of men, one in entreaty, one in expostulation, came from the box. Cass mechanically put his hand to his pistol-pocket.

"Thank you, but I *insist* upon getting down."

It was Miss Porter's voice. This was followed by a rapid, half-restrained interchange of words between Hornsby and the driver. Then the latter said gruffly:

"If the lady wants to ride inside, let her."

Miss Porter fluttered to the ground. She was followed by Hornsby.

"Just a minit, miss," he expostulated, half sbamedly, half brusquely. "Ye don't understand me. I only—"

But Miss Porter had jumped into the coach.

Hornsby placed his hand on the handle of the door. Miss Porter grasped it firmly from the inside. There was a slight struggle. All of which was part of a dream to the hoysish Cass. But he awoke from it—a man!

"Do you," he asked, in a voice he scarcely recognized himself, "do you want this man inside?"

"No!"

Cass caught at Hornsby's wrist like a young tiger. But, alas! what availed instinctive chivalry against main strength. He only succeeded in forcing the door open in spite of Miss Porter's superior strategy, and—I fear I must add, muscle also—and threw himself passionately at Hornsby's throat, where he hung on and calmly awaited dissolution. But he had, in the onset, driven Hornsby out into the road and the moonlight.

"Here! Somebody take my lines." The voice was "Mountain Charley's," the driver. The figure that jumped from the box and separated the struggling men belonged to this singularly direct person.

"You're riding inside?" said Charley, interrogatively, to Cass. Before he could reply Miss Porter's voice came from the window:

"He is!"

Charley promptly huddled Cass into the coach.

"And *you*?" to Hornsby, "onless you're kalklatin' to take a little 'pasear,' you're hooked *outside*. Get up."

It is probable that Charley assisted Mr. Hornsby as promptly to his seat, for the next moment the coach was rolling on.

Meanwhile Cass, by reason of his forced entry, had been deposited in Miss Porter's lap, whence, freeing himself, he had attempted to climb over the middle seat, but in the starting of the coach was again thrown heavily against her hat and shoulder; all of which was inconsistent with the attitude of dignified reserve he had intended to display. Miss Porter, meantime, recovered her good humor.

"What a brute he was, ugh!" she said, rettying the ribbons of her bonnet under her square chin, and smoothing out her linen duster.

Cass tried to look as if he had forgotten the whole affair. "Who? Oh, yes! I see!" he responded, absently.

"I suppose I ought to thank you," she went on, with a smile, "but you know, really, I could have kept him out if you hadn't pulled his wrist from outside. I'll show you. Look! Put your hand on the handle there. Now, I'll hold the lock inside firmly. You see, you can't turn the catch."

She indeed held the lock fast. It was a firm hand, yet soft—her fingers had touched over the handle—and looked white in the moonlight. He made no reply, but sank back in his seat with a singular sensation in the fingers that had touched hers. He was in the shadow, and without being

seen, could abandon his reserve and glance at her face. It struck him that he had never really seen her before. She was not so tall as she had appeared to be. Her eyes were not large, but their pupils were black, moist, velvety, and so convex as to seem embossed on the white. She had an indistinctive nose, a rather colorless face—whiter at the angles of the mouth and nose, through the relief of tiny freckles, like grains of pepper. Her mouth was straight, dark, red, but moist as her eyes. She had drawn herself into the corner of the hack seat, her wrist put through and hanging over the swinging-strap, the easy lines of her plump figure swaying from side to side with the motion of the coach. Finally, forgetful of any presence in the dark corner opposite, she threw her head a little farther back, slipped a trifle lower, and placing two well-hooted feet upon the middle seat, completed a charming and wholesome picture.

Five minutes elapsed. She was looking straight at the moon. Cass Beard felt his dignified reserve becoming very much like awkwardness. He ought to be coldly polite.

"I hope you're not flustered, miss, by the—hy the—" he began.

"I?" She straightened herself up in the seat, cast a curious glance into the dark corner, and then, letting herself down again, said: "Oh, dear, no."

Another five minutes elapsed. She had evidently forgotten him. She might, at least, have been civil. He took refuge again in his reserve. But it was now mixed with a certain pique.

Yet how much softer her face looked in the moonlight. Even her square jaw had lost that hard, matter-of-fact, practical indication which was so distasteful to him, and always had suggested a hard criticism of his weakness. How moist her eyes were—actually shining in the light! How that light seemed to concentrate in the corner of the lashes, and then slipped—a flash—away! Was she? Yes, she was crying.

Cass melted. He moved. Miss Porter put her bead out of the window, and drew it back in a moment, dry-eyed.

"One meets all sorts of folks traveling," said Cass, with what he wished to make appear a cheerful philosophy.

"I dare say. I don't know. I never before met any one who was rude to me. I have traveled all over the country alone, and with all kinds of people, ever since I was so high. I have always gone my own way, without hindrance or trouble. I always do. I don't see why I shouldn't. Perhaps other people mayn't like it. I do. I like excitement. I like to see all there is to see. Because I'm a girl I don't see why I can not go out without a keeper, and why I can not do what any man can do, that isn't wrong. Do you? Perhaps you do—perhaps you don't. Perhaps you like a girl to be always in the house, dawdling, or thumping a piano, or reading novels. Perhaps you think I'm bold because I don't like it, and won't lie and say I do."

She spoke sharply and aggressively, and so evidently in answer to Cass's unspoken indictment against her, that he was not surprised when she became more direct.

"You know you were shocked when I went to fetch that Hornsby, the coroner, after we found the dead body."

"Hornsby wasn't shocked," said Cass, a little viciously.

"What do you mean?" she said, abruptly.

"You were good friends enough until—"

"Until he insulted me just now; is that it?"

"Until he thought," stammered Cass, "that because you were—you know—not so—so—so careful as other girls, he could be a little freer."

"And so, because I preferred to ride a mile with him to see something real that had happened, and tried to be useful, instead of looking in shop windows on Main Street, or promenading before the hotel—"

"And being ornamental," interrupted Cass. But this feeble and un-Cass-like attempt at playful gallantry met with a sudden check.

Miss Porter drew herself together, and looked out of the window. "Do you wish me to walk the rest of the way home?"

"No," said Cass, hurriedly, with a crimson face and a sense of gratuitous rudeness.

"Then stop that kind of talk, right there!"

There was an awkward silence. "I wish I was a man," she said, half-hitterly, half-earnestly. Cass Beard was not old and cynical enough to observe that this devout aspiration is usually uttered by those who have least reason to deplore their own femininity; and, but for the reuff he had just received, would have made the usual emphatic dissent of our sex, when the wish is uttered by warm, red lips and tender voices—a dissent, it may be remarked, generally withheld, however, when the masculine spinster dwells on the perfection of woman. I dare say Miss Porter was sincere, for a moment later she continued, poutingly:

"And yet I used to go to fires in Sacramento when I was only ten years old. I saw the theatre burnt down. Nobody found fault with me then."

Something made Cass ask if her father and mother objected to her boyish tastes. The reply was characteristic, if not satisfactory:

"Object? I'd like to see them do it."

The direction of the road had changed. The fickle moon now abandoned Miss Porter and sought out Cass on the front seat. It caressed the young fellow's silky mustache and long eyelashes, and took some of the sunburn from his cheek.

"What's the matter with your neck?" said the girl, suddenly.

Cass looked down, blushing to find that the collar of his smart "duck" sailor shirt was torn open. But something more than his white, soft, girlish skin was exposed; the shirt front was dyed quite red with blood from a slight cut on the shoulder. He remembered to have felt a scratch while struggling with Hornsby.

The girl's soft eyes sparkled.

"Let *me*," she said, vivaciously; "do! I'm good at wounds. Come over here. No—stay there. I'll come over to you."

She did, bestriding the hack of the middle seat, and dropping at his side. The magnetic fingers again touched his; he felt her warm breath on his neck, as she bent toward him.

"It's nothing," he said, hastily, more agitated by the treatment than the wound.

"Give me your flask," she responded, without heeding.



A stinging sensation as she bathed the edges of the cut with the spirit brought him back to common sense again. "There," she said, skillfully extemporizing a bandage from her handkerchief and a compress from his cravat, "now, button your coat over your chest, so, and don't take cold." She insisted on buttoning it for him. Greater even than the feminine delight in a man's strength is the ministrations to his weakness. Yet, when this was finished, she drew a little away from him in some embarrassment—an embarrassment she wondered at, as his skin was finer, his touch gentler, his clothes cleaner, and—not to put too fine a point on it—he exhaled an atmosphere much sweeter than belonged to most of the men her boyish habits brought her in contact with—not excepting her own father. Later she even exempted her mother from the possession of this divine effluence. After a moment she asked, suddenly, "What are you going to do with Hornsby?"

Cass had not thought of him. His short-lived rage was past with the occasion that had provoked it. Without any fear of his adversary, he would have been quite willing to meet him no more. He only said: "That will depend upon him."

"Oh, you won't hear from him again," said she, confidently; "but you really ought to get up a little more muscle. You've no more than a girl." She stopped, a little confused.

"What shall I do with your handkerchief?" asked the uneasy Cass, anxious to change the subject.

"Oh, keep it if you want to, only don't show it to everybody, as you did that ring you found." Seeing signs of distress in his face, she added: "Of course, that was all nonsense. If you had cared so much for the ring you couldn't have talked about it, or shown it. Could you?"

It relieved him to think that this might be true; he certainly had not looked at it in that light before.

"But did you really find it?" she asked with sudden gravity. "Really, now?"

"Yes."

"And there is no real May in the case?"

"Not that I know of," laughed Cass, secretly pleased.

But Miss Porter, after eyeing him critically for a moment, jumped up and climbed back again to her seat. "Perhaps you had better give me that handkerchief back."

Cass began to unbutton his coat.

"No! no! Do you want to take your death of cold?" she screamed. And Cass, to avoid this direful possibility, rebuffed his coat again over the handkerchief and a peculiarly pleasant sensation.

Very little now was said until the rattling, bounding descent of the coach denoted the approach to Red Chief. The straggling main street disclosed itself, light by light. In the flash of glittering windows and the sound of eager voices Miss Porter descended, without waiting for Cass's proffered assistance, and anticipated Mountain Charley's descent from the box. A few undistinguishable words passed between them.

"You kin freeze to me, miss," said Charley; and Miss Porter, turning her frank laugh and frankly opened palm to Cass, half returned the pressure of his hand, and slipped away.—*New York Sun.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"The Vacant Chair," Mr. Toby Rosenthal's last picture, is now on exhibition in Munich. It has attracted the attention of many art critics, and the German papers are giving it very complimentary notices. It represents the neat interior of a workingman's humble cottage. The father and his three children are seated at their evening meal. One seat alone is vacant. It is that of the dead mother. Professor Pecht, in the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, thus describes the scene: "The youngest child, a lovely boy with blonde curls, has fallen asleep in its father's arms. The father's gaze is fixed upon the vacant chair at his side, upon which was wont to sit the mother whom Death has but lately torn from him. The remembrance of his loss has deprived him of all hunger. He has laid aside his spoon, and his listless stare betokens his silent grief. The fourteen-year-old daughter apparently perceives but too well what is passing within him, and contemplates him with anxious and moistened eyes, in which is reflected solicitous and filial love. The group is completed by a boy of about four years, who is seated near his sister. Child-like, he does not notice what is passing about him, but is busily engaged in satisfying his appetite, to such an extent that he is almost burying his whole head in the pot, out of which he is fishing the last morsel."

It now leaks out that Oscar, the long-haired, left London for America only just in time to escape an "interview" with a gentleman who wanted him for a special reason. Oscar, in his sweet, guileless way, was talking with a young lady in a drawing-room, and in answer to the question, "What is a good French novel for a girl to read?" advised "*Made-moiselle Giraud, ma Femme*," by that well-known author, Adolphe Belot, but a work concerning which most mammas would think three times before putting it into the hands of their daughters. The demoiselle procured the book, and was discovered reading it by her brother. Hence Oscar's departure.

Sarah O. Jewett writes:

"You walked beside me, quick and free;  
With lingering touch you grasped my hand;  
Your eyes looked laughingly in mine."

No, Sarah, we did nothing of the kind, remarks the Rochester *Express*. We know your fancy for giving your friends away. No, Sarah, thou canst not point thy jeweled finger at us, and say we did it.

Paris advertisement: "For sale, a monkey, a cat, and two parrots. Address Mad. X—, Rue —. As the lady is about to get married, she has no further use for these animals." Now you know what a husband is a substitute for.

The good die young. The bad live to lie about the weather, and are spoken of as the oldest inhabitants, says the New Orleans *Picayune*.

## THE REALM OF ROMANCE.

My Cavalier—A. D. 1662.

Come, tune my lute for a happy song,  
And clash the chords full loud and clear,  
For a psalm of right our canting wrong,  
And a merry lay for my cavalier.

The poor, dumb thing has said never a word,  
Since the day when my hero went hold down  
To shout his cry and to flash his sword,  
And rally for England's laws and crown.

'Neath the white-plumed bat his love-locks danced  
With the summer sigh as he rode in gear  
Or glinting mail, and the sunlight glanced  
On the Spanish blade of my cavalier.

My love-knots, twined in his charger's mane,  
Fluttered and waved in the sighing breeze,  
As I saw them trample the hosed campaign,  
And shimmer among the linden trees.

At Cromwell hreach he led the way,  
And the rebel roundheads ran like deer,  
Nor cared to hide or strive to stay  
The lightning charge of my cavalier.

On Stafford Hill the Spanish steel  
Ensanguined, gapped, fell treason's brood,  
And by his stout right arm and leal  
The sword with rebel corpses strewed.

At Roundway Down he charged away,  
And scythed their ranks with a ringing cheer;  
Rushing where hottest waged the fray,  
"For my king and love," saith my cavalier.

"Marry! small sorrow have I for their dead;  
Could all his enemies perish so!"  
As the praying warriors darkling fled,  
And the psalm-tune died in a shriek of woe.

So I tune my lute for a happy song,  
And I clash the chords full loud and clear,  
And I sit for a summer's whole day long  
Harping my peerless cavalier.—H. A. Harefoot.

The Jacobite of Tower Hill.

He tripped up the steps with a how and a smile,  
Offering snuff to the chaplain the while;  
A rose at his hutton-hole, that afternoon;  
'Twas the tenth of the month, and the month it was June.

Then, shrugging his shoulders, he looked at the man  
With the mask and the ax, and a murmuring ran  
Through the crowd, who, below, were all pushing to see  
The jailor kneel down and receiving his fee.

He looked at the mob, as they roared, with a stare,  
And took snuff again with a cynical air,  
'I'm happy to give but a moment's delight  
To the flower of my country agog for a sight."

Then he looked at the block, and, with scented cravat,  
Dusted room for his neck, gayly doffing his hat,  
Kissed his hand to a lady, bent low to the crowd,  
Then, smiling, turned round to the headsman and howed.

"God save King James!" he cried, bravely and shrill,  
And the cry reached the houses at foot of the hill.  
'My friend with the ax, a *votre service*," he said,  
And ran his white thumb 'long the edge of the blade.

When the multitude hissed he stood firm as a rock;  
Then, kneeling, laid down his gay head on the block.  
He kissed a white rose in a moment 'twas red  
With the life of the harvest of any that led.

—Walter Thornbury.

The Sailor Girl.

When the Wild Geese\* were flying to Flanders away,  
I clung to my Desmond, beseeching him stay;  
But the stern trumpet sounded its summons to sea,  
And afar the ship bore him, mahouchal, machree,  
And first he sent letters, and then he sent none,  
And thrice into prison I dreamt he was thrown;  
So I shore my long tresses and stained my face brown,  
And went for a sailor from Limerick town.  
Oh, the ropes cut my fingers, but steadfast I strove,  
Till I reached the Low Country in search of my love;  
There I heard how at Blenheim his heart was so high  
That they carried him captive, refusing to fly.  
With that, to King William himself I was brought,  
And his mercy for Desmond with tears I besought.  
He considered my story, then, smiling, says he:  
"The young Irish rebel, for your sake, is free.  
Bring the varlet before us. Now, Desmond O'Hea,  
Myself has decided your sentence to-day:  
You must marry your sailor, with hell, hook, and ring,  
And here is her dowry," cried William the King.

—Alfred Percival Graves.

\*The remains of the Irish Jacobite party who took service in France.

OF Crozon.

The spire of old St. Malo makes a heacon true and brave,  
Where round the granite islets foams the angry Breton wave;  
Fair over lovely Dinan is St. Sauveur's shadowy east,  
Where Du Guesclin's fiery heir is laid in peaceful rest at last.  
At Coutances, and at quiet Dol, the great cathedral towers  
Speak still, in solemn beauty, of a holier age than ours;  
And wonder for all time and tide, the glory of the land,  
St. Michael's shrine still crowns the rock that reigns o'er sea and sand.  
Yet where the huts of Crozon couch upon the rock-girt coast,  
A nobler temple than them all it is for her to host.  
When with silenced rite and darkened lamp, each threatened altar  
stood,  
And from Loire to Rance the "Terror" drowned all fair Bretagne  
in blood,  
Through whispering woods, by wild cliff paths, from town and chateau  
came  
Proscribed "suspect" and fugitive, priest, noble, peasant, dame;  
Silent on Crozon's rocks and beach, gazing where, like a star,  
O'er the dim heaving leagues of sea a light gleamed faint and far.  
With lowered sails and muffled oars, upon the rising tide,  
The boats went gliding from the shore, that light their steady guide;  
Where, driven from desecrated shrines, at midnight's solemn hour,  
For her true children Holy Church could still put forth her power,  
Calm on the calm sea lay the bark; calm rose the altar there;  
For votive lamp the crescent moon; for music, through the air  
Thrilled ever ocean's ceaseless chime; while rustling shroud and  
sheet,  
The soft winds to the chanted prayer made answer low and sweet.  
There came the babe for baptism; there knelt the bride to wed;  
There over the uncoffined corpse the funeral rite was said;  
And the soul of fearless faith arose in the imploring cry,  
As 'neath the dome no man had built the Host was raised on high.  
Lingering where up the glittering bay sweeps the long creaming swell,  
The pious Breton willingly will stay this tale to tell.  
And grander Temple of the Cross on earth will never be,  
Than the ship that through the "Terror" lay off Crozon on the  
sea.

—Anon.

## A MYSTERIOUS RACE.

A Scientist's Initiation into a Weird Religion.

There is great interest manifested in the East at the present time over the Zuni Indians, whom Mr. F. H. Cushing, of the Smithsonian Institution, has taken from their home in New Mexico to the Atlantic States. The Zuni pueblos are situated about sixty miles from Camp Apache, on the Zuni River, and only two miles from the Arizona boundary line. Little was known of them until the visit of Lieutenant Wheeler in 1873, when he, accompanied by several scientists, paid the principal pueblo a visit. The party learned little from them in regard to religion or traditions. Subsequently, in 1875, W. C. Manning made a journey there in company with several others, and wrote an account of the trip for *Harper's Magazine*. He described them as living in houses which resemble in style of architecture the *teocallis* of the ancient Aztecs. These dwellings are made of adobe, and are frequently four stories high, built in terraces. They are entered from the roof by long ladders which reach down to the street. Near the large plaza, in the centre of the Zuni town, are the remains of an old church, which was built by missionary Jesuits in 1776, and shortly afterward forever deserted.

The Zunis are gracefully built. The young women are generally very well formed, and are quite pretty. The race is very much superior to any of the surrounding tribes of Indians. They live a pastoral life, being supported entirely by their flocks. They have a good system of laws, and are characterized by a remarkable morality. Mr. Manning elicited from them a partial description of their latter history. They carried him back to 1456, and then refrained from further information on the subject. The substance of their account was that from some early date they had been moving eastward by slow stages. They informed him that they look for the coming of Montezuma as their Messiah. They worship the sun as their great deity.

Mr. F. H. Cushing went down to their pueblo about three years ago. He is, says the *New York Tribune*, a most enthusiastic investigator. He was not cordially received by the Zunis at the beginning, and the first few months of his stay were filled with discouraging experiences, and innumerable petty annoyances. Gradually he learned their language, and, one by one, gained friends among them. He took part in their expeditions to a distance for one purpose or another, and especially commended himself to them by pluckily assisting to defend their reservation from the neighboring tribes, who had a disagreeable habit of pasturing their horses in the corn and wheat fields of the Zunis. Cushing became popular among the Zunis by these means, and was soon formally adopted into the Parrot family, the most aristocratic of the Zuni clans. The family, or clan life, had its drawbacks, but was easily endurable. The worst feature was the free use his new brothers and sisters made with Cushing's property, returning everything to its place, but making use of it for the time. In return, he was accorded the privilege of helping himself to whatever he might fancy. Strict chastity prevailed. The treatment of women was in striking contrast to that which prevails among other Indian tribes. Upon marriage the husband severs his connection with his own family, and becomes a member of the family or clan of the bride. If he does not prove agreeable, he may, after a trial, be turned adrift, and his chance for getting another wife then becomes smaller. Thus the women hold the reins of power in the family. They do not work in the fields, nor are they brewers of wood and drawers of water like the women of the roving tribes. From joking with Cushing about becoming a member of their religious orders, the chiefs, after receiving many proofs of his loyalty to the tribe, began to consider the idea seriously. To become a member of the Order of the Bow, to which Cushing aspired as being, with one exception, the highest and most influential of their secret orders, it was necessary that he should take a scalp, and thus prove himself a man. This he obtained, and was thereupon inducted with mysterious and trying ceremonies, lasting several days, into the order. This opened the doors of all the subordinate orders, and Cushing was very soon after elected a member of the council, and became a tribal dignitary, with many servants to do his bidding. At present he holds a dual position, that of assistant head chief, lieutenant-governor, and of war chief. As lieutenant-governor it is his duty to sit beside the head chief in all trials at law. As war chief he is absolute in all that pertains to offensive and defensive operations, and is also the tribal executioner, it being his duty, in case of capital punishment, to strike the first blow to the victim. Cushing aspires to become a member of the last and highest secret order of the tribe—the Ka Ka. This order is under the control of four priests, who have in their keeping the sacred water from the Ocean of the Sunrise, or Atlantic Ocean. It is contained in cane tubes, and, as nearly as can now be ascertained, was brought to them more than a century ago. It is now nearly gone, only about an inch of it remaining in one of the canes. It is used in a ceremonial which takes place once in four years, and is exceedingly precious. In order to become a member of the Ka Ka it was necessary that Cushing should further manifest his intention to live forever a Zuni, by taking a Zuni wife. He proposed instead to conduct their priests to the Ocean of the Sunrise for a new supply of sacred water, in return for the induction into the Ka Ka, and this being considered a great service, the offer was accepted. One of the high priests of the order is with the party, and the ceremony which is to make Cushing a member will take place when they reach Boston. Among the literary treasures which will be at his command when once he gets within the sacred circle is an *Iliad*, rhythmical and metrical, requiring twenty-six hours for a single repetition, which embodies the mythology and history of the tribe from its supposed genesis. It is one of the chief functions of the four priests to remember and hand down to posterity this great sacred poem. Cushing is a thorough master of the Zuni language, and has already collected a vast store of information in the form of traditions, poems, and folk-lore, which he has translated and recorded. He proposes to return to the Zunis, and to spend three or four years more among them.



## SOCIETY NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Mrs. George H. Perry is visiting her mother in Sacramento. Miss Hattie Rice, who has been visiting Mrs. J. H. Carroll in Sacramento, has returned to the city. Monsieur and Madame de Méan have taken up their temporary residence at Hayward's. On Friday evening Mrs. W. W. Traylor gave an elaborate dinner-party, to which some fourteen ladies and gentlemen sat down. Miss Jennie Hill, the accomplished daughter of Rev. W. H. Hill, of Los Angeles, is visiting friends in Sacramento. Mrs. Dr. C. G. Toland is recreating at the Sierra Madre villa. Miss Jennie Gallatin, who has been visiting in this city, has returned to her home in Sacramento. Miss C. M. Chadwick, of Las Madronas, is visiting relatives in this city. Mrs. Mark Shiley Severance has been visiting friends in Los Angeles. Mrs. H. Sloan, a sister of W. H. Vanderbilt, is spending a few weeks in Los Angeles. Mrs. Colonel Woods, of Oakland, who has been sight-seeing in Europe for a year or more, has arrived in New York, and will return home in a few weeks. Mrs. John A. Paxton, who has a very charming summer home in Sonoma county, is spending a few weeks at the Grand. Mr. and Mrs. Weller and their charming daughter, Miss Laura Weller, who have been staying at the Palace during the past winter, have returned to their home at San Rafael. Hon. John Wasson and Mrs. Wasson, who have been at the Occidental for a week, have returned to Tucson. Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker are spending a few days in Santa Barbara. Hon. Leland Stanford and Mrs. Stanford and their son, who have been traveling in Europe and the East since May last, returned home on Monday, the thirteenth instant. Mr. and Mrs. Welton Stanford and Miss Jennie Stanford, relatives of ex-Governor Stanford, are visiting this coast. Miss Susie Russell, who has been visiting friends in Oakland, has returned to Sacramento. Miss Cora Wallace is visiting friends in Marysville. Mrs. William Clark is spending a few days in Sacramento. Eugene Dewey is luxuriating in New York. Miss Alice Hamilton and her mother have arrived in London. Mrs. Frank Unger sailed for New York on the *Peking* last Saturday; she will be gone some months. Assistant Engineer Pickrel, U. S. N., and Assistant Engineer Elsefer, who arrived here from the East last week, sailed for the Asiatic squadron on Wednesday last. Colonel John A. King, U. S. A., one of the bravest officers of the late war, and who commanded at Angel Island in 1867-8-9, has been retired. It is said that James R. Keene is to erect a five-hundred-thousand-dollar residence at Newport, R. I. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kingsley and Miss Pearson are sojourning a while at Monterey. Commander Edward Terry, U. S. N., late fleet captain on the *Pensacola*, is at the Palace in ill health. Mr. and Mrs. Layman, of the Grand, are contemplating another European tour. Mrs. Charles Stevens will spend the summer at Monterey. Miss Annie Ladd, of Sacramento, who has been visiting in this city several weeks, has returned to her home. Miss Fannie Hubbard, of Sacramento, is visiting Miss Kate Grim. Commander Chester, U. S. N., is here from the East. Bishop and Mrs. Kip are in Southern California. Ex-Governor and Mrs. Low and Miss Flora Low are on their way home, and will arrive in a day or two. Tom C. Grant has returned from his New York trip, arriving to-morrow. Colonel F. Crocker and wife, and Mrs. Easton, depart for the East in a few days to attend the wedding of Ogden Mills Jr. and Miss Livingston, which takes place in New York on the fifteenth proximo. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Callingham gave a delightful musicale at their residence on California Street a few evenings ago. Lord Beaumont has written an agreeable letter to an acquaintance here, in which he states, among other things, that he will again visit San Francisco after Parliament adjourns, and that he will bring some choice fellows with him. Mrs. Fred Layman was the recipient of luncheon by Mrs. Thornton, at her residence on Van Ness Avenue, a few evenings ago. Mrs. General Barnes and family have been spending a portion of the week at Monterey. Miss Julia Shafter is still in Boston. General and Mrs. A. V. Kautz have been in the city a portion of the week, stopping at the Occidental Hotel. Notwithstanding the positively inclement weather of Monday last, a large number of ladies paid their wedding calls on Mrs. Captain A. T. Smith at the Palace on that day. Mrs. General Bidwell's name is frequently registered among those who are mentioned in descriptions of society events occurring in Washington this season. Senator Fair has given another superb dinner in Washington, of which the *Post* of that city of the fifth instant says: "Senator Fair gave one of his sumptuous and elegant banquets at the Arlington last evening. The table was profusely and handsomely adorned with Marshal Neill and Jacqueminot huds, and lighted by two large crystal candelabra with colored shades, producing a most unique and charming effect. The dinner itself was one of the best of the season, the wines being the choicest and most expensive vintages. His guests were Senators Sherman, Slater, Teller, Aldrich, Cameron, of Wisconsin, Conger, Dawes, Edmunds, Hale, Harrison, Hawley, Johnston, Lapham, McDill, Miller, of New York, Mitchell, Saunders, and Hill, of Colorado." The wedding of Mr. Clarence D. Vincent and Miss Grace L. Walroth, of Oakland will take place in that city in a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone and family, accompanied by Mrs. R. B. Woodward and Miss Nellie J. Woodward, have gone to Monterey to stay several weeks. Mrs. Henry Edgerton, who has been visiting friends in this city during a week or more, has returned to Sacramento. Captain R. S. Floyd and family are spending a few days at Monterey. Commander Edward Terry and Mrs. Terry have also been staying a short time at Monterey. Major Noehon and Lieutenants Burnham and Markham, U. S. A., arrive in this city from the East today. Thomas N. Woods, U. S. Marine corps, arrived here from the East on Wednesday last. S. O. Hunt and wife, Mrs. G. W. Grayson, Miss Mamie Grayson, Miss Fannie Hubbard, R. P. Grayson, and W. H. Taylor, of Oakland, have been sojourning at Monterey during the week. C. M. Chester, U. S. N., is at the Palace. Mrs. F. W. Macondray is staying a few days at Monterey. The *New York Stock Report* says: "Mr. John W. Mackey has purchased the ground now occupied by St. Luke's Hospital, extending from Fifty-third to Fifty-fourth Street, on Fifth Avenue, for the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, the property to be

turned over to him on the first of March, 1884. It is understood that Mr. Mackey proposes the erection of a palatial residence that will surpass in cost and magnificence anything in the city, leaving Mr. Vanderbilt's recently-occupied structure far in the rear." Miss May Gladstone, of San José, is visiting friends in Oakland. Mrs. H. B. Wright, of Santa Cruz, is visiting friends in Alameda. H. Lathrop, of Sacramento, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Leland Stanford. Colonel Lent has purchased a residence in New York. Colonel Green, U. S. A., arrives in this city to-morrow from the East. Miss McDowell, who has been spending the winter in St. Louis and elsewhere in the East, returns home on Monday next. Colonel and Mrs. Stanwood will return to the Palace from Santa Barbara in a few days. Mrs. Charles Crocker, who has for a long time taken a great interest in the welfare and well-doing of the Boys and Girls' Aid Society, of this city, and who has upon many occasions during the last twelve-month made that institution the recipient of substantial checks, transmitted to its managers on Wednesday last a check for thirteen hundred and fifty dollars, accompanied by a pleasant request that it be immediately used in the cancellation of the remaining indebtedness of the society, which she ascertained to be thirteen hundred and twelve dollars.

"I was," says a correspondent of the *Argonaut*, "at the Royal Hotel in Edinburgh. At dinner for several days I had been seated beside the same gentleman. His wife sat on the other side. Little courtesies had been mutually extended in the coffee-room, when our cigars were lighted, and at the table. Knowing well, from a long experience on the continent and in England, the self-esteem and conventional exclusiveness of the noble Englishman, I made no advances toward a better acquaintance. But there was something about the man—his dress and his manner—that led me to believe him to be a resident American. He resembled several of our much-esteemed San Francisco Englishmen. My heart went out to him. The wife was English. There could be no mistake made in regard to her. At the dinner-table, the evening previous to my departure, I turned to the gentleman, and carefully and deferentially said: 'Pardon me, sir; may I venture to inquire, are you an American?' You should have seen the angle to which that female's nose was elevated, as she, without giving her husband time to reply, remarked, in a very disagreeable tone of voice: 'No! no! Not that, I should hope!' The husband, hesitatingly, and I think half-sympathizingly, said, faintly: 'No!' But he made an effort to soften the embarrassing position in which his wife's rudeness had placed me. There are, however, Englishmen and Englishmen; and I will say, in closing, that many times subsequently, and when preserving the most reserved demeanor toward my fellow-travelers, I was required for this affront to my country and myself by attentions and courtesies from real English gentlemen and ladies, and I hear the nation no malice."

Here is something entertaining from a French paper about Patti and Niccolini's tour in this country. Patti is assumed to sing four pieces in each concert, receiving therefor thirty-two thousand francs—eight thousand francs per piece—while Niccolini is also assumed to sing four pieces, only receiving, however, two thousand francs per piece. "Behold them then," writes the *Univers Illustré*, "hoth on the stage singing the duet from the first act of 'Traviata.' This duet contains two hundred and nine words—one hundred and one for Violetta and one hundred and eight for Alfredo—which gives to each word the value of seventy-nine francs and twenty centimes for Patti and four francs and sixty centimes for Niccolini. The orchestra plays the *ritornello*; the duet commences. '*Oh! qual paller!*' (three words, two hundred and thirty-seven francs and sixty centimes). A moment's silence, and then she perceives Alfredo and continues: '*Voi qui?*' (one hundred and fifty-eight francs and forty centimes). Alfredo responds: '*Cessate d'ansia che vi turba?*' (thirty-two francs and twenty centimes). '*Sto meglio*,' she replies, (one hundred and fifty-eight francs and forty centimes). But the end of the duet is reached—the final declaration, full of reciprocal avowals of love. Afterward the words '*Amor! Amor!*' are tossed from Patti to Niccolini and from Niccolini to Patti, and all in consideration of seventy-nine francs and forty centimes per word for one, and four francs and sixty centimes per word for the other." A pretty spirited canvas picture this!

Significant Signs: To call at a friend's house about dinner-time and find him absent is a sign you will be disappointed. To drop hot sealing-wax on your fingers is a sign you will be angry. To meet a holting horse on the pavement implies that you are going to run. To dream of being run over by fire-engines is often a sign that you have had pork chops for supper. To pick up money is lucky. If a man says: "I hardly like to ask you, old fellow, hut—" it is a sign he wants to borrow money. To collide with three consecutive lamp-posts and fall over an apple-stall is a sign you are not a good templar. To lose money or jewelry is unlucky.

The concert to be given to Mrs. J. E. Tippet is announced for March 30. It will doubtless be a success. Many ladies and gentlemen—friends of the beneficiary—are taking an active personal interest, and from the large demand for tickets already made, there is no doubt that the concert will realize all that is desired. The cantata "Comala" will be given by a selected chorus, composed largely of those who rarely appear in public, but who are desirous of showing their appreciation for the lady. The programme has not yet been arranged.

A gentleman of the tack-hammer brigade had an altercation with a man who was grumbling at him for driving a tack into the letter "t" in the word "Boston." "Don't you know," said the interfering party, "what a fuss was once kicked up about sticking tax on tea in Boston?" and then the tack-hammer man firmly but gently killed him.

The new French hank which is to take the place of the Union Générale, will have a capital of fifty million francs. It is thought, says the *Chicago Tribune*, that with this amount a prudent cashier can keep out of jail for four or five years.

## THE ATHEISTIC CONTROVERSY.

## A "Genuine Deist" Pitches In.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The communication of "A Deist" contains such foul calumny against not only free-thinking women, but woman as woman, that it should be thoroughly answered and rebuked. First, I do not believe the writer is a deist at all. The "ass's ears" are too plainly visible, in both style and sentiment, to deceive any discerning person. It is a weak and hypocritical attempt to make a point by pretending to write from a deist's standpoint. No one who has brains enough to be a deist for one moment thinks that assent to or dissent from dogmatic creeds causes or prevents virtue in woman. This "Deist" has not the least conception of the female nature. The idea running through the whole communication is a gross libel upon womanhood, and betrays an utter ignorance of womanly character, and a brutality and coarseness incapable of understanding woman's inner self. Woman's chastity and virtue are the result of a law higher than any changing belief or dogma. They are written in the law of her nature, which will survive all beliefs, all creeds, all dogmas. I defy this womanly defamer to point to a single instance of unchastity among the few women of brilliant intellects who have been or are atheists. I also challenge him to prove by statistics or otherwise that there is a larger percentage of unchaste women among those who are atheists than among professing Christians. The womanly instinct, like the maternal instinct, will be true to itself. A GENUINE DEIST.

SAN JOSE, March 11, 1882.

## Another Attack on "Deist."

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I think "Deist" places too much importance on the first two of the four elements, which, he says, restrain women from unchastity. These elements were: (1.) "A regard for the divine law which forbids unchastity," and (2.) "Fear of divine retribution or punishment after death." If these two elements so restrain women, why do they not also restrain men? If we say that they do, then we are willing to admit that his ground is well taken; but being a man myself, and having a little knowledge of men in general, I do not think we will claim that. Then what reason has "A Deist" for claiming that they do restrain a woman? Being equally applied to both, they should equally restrain both. The fear of exposure being greater with woman, for reasons which he will readily understand, tends to induce her to put a greater restraint upon herself. Man, however, who for greater sins society forgives and receives again with open arms, has so much less fear of exposure that he does not try to restrain himself. I think that his last two elements, together with that element in woman which enables her to love virtue for its own sake, are sufficient to prevent me from withdrawing my respect from women who are not God-fearing. Without his solicitude I tender them my best wishes. EL MEXICO.

OROVILLE, March 7, 1882.

## Deist Defends Himself.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The venomous manner in which I have been attacked justifies me in asking you to grant me some space for reply. I am somewhat surprised at the number of my assailants, though not at all at their manner of assault. It is a very old and somewhat hackneyed expedient—that of abusing an opponent. If I did not think it hopeless, I would point out to these persons that what I am is of no consequence as regards the argument. Even if I were all that I am accused of being—a "liar," a "coward," a "man restrained from thievtry and murder only by fear of the law"—it would cut no figure in the case. As to the aspersions upon my chastity, permit me good-humoredly to remind these irate ladies that any man—even one so low and brutal as I am—can withstand doubts in this matter much better than they can. And if I have succeeded in sowing the seeds of doubt in the mind of hut one man concerning the chastity of female atheists, I shall feel satisfied, for I shall not have written in vain.

All of these persons have evaded the point—which is it that makes a woman chaste? They have taken refuge in such generalities as "her conscience," "her character," "the morality of a universe governed by law," "her modesty," "her innate sense of propriety," and "her self-respect." All these things are artificial; they are the result of training, and of religious training, as a rule. One of the Ptolemies brought up a female child in utter ignorance from her birth; she knew naught even of language. What could have been more innocent than this poor human flower, reared thus in moral darkness as the result of an Egyptian despot's caprice? Yet did she know what "conscience" was?—what "self-respect" was? Much I fear me, judging from her fate, that she did not.

Only one of the persons answering me has, in my opinion, freely analyzed her feelings. It is the one signing herself "M. E.," and I honor her for her frankness. She is chaste, she says, "because of pride." That I can understand: it is another term for fear—fear of shame. Also, "through a desire for her own good." The same motive—fear of her own ill. Also, "because a fallen woman is an object of pity." The same motive. She "would not be an object of scorn, even in the eyes of one." The same motive—always fear; fear of the scorn of the many, fear of the scorn of the one. "I sometimes wonder," she says, "if it pays to be so good, but I reflect that for every grain of pleasure there is a grain of pain." I respect this young lady for her candor, and only hope that one so frank and evidently free-hearted as she is may never have cause to repent it. Were she not an atheist she would be safer.

As to these vague terms, "conscience," "instinctive morality," "right and wrong," what is "right" and what is "wrong"? What is right here is wrong elsewhere. There are communities in Polynesia—polyandrous and polygamous—where there is no word for "chastity" in the language; where, correspondingly, the thing itself is unknown; yet there are canons which the women there may not break, such as eating with men, while what with us is the unpardonable sin is with them praiseworthy. There have been peoples in the old world and in the new where Priapian emblems were worshipped. Just to the south of us, in Arizona, their relics may be found. Were their women vile? No; they were reared in this belief by their mothers. So, our women have been reared to chastity by their mothers, and, as a rule, this chastity has been inculcated as a divine precept.

The human law of morals is a low and sordid thing. All moral rules are doctrines established by the strong for their own protection, and for the repression of the weak. "Thou shalt not steal" is a maxim impressed by property-holders upon non-property-holders. The human laws forbidding unchastity were framed in the remote past, in the earlier periods of civilization—framed by those who could afford to own women, and designed to secure those women against their poorer neighbors, who could not so afford. To this base beginning do these atheistic women, who deny a God and a divine law, owe the feeling which they clothe in such elegant phraseology.

A curious feature of their letters is that they all seem to consider love an animal passion purely. One of them, in fact, uses the words "women who go astray are low and animal like." This does not follow. I am a man, and presumably coarser than these atheistic ladies, but I have an infinitely higher idea of a woman's love than they seem to have. But then I know very few atheistic women. They will perhaps pardon me when I say that I do not care to extend that acquaintance. Were I a roué I might.

I must again apologize for my blunt language. But it is necessary in discussing this subject. I use it the more freely when I consider that to an atheistic woman there is nothing sacred; that there is no God; that there is no after-life; that we begin in nothing and end in nothing; that, in short, we are merely animals. The careful reader will detect in these letters a vein of materialism, not to say coarseness, which is most unwomanly. Yet I had expected to find it, and was pleased to see it there.

I have a curious habit of reading between the lines. What I read there in the letters published in your paper last week has only tended to make stronger the horror I have of an atheistic woman. I am an average man, and I think I can assure these ladies that this feeling—though not, perhaps, so strongly—is entertained by most men. It must be held even more strongly by all God-fearing women. This reduces female atheists to the approval of their own "consciences," and that of such men as may be superior enough or unprincipled enough to solace them on their dreary way. A DEIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 15, 1882.



## INARTISTIC PARLORS.

Some Remarks on the Sphere of the Decorative Arts.

In Owen Jones's "Grammar of Ornament," a standard work upon design, the general principles which regulate the application and arrangement of form and color in the decorative arts are concisely stated in some thirty-seven propositions, but one of which exceeds six lines in length. These general principles have been printed by the Decorative Art Society of California, for distribution among contributors and members sufficiently interested in the work of the society to care to understand the true position and value of the decorative or industrial arts. Each "proposition" furnishes much "food for thought," and might well serve as the fertile and suggestive text of a lecture from an apostle of art, could a more serious one than Mr. Oscar Wilde be persuaded to make a sojourn among us. It seems to us that the gist of the thirty-seven propositions is contained in the fifth, which is so short that any person, the most impatient of artistic jargon, will listen to it; and so clear in its definition of a principle which we see violated in almost all the articles of use or ornament which crowd our houses, that it is worthy of the consideration of all men and women who either have or hope to have homes of their own. Mr. Owen Jones lays down the fundamental law for the application of decoration in these words: "Construction should be decorated; decoration should never be purposelessly constructed." This is the some doctrine preached by Ruskin, that no fit temple of beauty can exist unless illumined by the lamp of truth. It is an emphatic condemnation of all shams and pretenses, and an assertion of the true purpose of the decorative arts—to beautify the necessary and worthy articles of every-day life. It is often asked: "What is the sense of decorative art? We are tired of hearing of it!" Can a better answer be given than these words of a noble Englishman—poet, artist, and decorator: "To give people pleasure in the things they must perforce use, that is one great office of decoration; to give people pleasure in the things they must perforce make, that is the other great use of it." Construction should be decorated; decoration should never be purposelessly constructed," which can, perhaps, be more simply stated thus: *the purpose* for which the article is intended should be considered primarily in determining its *shape and materials*; that a harmony should exist between its use and decoration. How often is this disregarded? indeed, how seldom is this harmony at all considered? Enter an average fashionably furnished parlor, and critically observe, with our proposition five in mind, the monstrous incongruities and pretentious "elegance" in the midst of which the mistress of the "establishment" receives. Take the following as an actual type from real life: From the centre of a floriated plaster excrescence is suspended an imitation bronze chandelier, representing ancient knights in full armor, their battle-axes forming the points of attachment for metal chains suspended from no particular point, and having no apparent necessity in the design. Enormous gilt cornices and mirror frames, the patterns a curious conglomerate of wreaths, pilasters, and female heads decorate the mantel and windows. From the cornices are suspended elaborate so-called "draperies," really handsome stuffs cut up into small pieces and festoons, having no purpose, and trimmed with cords, tassels, and rosettes which loop up nothing. The walls and ceiling, thanks to the revolution or reformation which has made more strides in designs for wall-paper than in any other department of house furnishing, may pass without criticism, although it is unfortunate that the ceiling is made anything but a restful place for the eye by over-elaboration of panels—imitation tiles at the corners—(what is a tile doing on a papered ceiling? Are you not afraid of your heads, my friends?) and a succession of borders having no relation whatever to each other. The furniture is heavy, upholstered, tufted satin sofas and chairs, supported on such little distorted, crooked gilt legs, that had not experience taught us that they will not break, we should be afraid to trust them. Tassels again terminate the corners of the arms, of no use unless to serve as a plaything for a nervous male visitor, and a source of annoyance to the hostess, who is in agony for fear he will twist one off before he summons up sufficient courage to make his adieu. A velvet or moquette carpet sets traps to trip us up, in the way of baskets of flowers, pediments, columns, etc., or, possibly, a whole landscape, the clouds of which are woven in "such lovely soft colors!" But why should we mundane creatures tread on vapor? Now, what is it that renders this whole room, in spite of expensive materials, elaborate decoration, and brilliancy of color, distractingly ugly and inartistic? *Lack of truth and appropriateness.* The chandelier, of cheap material, is cast in pretentious form; the cornice and mirror frames—such as are turned out by the thousands by machinery—make up in show what they lack in that beauty of finish and simplicity of pattern only found in hand-work. And so we could go through the list, taking each separate article. Of *manufacture* and display there is much; of *art*, and individual taste shown in the selection, there is none. But, undoubtedly, there is gradually spreading throughout the ranks of our commercial Yankee nation convictions that we have not made our daily life and surroundings as restful, helpful, and beautiful as they are capable of being made; that we have cheated ourselves; that it will be better for us to get less *show* for our money, and more *art*; that we have talent, energy, and true artistic love of good work amongst us, which properly fostered will supply pleasing and beautiful things for our homes; that flat-irons are out of place on a parlor table; and that plaster cornices are not as "handsome," useful, or appropriate as colored friezes in wooden picture moldings. With this perception of incongruities in our "setting," is growing up a desire to develop the neglected handicrafts, and to encourage good hand-work. It can not be doubted that, as we realize the beauty and grace which American inventiveness, duly trained, is applying to leather, wood, iron, clay, and the textile fabrics, our national genius will find in the decorative arts as congenial a field—and a happier and more civilizing one—as have been offered it by the mechanical arts, where the world acknowledges its supremacy. M.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 15, 1882.

## ARGONAUT VERSE.

Love's Revenue.

Since gold is taxed, why not, I pray,  
The gold of Doris' hair?  
Since rubies yearly tribute pay,  
Why not her lips so rare?  
One tress of hair is legal due  
Upon that head of gold;  
And seven kisses none too few  
To tax those lips so cold!  
Let Love assess this titling sweet,  
As by all law he should,  
And when I next do Doris greet  
I'll make the levy good!

March, 1882.

B. G. H.

"The Bridge of Sighs."

Dear God, unto Thy pitying heart,  
Take this poor one who sleeps to-day;  
In all the world she had no part—  
In all the world's wide busy mart  
She walked alone upon her way.  
So, wearied with the endless strife,  
So, tired and worn with all of life,  
She laid her hand upon Death's gate,  
And turned to look with one last smile  
Upon the world she left behind—  
The world so harsh, and cold, and blind.  
And meeting naught but scorn and bate,  
And finding nothing good or true,  
She raised the latch, and wandered through!

March, 1882.

FANNY DRISCOLL.

A Chance Encounter.

At Sunday's dusk, gray, cold, and quiet,  
Upon the blank, bare avenue,  
From work-day's rush, from play-day's riot  
Apart—it's strange, this meeting you.  
It's stranger that as strange I take it  
Your face would want nor reds, nor whites,  
Save those with which God first did make it,  
If it need only bloom o' nights.  
I know at dawn the night-flower closes,  
Sinks sleepful from our sounds of strife;  
Yet in the world of men and roses  
Each day's a day less left of life.  
My days—a treadmill, swift and dizzy—  
A breathless sword-play's flash and clink,  
By week and year—a strife so busy  
It gives, thank God, no time to think.  
But yours—your morning sleep prolonging  
Far past the noon-mark as you may—  
Have left for fancies, blackly thronging,  
Much space before the gas-jets play.  
For forms and faces, strange but olden,  
To rise between you and your door,  
Before the sun-bars, warmly golden,  
Climb to your wainscot from your floor.  
Much time to dream while slope the shadows,  
And crimson wave the dingy tops  
Of far days on far hills and meadows,  
Where now, as then, this same sun drops.  
And then—unless your face belies you—  
Whatever else life lawless grants,  
You'll sorrow that self-care denies you  
The comforter that one decants.  
Your slender claim on heaven's pity  
You'd give—your share of worldly goods—  
To die, like day, outside the city—  
To find a lone grave in still woods.  
We'll meet again—hold on together,  
Strange consorts that nor speak nor part—  
Strange seas we sail, stiff storms will weather,  
Though leaks shall spring and spars shall start.  
Till some night will you hear, I wonder,  
Of me, or I of you, one speak;  
A yawn suppressed the sentence under—  
"Yes, I said dead—been dead a week."

March, 1882.

A. E. WATROUS.

Ad Lenconœn—Horace, Ode XI.

Do not ask, my Leuconœ, 'tis not right that you should know  
What the fateful future may be that the gods on us bestow;  
Babylonian calculation cannot profit you nor me—  
Let us bear with resignation destiny, whatever it be.  
Whether Jove to us bath given this dark winter for our last,  
Or preserves us many another, ask not, for our lot is cast.  
Then be wise—rack off your liquor, for the time is all too brief  
While we talk, time flies the quicker—count to-morrow but a thief.  
March, 1882. J. H. HENDERSON.

The Children in Yosemite.

Their footsteps thread the mountain trails when Summer's bells of bloom  
Invite the crimson humming-birds with tribute of perfume;  
Gray cañons' adamant walls reflect their merry words,  
That mingle with the mating songs of sturdy mountain birds.  
The children at Yosemite, the sunlight and the sprays,  
Weave halos by the waterfalls around the happy fays;  
They see the plumed fairies fit in manzanita blooms,  
They hear the soaring eagles scream among the mountain domes;  
For them the water-lilies bear their green and golden floats,  
And seem, in moonlight on the lakes, a fleet of fairy boats;  
To them the blue forget-me-nots recall their grandsires' tales;  
For them the glowing edelweiss has come from Alpine vales;  
They weave traditions dim and strange, in child-lore of their own,  
Around the fading Indian mounds, and round the Aztec stone.  
The children at Yosemite! When history is dumb,  
The young will pass its legends down to ages yet to come,  
And thoughts that idle poets penned in Mariposa's vales  
May drift adown the tide of time in children's child-lore tales.  
March, 1882. ANGLE.

## THE SPECTRE PRIEST.

Askley Manor is one of those old historic mansions with which Cheshire is filled. It has been in the possession of the Leigh family since the rebellion of Perkin Warbeck. Henry VII., taking it from the offending owner, Sir Edward de Bulkeley, presented it to his trusty follower, Anselm Leigh. The Leigh family has been Catholic since its first conversion from heathenism, and has always been most careful to prevent contaminating Protestant alliances.

In the year 1752, Sir Cuthbert Leigh was united in marriage with the fair daughter of a neighboring house, whose reputation for Roman conservatism was equally good.

Shortly after the honeymoon the husband was compelled to take a journey into Lancashire, to look after some estates which he had recently purchased. To-day such a journey would take but a few hours, but at that time gentlemen traveled in their own coaches, and with an elaborate retinue. Of course my Lady Leigh must "wait in a tower her lord's return." To keep her company, she sent for her cousin, Charlotte Breton. It was a lovely sight to see Charlotte as she leaped from the coach; just eighteen, lithe, little, and compact, her eyes sparkling with merriment, her rosy lips pouting, her hair clustering in a thousand little ringlets, and peeping from beneath the great plumes which fell from her hat. Alas, that Charlotte should have ever lived to be eighty, or walk with a stoop and a gold-headed cane!

The Lady of Leigh embraced her, and the great stag-hound, Ivor, with a whine of joy, clumsily sprang forward to greet her. Lady Leigh then led her guest up the stairs, past the two wyverns which adorned the posts, and taking her through the massive doorway, finally brought her into a small sitting-room. There the two partook of luncheon. During the afternoon they walked around the park, conversing on old times. They were finally forced to enter the house, for heavy rain-drops began to fall. The clouds had been gradually overspreading the sky, and the wind rose, and was soon blowing lustily. The rain grew heavier, and black night covered the increasing storm. The ladies ate their evening meal, and sat by the cheerful chimney corner. The fire gave forth a ruddy blaze, and the wind howled in fitful gusts through the casements. The quivering flames caused the grim portraits in the panels to glow and pale, to start from and go back into the dark. Finally, bed-time arrived. The Lady of Leigh, calling from an ante-room an aged dependent, gave her a long silver candlestick in which was a wax taper, and bade her show Mistress Charlotte to "Sir Geoffrey's chamber." The woman, complying, approached the door. As Charlotte left the room, she took with her old Ivor, laughingly telling Lady Leigh that she desired protection from imaginary dangers.

The old servant led the way, Charlotte following with Ivor. They ascended a wide flight of stairs, and traversed various halls, until they came to a long, low paneled passage. The howling wind dashed great rain-drops against the low, mullioned windows, and whistling through loose lead joints, nearly extinguished the flickering taper. As they entered the passage, above all the uproar of the elements came a faint, mournful wail. Ivor, bristling up, growled, and the old woman crossed herself. They at last reached a heavy oak door, and entering found themselves in the large guest-chamber. Charlotte, dismissing the servant, was quickly in bed, and Ivor, curling himself up, slept by the warm fire, regardless of shrieking wind and weather. Charlotte dreamed on, but from pleasant visions gradually sunk into a disturbed, semi-consciousness of a long, low, and continued wailing. She arose in bed. The fire was burning low, and Ivor slept on. Then it came once more—seemingly from a room near by.

Charlotte was brave as she was beautiful. Some one might be in distress. She arose, and summoning Ivor, proceeded to investigate the corner from whence the sound proceeded. By the dim fire-light she perceived a door. Noiselessly she opened it, and passed through, Ivor preceding her. She found herself in another low, paneled passage. As she neared the centre, she heard again the mournful cry, this time in front, apparently just beyond. Arriving at the end, she felt another oaken portal. Feeling for the knob, her hand struck a heavy spring latch. Pressing it back, she opened the door. Before her was a large, paneled room. The place seemed dimly lit by some unseen means. Suddenly, glancing toward one corner, she perceived a figure clothed in a long, grayish garment. His back was toward her, and in his left hand he carried a lighted candle. In the right he held a little baby, which ever and anon would give a wailing moan. Ivor stood rooted to the spot, with bristling mane and sunken tail. Charlotte, fascinated by the sight, was silent and still. All at once the figure turned toward a paneled portrait of an armored knight. It raised the infant in its arms, and deliberately strangled it. It pressed the picture, which flew back, disclosing a small room. It cast the body within, and closed the opening. Quickly the cowed figure turned, and she saw concentrated upon her the fiendish gaze of a countenance whose demonic look she never forgot. With a howl the priest sprang toward her. Ivor slunk back, and Charlotte pulled the door swiftly to. It shut and folded with a slam. On she went shrieking through the passage, on through the room, on through the passages, until she reached the main hall. There, supported by Lady Leigh, and surrounded by the aroused household, she told her dreadful tale. The men-servants hastily searched the chamber. They found behind the picture, in a secret room, the skeleton of an infant.

\* \* \* \* \*  
In the time of James I., there stood in the way of the Catholic succession the infant son of the Protestant heir, Sir Mansel Leigh. Sir Mansel's wife had died, leaving him with the young child, who would one day inherit the estates. The old chaplain of Sir Mansel's younger and Catholic brother, grieving at the prospect of another Protestant head, watched his chance to make way with the child. One day it suddenly disappeared, stolen from its cradle. Long search was vainly made. The child was never found. The chaplain mysteriously disappeared about the same time, nor was he ever again seen. Sir Mansel died without an heir, and the estates went back to the Catholic line.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 12, 1882.

H. D.



## VANITY FAIR.

The latest craze among ladies of wealth and fashion in England is for moleskin coats, which, from the minute size of the animals and the difficulty of unearthing them from their subterranean abodes, are likely to become as costly as the skins of the Russian sable. Regular mole catchers are employed now upon the estates of noblemen and gentlemen to hunt and destroy the little creatures, whose depredations upon lawns and meadows are as destructive as their skins are valuable. Lady Brassey is said to possess the largest and most perfect moleskin garment ever made. Over one thousand skins, all collected by herself, were employed in its manufacture, and she has already been offered two hundred guineas for it.

At a late fashionable dinner party in New York, the dinner cards were in imitation of fans, and made of different woods, the back being used to form a frame around the edge. On the handles were pretty hows of satin ribbon, and on each fan was painted the name of the guest and an appropriate design by a well-known artist.

Clara Belle says: "An enormous houquet on the left breast is for the moment the greatest joy-giver to the heart underneath. I believe the original significance of floral garniture on that particular spot was that the rose or lily, or whatever it might be, had sprung from the dear little heart, and was nourished by its blood, or something of that sort; but the size frequently attained by the bunches of hot-house stuff doesn't hitch with the sentiment, for all the blood in the wearer's body, from heart to heels, wouldn't suffice to grow them. At a theatre, the other night, I saw eleven girls come in with as many escorts, and take seats in the front row of the balcony. They constituted a theatre party. Each fellow had provided his companion with a bouquet for her breast. The smallest was the size of a soup-plate, and the biggest wouldn't have gone into a tureen for a family of eleven. Some of them hegan at the belt and reached to the chin. It was like a flower show, and the wonder it excited in the gallery was right funny."

The Parisian *gommeux* who make their headquarters at the Café de la Paix have invented a new sign by which the pure may recognize the pure. They do not wear overcoats; and, in order to keep themselves warm, they "pile on" underclothing, flannels, and *gilets de chasse*. To disdain an overcoat constitutes what is called *être pur*, or, in other words, *le chic Anglais*!

The Paris correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* says that Americans are frequently very far behind in the matter of social customs, and cites several cases in support of her statement. She says that the other day, "a very handsome dinner was prepared by a prominent English official in honor of his newly-arrived American confrère, and the American official and his wife never made their appearance. The host and hostess waited dinner for over an hour, but they never came; neither did they send any regret or apology. Meeting the recalcitrant guest a few days later, the English gentleman requested the cause of his absence. 'Oh, my wife and I had been out sight-seeing and shopping all day,' was the answer, 'and when night came we felt too tired to go out; so we just dined quietly in our own room, and went to bed.' I wonder how many dinner-parties that Englishman will feel inclined to get up for American officials hereafter?"

Commenting upon the fashion which the English clergy have of going to hunts and routs along with the unsanctified, a London paper states that the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk have been recently entertaining a number of guests at Arundel castle. One evening they gave a large county ball, at which all the nobility and gentry in that part of Sussex were present. One Catholic bishop and three or four priests were among the visitors staying at the castle; but as it is not deemed the correct thing for the clergy of the Roman Catholic church to attend dances, none of these were present at the ball. On the other hand, some eight or ten clergymen of the Church of England, with their wives and families, were asked, and were present on the occasion.

In 1871 the Empress Eugénie leased Chiselhurst from its owner, the representative of an old county family of Strode. The lease ended with last year, and now the Strodes have gained possession again, and the halls in which sadness has so long prevailed ring with the sound of festivity. The family celebrated their return with a fancy-dress ball, which, from the important personages present, attracted much notice. Besides the party staying in the house, (about thirty,) the guests numbered a hundred and twenty. Dancing began at nine, and it was long past three ere Sir Roger was reached. Of the dresses, the host and hostess most appropriately appeared in costumes copied from pictures of Mr. Strode's ancestors, temp. George II.—those of Di Vernon, a couple of Pompadours, Almagiva, a brace of Arahns, a fireman, resplendent in his hright helmet, a Grace Darling, Galatea, Hamlet, Dick Turpin, and Miss Hardcastle, were conspicuous for originality or effect. Very remarkably appropriate to the place, and perfectly made up, was a gentleman as Napoleon I.

Edmund Yates has been exposing the deceptive arts of the English professional beauty. He says that she is always prepared for inspection, though her visitor may be only some intimate friend—whose loving tongue would be the first to proclaim that which should be unknown. It needs but a visit or two to the favorite milliners of the day to show how complete is the mask worn by the women of fashion. Where an ordinary woman would fling aside her corsets altogether, the professional beauty puts on under her tea-gown or wrapper another kind of corset invented by considerate milliners—unhoned, certainly, but so made as to produce the desired outline of figure. The same principle is followed in a hundred ways; among other things, the rouge-pot is not forgotten. When you find Amoret asleep in her tea-gown by the drawing-room fire, and she starts from her slumber to entertain you and give you a five-o'clock cup of tea, you im-

agine that it is the siesta she has indulged in which makes her cheeks so charming a color, and her eyes so bright. You do not stay to argue it out; but you imagine, being a man, that no reasonable woman would make up her face in order to go to sleep by her own drawing-room fire. You go away convinced that Amoret, at least, does not paint. You forget that Amoret was aware of the possibility of your calling; that she knew her dreamy figure and bright eyes, lit by the fire-flames, would make a very pretty picture for your memory; and, above all, that Amoret lives only to be lovely. It is her profession; she has nothing else to do.

## San Francisco Fashions.

The new silks for spring wear have satin surfaces. In colors they are white, cream, and black, over which are scattered small geometric designs, polka dots, crescents, and moons in white, black, brown, blue, or some color contrasting with that of the ground. Watered silk is decidedly gaining ground. It is not yet worn in entire dresses, however, but is used for skirts only, or as trimming. Satin is much worn with watered silk. It is very fashionable to wear both of these materials together, although neither is worn by itself. One firm has just received some very rich dress goods, quite novel in design. One piece, which is intended principally for tea-gowns, is of moire, in the Pompadour style. In chintz colors these goods are exceptionally pretty. The cloth measures twenty-six inches in width, and is marked at eight dollars a yard. Another piece at which I looked was of Bordeaux satin, in stripes, with old gold and pearl color, over which ran a delicate vine, with small leaves and buds. By the side of this was something very rich and elegant, at twelve dollars a yard. The ground was of white satin, with embossed velvet done in lace pattern, giving it the appearance of a complete cover of black guipure lace. The principal fashion now looked after is the style for confirmation and first-communion dresses. One which has just been ordered is to be entirely of Swiss muslin. The body is very high in the neck, over which is a small fichu. The sleeves are quite full and deeply shirred, both at the shoulders and at the wrists. On the skirt is a piece of muslin formed into tiny puffs, and placed on the foundation in order to just meet the basque. It then continues down the skirt in plaits of medium width. To hide the place where the puffs break into plaits, a band or sash of white moire ribbon is applied, which extends to the back and there forms a bow with ends. The skirt is perfectly round, and just touches the floor. A narrow knife-plaiting peeps out from underneath the plaits of the skirt. A white silk pocket attached to ribbon is fastened on the left side. In this the prayer-book is to be carried. Upon the head is to be worn a small, close muslin cap, with a ruching in front. This is tied under the chin with muslin strings. Over it is placed the veil, which is also of muslin of the same quality as the dress. It reaches nearly to the floor, and almost covers the face. In one house I was shown an imported confirmation costume. This was made of muslin and satin. On the satin skirt was the Swiss muslin, the front and sides of which were formed of wide puffs, alternating with six small puffs, which were so arranged as to form ruffles. These were placed lengthwise and reached to within an inch of the bottom of the skirt, which was edged with a narrow knife-plaiting. The body was formed entirely of flat, close plaits, which corresponded exactly with the back of the skirt, which was also in plaits. The body was of the Swiss, with long, plain, close sleeves, edged with a bit of lace. A white silk cord and tassels, meeting in front, trimmed the lower part of the basque, which was huttoned up the front. There was also the close cap, and long veil, and the hanging pocket. Swiss muslin seems to be the generally accepted material for these costumes. In millinery, it is only at the wholesale houses that the styles can yet be freely discussed, and these most important secrets will probably not reach the public ear for a couple of weeks hence. As chip is not a durable fabric, it is not likely to become very popular, especially when there are so many pretty straws in new styles. These straws are very fine, and are almost as light as chip. The first fancy will probably be the English split straw. These are very light, and come in lovely shades, such as green, blue, garnet, black, and white. They sell at so reasonable a price that many ladies can have one to match every dress, a fashion which will be quite the rage. The cream and *terru* tints are the most calculated to show the satin lustre of the straw. These straws come in all of the new shapes of both hat and bonnet. The poke, however, is much larger than ever, and milliners tell me that the front of them, inside, is to be filled in with flowers of every description, especially full-blown roses, and large flowers. Puffs and bows, such as were worn fifty years ago, are again coming into vogue, and when flowers are not used for the inside, they will take the place of them. Lace and Tuscan braid make a pretty combination for the *capote*, or close-fitting bonnet, which is always, of course, the dress bonnet. I saw one handsome bonnet made out of a Spanish lace scarf. It was intended for evening wear. The framework of the smallest, in the *capote* style. It had a slightly-raised brim, indented in the centre. It was covered with cream-white silk. Over this was the scarf laid in soft, fleecy folds, the deep points caught together on one side of the front with a cluster of bright flowers. The ends could either be fastened under the chin, or carried to the left side and fastened with a mass of ribbon loops. The old-fashioned and nearly forgotten China and French crêpes in all of the brightest colors are again coming up. These crêpe bonnets will admit of much shirring and puffing. A novel bonnet in the *Directoire* shape has a soft crown of old-gold satin, and a brim of dark-purple shirred surah. A large bunch of gold-hearted purple pansies and a spray of Parma and Russian violets form the only trimming. The Gypsy and the Snug Princess shapes will be made of silk or satin. There is a shape called the "Charlotte Corday." Other shapes are the Alsatian peasant hat, the London Gypsy, the Drawn, etc. There are constantly coming to us new shades and tints. The latest craze in this particular branch of fashion are the lichen-green, eglantine-pink, china-blue, and the very oddest of all—the stained-glass. This last name is given to the old blendings and colorings seen in new goods. There are also the mustard-shade, and a great variety of sapphire shades.

HELENA.

March 15, 1882.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"French History for English Children," by Sarah Brook, will be welcomed in educational circles. During the last forty years several books have been published of a similar nature. The principal works were the one in Chambers's Edinburgh series, and the one which Charlotte Yonge published several years ago. If we mistake not, Mary Howitt had much to do with the preparing of the Chambers volume; but it was entirely too juvenile. It contained too many stories, and too little connected narrative. Charlotte Yonge fell into a very similar error. Her book was written in a bright way, and was much larger than the previous history. But Miss Yonge's hero-worship led her into the same story-telling pit. There was too much isolated romance, and too little consecutive chronicle. The book now before us is of about the same size as Miss Yonge's. It does not consist of a series of striking tales, but is one long and connected story in itself. As a means of impressing the outlined history of France upon a child's mind, this little book will excellently serve its purpose. We have two faults, however, to find with it. There are not enough dates scattered through it. The comprehensive dates which head the chapter are indefinite. The second objection is that the events in the present century have received but meagre attention, which is a most inexcusable blunder. In a second edition this error should certainly be corrected. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"Dare," by Mary W. Glascock, is a California novel whose scene is laid in San Francisco, Oakland, Shasta, and Monterey. It can hardly be said to have a single and distinct plot. It is a series of plots. Some of the incidents are peculiar. When we open the description of a ball-room scene, and discover that the ladies had to "go home" because one of the guests, in a fit of intoxication, "threw a bottle of wine at another one's head," nearly ruining a lady's dress with the liquor, it gives rise to a painful curiosity as to the original of the picture, especially as the characters are all society people. The principal personages in the story are the members of a family whose English ancestor had accompanied Sir Walter Raleigh in his visit to the "Old Dominion," and settled there. But all the Virginia colonists who had any connection with Raleigh either perished or returned to England. The author should have traced her ancestry to Pocahontas. When one of the daughters in this family of aristocratic antecedents and surroundings has a flirtation with and marries a "noble car conductor," the reader is liable to experience at least surprise. Incidents of the most startling character follow each other in quick succession. The author seems to have labored under the load of not knowing exactly what to do with so many people. But she manages to achieve her purpose at the cost of any sacrifice, however unnatural it may be. The volume is very neatly printed and bound. The proof-reading, however, might have been better. In less than threescore pages we noted "nactur non fit," "Vallombrosa," "Matalini," "Brobdinagian," "Robert, t'oi que j'adore," "Cameñas," "Sierras," "emblematic," and the extraordinary fact that "he drew himself up to his full statue." Issued by the California Publishing Company, 408 California Street, San Francisco.

The "Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations," prepared by J. K. Hoyt and Anna L. Ward, is, in its way, as thoroughly prepared as "Allibone's Dictionary of Authors." It has consumed years of labor to gather, verify, and index the quotations given in this volume. The result is a work which surpasses in completeness anything that has ever before been published on this subject. The popular necessities and needs, in regard to quotations, have been considered from every standpoint by the editors of this work. Most of those who use it will be in search of the authorship of a disputed or untraced line or phrase. The "brilliant talker" can use it to obtain an apt verse or saying with which he may neatly round off a sentence. So, too, can the literary man—if he likes. To meet these varied wants, many quotations have been inserted which are not common, but whose epigrammatic excellence will serve many a speaker or writer. The editors have judiciously selected from most of the philosophers and poets of the present day. The first impulse on opening a new book of quotations is to search for some treasured bit of verse or remembered phrase. We conjured up in our memory the various poems which have attracted notice during the last five years, and hit upon "H. H.'s," "Asters and Golden-rod," where the poet speaks of "Autumn Blaze." Turning to the admirable index, we discovered the phrase, and the number of its corresponding page. A second turn of the pages, and we were gratified to find the sought-for verses. Similar tests proved successful in other cases, which speaks well for the preparation of this work. Following the list of classified and unclassified English quotations are over a hundred pages of closely printed polyglot proverbs, poems, and phrases, all grouped under their corresponding languages. At the end come indexes of every sort, together with two hundred double-column, finely printed pages of concordance. An examination of this concordance will readily prove the value of the book. Published by L. K. Funk & Co., New York; for sale by Bancroft; in cloth, 55.

Literary Miscellany: Shakespeare's birthday is to be celebrated at Stratford this spring by the performance of memorial plays.—One of the most successful of the minor English novelists is Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt, the author of "The Leaden Casket." Hers is a clever family. Mr. Hunt is one of the best landscape artists in London; and their daughter, Violet, is blossoming into a poet.—Musurus Pacha, the Turkish Ambassador in London, has finished his translation of Dante into Greek, and has shown his appreciation of Mr. Gladstone's scholarship by presenting one of the earliest copies to the Prime Minister.—John Bigelow has contributed an article on Jefferson to the new volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica.—The Century Company has decided to destroy the plates of all the numbers of *Scribner's Monthly* up to November, 1881, when that magazine became the *Century*. Missing back numbers have been reprinted, and complete sets of *Scribner's* can be furnished until the limited number is exhausted.—M. Charles Graux, a young expert who promised to leave a deep mark on the study of Greek literature, has just died in France. He was already well known by his book on the Greek manuscripts of the Escorial, and had been making researches into the treasures of the Vatican library, intending especially to prepare a new text of Plutarch.—The library of the late Doctor Shelton Mackenzie, comprising about four thousand volumes, many of which contain the autographs of the authors, has been sold by his widow to a dealer in the Quaker City.

Books recently published, or about to come: Ernest Daudet has just published a book—chiefly about his more famous brother, Alphonse—under the title of "My Brother and I." It relates the story of their struggles with fortune, and their successes.—John Langdon Sibley, Harvard's venerable librarian, is at work upon the third volume of his "Harvard Graduates," in spite of the fact that the two previous volumes did not bring enough money to pay the actual cost of printing.—T. Hall Caine, Mr. Rossetti's young friend, has attempted to prove in his newly-published volume, "Sonnets of Three Centuries," that the English Sonnet is a thing purely indigenous, owing nothing to Italy. Mr. Caine is said to have failed in this attempt. The volume contains many sonnets, hitherto unpublished, by famous authors.—Professor Seeley is writing a "Life of the First Napoleon," founded on journals, State papers, and archives which have not hitherto been accessible.—W. F. Poole's index to the periodical literature of the past fifty years is nearly ready for the press of J. R. Osgood & Co. The work is so copious that, although the printing will be begun this spring, it cannot be issued before the end of the year. About five thousand volumes are indexed, more than two hundred reviews and magazines being included in the list. The book will take the form of a royal octavo, of about twelve hundred closely-printed pages.—T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, announce as in press, and nearly ready, "Mrs. Mayburn's Twins," by John Habberton, the author of "Helen's Babies."—A new edition of Mr. Matthew Arnold's "Higher Schools and Universities in Germany," is announced by Macmillan & Co.—Mr. Walter Besant and Mr. Walter Herries Pollock are preparing a volume of plays for private theatricals. The "Readings from Rabelais," of the former, will appear shortly. A book of poems by the latter is in type.



## THE SMUGGLER'S BRIDE.

An Artist's Story.

The sun had disappeared behind the rocks on the Sorrento coast, one midsummer evening, and I had long since laid aside my sketching materials; still I lingered far beyond the usual hour, and watched the dark-blue waves as they rolled up and broke within a few feet of where I sat, and then slowly receded. The thin veil of mist that overhung Vesuvius was still illuminated by the sun's declining rays, that lent a warm color to the column of smoke as it rose from the mountain top and curled away in the distance. As the twilight deepened the stars became brighter, and the moon rose, adding new charms to the scenery that had held me enchained. Presently I discovered a fishing-boat that had been detached from the side of a small sailing-vessel in the harbor, rapidly approaching. When near enough to shore, a man jumped out, pulled in the boat by means of a rope attached to the stern, and hastily fastened it to the rocks. A woman followed, then both secured several large bundles by means of straps to their backs, and began to climb toward me. I wondered at the evident ease with which they ascended the steep declivity, for there was no path, and their burden seemed heavy. The woman came first, but on observing me took the opposite direction, and soon vanished with her companion behind a projecting rock.

While I waited to see whether they would reappear, a scream startled me, and at the same time several small bundles, accompanied by sand and stones, came rattling about me. Somebody has met with an accident, I thought, stooping to examine the bundles; but when I found the contents to be cigars and tobacco, I concluded that the two people whose landing I had watched were neither more nor less than smugglers, who had probably been surprised, and had thrown away their wares to secure their own personal safety. Approaching footsteps caused me to look up, just in time to observe a young girl spring from a dizzy height and run toward me. In an instant I recognized Nina—*la bella Nina*—as she was called. She greeted me with a simple "good-evening," as composedly as though we had met on the promenade instead of this out-of-the-way spot, and with remarkable self-possession proceeded to gather together the scattered articles, of which she again made a large bundle.

Suddenly we heard the report of a pistol. The girl raised her hand to her ear and listened. As the sound was repeated, an anxious cry escaped her lips, and she started up the rocks. I dropped my drawing materials and followed, but it was with extreme difficulty that I could keep her in sight, so rapidly did she make her way over the rough, broken ground.

Reaching at last an open space, on which stood a huge stone cross, Nina knelt devoutly at its base, and bent her head to listen. All was silent. "Cecco!" she called, softly. No answer. Then she rose, and repeated the name in a louder tone. Hers was uttered in reply, as a young man advanced from some hiding-place not far off. With a cry of delight she sprang into his arms. A moment's whispered conversation ensued; then, turning toward me with a merry laugh, and a "good-night, friend," the young man disappeared with Nina.

There seemed nothing more to detain me, so I returned at once by the nearest road to the hotel, where a good supper awaited me. I was so late that most of the guests had deserted the dining-room, but my friend, Professor Rauff, of Cologne, still sat at a table, smoking. When I had acquainted him with my little adventure, he replied:

"I should have known of whom you spoke, even though you had not discovered their names; those two will continue their unlawful trade until they are arrested. It is a perfect passion, fed by the profit, which is by no means inconsiderable. I have actually seen Francesco and Nina land, with their wares, in broad daylight. To be sure, they run no great risk at any time, for the whole gang work in concert, and have signals by which to ascertain whether the coast be clear before they venture ashore. Nina has had remarkably good luck, so far; but she will yet come to grief, no doubt."

"Is she a native of Capri?" I asked.

"Listen, and I will tell you all I know of her. About nineteen years ago two women, one young, the other middle-aged, landed at Sorrento. They stopped at the hotel two or three days, then removed to a little house over there next to the church, where the old apple-woman now has her stand. Six weeks later the younger woman gave birth to a child, the Nina whom you met to-night. As Francesco was just two months old at the time, his mother was engaged to nurse the new infant, and the elder woman went away. Nobody knew whence the young mother had come, and there was much speculation as to whether she was French or Spanish, but she was so reserved that it was impossible to question her. Her little house was plainly furnished, but there was an air of refinement and luxury that proved its occupant to be possessed of ample means and good taste. Her personal appearance is recalled to my memory when I see Nina, for she has her mother's dark, dreamy eyes, light, curly hair, finely chiseled mouth, and oval face, but she is somewhat taller, and her figure is more developed."

"Business of importance called me to France the autumn Nina was born, and I did not return to Sorrento for three years. The sight of this hotel and the little house opposite revived the curiosity I had felt concerning the young mother who, I soon heard, had deserted her child as soon as it could walk. For the first few months of the little one's existence she did not leave it for an hour at a time, but as it grew older she would make frequent trips to Naples, always returning before night, until one day when, without the slightest warning, she failed to reappear. Francesco's mother took charge of her foster child, whom she loved very tenderly, and the two children grew up together; so inseparable were they that they were known by the villagers as 'The Twins.'"

"When Nina was ten years of age, the priest received a letter enclosing two thousand francs which he was requested to hand to the child's adopted parents. Nobody could decipher the post-mark, and no sign has since come to prove that Nina has a friend outside of Sorrento."

"But the two thousand francs were a fortune to the poor people, who built the little house in which they still live."

'The Twins' are as united as ever, but their sentiments toward each other must have undergone somewhat of a change, for they are to be married in the autumn. That is my story, and now let us be off to our rooms, for the landlord has looked in two or three times to see whether he may extinguish the lights."

Early the next morning Francesco awaited me in the court-yard with the drawing materials I had left on the rocks the previous evening. I inquired about Nina. "Benissimo!" he replied, with a bright smile and graceful bow as he hurried away to join her at the gate. As the two sauntered down the road, hand in hand, I wondered whether in all the world a handsomer or happier looking couple could be found. Even at some inconvenience to myself, I resolved, as I watched them, to stay for their marriage, which was fixed for the following month. But Providence ordained otherwise.

On the 17th of August—how well I remember the date—just two weeks after the event related above, I was engaged on my picture of the Faraglioni, but the weather was so oppressive that after an hour's work I resolved to seek a shady spot, and await a cooler part of the day. A pinkish haze obscured the mountains, and the blaze of the sun almost blistered my skin. Not a breath of air was stirring. Scarcely a ripple disturbed the glassy surface of the water. A deep stillness, broken only by the incessant buzzing and humming of insects, prevailed. Overcome by the heat, I soon fell asleep. At the expiration of three hours I awoke with a start from a troubled dream, in which a giant had seemed to be pressing me down into the howls of the earth. I looked about; the whole face of nature had undergone a change while I slept. The angry waves had risen almost as high as the rocks against which they dashed with wild force, filling the now murky air with an ominous echo; heavy clouds had settled down on the mountains, and the wind howled furiously among the rocks.

Just beyond the curve on the coast, nearly opposite to where I sat, men, women, and children were running about, and looking out to sea. Evidently something had excited them. I strained my eyes in the direction they were looking, and beheld a boat hatching with the waves. "God help the occupants!" I cried, involuntarily, well knowing how slim a chance there was for anybody against such a sea. With considerable difficulty I made my way around to the other side, and then I could distinguish two people in the little boat. Four or five sturdy fishermen had gone down to the very edge of an overhanging rock, with heavy ropes, which two of them fastened securely beneath their arms, their companions retaining a firm hold of the other end. Then, with coils of rope in their hands, they bravely jumped into the water, and waded out as far as they dared. The anxiety increased with each moment, and loud screams filled the air when a tremendous wave broke right over the boat. A moment of suspense, then a man, holding a woman in his arms, could be seen swimming, or rather being dashed by the waves, toward the shore. The rope was thrown out to him. He clutched it, and the men on the rock pulled steadily. But it was of no use, for the next wave raised the two struggling human beings high above the projecting rock, and dashed their lifeless forms close to the feet of the rescuers.

They were hastily removed beyond danger, while the women, recognizing Nina and Francesco, eagerly set to work to apply the restoratives that repeated experience had made familiar to them.

Half an hour passed before Nina showed signs of life. As she began to breathe, and the color slowly returned to her lips, she turned to look for her companion. A group of men with howed, uncovered heads, surrounded all that remained of Francesco. It was not necessary to ask questions, for Nina was no stranger to such scenes. With a scream that pierced the heart of every man and woman present, she broke away with superhuman strength from those who sought to restrain her, and fell unconscious on the breast of her beloved.

Two days later all the villagers stood around Francesco's grave. The solemn words of the gray-haired priest found an echo in every heart, for each person present had lost a friend in the young man whom they had known and loved from infancy.

The last prayer was uttered, the coffin was lowered into the earth, when a murmur passed through the assembled throng, and the name of Nina went from mouth to mouth, as the young girl slowly advanced toward us. Every eye was fixed on her as she made her way to the priest's side. She was dressed in white, carried a bouquet in her hand, and a bridal veil was fastened with a wreath of flowers to her head. She was ghastly pale, but a heavenly smile lit up her features.

For one instant, as she stood, the light of peace broke upon her countenance, and she bowed her head when the priest, raising both hands on high, uttered the solemn words: "The Lord gave; the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

The morning dawn of the following day bathed with its rosy haze the gray heights of hoary ruins, and woke from their slumbers the flowers wherein lay chalice dew. A peasant plodding past the village church-yard saw, stretched upon the new-made mound, a slender form. The whiteness of her garments glistened in the damask glimmer of the opening day. Her arms were wreathed about the mound, as if to clasp in their embrace all that lay beneath. From under a twining bridal-veil crept half-imprisoned locks of shimmering gold. The man reverently approached the grave. He could detect no sound or movement in the figure. Drawing nearer, he gently raised the prostrate girl.

It was Nina, and she was dead.—Adapted for the Argonaut from the German.

Henry Ward Beecher told Burdette the other day that, old as he is, he can not overcome his stage fright for a few moments when he goes on the platform. We don't blame Hank for feeling a little shy, says Bill Nye. If we had established the reputation he has, we would go on the stage disguised as a rain-water harrel or a wooden Indian.

Kate Field has been writing an article on men's trousers, which has been copied all over the country. If any man were to retaliate, he'd never hear the last of it.

## RAMBLES AMONG BOOKS.

Incidents during the Battle of Gettysburg: Colonel Wheelock of the Ninety-seventh New York was cut off during the retreat of Robinson's division, and took refuge in a house. A rebel lieutenant entered and called upon him to surrender his sword. This he declined to do, whereupon the lieutenant called in several of his men, formed them in line, took out his watch, and said to the colonel: "You are an old gray-headed man, and I dislike to kill you, but if you don't give up that sword in five minutes, I shall order these men to blow your brains out." When the time was up the colonel still refused to surrender. A sudden tumult at the door, caused by some prisoners attempting to escape, called the lieutenant off for a moment. When he returned the colonel had given his sword to a girl in the house who had asked him for it, and she secreted it between two mattresses. He was then marched to the rear, but being negligently guarded, escaped the same night and returned to his regiment. Another occurrence recalls Browning's celebrated poem of "An Incident at Ratisbon." An officer of the Sixth Wisconsin approached Lieutenant-Colonel Dawes, the commander of the regiment, after the sharp fight in the railroad cut. The colonel supposed, from the firm and erect attitude of the man, that he came to report for orders of some kind; but the compressed lips told a different story. With a great effort the officer said: "Tell them at home that I died like a man and a soldier!" He threw open his breast, displayed a ghastly wound, and dropped dead at the colonel's feet. Another incident was related to me at the time, but owing to our hurried movements and the vicissitudes of the battle, I have never had an opportunity to verify it. It was said that during the retreat of the artillery one piece of Stewart's battery did not limber up as soon as the others. A rebel officer rushed forward, placed his hand upon it, and presenting a pistol at the hack of the cannoneer, directed him not to drive off with the piece. The latter did so, however, received the ball in his body, caught up with the battery, and then fell dead. When the Southern division under General Pickett came very close to the first Federal line, young Lieutenant Cushing, of the United States Fourth artillery, mortally wounded, holding on to his intestines with one hand, ran his only gun down to the fence with the other, and said: "Webb, I will give them one more shot!" At the moment of the last discharge he called out, "Good-bye!" and fell dead at the post of duty. Webb sent for fresh batteries to replace the two that were disabled, and Wheeler's First New York Independent Battery came up just before the attack, and took the place of Cushing's battery on the left. A striking story is told of General Armistead, C. S. A., who was shot down by the side of a gun he had taken. It is said he had fought on our side in the first battle at Bull Run, but had been seduced by Southern affiliations to join in the rebellion; and now, dying in the effort to extend the area of slavery over the free States, he saw with a clearer vision that he had been engaged in an unholy cause, and said to one of our officers: "Tell Hancock I have wronged him and have wronged my country."—From General Doubleday's "Chancellorsville and Gettysburg."

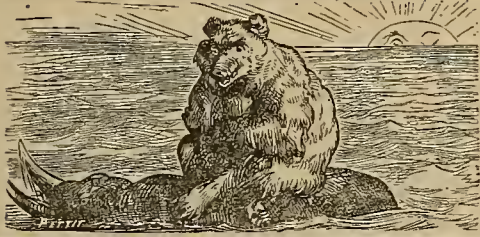
The Two Armies at Antietam: The question is often asked, Did the Southern men fight better than the Northern men, and if they did, why did they? This question is interesting, but it is also difficult, and should be answered with diffidence. What is said here is offered rather as a contribution to the discussion of the subject than as an absolute solution of the problem. There can be no doubt about the proposition that greater results were habitually achieved by a certain number of thousands or tens of thousands of Lee's army than by an equal number of the Army of the Potomac. The reason for this is not to be found in any difference of patriotic zeal in the two armies. The first reason probably was that the different modes of life at the South and at the North made the Southern soldiers more fond of fighting than the Northern men. Not to mention the intenser and more passionate character of the Southerner as compared with that of the Northerner, the comparatively lawless (not to speak invidiously) life at the South, where the population was scattered, and the gun came ready to the hand, made the Southern man an apter soldier than the peaceful, prosperous, steady-going recruit from the North. The Southerners showed that they felt the *gaudium certaminis*. With the Northerners it was different. They were ready to obey orders; they were ready to do the work to which they had set their hands; they were ready to die in their tracks, if need be; but they did not go to battle as to a feast. With officers and men it was the same. They did not like fighting. Sheridan, Hancock, Humphreys, Kearny, Custer, Barlow, and such as they, were exceptions, but the rule was otherwise. Another reason may probably be found in the needy condition which was common among the Southerners. Their stomachs were not seldom empty, their hacks and feet ill-clothed and ill-shod, while the Northern soldiers were abundantly provided with everything. "I can whip any army that is followed by a flock of cattle," said Jackson, and it was a pregnant saying. A sermon might be preached upon that text. It is known that the Southerners were eager to take everything of value from the persons of the corpses which came into their possession, even to boots, shoes, and clothing, and they were far from nice in their treatment of their prisoners. A field won meant to them not only a field won, but clothing for body and feet, food, money, watches, and arms and equipments as well. To the Northerners a field won meant simply a field won. In this difference it is almost certain there existed a powerful motive to stimulate the avidity with which Southerners went into action. The Southerners were not only gallant soldiers, but they were keen plunderers as well. This is no fanciful statement. In this very battle of the Antietam, a medical officer of Sedgwick's division was shot dead as he was tending a wounded man of his regiment close to the front line, and his body was plundered almost before the breath left it, and thus a watch which he was carrying till an opportunity should present itself for returning it to the relatives of its dead owner, a field officer of a Georgia regiment who died in our hands, went back into the Confederacy in a way which was neither expected nor desired.—From General Palfrey's "Antietam and Fredericksburg."



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FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

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The Sunday law agitation has finally crystallized. The Supreme Court has declared it constitutional, the Chief of Police has directed his officers to enforce it, and the Reverend Otis Gibson has wheeled his powerful mind into line. The Reverend Gibson, it may be well to premise, is the friend of humanity in general, of the Chinese in special, and of O. Gibson, Esq., in particular. He is also the Foe of California. The Reverend Gibson is never so happy as when he is posturing as a new Horatius, defending Chinatown against the Etruscan borders. We barbarians are meeker, however, than were the Etruscans of old, and Horatius Coccus Gibson is safe. His latest move, as we said, is directed toward the enforcement of the Sunday law. At a meeting of the "Home Protection Society," held some days ago, the Reverend Gibson cried havoc, and let slip the dogs of war. He remarked that in this Sunday law business it was "about time to stop blowing and do something." No man, whatever may be his views upon the matter, will be inclined to differ with the Reverend Gibson touching the first clause of his proposal. The gentleman then proceeded—doubtless by way of impressing his auditors with the fact that he was a bad man from Bitter Creek—to relate an anecdote concerning his personal bravery when in China. It is the custom of all courageous men to dilate upon their deeds of daring. Napoleon and Wellington were fond of discussing their own coolness in moments of danger. So is the Reverend Gibson. This shows that great minds run in the same channel. The battle which Mr. Gibson fought over again for the delectation of the "Home Protection Society" was an account of how he forced his way through a band of soldiers in China, and rescued a prisoner. The only weapons the Reverend and rash Gibson carried were his faith in God and an umbrella. "With an umbrella," said this muscular Christian, "I nearly ran a soldier through." This curdles one's blood. To "nearly" run a man through would imply that he was partially perforated, imperfectly impaled, slightly skewered, so to speak. This is horrible. The thought of this unhappy man with the Reverend Gibson's umbrella thrust *partly* through him, appals the stoutest heart. Nothing could add to the deep gloom of the picture unless it were the opening of the umbrella while in the hapless victim's body. This, fortunately, the Reverend Gibson did not do. He is a brave man, and brave men do not open umbrellas in their foemen's bodies when they are down. Having duly impressed his auditors with a sense of his extreme ferocity, Mr. Gibson resumed his discussion of the Sunday Law. "I can make a

beap of trouble for the saloon men," he said; "I can bore them and worry them to death." Involuntary applause on the part of his hearers showed that they appreciated Mr. Gibson's powers of boredom. "The Cherokee Indians," continued the orator, "tarred-and-feathered and beat the men who broke their laws; that is what I want to see done to the saloon men if they break the Sunday Law." We very much fear Mr. Gibson will not have that pleasure. If the town were populated with Gibsons, he might; unfortunately it is not. There is in the Argonaut office a copy of "The Revised Version of the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Mr. Gibson is ostensibly a follower of the meek and lowly Nazarene. We have looked to see how closely he follows in his Master's footsteps. The Saviour said: "Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt 'love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy; but I say unto 'you, Love your enemies and pray for them that persecute 'you. For if ye love them that love you, what reward have 'ye? Do not even the publicans the same?" When Mr. Gibson issues his revised version it will probably run on this wise: "Tar-and-feather your enemies, and beat them that persecute you. And if ye break the law in doing so, what mattereth it? Do not even the saloon-keepers the same?"

The attempt of the Stalwarts to vilify General Garfield, and to make him out a treacherous and double-dealing friend, has signally failed, as we expected it would. If any man can read the earnest, bonest letter of the dead soldier to the dead statesman without being impressed with its sincerity, we are sorry for him. There is no code of ethics which prevents a soldier in the field from writing a private letter giving his views on the situation. There was no breach of faith in this matter except that committed by Schuckers, Chase's former secretary, when he gave the letter to the Sun for publication. There were no accusations in the letter affecting Rosecrans's bravery or honor. It simply questioned his judgment. General Rosecrans has suffered infinitely more by his own conduct in this affair than he ever would have done by the letter. It is a peculiar and instructive fact in this business that the Stalwarts got Democrats to manage this attack, and had the various charges published in the Democratic papers of New York and Washington. The old fable of the monkey and the chestnuts. Nothing that Stalwarts or Democrats can do will ever smirch Garfield's fair fame in the eyes of his countrymen.

The melancholy death of a young woman in this city on Wednesday last, through the falling of a heavy sign, will, we trust, result in the enforcement of a municipal ordinance which has been too long allowed to slumber. It reads as follows: "No person owning or occupying any building or 'premises fronting upon a public street, shall place, or cause 'to be placed, maintain, or suffer, upon the front of such 'building or premises, any sign or advertisement which 'shall project over or upon the sidewalk more than one 'foot." This ordinance was passed some six or seven years ago, and some thousands of signs were immediately taken down. The result was a marked improvement in the appearance of our streets. But not for long. Presently the signs again began to sprout. Timidly at first, little signs shot up, which anon blossomed into gigantic ones. Ere long the streets were again vistas of signs. The corn-doctor with unlovely pictures of human bunions feet, the quack-doctor with his vulgar inducements to the sick, the tailor with gigantic bill-boards "this style thirty dollars," the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker—the honest tradesman in general hastened to set forth the value of his wares so that he who ran might read. The newspapers are not behind in the general scramble. Our esteemed daily contemporaries decorate the lamp-posts with uncouth signs, such as "Buy the Call—only five cents;" "The Chronicle is the live paper—five murders, two incests, and three rapes in to-day's issue," etc. In addition, some weekly contemporaries, whom we endeavor ineffectually to esteem, also block the thoroughfares with cheap-john announcements of their literary wares. It is all wrong, and ought to be stopped. The ordinance should be enforced at once, in order that people may walk the streets without baving their eyes offended, not to speak of the danger of having their brains dashed out.

In the recent debate upon a deficiency bill—item, mileage of military officers—Senator Beck, of Kentucky, asserted that General Sheridan went to Washington in a special car at an expense of one thousand dollars mileage, paid for by the government; and that the general went to log-roll Quartermaster-General Meiggs upon the retired list, by reason of his age of sixty-five years, in order that the place might be given to Colonel Rucker, his father-in-law, who is seventy years old. Rucker, in turn, was retired with the advanced grade of a brigadier-general, and Colonel Rufus Ingalls given the place of quartermaster-general. Thus Brigadier-General Meiggs was made a major-general in order that he might draw more pay. Colonel Rucker was made a brigadier in order that he might be retired on higher pay, and so Colonel Ingalls became a brigadier. The thing looks quite nasty, and, as it occurred just while the bill

was pending to take General Grant from private life and put him upon the retired list at eighteen thousand dollars a year, it certainly shows great liberality on the part of our statesmen in providing for our heroes. We are fast accumulating a roll-call of illustrious pensioners in presidential widows, retired Supreme Court judges, and military and naval heroes.

We are losing our Argonauts, one by one. Of those who came seeking the golden fleece, many are passing away, full of years and honors. The death of Milton S. Latham occurred only last week; to it we must now add that of Henry M. Newhall. Both were valuable to the State; both were charitable, dispensing that kind of charity which is not seen of all men; both were honest, kindly gentlemen; both are gone. May the earth rest lightly on them.

In last Sunday's number of our esteemed if Democratic contemporary, the Examiner, there is a vivid description of a "Sunset Scene at Suez." It goes without saying that the writer considered it inferior to a California sunset. This is quite right. There is but one California, and the Examiner is its prophet. Yet, pleased as we were at this admission of our superior sunsets, there was one detail of the description which rather surprised us. "One evening," says the writer, "I stood on the narrow isthmus which separates Asia from Africa, watching the sun set into the Red Sea." Now, this young man is trifling with the Examiner readers. How could he have stood on the Isthmus of Suez, and seen the "sun set into the Red Sea," when that body of water was due southeast of him? This is even more startling than the Reverend John Jasper's proposition that "De sun do move." This would seem to imply that it not only moved, but moved in a drunken and parabolic way. The Examiner young man endeavors to soften the effect of his startling assertion by remarking, in gorgeous Democratic rhetoric, that "the ashen clouds were flecked with purple and gold." His further statement that "the disc of the declining luminary [i. e., the sun] crimsoned into a globe of fire," while very pretty, and intended to disarm criticism, must share the suspicions excited by the first remarks. We think the Examiner young man must have been drunk—or, as he would doubtless put it, "succumbed to the influence of that fluid which cheers and—alas!—inebriates."

The recent custom-house dismissals have excited considerable comment in this city, and not without reason. It is somewhat extraordinary that Secretary Folger should have dismissed these men while the matter was undergoing judicial examination in a federal court. It is even more extraordinary that the captain of the watch should have been dismissed. This individual, it seems, was not in command of his watch on the night of the seizure. The Surveyor of the Port had taken charge of the ship in person, and we are informed that the captain of the watch was not even there. How a man can be held responsible for the faithful performance of duties of which his superior has relieved him, is a problem which can only be solved by an official mind. Let us hope that Secretary Folger has that kind of a mind.

A Fable: A Bill-Board was standing on a Corner, leaning against a Lamp-Post. The Wind came shrieking and whistling down the Street. God tempers the Wind to the Shorn Lamb. But the Shorn Lamb was not on that Corner. The Bill-Board writhed convulsively.

"Bill-Board," whispered the Wind, kindly, "why dost thou writhe?"

"I writhe," replied the Board, bitterly, "because on my Face I bear the Legend 'The Chronicle,' and Men despise me."

"Nay," said the gentle Wind, "weep not. I will get my brother, the Rain, and together we will remove the shame from thy Face."

And the Rain fell upon the Board and weakened the Paste; and the Wind blew upon the Board and removed the Paper. And the Board was overjoyed with a great Joy. And, aided by the friendly Wind, it kicked up its Heels and fell into the Gutter.

And lo! it lay there—only a Board in the Gutter—yet did not men despise it. For it was an bonest if somewhat dirty Board. Yet, when it shone in Red and Yellow, being aforetime a Chronicle Bill-Board, men held it in Abhorrence. Moral—Even Boards have Tongues.

When the New York Tribune, in its editorial of February 26th, associated the names of the President and Mr. Conkling with that of the assassin Guiteau, and by implication held them responsible for the death of General Garfield, it deeply angered their Stalwart friends. Yet these same Stalwart friends have been loud-voiced in their denunciation of Blaine, and all their organs have united in pouring out upon him the vials of their mendacious wrath. They have charged him with dishonesty in office, demagogism, jingoism, complicity with fraudulent Peruvian claims, stealing documents of official record, and other dishonorable acts. The galled and vicious jade that kicks and bites should never wince at blows.



## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DEBATE ON THE CHINESE BILL—SENATOR GROVER'S SPEECH—THE PENSION BILL—SOUTHERN SYCOPHANTS—INGALLS, LOGAN, AND FAIR—CALIFORNIA WINES IN WASHINGTON—A DINNER DISCUSSION CONCERNING THEM—AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—SOME READJUSTER VIEWS.

Washington, March 3.—As soon as the morning hour of the Senate was over, I was in my seat to listen to the argument on the Chinese question. The Senate assembles at twelve o'clock, noon. The prayer being said, and the minutes of the previous day having been read, an hour is devoted to general business. Bills and resolutions are introduced, and such matters of routine are dispatched as have no opposition. When the morning hour is over, most of the senators go to lunch, and then the heavy orations are in order. Manuscripts, painfully prepared by midnight oil, are brought out and read. They are sometimes prepared by a private secretary. These are delivered to empty seats, printed, and distributed to admiring constituencies at the expense of the government.

Yesterday to Mr. Grover, of Oregon, was assigned the laboring oar of the Chinese debate. I presume his speech was an excellent one, and have no doubt it will read well in the *Congressional Record*, and look well in pamphlet form. It was delivered in so low a tone that I could not hear it. It was long. To sit in the gallery and watch the moving lips of a speaker, catching here and there an occasional word, is not my idea of complete intellectual enjoyment.

While Mr. Grover had his manuscript well in hand, and was plodding industriously along its weary pages, the senators went to lunch. They lounged with their cigars in the cloak-rooms, absented themselves for a promenade in the corridors, and went off to committee meetings, until I counted but twenty-one senators in their places, most of whom were engaged in reading newspapers and writing letters. Anthony, of Rhode Island, was asleep in his seat, as usual at that hour. Fat Ben Perley Poore was asleep on the Senate lounge. Lapham kept himself awake by writing. Edmunds and Voorhies always walk theirs off, and this looks better than to lie down under the load.

In the meantime Mr. Grover talked on, and when his printed speech shall reach the admiring constituency that resides where the Columbia roars and dashes, they will fancy their senator as having delivered it with inspired enthusiasm, and with all the pomp and circumstance of glorious debate. When Senator Grover finished, Senator Farley took the floor, without manuscript or preparation, to answer Mr. Hoar, and the debate became to a degree colloquial, that is, interesting, and the seats of the senators began again to fill up. Very soon something like interest was manifested in the lively questions and answers exchanged between Senators Farley and Miller and the two senators from Massachusetts. Just why Chinese shoemakers were not permitted to pursue their vocation at Lynn and North Adams these eminent Puritans were not quite willing to state. As a sample of New England ideas of the Chinese situation in San Francisco, Mr. Hoar read from a printed sermon, delivered by a Congregational parson, at a Yankee missionary meeting, the statement that when the Chinese arrived at the wharf the wagons bearing them to the Chinese quarters could be traced by the blood dripping from their bleeding scalps, caused by the stones and missiles of our assaulting ruffians. The name of this ecclesiastical slanderer I did not hear.

In this debate Senator Farley so cornered Hoar in his broad humanities, that he admitted his desire that the Chinese should become citizens, and be clothed with the privilege of the elective franchise. Thus is Democratic capital made for electioneering purposes by just such impracticable, shallow, and dishonest minds as I think both the senators from Massachusetts possess.

I was present, some days ago, at a debate in the Senate over Logan's bill to retire General Grant upon a pension of eighteen thousand dollars a year. It was a debate in which General Logan did not participate. The bill passed with only some seventeen Democrats dissenting. Senator Bayard supported an amendment to give all ex-Presidents a pension of twelve thousand five hundred dollars per annum. This failed, receiving only some half a dozen votes. Messrs. Brown of Georgia, and Call and Jones of Florida favored, in elaborate speeches, the granting of a pension to General Grant. I was exceedingly disgusted at the slobbering subservency of these reconstructed rebels. I thought their positions illogical, and their arguments contemptible. Jonas, of Louisiana, made a consistent and manly speech. I use the terms "consistent and manly" from the standpoint of unsuccessful secession. He adverted to the fact that for his military achievements General Grant had been honored by an election to the office of the highest distinction in the government; that for the Presidency he had resigned his life position at the head of the army; that as President he acted the tyrant in usurping power in the Southern States, in overturning civil government by military force, in his hayonet policy, in his contemptuous refusal to hear the protest of two hundred citizens of

Louisiana against the Pinchhack government, and in his orders to the soldiers to invade the legislature of that State, in order to displace its chosen presiding officer. Jonas declared that for these acts he was not grateful, and that because of them he would vote against returning Grant from the civil life he had not adorned to become a pensioner upon the government which had fully compensated him for his distinguished military service. Brown, of Georgia, displayed the demagogue in a most fulsome eulogy of General Grant. I was sitting with a group of Northern men, and I heard but one expression, and that of contempt, for Messrs. Call, Jones, and Brown. It is one thing to accept the results of the war and the situation of defeat; it is quite another to ostentatiously lick the hand that smites, and kiss the rod that chastises. If I had been a Southern man, and in the rebellion, and if I had felt that secession was justifiable, and that I had acted a conscientious and honorable part in the war, I believe I would not be over-anxious to compliment or reward the man that thrashed me. There were no speeches from the Republican side.

I passed an hour on the floor of the Senate, listening to a debate over a resolution on pensions. Williams of Kentucky, Windom of Minnesota, Logan of Illinois, and Ingalls of Kansas made speeches, and all of them were well worth listening to. It was the first time this session I had heard Logan, and the first time I had heard Ingalls at all. Logan is always to me an interesting speaker; not that he is eloquent or a master of choice English, but he is always posted on the subject-matter of debate, and always cool, well-poised, deliberate, and earnest. Senator Ingalls is physically a lightweight; thin, tall, straight as an arrow, with dark hair and beard, with streaks of silver gray. But he is an effective, a most earnest, and sometimes an eloquent speaker. I should not say eloquent in the sense that Colonel Baker was eloquent, notwithstanding his imagination, his poetry, and his burning words; not eloquent as Tracy was eloquent, who was the master of all orators that ever lived in California, for he could clothe grand ideas in massive words. Tracy's was the eloquence both to charm and convince. It was not the declamation, fine flights, and word-painting of Henry Edgerton or Tom Fitch; but the earnest, convincing, and effective eloquence of the cultured man who has something to say, and says it because he feels it.

Of Senator Fair I have not heretofore spoken, but he is an agreeable surprise to me in one particular. He is a hard-working member, almost always in his seat, and is by his colleagues accredited with intelligent and efficient committee work, taking to himself a fair share of the duties assigned to him, and performing those duties conscientiously. He is not yet beyond the modest age of the new senator, and has not, so far, endeavored to measure himself in debate with older members. He lives at the Arlington, having the "Sumner annex." He entertains by giving handsome dinner parties, and, as a rule, invites with his guests the ladies of their family. The only thing which Senator Fair lacks is an elegant house in which to entertain, and confidence enough in debate to do his own work.

March 4.—I was dining one evening at a very charming house, with one whose cellars are well stored with a variety of choicest wines. He was one who knew and had lived in California; one who loves our State, and appreciates our splendid vintages, and who claims that they do not suffer in comparison with the best productions of the most favored localities in Europe. There was upon the table a yellow-topped "Widow Cliquot," now the fashion, and which is a new, a revised, and improved edition of the old "Veuve Cliquot." It is the old brand, with the "sugar taken out, and little more dry," (a seeming paradox, that it improves a widow to take the sweetness out of her, and let her get dry; but in the case of this French widow it is true.) We had upon the table some of the best brandy of the Medoc. Our sherry was from Xeres in old Spain, and sent a thrill of delight to the very toes. Our claret was the red wine of the Dordogne—soft, tender, and dreamy of the sunny vine-land. Our dinner had been superb. It had been *en famille*, and in an ideal family, where old-time virtues linger around the home and fireside. It was a family where domestic love had survived wealth, honors, and fashion; in an old, historic house, rich with the associations of Washington's early days, when brave men died for honor under a false code. In every chair heroes had sat; in every corner statesmen had lounged, and in every nook of the great old house America's proud and beautiful daughters had swept their velvet trains.

We had had roast beef and apple dumplings. What a charm it is to drift away from a great, noisy hotel, with its indifferent waiters, its crowded dining-room, its mysterious and intricate hill of fare, and its barbarous cooking—the very devil's *pot-au-feu* of unutterable things—to the elegant linen, delicate crockery, attentive servants, and roast beef and apple dumplings done by the hands of an artist, and eaten in the society of cultured ease.

We were in the happy enjoyment of the aftermath of wine and conversation when the door-bell rang, and Senator

Blank, of Blank, was announced. He was invited to join us. As he touched his lips to the crystal cup he remarked to us whom he knew were Californians: "This is wine." I will not undertake to repeat his speech, or reproduce his sarcastic allusions to the various productions of our State. It embodied the idea that California might be ever so wonderful, ever so delightful, with its charming scenery, its rare climate, its rich soil, its varied productions, its great fields of grain, its marvelous wealth of gold, its Yosemite, its wonders of mountain scenery, its *Argonaut*, and other miracles of exceptional marvels, "but for wine we must wait." It was a just a little embarrassing that we had been detected in the delirious enjoyment of foreign vintages, when it was fairly presumable that a Californian's wine-cellar would possess something drinkable from its own vines. My host endured the fine irony of his compliments to the best of his ability, until our new guest remarked that on the evening previous, at a dinner-party, the discussion turning on California wines, Judge Field had sent him a specimen bottle of California port. He had tasted it, and "it was vile stuff." Our host touched the hell.

"John, go to the wine-room, and bring me a decanter of California port, a bottle from the large bin, and one of those long hottles from the inner closet; and, John, be careful with the long hottle; don't shake it more than is necessary."

When John returned, I recognized the rich amber color of Rose's port, a bottle of red wine from the "Agua Caliente" of Contra Costa County, and, to my delight—for in this I anticipated a triumph—a long, graceful bottle of Gherke's white wine, from Butte County, of the vintage of 1866. The red wine was good, the senator admitted. The port possessed all the qualities of excellence, except that it was a little sweet, and a little strong in alcohol—the very essentials of good wine, we claimed, when the alcohol and sugar came from the grape. But the crowning victory of senatorial admission came at the uncorking of the bottle so handsomely and simply labeled "H. G." The taste and flavor of this wine satisfied the senatorial nose, tongue, and palate. He smelled it, looked at it, tasted it, sipped it, drank it, and when it was down, pronounced it "Good—none better." He had drunk wines from everywhere, and this was good. It was a new revelation. It opened up possibilities, and the admission was generously given that a country that could produce such wine might yet become famous as a wine-growing region. As evidence of his entire defeat, he admitted that he had never tasted anything in New Jersey equal to it. We pursued our victory to the third bottle. I told him that Governor Stanford had purchased this already extensive vineyard, and would this year increase its capacity two thousand acres. I gave him the weight of clusters, and the measurement of individual grapes. We all piled statistics upon him, multiplication tables high. We made France, with her hectares of vines, her châteaux and phylloxera, sing very small. From wine the natural transition was to raisins and fruits, to drying machines and canning factories, and to tule lands, with their inexhaustible soil. We carried him on to plains irrigated in all their vast extent, vine-clad cottages, and luxuriant homes, where every hoy would be a United States senator, and every curly-headed girl was an embryo queen, and not her fault if she did not become the mother of a long line of fruit-growers, raisin-makers, and wine-producers.

There is no California wine in this Eastern country. I have seen it on no hotel card. It is found in no drinking place. White wines, clarets, Burgundies are sold for one, two, and three dollars per bottle. They are spurious, doctored, and drugged, while our pure grape juice, the best of dry white wines, the pure, rich, red blood of the Zinfandel, the best of fruity Burgundies, the splendid brandy of Naglee, the excellent port of Rose, the products of the infinite variety of our vines, are altogether neglected and almost entirely unknown. But the time is coming. And as soon as we become willing to drink our own wine from under our own labels, California will be recognized as a vineland that we may not blush to compare with the Rhine, the south of France, Spain, Portugal, or Madeira.

Richmond, Virginia, March 5.—On Friday, March 3, the Senate having devoted the afternoon to debate upon the Chinese question, and adjourned till Monday without a vote, I determined that my holiday had come to an end, and that I would turn my face homeward. So, on Sunday morning I started southward, to make New Orleans the point of departure for California. Before this will be half way across the continent, the Chinese bill will have passed the Senate. Our senators anticipated a vote on Friday last, but there were too many speeches to be made. Senator Farley concluded his speech—and a very earnest and practical one it was; fully, and, I thought, conclusively answering all the objections presented against the passage of the bill by the senator from Massachusetts. I should say the senators from Massachusetts, because they both indulged in colloquial conundrums to Mr. Farley during his speech. Senators Maxey, Saulshury, and Bayard also addressed the Senate, regarding the restriction of Chinese immigration. Senator Bayard's effort was in good temper, correct, and effective. It showed



a thorough knowledge of the subject—in my opinion, the best argument that I had heard him make. Mr. Ingalls, of Kansas, endeavored to limit the operation of the law to ten years, instead of twenty, and was replied to upon this point by Senator Miller. I think there will not be more than fifteen votes in opposition to the bill in the Senate. There will be an attempt in the House of Representatives to defeat the bill, but it will fail. There are very few politicians outside of New England who will care to put themselves upon record against a measure that was one of prominence to both parties in the last Presidential election.

I am agreeably surprised at the great change that has taken place in public sentiment upon the Chinese question since the time when I visited Washington three years ago. Mr. Hoar and his associate from Massachusetts were the only ones representing the pious sentiment of the nation, and it was left to Mr. Ingalls, of Kansas, alone to declare that the exclusion of Chinese from our coast was like excluding the use of labor-saving machinery and mules. But Mr. Ingalls, of Kansas, is dyspeptic. Piety and dyspepsia are apt to go hand in hand. The digestive apparatus of all the senators opposing the Chinese bill is out of order.

I have been listening all this evening to an animated hotel discussion over Virginia politics. To-morrow is the last day of the session of the legislature. The Ford House, where I am stopping, is a political headquarters. Party feeling runs very high. There is one noticeable feature, and that is, that in Richmond, the former Confederate capital, Northern men and loyal men are permitted to express their opinions with great emphasis. At all events, they do so. An enthusiastic Bourbon was eloquently contrasting the present time with the good old ante-bellum days, and regretting the loss of property—property, not only in negro slaves, but in everything else—when an indignant readjusting Republican demanded to know "who in hell produced the property they had lost but the negroes?" He then went on to declare that the blacks had a better right to vote and to own property than any other class in Virginia. I was amused at the statement of one Doctor Terrell, a former slave-owner, a Bourbon, and an ex-Whig, who made the following calculation of his losses by the war. He is now eighty-nine years of age. He was married in 1816, in Culpepper County, Virginia, and on the day he was married his wife's maid, a negro girl, was also united to a colored man. She had six girls and three boys. The progeny of her own and her children's marriages had been one hundred and fifty negroes—worth, on an average, one thousand dollars apiece when the war occurred. He had sold them from time to time, as his necessities required. Virginia, Maryland, and Kentucky were the breeding-grounds for the Southern States. This gentleman charged that the war was a great mistake upon the part of Southern men. He herated Jefferson Davis and the Southern politicians with great emphasis, and I was disposed to agree with him that the destruction of an institution that enabled one woman in the lifetime of one man to produce property worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars was a serious political blunder. This old gentleman is an exception to the general rule of Southern men if he had not an offset to this gain by the worthlessness of his own white male progeny, for it is a curious fact—and here again I quote from the hotel debate—that "while niggers were worth a thousand dollars a piece, the slaveholders' white sons were not worth a d—n—n."

It is interesting, says the New York Times, to look into the comparative value of money in different centuries. But it is much more to the purpose to look into the comparative value of money at different epochs within our own century. In connection with the recent flurry in the French money market, which has revealed the colossal scale upon which many Parisian operators conduct their business, and the gigantic sums won and lost daily on the Paris Bourse, it is interesting to glance at things as they were in Paris barely half a century ago. In Scribner's play, "Les Actionnaires," he puts on the stage a daring and successful speculator, who says: "Six months ago I went into an audacious enterprise, which I carried out successfully with my imagination and activity and my friends' money. I have doubled their investment, and made sixty thousand francs for my own share." "Sixty thousand francs!" echoes his interlocutor, evidently awe-struck at the vast scale of the operation. This Triton of the Bourse continues: "So I'm living like a prince—I have my mansion on the Place Vendôme, eight horses in my stable, twenty friends in my dining-room, a box at the opera, and all the accessories." And all this for sixty thousand francs! The money would scarcely furnish a single drawing-room of a great speculator's mansion nowadays. Paul de Kock, writing in 1820, describes a Parisian swell, with his rooms on the entresol in the Rue de Provence, his tilbury and his tiger, who patronizes the crack tailors of the day, is seen at the opera regularly, and leads a joyous life generally on an income of six thousand francs, or one thousand two hundred dollars a year. If that splendid creature were to return to Paris with that income to-day, he would have to content himself with a seat in the parterre of the opera once in every two months, to take his meals at the Bouillon Duval, and to patronize the General Omnibus Company or the American tramways when he wished to take the air.

The parents of original verses sent to newspapers, says the New Orleans Picayune, frequently ask that the verses be returned in case they are not used. This is asking too much. It would be much safer to keep them at home in the first place. They never would be missed at the newspaper office, and in cases where there is the slightest desire on the part of the author for the possession of original poems, it is best not to trust said poems to the tender mercies of mail-carriers, or editors, even. Always send copies, and rest your heart as to their fate.

The arduous labor which musical composers undergo in writing down their inspirations is to be lessened by the melograph, an invention of Monsieur Carpentier, which, by the aid of electricity, transfers to paper the artist's reveries as he touches the keys of the piano. The reproduction is automatic, and is said to preserve the shades, styles, and even the notes of anything played. Perforated paper and interrupted currents of electricity are used to attain this result.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Doctor Tanner, the once well-known "faster," is living in Buffalo, and occasionally delivers lectures on the use of alcohol.

A marriage is talked of in Madrid between the Infanta Eulalie, youngest sister of King Alfonso, and the son of the Duc de Montpensier.

Bischoffsheim, the Parisian banker, has undertaken the expense of an expedition to Upper Egypt, to observe the solar eclipse of May seventeenth, next.

The widow of Balzac, née Countess Rzewuska, has sold her Paris mansion to Baroness de Rothschild, widow of Baron Solomon-James, for five hundred thousand francs.

The Grand Duke Constantine is reported to have said that General Skoholeff's recent speech "proved that a man might be a hero on the battle-field, and a lunatic in politics."

Prince Ruspoli, the young Italian nobleman, who at one time was reported as being engaged to Miss Diller, of Chicago, has married a rich Parisian widow, considerably his senior.

Poor Madame Nilsson feels deeply the tragedy of her husband's insanity. She says that she has cried so much that her sight is impaired, and she must, at least for some time to come, wear glasses.

Queen Victoria is not without womanly superstitions. She is said to be opposed to having her son Leopold marry in May, because that was the month in which the poor young Princess Charlotte was wedded to King Leopold.

The Chinese Minister was the only silent guest at the recent diplomatic dinner at the White House, since he has not yet mastered the English language, and etiquette did not allow him to be accompanied by his interpreter.

When Robertson, the dramatist, after many hard struggles, saw fame and fortune at last within his grasp, he said to a friend: "I have just got everything I want. I have known every kind of trouble, disappointment, and discouragement—even hunger—now I have every luxury, just as I am going away." He died a month afterward.

The municipality of Rome is about to honor the memory of "The Author of 'Waverley'" by placing a tablet on the façade of the house on Mercede Square occupied by him during the last year of his life, with the inscription: "L'anno MDCCCXXXII, ultimo di sua vita, questa casa abito l'illustre romanziere Inglese, Walter Scott."

In the album of a venerable lady who has known many of the eminent men of the century are written these words: "Free Trade, the International Law of the Almighty. R. Cobden, Paris 25 January, 1861." They were written by Cobden with the same pen with which he signed his name to the English-French treaty of commerce.

Madame de Rute, better known as Madame Rattazzi, still defies time. She astonished the people of Madrid the other night by appearing at a hall in an ivory-satin dress, embroidered with a "hunt" of the date of Philip II., the figures of the horses, dogs, and hunters being represented in natural colors with the most costly silk needlework.

Vereschagin, the Russian artist now in Paris, contemplates a visit to this country in search of fresh subjects for his brush. He is unable to understand why American artists do not confine themselves more exclusively to home themes. "Why," he asks, "should Americans go to Syria, Egypt, Brittany, and Italy for subjects for their pictures? Their art would be all the more striking and impressive were it more national."

Here is the latest *Figaro* bulletin about the more or less divine Sarah: "She reached Vienna the other morning at five A. M., and fainted; breakfasted, and fainted; went out shopping, and fainted; appeared at the theatre, and fainted after each act; received too much applause, and fainted; heard of her losses in Suez canal shares, and fainted; heard of her great rival's, Madame Woltec's, success, and congratulated her—fainted; and so on."

About sixty-three years ago a young woman, Mademoiselle Pallix, brought suit against the French Government for the ownership and possession of the sands off Mont St. Michael. An offer of three million francs as a compromise was refused by her, and in poverty she continued the contest in the courts until three years ago, when she triumphed. She is now dead, aged eighty-six years, and she bequeathed to her faithful attorney four million francs.

Donald G. Mitchell, the "Ik Marvel" of former years, is now almost sixty years of age. His hair and bushy whiskers are plentifully sprinkled with gray, and he has grown stout, but his face has the ruddy hue of health. He bears a striking resemblance to the Rev. Doctor Richard S. Storrs, of Brooklyn. Mr. Mitchell occasionally leaves the retirement of his "Farm at Edgewood," near New Haven, to read a lecture before a popular assembly.

There is still living in Prussia a lady who in her youth was on terms of friendly and intimate relationship with Goethe. She is now the Baroness Ulrike von Lewitzoff, her age is nearly ninety, and her home is at the Castle of Tezhlitz, in Lohositz, where she lives in great retirement. Her correspondence with the poet is said to be still in existence, and, along with her reminiscences of him, will some day see the light. Its interest is believed to be great. The baroness is in excellent health, and shows a warm interest in modern literature.

Senator Sawyer is one of the most practical of rich men. He called his young daughters to him one day, and asked them, as a testimony of their affection for him, to learn to make their own clothes and to cook a good dinner. The young girls cheerfully promised, and not long after invited their parents and a few friends to dine with them. They cooked the perfect dinner themselves, and each wore a dainty gown made by her own hands. So pleased was the senator that he gave each of them a check for twenty-five thousand dollars.

## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

A play-bill recently dropped from the gallery of the Volks Theatre, Copenhagen, took fire from a gas-jet in its fall, and, alighting on a lady's head, burned off her bonnet and nearly all her hair before the flames could be extinguished.

A price is set upon the heads of wild horses in three of the Australian colonies. They hang upon the outskirts of civilization, and are a ceaseless cause of annoyance and loss to outlying squatters. They are vicious, physically weak, and worthless as work-horses. Stalking them with the rifle, or running them down, is a favorite sport.

A complete file of the *Banner of Light*, the Spiritualist journal, was some time ago advertised for sale by ex-Judge Peter P. Good, of New Jersey, who now informs the editor that the purchaser was an agent of the late Czar of Russia, and that the volumes are now in the imperial library in St. Petersburg. The collection of Spiritualist books and periodicals left by the Czar is said to be the largest in the world.

The innumerable jewel robberies in England have led to the invention of a "patent safety case," by means of which, when the box is properly set, which is done by putting a pin in its place inside the case, it can not be taken up by any one without continuously ringing a powerful alarm bell inside. If the bell once starts ringing it can not be stopped, except by the owner, who may thus make the case perfectly safe when left in the dressing-room.

On March 5 Henry Weiman playfully slapped John Lyon's face while they were "skylarking" in Brehm's cigar-box factory, New York, where both were employed. Lyons soon complained of being ill, and Weiman took him to a drug store. Weiman had forgotten about the blow, and the druggist said nothing was the matter with Lyon, who soon complained of feeling worse, became unconscious, and at half-past four P. M. died.

In Craig's "Universal English Dictionary" the word "gob" is thus described: "A little mass or collection," and the following passage is quoted from L'Estrange: "Dost think I have so little wit as to part with such a gob of money?" In Doctor Webster's "Complete Dictionary of the English Language" this word is further described as "a small quantity." The same meaning is given in Worcester's "Dictionary of the English Language." In the "Imperial Dictionary" "gob" is classed as "a low word."

Mr. Darwin, in one of his late works, has cited some very amusing facts to show that man is not the only animal that laughs, and Miss Julia Wedgwood now comes forward in *Nature* with information on the subject that will delight him. Miss Wedgwood has had from Zanzibar a letter from a friend, who kept a baboon as a pet, relating how this baboon, when playing with its owner, "opened her mouth, showed all her white teeth, and regularly laughed like a child, especially when tickled." At a joke the baboon never laughed, and nothing made her so angry as being laughed at.

Recently a little English girl in London leaned against the door of an underground railway train, and it swung open, letting the child fall out into the dark tunnel. The mother was frantic, and it required the combined efforts of all those in the compartment to prevent her springing out after her little daughter. Trains followed each other about every two minutes, and even if the little five-year-old had escaped from the fall, she would have been almost instantly run over by the succeeding trains. When the cars came to Baker Street the officials instantly telegraphed and stopped all traffic, and for ten minutes the whole underground railway was unprecedentedly still—a most unusual thing. Men with torches went to find the body, and, strangely enough, they passed without seeing it, for the little girl came toddling after the train, and reached Baker Street station, alone and unhurt. All fearful with the row she had caused, seeing her mother in hysterics, she timidly cried: "Mamma, I fell off."

A considerable sensation has been produced in Austrian medical circles by the recent appearance in the drug market of a new narcotic, hailing from Queensland, and at present only known to the trade by its quaint native name of "pitchery-hidgery." It is indigenous to northern Australia—a sort of stunted shrub, some three to four inches in height when full grown, and bearing blossoms of a waxy texture, white in color, and flecked with pink spots. The flowers are picked in the month of August, dried, packed tightly in canvas bags, and then subjected to a high degree of pressure, which imparts to them the consistency of cake tobacco. By chewing a small plug of this substance, relief is speedily obtained from bodily fatigue, hunger, and thirst. A larger dose of pitchery-hidgery produces absolute insensibility to pain. Pitchery-hidgery, administered in minute doses, acts as a stimulant; in larger quantities, as a powerful sedative. But it has the peculiar property of enabling those who take it habitually to withstand fatigue, and undergo physical exertion upon a low diet.

An amusing anecdote is related about the famous French *savant* Monsieur de Longperier, who has just died. In 1848 Monsieur de Longperier had a discussion about medals with a fellow-numismatist in some provincial town. Monsieur de Longperier's opinion prevailed, but the other had continued to protest, saying that his opponent was not infallible. Six months afterward Monsieur de Longperier received a box containing a coin on which he was asked to give his opinion. The piece was very much oxidized, and the characters could not be read, but a head of Minerva was visible enough. Monsieur de Longperier, after reflecting, answered that the piece was evidently of Roman origin, and related to the worship of Pallas. Two days after, he received the following note, signed by the colleague with whom he had had the discussion: "Monsieur X., hastens to let Monsieur de Longperier know that the Pallas medal is only a counter for showing presence at the Departmental Academy, of which Monsieur X. is a member; it has only been prepared a little. *Errare humanum est.*"

It is said that the Emperor Charles V., reading an epitaph, "Here lies one who never knew fear," remarked, "Then he never snuffed a candle with his fingers." There is a story of a young recruit in the Thirty Years' War going into action for the first time in his life in the highest spirits. "Look at Johann," remarked one of his comrades, as the troops were drawn up ready to charge, "he is full of jokes; how brave he is." "Not at all," replied the veteran addressed; "he knows nothing of what is coming. You and I, old comrade, are far braver; we sit still on our horses, though we are terribly afraid." Fear is certainly one of the most irrational of the passions. It is not always excited by the presence of danger. Men who can be cool and collected in cases of real peril, will tremble at some fanciful alarm. The Duke of Schomberg could face an enemy with ready courage, but fled from a room if he saw a cat in it. A very brave French officer fainted at the sight of a mouse. The author of the "Turkish Spy" states that if he had a sword in his hand he would rather encounter a lion in the desert than be alone in a room with a spider. Fear of infection is a dread that embitters the lives of many sensible people. There is a legend of an eastern dervish, who, knowing that the plague was about to visit a certain city, bargained with the disease that only a specified number of victims should fall. When twice the number perished, the plague explained its apparent breach of contract by asserting "Fear killed the rest." In all times of epidemics doctors can tell similar tales. During the great plague of 1665-6, an unfortunate man died purely from fright; a practical joker who met him in the street pretended to discover the fatal "spots" upon him, and the poor man went home and died, not of the disease, but of sheer terror. A long obituary list might be compiled of the victims of fear; from the criminal in the Middle Ages, who, reprieved after he had his head on the block, was found to have died ere the ax could touch him, down to the poor nun mentioned by Horace Walpole, whose disreputable abess literally "frightened her to death," by visiting her at night, and telling her that she was dying.



## BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

## Brass Knuckles and Phrenology.

A new style of phrenological examination was introduced at a little amateur entertainment in Laramie the other day. Mr. Lowe, a warrior from the fort, had been storing away a good deal of cordial in his system during the afternoon. He ran across Sam Fuller, and in order to make a chart of his head, took Mr. Fuller's hat off, and hung it up carefully on a spittoon. This did not suit Sam very well, and he intimated that, for a total stranger, Mr. Lowe was rather forward. The amateur phrenologist, however, insisted on examining Mr. Fuller's head. Mr. Lowe examined the hump of reverence on Mr. Fuller's head, and said that a man with a head like that was generally a liar and a horse-thief. Sam retorted. The phrenologist made a rapid examination of Sam's head with a pair of brass knuckles. Mr. Fuller, while being phrenologically explored, acquired a hump of combativeness as large as a ranch egg, and a knob of spirituality about the size of a tin-pail. The result of the seance showed that the popular feeling is rather opposed to rapid and radical movements in the line of science. An unknown man tried to discourage the phrenologist with a tin cupidore, and the night policeman, Mr. Stirling, put an abnormally protuberant lump of idealism on the bridge of Mr. Lowe's nose. Then he took him to the conservatory on court-bouse square to meditate.

## Death of Mr. James.

We are once more pained to announce the death of Honorable Jesse James. We speak of him as Honorable Jesse James because it is possible he may not be dead yet, and we do not desire any personalities raked up in case he should be still at large. The regular semi-annual death of Jesse James has been a cause of national sorrow for some time. His obituary has been written seven or eight times by the faltering hand that pens these lines, and we are still young. Death has marked Mr. James for its own a good many times, and now he has been again hatched to make a Missouri holiday. The soil from Maine to California has been drenched with his gore, and the green grass waves above his ashes in every portion of our great land. No man has perished from the face of the earth so ubiquitously as Mr. James, and no American citizen has yielded up his young life under such varied and peculiar circumstances. Lay him low where the hoholink blossoms on the sweet potato vine, and plant him in the valley where the pecan waves. Born of humble and obscure parents, he rapidly rose to the proud eminence of America's leading thief and murderer. When death marked him as its victim the last time, he was as prominent a man as Henry Ward Beecher or Roscoe Conkling. His genius took a different shoot, it is true, but he won a name as a plunderer which throws the proud achievements of our modern bank cashiers back into cold and clammy oblivion. Death has once more stilled the pulse of a man who, were it not for his little eccentricities as a human butcher and grand larceny connoisseur, would have made an elegant humorist or statesman. Had he been less of an enthusiast, and less radical as a murderer, he might have shone in the best society. Had he pleaded emotional insanity the first time he got up a surprise funeral, instead of making an out-law of himself, he might now be alive, loved and respected. But he was ignorant of the law, and thought that when a man murdered all the first-class passengers on the train, he would be dealt harshly with and ostracized. That is where he committed a grave error. He went from had to worse, and soon he lost all respect for himself and robbed an editor.

## "Women Wanted in Wyoming."

As a result of the publication of an article in the Laramie Boomerang some time ago, under the above head, a perfect deluge of letters has been turned loose upon the office, from women all over the country. Bill Nye remarks: We wish to say that the original statement was correct, and was written in deadly earnest. Wyoming wants women, and wants them bad; but there is no clamorous demand for sentimental fossils who want a bonanza husband and a pass from the effete East. A young and rapidly growing territory is, of course, largely populated by men, but they are not as a rule millionaires with a bad cough. Most of them are healthy and still retain their mental faculties. One soft-eyed hyena, who has no doubt been ignored for thirty years, writes us a poetic epistle which ought to melt a more odorous heart than ours. It is written on six pages of foolscap, in violet ink, and in blank verse. Her soul goes out to us in a way that has created a coolness in our family which it will take years to efface. The idea of cooling large red doughnuts in hot lard, or wringing out heavy under-clothing in soap suds and hanging them out in the back yard on a cool day, does not seem to occur to her. There are very few households here as yet who are able to keep their own private poet. We try to keep up with the onward march of improvement, so far as possible; but we are most of us still too green to give up our meal and gorge on a stanza of cold poem on the half-shell. The crisp, dry air here is such that hunger is the chief yearning in Wyoming, and a good cook can get one hundred and twenty-five dollars per month, where a hiliou poet would be bothered like sin to get a job at five dollars per week. That is the reason we are writing these terse and perhaps ungallant words. We want to discourage the immigration of a large majority of those who have written us on this subject. They are too fresh and too yearful in their nature. We want to do the Territory some good, and to encourage a class of women to come to this region who would know enough to construct a huttonhole on an overcoat so that it wouldn't look like the optic of a cross-eyed hog. Still, we do not consider woman a drudge or a slave, across the nape of whose neck the overshoe of the tyrant man is planted. We look upon woman, however, as useful in the great struggle of life. Generally she is on one side of the struggle and the tyrant man on the other. One thing, however, is settled. There is not such a mad rush at present for blank-verse makers as there is for women who can make a pie that will not taste like a stove-lid veneered with cod liver oil. In using these cruel words, we do so in order to silence this ubiquitous howl on the part of these modest violets, who expect to get off the train here and meet a confirmed invalid at the depot with a carriage and a marriage license. The old man with the hectic flush and a life insurance policy for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars is not at present ransacking the four corners of the globe for a little rosebud thirty-nine years old who don't know enough to hoil a teakettle.—Boomerang.

## THE LATEST VERSE.

[We publish below a poem by May Probyn. She is an English poetess, who published a volume some time in October last, which drew high praise from all the great reviews. We have already printed several of her poems. May Probyn is not a *non de plume*, but her real name. Her verses were published for private circulation only, but have found their way into English and American papers. She is a young girl of seventeen, daughter of English parents, and has just finished her education at Brussels, Belgium. She has been an inmate, at Brussels, since early childhood, of the family of T. Westwood, the artist, some of whose poems Mr. Bryant embodied in his volume of English poetry. One of the dearest of his children's books is dedicated to May Probyn. His short poems, "Little Bell" and the "Proudest Lady," are well known to American readers. The poem which we here present is in the form called "pantoun," a Malayan verse, which was first brought into notice by Hugo, and afterward used to advantage, by Gautier, De Banville, and Dobson. It consists of a series of four-line stanzas, the second and fourth line of each stanza reappearing in the first and third of the next stanza, and so on through all the verses, the rhyme of the first and third lines of the first stanza appearing again in the final one.—Ed.]

## Swinging.

Birds in the tree-tops were singing—

It was the middle of June;

Dolly sat dreamily swinging—

Coming was Somebody soon.

It was the middle of June,

All the green leaves were a-flicker;

Coming was somebody soon—

Surely, he might have come quicker!

All the green leaves were a-flicker,

Had they a glimpse of the gate;

Surely, he might have come quicker!

What could have made him so late?

Hark! now a footstep was coming!

Roses, with humble-bees humming—

What could have made him so late?

Hark! now a footstep was coming!

Could she be seen through the trees?

Dolly swung on at her ease,

Forward and backward, half dreaming—

Could she be seen through the trees,

White in the walnut-boughs gleaming?

Forward and backward, half dreaming—

Let him come find her, she said—

White in the walnut-boughs gleaming—

She would not call him instead!

Let him come find her, she said—

Oh, she would show herself haughty—

She would not call him instead—

He was so lazy and naughty!

Oh, she would show herself haughty!

Oh, he should meet with his match!

He was so lazy and naughty—

Click! went the sound of the latch.

Oh, he should meet with his match!

Sudden, or ever she reckoned,

Click! went the sound of the latch—

He would be here in a second!

Sudden, or ever she reckoned,

Blushed she as red as a rose—

He would be here in a second!

Perhaps he had hurried—who knows?

Blushed she as red as a rose,

Looking so doubtful and pretty—

Perhaps he had hurried—who knows?

To quarrel would he be such a pity!

Looking so doubtful and pretty—

Speak, or allow him to pass?

To quarrel would he be such a pity—

There was his step on the grass!

Speak, or allow him to pass?

Let him go by without stopping?

There was his step on the grass!

Ah, how the roses were dropping!

Let him go by without stopping?

Up, and to meet him she flew!

Ah, how the roses were dropping!

Sweetly the summer wind blew.

Up, and to meet him she flew—

Arms round his neck she was flinging—

Sweetly the summer wind blew—

Birds in the tree-tops were singing.

## Comparisons.

On snow-crowned roofs

The moonlight gleams,

And under oaks,

My lady dreams.

Fair is the snow,

Her pillow fair;

Fairer her face

That nestles there. —Anon.

## Over the Winter Eves

Over the winter eves,

The hare boughs clamber and swing—

Through a rustle of withered leaves

I hear the voice of spring.

Year after year departs

On pitiless, whirling wing,

But yet, in my heart of hearts,

I feel the touch of spring.

Who knows? When in graveyard drear,

I lie, and the throbbles sing,

I may still awake with the year,

Still hear the voice of spring.

—T. Westwood.

## An Impromptu Sonnet.

Oh, when I have a sovereign in my pocket

I cannot sit; my toes extempore dance,

Gay as a limber son of merry France,

'Tis like gray hair enclosed in gilded locket,

Whose gold and glass by contrast seem to mock it.

So momentary riches will enhance

The pride of poverty; so high advance

The hopes of man; hut, soon, alas! a docket

Misfortune strikes; the obliterating sponge

Of fell reverse makes all our joys exhale.

Shall I in ocean take a fatal plunge?

Or shall I, with sixpenny-worth of ale

Condole the sovereign spent? or get quite frisky

And just Hibernify myself with whisky?

—Bartley Coleridge.

## THE INNER MAN.

In Chantilly are the remains of what was once the most magnificent palace in France, with the celebrated stables of the Prince de Condé. The palace was one of the finest residences in Europe, but the Château d'Engheim, the Château Bourbon, and the Tennis Court are all that remain of that pile of buildings once so superb and so much admired. The stables, the most elegant and commodious in Europe, suffered little at the time of the revolution; very few of the sculptured ornaments were injured by the destructive mob; they were all illustrative of subjects of the chase, but the greater number were placed high up out of reach, and thus escaped the fury and rough treatment of the people, who, while respecting the sculptured hoars, stags, horses, and dogs, made sad havoc of all the ensigns of royalty and power. The shields and armorial bearings then destroyed have been replaced, but not so the famous leaden statue which surmounted the dome; it was thrown down and cast into bullets. This fine building contains stables, kennels, coach-houses, and a riding-school. The first are truly magnificent. Over the center rises a circular dome, with a gallery round its base, at a great height from the ground, into which open the groom's apartments. On either side of the building runs the avenue of the stables, right and left. On one side were the stalls of eighty English hunters, all carefully and cleanly groomed; on the other, sixty carriage-horses from Flanders. When the allied powers were in Paris, after the Fall of Napoleon, they visited the Prince de Condé at Chantilly. The prince had the centre hung with curtains, so as to shut out all sight of the horses, and otherwise ornamented it. Therein he entertained the sovereigns at a sumptuous banquet. After dinner the Emperor Alexander told Condé that it was the finest banqueting-room that he had ever seen. The prince told his majesty that he was only in his stables, and among his horses. The emperor would not believe it. Condé gave a whistle; in an instant the curtains were drawn aside, and displayed one hundred and forty horses standing in their stalls, with a groom at the head of each. The emperor was as much astonished as he was gratified at this sight.

A French restaurant-waiter thinks the Anglo-Saxons prefer their meat *bien saignant*; and when an Englishman or American orders a steak or chop at a Paris eating-house, the viand is usually brought to him so insufficiently cooked as to be blue within. It is all a matter of individual taste. Lindley Murray, the grammarian, lived for thirty-five years exclusively on hoiled mutton and turnips, and he liked his mutton very fat. There are people who rejoice in tripe, and others in whom the bare mention of that mystery awakens nausea and disgust. As a rule we eat our venison and game-birds quite fresh. In England they keep their venison, hare, pheasants, and the like, till they are quite "fresh," not to say putrid. Sir Thomas Chambers did not fail to tell the jury that many people prefer mouldy and maggoty cheese. In like manner George I. preferred had oysters to fresh ones, which fact alone ought to settle his character in history.

Vatel, greatest of cooks, Fouquet's legacy to Condé, had to cater at Chantilly for a host of grand guests. Big Louis XIV. was striving to crush little Holland, and Condé, who was to be the real commander, gave a fête in honor of the expedition. There was a hunt, a moonlight promenade, and a supper in a garden of jonquils. Vatel had been in his glory. The cookery was exquisite; hut alas! at the twenty-fifth table the joint failed, for more sat down than had been expected. Vatel was upset. He told the steward, Gourville: "My honor is lost; this is a disgrace that I can't endure." Poor man, he had not had any proper sleep for nearly a fortnight. Gourville saw he was not well, and spoke to Condé, and the Prince went to Vatel's room and told him: "It's all right; there was never anything so beautiful as the king's supper." "Ah, my prince, you are very kind to me; but the joint gave out at two tables." "No such thing," replied Condé, "it all went off remarkably well." But Vatel would not be comforted; he could not lay on himself the blame of the fireworks, which were a failure, though they cost sixteen thousand francs, hut he was exercised in mind about the king's dinner for the next day. Would the fish come in time? Every seaport in France had been sent to, for it was to be a great fish-dinner. So he was once more sleepless, and at four in the morning was wandering all over the grounds. At last a purveyor drove in with two little loads of fish. "Is that all?" anxiously inquired the chef. "Yes, sir," said the man, who thought Vatel meant, "Is that all you individually have got?" As time went on Vatel got excited, and told Gourville: "Sir, I shall not be able to survive this disgrace. My honor and reputation are at stake." The unsympathizing Gourville tried to laugh him out of his low spirits, hut the poor man was terribly in earnest, and, going up to his room, put his sword against the door, and at the third thrust ran it through his heart. Meanwhile the fish came pouring in from all sides, and everybody was looking for Vatel, who was at last found dead in a pool of blood behind his door. Condé was in despair; to think that a chef should have had such a code of honor. Louis said sadly: "For five years I put off coming because I knew how much trouble my visit would cause." But it was all too late for poor Vatel. He was lying dead behind his door, and Gourville had to do the best he could with the fish, and turned out a dinner which every one pronounced excellent. They supped afterward right royally, and promenaded and hunted, and next day lunched among the jonquils. It was like fairyland.

CCXX.—Snnday, March 19.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Noodle Soup.  
Broiled Shad. Brains, Cream Sauce. New Potatoes, fried.  
Fried Parsnips. Spinach.  
Roast Beef.

Yorkshire Pudding. Carrot and Beet Salad. Apple Charlotte.  
Apples, Oranges, Bananas, Raisins and Dates.

APPLE CHARLOTTE.—Pare and slice a quantity of apples; cut off the crust of a loaf of bread; cut some slices, and butter them. Butter the inside of a pan, and place the bread and butter all around; then put in a layer of apples sprinkled with lemon peel, chopped very fine, and plenty of sugar. Then put on a layer of bread and butter, another of apples, lemon-peel, and sugar, until the dish is full, squeezing over the juice of lemons, so that every part shall be equally flavored. Cover up the dish with the crusts of bread and the peels of the apples to prevent it from browning or burning; bake it an hour and a quarter; take off the peels and the crusts, and turn it out of the dish.

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"I've got a hite," cried Jack the other night at the German Theatre, after he had been fishing in a sea of guttural a long hour for a word that he could understand.

"What is it?" I asked, with all the interest of a luckless companion fisher.

"Well, I'm pretty certain that old Cromwell called himself a 'crank,' just now, and I felt like a man coming home from foreign lands when I heard the familiar sound."

Poor Jack! A deep depression has fallen upon his ever-jocular spirit since the stage has been given over to the Teutons. When he seeks his favorite pastime he is like an untraveled man suddenly set adrift in foreign lands. "Which of the German companies do I struggle with this evening?" he asks, mournfully, when the force of habit and the eight o'clock bell summon him to familiar places.

"Let us go see the dogs," he said, in desperation, on Tuesday. "People tell me that they are real Southern blood-hounds, and they may hark in English."

So, we went. Jack brightened considerably under the influence of the accents of his native tongue. True, it was spoken in a curious style, peculiar to the wandering combination; a thinly-concealed brogue here, a twang there, and an indigenous embellishment elsewhere. But it was English, and, being such, was sweet and familiar. We were really settling ourselves down to something like mild enjoyment, when the dogs were let loose. Much has been said and written of the music of haying hounds at a hunt, but no one ever writes of the music of a blood-hound's bay. However, whoever goes to see the dogs expects the bay on the same ticket with the reserved seat; and when those three formidable-looking muzzled monsters leaped across the stage in silence, we began to feel cheated.

But presently the curtain went up upon a scene of snow and ice. Eliza and the Quaker were several inches out of their pursuers' grasp. People skated about on ice-saw hurgers, till we all felt as if we were at the mouth of the Lena, looking up the lost *Jeannette*. The ferocious dogs, their muzzles removed, tugged wildly at the ends of strings held by invisible hands, and hayed galore. It was a stirring scene.

"Jack," I cried, "I feel myself deeply moved. This seems to me to be playing with fire, and I feel quite convinced that leading dog will one day hite that young woman, and she will die of hydrophobia."

"My dear girl," said Jack, magnificently, "the rapidity with which you construct a tragedy would only be equalled by the celerity with which a manager would reject it. That is simply a realistic effect. All women are afraid of mice, drunken men, and dogs; and this dog is engaged to play upon the nerves of weak women."

I meekly accepted my place in the category. "Nevertheless, Jack," I said, "dogs do hite."

"Well, yes, my dear, when they have teeth; but I do not imagine that even the realistic Haverly is going to turn a ravenous bloodhound loose upon the stage."

"What is it, Jack?" I asked, as a sudden spasm convulsed his classic features.

"Betsy," he said, solemnly, "either I am saturated with this avalanche of German, or I have a sort of philological jim-jams. I could swear that dog bayed just now with a hoarse, foreign guttural in his throat. I see a man from Alabama on the edge of the circle. I am horribly thirsty. I will go ask him if these are real American bloodhounds, for there is a new spirit in the very air, and I have an awful suspicion that these dogs have been barking in German." And he went.

The Alabama man said they were no bloodhounds, and never pressed their feet upon a Southern swamp, but were Siberian mastiffs, and had yelped in choice Slavonic.

"Come," said Jack, "let us go home. The world is too full of language for me. I don't like dog-shows, and I don't like to see the California so abased after it had promised better things. I foresee that Italian will be the next wave, if Rossi comes; and I have a gnawing fear that Russian will follow. But I shall wade to them through the present flood. First, *mein kind*, we will be German. We will drop in upon Geistingner, to see her in the classic robes of 'La Belle Hélène,' which, by the way, will be vastly becoming to her; and after that we shall be in good time for the best part of Haase's 'Oliver Cromwell.'"

It took us some time to realize that dramatists invent verbal incident unsparingly, and to get our bearings in the history of the Commonwealth. But we

realized, at last, that "Oliver Cromwell" was simply a character-study set in a not impossible incident.

"I'll be hanged, Betsy," cried Jack, in his own especial vernacular, "I'll be hanged if I don't think we've dropped upon an actor at last."

And what a curious sensation it gives one to find a man upon the stage who looks upon the drama as a fine art rather than a personal exhibition; who gives it infinite study and care, and does not trust to the inspiration of the moment, an inspiration which sometimes fails to come.

"What is it that strikes you first in him, Jack?" I asked, sympathetically.

"What strikes me is that while I don't understand a word of this infernal lingo, I know what he is driving at," quoth Jack, somewhat forcibly, "I begin to see what kind of a dodo Cromwell was."

"My dear Jack," I said, "'dodo' is a word which is rejected in polite society. There is no such animal as a dodo; also, it is not English, and you will not find it in the dictionary. Furthermore, Mr. Haase has a certain elegance with which he seems to invest the great Protector, and the word seems more odious in such a connection."

"Madam, permit me to become categorical. The word 'dodo' is used in polite society; for the elegant Curtis used it in the 'Easy Chair' last month. There is no such animal as the 'dodo,' but there is a shabby-looking bird of that name, with an upper lip like a hungaloo roof. It is English, and it is in the dictionary, for I and three other choice spirits looked it up last week, and found it to our own amazement then, and to your present discomfiture. In the meantime, I agree with you perfectly as regards the certain elegance peculiar to Mr. Haase."

"He is not a spontaneous actor," I ventured.

"No," said Jack, "I can't say that we have found much spontaneity in either of the German troupes, but I think I have had a dose of that in the traveling combinations. But you will admit that he is a picture as he stands, and might have stepped from the frame in the Royal Gallery. Such fidelity to detail in a costume I never saw."

For indeed, although the others were carefully accoutred, as in our American theatres they are not often, he stood out in sharp relief from among them.

It is a bit of education to see so faithful a picture of a past time; and the character and manner, even the personal tricks of the great man, seem to have been studied with equal fidelity. His voice is neither rich nor ringing—is, in fact, worn. But he has a sharp, clear enunciation, and his strongly marked face speaks for him.

The language, to uneducated ears, is a serious drawback; but the German seasons show how possible it is to mount a play without putting sticks in the cast. On the German stage every one seems to be trained for his part, however small it be. How we shall miss this perfectness and thoroughness when we get back to English again. For we shall have another opera bouffe company soon at the California, and how are we to put up with only one comedian, even though it be John Howson, after Lube, Schultze, and Junker? The operas at the Grand Opera House all seem to have been written for three, and yet once upon a time we had "Boccaccio" with only one, and the "Royal Middy" with none to speak of. Catherine Lewis will give us her famous farangot kick. How will it take in California? We get attacks of squeamishness on our dramatic stomachs in California, and refuse a bit of harmless pleasantry as something quite too awfully wicked. But then we have other attacks, when things are not half as bad as they ought to be, and we wait with increasing disappointment for the wickedness to begin. The town was going to rise in righteous wrath and mob little Elsie Holt once, but it was quite as much awestruck afterward because there was not more of Mahille scenting kicking Sara's black skirts. As for Catherine Lewis's farandole kick, *quien sabe?* But the Western world thought it pretty high.

And is Etelka Gerster really coming this way, as the papers and the corridor-loungers say? At all events, there is music in the air, or the promise of it. And, speaking of music, little Mrs. Tippet is pluming her wings for a flight to that big abroad which lures all our nightingales at some time or other. The numbers for her farewell concert are fast falling into line, and are to be something different from the orthodox programme. Beside the usual miscellaneous list, we are to have at the close the dramatic cantata, "Comala," a pretty thing not often given in public, though the delight of musical clubs. Then we are to have some popular choruses, among them that charming sextet from "Patience," which was always encoored again and again, even when the shrill-voiced little soprano shivered the music, and the lazy tenor dragged the time. Simple as it is, the music of "Patience" has excellent wearing qualities, and this is one of its gems. As for the little singer herself, who that has heard her in English ballad, or German song, will miss her farewell? BETSY B.

—ON WEDNESDAY EVENING FREDERICK HAASE, at the Baldwin Theatre, took the title rôle of Rauspach's historical drama, "Oliver Cromwell." The plot of this play is to a great extent taken from Scott's novel, "Woodstock." The dramatist has handled the play in a masterly style, and it will rank with any similar drama of Giacometti's. Mr. Haase acted the part in a manner which displays the result of long study of character, and deep research into the motives of the famous Lord Protector. His manner was characterized by the bluntness and Puritanical bearing so marked in Cromwell. The other parts were rendered by their several actors in a manner which won them much commendation. Mr. Haase will on to-morrow (Sunday) night play in Gutzkow's "King's Lieutenant," and on Wednesday, March 22, as Shylock, in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." On that evening Maria Wolf will act Portia.

## DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

A queer lawsuit is in store for the Parisians. Some two years ago Sarah Bernhardt, the "g-r-r-rande artiste" and universal genius, took it into her head to be photographed reclining at full length in the famous ebony coffin, padded with white satin, about which we have heard so much. The photographer, Mélandri, undertook to satisfy the lady's caprice, and obtained some excellent proofs, Sarah having simulated to perfection the stillness of death. Thereupon Doña Sol said to Mélandri: "I will make a bargain with you. Swear to me that you will not sell any of those photographs until after my death." "After your death?" "Oh, it will happen sooner than you expect. I promise you to die within a year from now. I am not joking. I have a presentiment, and my presentiments never deceive me. Furthermore, at the end of the year, if I am still in this world, I authorize you to sell as many of the photographs as you please." Mélandri consented to this strange contract, and executed faithfully his part of the bargain; but Sarah, happily for her admirers, neglected to keep her promise. Mélandri wrote to Sarah while she was at New York, reminding her that she had no longer a right to behold the light of the sun. "Patience," telegraphed Sarah; "at the end of American engagement will fulfil engagement with you." Mélandri waited; but when Sarah returned from Russia, a few days ago, he again reminded Doña Sol. "Patience," wrote Sarah again; "I have promised to create three new pieces at Paris; after that you can sell the photographs." But Mélandri's stock of patience is exhausted, and he has consequently referred his case to the Tribunal of Commerce of Paris.

Colonel John Arkins, of Denver, (says the *Tri-bune*), has just purchased a very fine double-barreled screw-propelling opera-glass. The colonel heard Madame Rentz's female minstrels were to be here in March, and he determined to be fully prepared for that pleasant season. The opera-glass, when it is closed, measures thirteen inches in length, and when it is unwound, two feet. It is so powerful that, by means of it, you can look through a four-inch plank, and see hair growing on a bald-man's head. It is quite a pity that it can not be used for the purposes for which it was purchased. The Rentz troupe have decided not to come to Denver, but will go to San Francisco by way of the Southern route. Colonel Arkins will find his young telescope of great assistance in viewing the Democratic election returns next fall.

The Paris actors and actresses gave their annual masqué hall at the Grand Opera House, recently. A Paris correspondent of an Eastern journal says concerning it: "Such a crowd as there was in that magnificent building! I could never guess how many; but this I do know, that there were more than fifteen hundred males and females dressed up in fancy and fantastic costumes, professional masqueraders, who received *cent sous* (five francs) for their night's work. Outside of these paid people, there were perhaps two or three hundred men and women who had dressed up for a good time; and then the other thousands were dressed up in ordinary evening attire. It is absolutely necessary at these *bals de l'opera* for all gentlemen to wear either fancy costumes, dominoes, or swallow-tail coats and black trousers. It is equally obligatory on all ladies who are not in costume to wear either a mask or a veil hiding their features. I shall not attempt to describe the costumes or the goings on; but I will say this much, that a finely-formed mulatto girl, who used to open oysters in Baltimore, attracted as much, if not more, attention than any other female present. I have heard that an Abyssinian lady, when in full hall costume, wears only a necklace made of ostrich eyes, and narrow gold bands around her ankles; but the dusky daughter of the Monumental City was not thus scantily attired. If I should tell my readers how very little she wore I might shock their feelings, and yet she really had on more than poor Flora McFlimsey, one of the 'helles' of Murray Hill in the old time, who, if my memory does not prove me false, had 'nothing to wear.' Notwithstanding the great crowd, I happened to run across Messrs. Levy, the cornet player, and Aronson, of the Metropolitan Garden. The former was happy and chatty. He had that afternoon played for the first time in ever so many years before a French audience, and had scored a success. It was at a 'matinée extraordinaire' at the Vaudeville Theatre for the benefit of somebody or other connected with the profession."

The *Dramatic Times* publishes the following sketch of the late Venie Clancy: "She retired from the stage about a year and a half ago, and married a French Canadian, whose name we do not remember. The marriage seems to have been a happy one in every respect. Her last part was played at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, in the spring of 1880. It was Josephine, in 'Pinafore.' Before this she had been attached to the Rice 'Evangeline' company, and was successful throughout the country. In fact, she became popular in a very short time. This was as much owing to her beauty as to her talents; for, though clever, she had no special genius for the stage, and no particular love for it. She had, therefore, no

regret in leaving it. At the time of her marriage she gave all the savings she had made upon the stage to her mother, who, however, died shortly after. Mrs. Clancy had been the wife of Charles R. Gardiner, a dramatic agent, who is also known as Joseph Randolph Gardiner. Venie Clancy was his daughter, but had, in common with her mother, refused to recognize him for years. The only one now left of the family is Laura Clancy, who last season belonged to the Mary Anderson company. The affection between the two sisters was very great.

A young New York lawyer by the name of Wall, notwithstanding great opposition from his family, recently married an actress, Lizzie McCall. The two went to live at New Utrecht, Long Island. The wife, who was of great beauty, was subject to violent fits of rage. She would frequently attack her husband, making use of her fists and nails. He refrained from returning the blows, and strove to preserve an unruffled temper. On the morning of the last Sunday in February, the wife decided to take a day's trip to New York. She started out with this intention, but missed the train. Returning in a fury, she found her husband seated in the front room. She violently accused him of having caused her to miss the train. Provoked to wildness by his calm exterior, she seized a large navy revolver, and shot her husband, making a fatal wound in the throat. Terrified at her deed, she implored him to keep her crime a secret. When help reached the unfortunate man he at first attributed the wound to accident. But disgusted with his wife's subsequent theatrical and hypocritical behavior, he admitted the true facts to a neighbor. Looking this friend straight in the eye, he exclaimed: "She did try to kill me. I am a lawyer, and clear-headed, and know the value of every word. She never pointed a pistol at me before, but she has often beaten me. I never struck her, because she was a woman; but I am sorry now I did not, for if I had thrashed her well the first time she struck me, she would never have repeated it."

## Obscure Intimations.

"M. E."—Two private letters have been received at this office, addressed to the person writing over these initials in last week's *Argonaut*, on the "Deist" matter. They will be delivered on application.  
"Planchette"—E. M. P.—Declined.  
"Lost Bracelet"—W. D. P.—Declined.  
"His Wife's Secret"—Declined.  
"The Handsome Woman, etc."—Declined.  
"Zip."—Your letter has been placed in Zulano's hands.

—AT THE VARIOUS THEATRES NEXT WEEK THE bills will be as follows: At the Bush Street Theatre Haverly's comedy company will appear in Sayer's farce, "The Strategists." This company appeared in this city about a year ago, and their performance caused much amusement. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will continue at Haverly's California Theatre. At Emerson's Theatre the Minstrel's will hold forth. At the Baldwin Byron's comedy, "The Girls," will be played. The date of Rossi's engagement is not yet given. The German Theatre is noticed elsewhere.

—MARIE GEISTINGER, AT THE GRAND OPERA House, aided by her admirable company, played in Von Suppé's "Donna Juanita," last evening to a large audience. "La Belle Hélène," which was rendered on Wednesday night, proved to be one of the most successful operas of this company's repertoire. On Thursday night a varied entertainment was given for the benefit of Madame Von Trautmann, the directress. "Die Fledermaus" was substituted for "Prince Methusalem"; a one-act comedy, by the beneficiary, with "Pretty Galathea," made up the bill. Miss Von Trautmann received a profusion of flowers, some of the pieces being most elaborate and handsome. This afternoon (Saturday) Madame Geistingner will play in the "Royal Middy," and this evening in the "Seamstress." Sunday evening a farewell performance will be given with "Donna Juanita" as the opera.

Oscar Wilde will reach San Francisco on April 1st. He will deliver twenty lectures throughout the coast; although he will give but one in San Francisco, "The Beautiful in Art." He receives for the series of lectures five thousand dollars and expenses. He is under engagement to Locke.

Mary Anderson again denies the report that she is shortly, or at length, to marry a Mr. Florence, of St. Louis.

—EARLY NEXT WEEK MESSRS. S. AND G. GUMP of 581-3 Market Street, will open a permanent art gallery. The rooms are being fitted up in a style similar to the Goupil Gallery in New York, and the display of none but works of merit will doubtless be appreciated by the critical in art, whose tastes have been offended by the many duds hitherto exhibited in this city.

—IT IS AN INDISPUTABLE FACT THAT HALL'S Hair Renewer renews, cleanses, brightens, invigorates, and restores faded or gray hair to its youthful color and lustre, cheaply, quickly, and surely. People with gray hair prefer to buy their rather than proclaim to the world through their bleached locks that they are becoming aged, and passing on to decay.

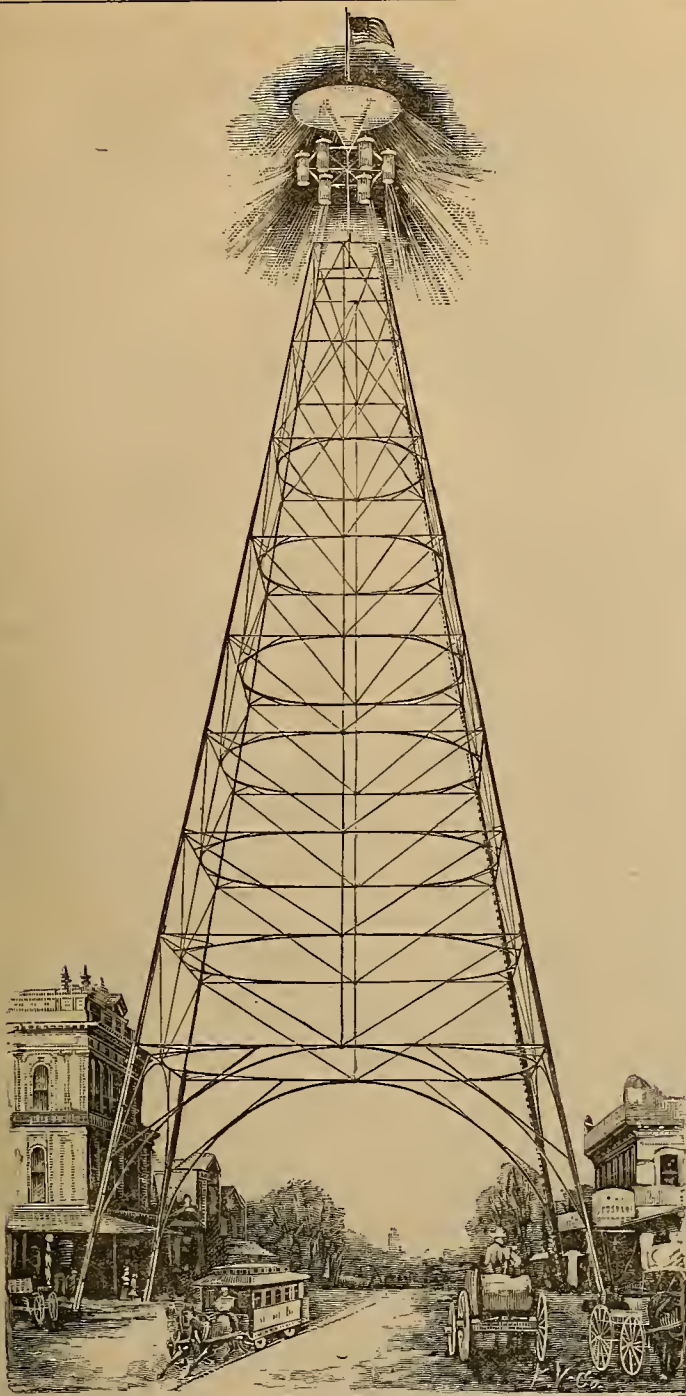
—C. O. DEAN, DENTIST, No. 126 KEARNY ST., Thurlow Block. Office hours, 9 to 5.

—WRITE TO MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for names of ladies that have been restored to perfect health by the use of her Vegetable Compound. It is a positive cure for the most stubborn cases of female weakness.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.

—GO TO BRADLEY & RUTSON'S, 429 Montgomery.





The above cut is a representation of the tower at San José, which serves to support the electric light now in operation in the Garden City. The structure is two hundred feet high, and is built of various sizes of gas-pipe, and for beauty and lightness of construction is unsurpassed. Electricity is supplied from a No. 6 Brush machine, driven by nine horse-power. The number of lights are six, each of four thousand candle-power, and the apparatus was furnished by the California Electric Light Company, of Jessie Street. This company have now one hundred and fifty

electric lights in operation in San Francisco, and, judging by the large demand which has sprung up for the light, there seems to be good reason to believe that gas for the illumination of stores, hotels, and large buildings will be eventually supplanted by the electric light. As an instance of the capacity of the Brush light for street lighting, it may be mentioned that the tower lights at San José shed a moon-like radiance over a mile in area, and that the electric light will be adopted in that city, in lieu of gas, at an early date.

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*Daughter*—"Speak, quickly! My love, my promised husband—"  
*Fond Parent*—"Is a gambler!"  
*Daughter*—"Oh, pa, is he lucky?"—*Paris Figaro*.

## He Knew the Family Weakness.

Little Tommy, to escape a well-deserved whipping, ran from his mother and crept under the house. Presently the father came home, and hearing where the boy had taken refuge, crept under to bring him him out. As he approached on his hands and knees, Tommy asked: "Is she after you, too?"—*Baptist Weekly*.

## Stories Without Morals.

I.—When George Washington Brown was a young man, his father procured him a situation in a dry-goods store. One day a lady came to his counter to purchase a piece of dress-goods. "Is it all wool?" she asked. "Madam," replied George, proudly, his breast heaving with emotion: "I can not tell a lie. It is half-cotton." His employer, who overheard the answer, exclaimed: "Young man, rush to the coat-room and get your overcoat! I would rather have a thousand liars in my establishment than one young man without the least idea of the first principles of business."

II.—"Can not you get to the store earlier mornings, Henry?" asked his employer, as the young man came in an hour late. "Yes, sir," replied Henry, "I suppose I could if I should dispense with my morning's nap and go without my breakfast." And Henry sat down in the most comfortable chair in the counting-room, lighted his cigar, and was soon buried in the morning paper. His employer, meanwhile, was hard at work. Of course Henry was not allowed to remain in that store many weeks. His impudence and assurance were too massive. He is now a commercial traveler, with an income of ten thousand dollars per annum.

III.—Thomas and James had new suits of clothing at the same time. Thomas kept his in the wardrobe, nice and clean, but James put his right on and wore it every day; so it became shabby after a time. Thomas's suit, on the contrary, was as good as ever when James's was worn out. When the boys' father saw the condition of his sons' clothing he straightway purchased a new and nobby suit for James; but as Thomas's was as good as ever, he got no new clothes. Both boys have now suits equally good, but the cut of Thomas's is somewhat archaic. James says Thomas is an awful guy.—*Boston Transcript*.

## The Story of a Hat.

Poor Philip Vanderdonk! All his life he had toiled, and saved, and scraped, and pulled every string that had a dollar at the end of it. And now all his hard-earned wealth was gone, and a great, hateful, interest-eating mortgage spread its black wings over all that he owned and loved on earth. He sank into a chair, and folding his arms upon the table before him, bowed his gray head upon them, and groaned great groans from groanville, groan county. His heart seemed breaking.

"Did you mortgage the farm?" asked his wife, anxiously stealing softly to his side.

"Yes," he growled; "both farms, and sold the wood-lot."

"And did you have to mortgage the town house, too?" she asked, with quivering lips and glistening eyes.

"Oh, yes," said the man, in hollow tones. "Oh, yes, and sold all my stock in the railroad, and hypothecated what I had in grain."

"And was it enough?" she asked, trembling with eagerness. "Was it enough?"

"Not quite," he growled; and then, as he saw the ghastly pallor of disappointment spread over her face, he added, "but the milliner let me have it on ninety days' time for the balance, at eight per cent."

"And you've brought my new hat home, then?" she caroled, joyously. "Oh, Philip, you dear old duck!"

"Well, no, not all of it," he said. "I brought the plume and one of the bows down with me in the express, but the hat itself is coming down on a flat car."

And the next week after that, eleven dark-browed men, who sat behind Philip's wife at the theatre, laylaid the wretched man on his way home, hauled him off down an obscure street, rolled him up in a wad, and stopped up a new sewer with him.—*Burdette in Harukeye*.

## The Deacon's Daughter.

"Does your father know?"

"He does not. Thank Heaven that sorrow was spared him."

The crickets climbed under the flagstones, and the warm, south wind came in soft puffs over the meadows, hearing upon its bosom the scent of the red-topped clover and the ox-eyed daisies, as Rupert Redingote and Aphrodite McGuire stood by the path that led from the farm to the village of Roussillon, Sangamon County, while the swallows circled around in the fast-moving twilight, giving forth now and then little sleepy twitters, as if anxious for the warmth and comfort which their nests afforded. They were to be married in the fall, these two—in the merry hard-cider and corn-busking time—and although scarce three months had passed since Rupert pressed upon her pulsing lips the solemn betrothal kiss, Aphrodite trusted him with a perfect faith that was almost sublime in its passionate intensity.

"So the old man did not hear about my getting full?" said Rupert.

"No," was the girl's response, as with a little, happy, take-it-away-for-ten-cents soh, she laid her gum-filled cheek upon Rupert's breast, and twined her dimpled arms about his neck, "if any one had told him it would have been a cold day for you."

"You are singing on the right key now, Aphrodite," was Rupert's reply. "If the terrible fact had come to his knowledge, he would part us forever. His position as deacon in the church would not allow him to overlook the fault, even should his stern, Puritan nature relent. No, darling, we must not let him know of this sin of mine."

As Rupert spoke a huggy was seen coming rapidly up the lane, and, as it reached the gate, the horse stopped suddenly, and the man in the vehicle came out over the animal's head, and fell, with a dull, sickening thud, into a mud-hole.

The deacon had been taking a nip himself.—*Chicago Tribune Novelist*.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Wailing Lovers.

[SNOWBISH, W. T., March 2, 1882.—Inclosed please find a rhyme, which, if you deem worthy of note, I should like to see in print. Yours truly, C. W. E.—]

He—When I go whaling,  
 On wild seas sailing,  
 Will you be wailing?  
 For fear I'm failing  
 In love for thee:  
 When I am free.

She—I can trust thee trailing:  
 On wild seas sailing,  
 When homeward hailing  
 Not the least bit ailing  
 Will my love be:  
 Coming home to me.

## To Judge Tourgee.

But late a small Iowa bird,  
 Our much-admired Burdette,  
 Asked you a question. If you heard,  
 You haven't answered yet.

It is not now about your name  
 That we presume to trouble you:  
 And yet our point is much the same—  
 Inform us, Alhion W. I

Burdette's inquiry may have been  
 Too pert; but humbly we ax:  
 Your latest hero—do we sin  
 In calling him John Eax?

Or shall the hand of Fame inscribe  
 On Glory's loftiest peaks,  
 Highest of all the scribbling tribe,  
 "The author of John Eax?"

Perchance, in true fambic style,  
 The accent softly backs;  
 And we our leisure should beguile  
 By reading "John E-ax."

Oh, like the place to which they rode  
 In Browning's virile lay,  
 A Gallic twist should be bestowed,  
 To bring it out "John Eax."

Oh, tell us, ere the aching brain  
 To lunacy shall throb;  
 Lest, when we praise your book again,  
 We say "John Thingumbob."

—V. Hugo Dusenbury, in Puck.

## Geometric.

He put it thus: "My Mary, dear,  
 When you're away," said he,  
 "What mathematical figure  
 Do you suggest to me?"  
 I gave the problem up at once,  
 As too much for my head.  
 "Why, don't you see?" 'tis plain to me,  
 "You're a Polly gone," he said.  
 —Saturday Night.

## His Crazy-Bone.

The man that struck his crazy-bone  
 All suddenly jerked up one foot,  
 And hopped three vivid hops, and put  
 His elbow straight before him, then  
 Flashed white as pallid Parian-stone,  
 And clenched his eyes and hopped again.

He spake no word—he made no moan,  
 He muttered no invective—but  
 Just gripped his eyelids tighter shut;  
 And as the world whizzed past him then,  
 He only knew his crazy-bone  
 Was stricken, and he hopped again.

—J. W. Riley.

## Obituary Verse.

Sally was our servant green,  
 And auburn was her hair;  
 She lit the fire with kerosene,  
 And climbed the golden stair.  
 —Boston Traveller.

He is gone but not forgotten,  
 God has called him from us suddenly  
 To higher realms above,  
 To meet the dear ones gone before.  
 But we that loved him here on earth,  
 Will sadly miss our loved one evermore;  
 We will never watch for his coming,  
 Nor never greet him more;  
 We will never, never hear his fond and loving  
 voice forevermore.  
 May his soul rest in peace,  
 His loving niece.  
 —San Francisco Chronicle.

While in this earth I sweetly sleep,  
 Around my grave my parents weep;  
 Hush, dear parents, I am your love,  
 Happy with Jesus, I dwell above.  
 Like a rose in early morn,  
 Was our sweet Maggie from us torn;  
 Faded lilies, like winter's breath,  
 She is now locked in the cold arms of death.  
 My shroud is damp,  
 My face is white.  
 It's here I now must sleep;  
 It is your tears that wet my shroud,  
 Dear mamma, don't you weep.  
 Papa's pride. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Oh, Katie, our darling, that we have loved so dear,  
 You have gone and left us to weep bitter tears;  
 When we look at your school-books, and your sweet  
 little slate.  
 We sit down at the table, see your vacant seat,  
 Each morning and evening, we can't you forget;  
 We will remember the day you drew your last breath,  
 That dear little beauty and sweet little pet,  
 Just died like an angel, we can never forget.  
 We were all standing round her, with our eyes full of  
 tears,  
 And her sweet little lips to mine I did squeeze;  
 She went to the Mission Grammar School, and had  
 never lost;  
 Her teacher said she kept ahead of her class;  
 The teacher and schoolmates, they all said the same,  
 But that sweet little beauty with them could no longer  
 remain.  
 —San Francisco Call.

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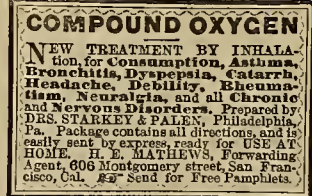
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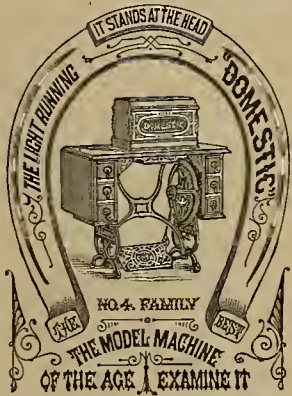
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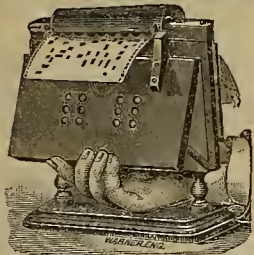
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# The Argonaut.

VOL. X. NO. 12.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 25, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## BRET HARTE'S LATEST STORY.

"Found at Blazing Star"—A Tale of Early Days in Old Tuolumne.

### II.

A few days after the stage-coach incident, Mountain Charley drew up beside Cass on the Blazing Star turnpike, and handed him a small packet.

"I was told to give ye that by Miss Porter. Hush—listen! It's that doggoned old ring o' yours that's hin in all the papers. Sbe's hamboozled that sap-beaded county judge, Boompointer, into givin' it to ber. Take my advice and sling it away for some other feller to pick up and get loony over. That's all."

"Did sbe say anything?" asked Cass, anxiously, as he received his lost treasure somewhat coldly.

"Well, yes, I reckon. She asked me to stand betwixt Hornsby and you. So don't you tackle him, and I'll see he don't tackle you," and with a portentous wink Mountain Charley whipped up his horses and was gone.

Cass opened the packet. It contained nothing but the ring. Unmitigated by any word of greeting, remembrance, or even rallery, it seemed almost an insult. Had she intended to flaunt his folly in his face, or had sbe believed he still mourned for it, and deemed its recovery a sufficient reward for his slight service? For an instant he felt tempted to follow Charley's advice, and cast this symbol of folly and contempt in the dust of the mountain road. And had she not made his humiliation complete by begging Charley's interference between him and his enemy? He would go home, and send her back the handkerchief she had given him. But here the unromantic reflection that although he had washed it that very afternoon in the solitude of his own cabin, he could not possibly iron it, but must send it "rough-dried," stayed his indignant feet.

Two or three days, a week, a fortnight even, of this hopeless resentment filled Cass's breast. Then the news of Kanaka Joe's acquittal in the State court momentarily revived the story of the ring, and revamped a few stale jokes in the camp. But the interest soon flagged; the fortunes of the little community of Blazing Star had been for some months failing; and with early snows in the mountains, and wasted capital in fruitless schemes on the river, there was little room for the indulgence of that lazy and original humor which belonged to their lost youth and prosperity. Blazing Star truly, in the grim figure of their slang, was "played out." Not dug out, worked out, or washed out, but dissipated in a year of speculation and chance.

Against this tide of fortune Cass struggled manfully, and even evoked the slow praise of his companions. Better still, he won a certain praise for himself, in himself, in a consciousness of increased strength, health, power, and self-reliance. He began to turn his quick imagination and perception to some practical account, and made one or two discoveries which quite startled his more experienced but more conservative companions. Nevertheless, Cass's discoveries and labors were not of a kind that produced immediate pecuniary realization, and Blazing Star, which consumed so many pounds of pork and flour daily, did not, unfortunately, produce the daily equivalent in gold. Blazing Star lost its credit. Blazing Star was hungry, dirty, and ragged. Blazing Star was beginning to set.

Participating in the general ill-luck of the camp, Cass was not without his own individual mischances. He had resolutely determined to forget Miss Porter and all that tended to recall the unlucky ring; but, cruelly enough, she was the only thing that refused to be forgotten—whose undulating figure reclined opposite to him in the weird moonlight of his ruined cabin, whose voice mingled with the song of the river by whose banks he toiled, and whose eyes and touch thrilled him in his dreams. Partly for this reason, and partly because his clothes were beginning to be patched and torn, he avoided Red Chief, and any place where he would be likely to meet her. In spite of these precautions he had once seen her driving in a pony carriage, but so smartly and fashionably dressed that he drew back in the cover of a wayside willow, that she might pass without recognition. He looked down upon his red-splashed clothes, and grimy, soil-streaked hands, and for a moment half hated her. His comrades seldom spoke of her—instinctively fearing some temptation that might unsettle his Spartan resolutions; but he heard from time to time that she had been seen at halls and parties, apparently enjoying those very frivolities of her sex she affected to condemn.

It was a Sabbath morning in the early spring that he was returning from an ineffectual attempt to enlist a capitalist at the county town to redeem the fortunes of Blazing Star. He was pondering over the narrowness of that capitalist, who had evidently illogically connected Cass's present appearance with the future of that struggling camp, when he became so footsore that he was obliged to accept a "lift" from a wayfaring teamster. As the slowly-lumbering vehicle passed the new church on the outskirts of the town, the congregation was sallying forth. It was too late to jump down and run away, and Cass dared not ask his new-found friend to whip up his cattle. Conscious of his unshorn head and ragged garments, he kept his eyes fixed upon the road. A voice that thrilled him called his name. It was Miss Porter, a resplendent vision

of silk, laces, and Eastern flowers, yet actually running, with some of her old dash and freedom, beside the wagon. As the astonished teamster drew up before this splendid apparition, she panted:

"Why did you make me run so far, and why didn't you look up?"

Cass, trying to hide the patches on his knees with a newspaper, stammered that he had not seen her.

"And you did not bold your head down purposely?"

"No," said Cass.

"Why have you not been to Red Chief? Why didn't you answer my message about the ring?" she asked, swiftly.

"You sent nothing but the ring," said Cass, coloring, as he glanced at the teamster.

"Why, that was a message, you born idiot!"

Cass stared. The teamster smiled. Miss Porter looked anxiously at the wagon. "I think I'd like a ride in there; it looks awfully good." She glanced mischievously around at the lingering and curious congregation. "May I?"

But Cass deprecated that proceeding strongly. It was dirty; he was not sure it was even *wholesome*; she would be so uncomfortable; he, himself, was only going a few rods further, and in that time she might ruin her dress—

"Oh, yes," she said, a little bitterly; "certainly, my dress must be looked after. And—what else?"

"People might think it strange, and believe I had invited you," continued Cass, hesitatingly.

"When I had only invited myself? Thank you. Good-bye."

She waved her hand, and stepped back from the wagon. Cass would have given worlds to recall her, but he sat still, and the vehicle moved on in moody silence. At the first cross-road he jumped down. "Thank you," he said to the teamster. "You're welcome," returned that gentleman, regarding him curiously, "but the next time a gal like that asks to ride in this yer wagon, I reckon I won't take the vote of no deadhead passenger. *Adios*, young fellow. Don't stay out late; ye might be run off with by some gal, and what would your mother say?" Of course the young man could only look unutterable things and walk away, but even in that dignified action he was conscious that its effect was somewhat mitigated by a large patch from a material originally used as a flour-sack, which had repaired his trousers, but which still bore the ironical legend, "Best Superfine."

The summer brought warmth, and promise, and some blossom, if not absolute fruition, to Blazing Star. The long days drew Nature into closer communion with the men, and hopefulness followed the discontent of their winter seclusion. It was easier, too, for Capital to be wooed and won into making a picnic into these mountain solitudes than when high water stayed the fords, and drifting snow the Sierran trails. At the close of one of these Arcadian days Cass was smoking before the door of his lonely cabin, when he was astonished by the onset of a dozen of his companions. Peter Drummond, far in the van, was waving a newspaper like a victorious banner. "All's right now, Cass, old man!" he panted, as he stopped before Cass and shoved back his eager followers.

"What's all right?" said Cass, dubiously.

"You! You kin rake down the pile now. You're hunky! You're on velvet. Listen!"

He opened the newspaper, and read, with annoying deliberation, as follows:

"Lost.—If the finder of a plain gold ring bearing the engraved inscription, 'May to Cass,' alleged to have been picked up on the high road near Blazing Star on the 4th of March, 188—, will apply to Bookham & Sons, bankers, 1007 Y Street, Sacramento, he will be suitably rewarded, either for the recovery of the ring, or for such facts as may identify it, or the locality where it was found."

Cass rose, and frowned savagely on his companions. "No! no!" cried a dozen voices, assuringly. "It's all right! Honest Injin! True as gospel! No joke, Cass!"

"Here's the paper, Sacramento Union of yesterday. Look for yourself," said Drummond, banding him the well-worn journal. "And you see," he added, "how darned lucky you are. It ain't necessary for you to produce the ring. So if that old hiled owl of a Boompointer don't give it back to ye, it's all the same."

"And they say nobody but the finder need apply," interrupted another. "That shuts out Boompointer, or Kanaka Joe for the matter o' that."

"It's clear that it means you, Cass, ez much ez if they'd given your name," added a third.

For Miss Porter's sake and his own, Cass had never told them of the restoration of the ring, and it was evident that Mountain Charley had also kept silent. Cass could not speak now without violating a secret, and he was pleased that the ring itself no longer played an important part in the mystery. But what was that mystery, and why was the ring secondary to himself? Why was so much stress laid upon his finding it?

"You see," said Drummond, as if answering his unspoken thought, "that 'ar gal—for it is a gal, in course—hez read all about it in the papers, and hez sort o' took a shine to ye. It don't make a hit o' difference who in thunder Cass is or was, for I reckon she's kicked him over by this time—"

"Served him right, too, for losing the girl's ring, and then lying low and keeping dark about it," interrupted a sympathizer.

And sbe's just weakened over the romantic, high-toned

way you stuck to it," continued Drummond, forgetting the sarcasms he had previously hurled at this romance. Indeed, the whole camp, by this time, had become convinced that it had fostered and developed a chivalrous devotion which was now on the point of pecuniary realization. It was generally accepted that "she" was the daughter of this hanker, and also felt that in the circumstances the happy father could not do less than develop the resources of Blazing Star at once. Even if there were no relationship, what opportunity could be more fit for presenting to capital a locality that even produced engagement-rings, and, as Jim Fauquier put it, "the men ez knew how to keep 'em." It was this sympathetic Virginian who took Cass aside with the following generous suggestion: "If you find that you and the old gal couldn't hitch hosses, owin' to your not likin' red hair or a game leg, [it may here be recorded that Blazing Star had, for no reason whatever, attributed these unprepossessing qualities to the mysterious advertiser,] you might let me in. You might say ez how I used to jest worship that ring with you, and allers wanted to borrow it on Sundays. If anything comes of it—why, we're gardeners!"

A serious question was the outfitting of Cass for what now was felt to be a diplomatic representation of the community. His garments, it hardly need be said, were inappropriate to any wooing except that of the "maiden all forlorn," which the advertiser clearly was not. "He might," suggested Fauquier, "drop in, jest as he is—kinder as if he'd got keener of the world, being lovesick." But Cass objected strongly, and was borne out in his objection by his younger comrades. At last a pair of white duck trousers, a red shirt, a flowing black silk scarf, and a Panama hat were procured at Red Chief, on credit, after a judicious exhibition of the advertisement. A heavy wedding-ring, the property of Drummond, (who was not married,) was also lent as a graceful suggestion, and at the last moment Fauquier affixed to Cass's scarf an enormous specimen pin of gold and quartz. "It sorter indicates the auriferous wealth o' this yer region, and the old man [the senior member of Bookham & Sons] needn't know I won it at draw-poker in Frisco," said Fauquier.

"Ef you 'pass' on the gal, you can hand it back to me, and I'll try it on." Forty dollars for expenses were put in Cass's hands, and the entire community accompanied him to the cross-roads, where he was to meet the Sacramento stage-coach, which eventually carried him away, followed by a benediction of waving hats and exploding revolvers.

That Cass did not participate in the extravagant hopes of his comrades, and that he rejected utterly their matrimonial speculations in his behalf, need not be said. Outwardly, he kept his own counsel with good-humored assent. But there was something fascinating in the situation, and while he felt he had forever abandoned his romantic dream, he was not displeased to know that it might have proved a reality. Nor was it distasteful to him to think that Miss Porter would bear of it, and regret her late inability to appreciate his sentiment. If he really were the object of some opulent maiden's passion, he would show Miss Porter how he could sacrifice the most brilliant prospects for her sake. Alone, on the top of the coach, he projected one of those satisfying conversations in which imaginative people delight, but which unfortunately never come quite up to rehearsal. "Dear Miss Porter," he would say, addressing the back of the driver, "if I could remain faithful to a dream of my youth, however illusive and unreal, can you believe that for the sake of lucre I could be false to the one real passion that alone supplanted it?" In the composition and delivery of this eloquent statement an hour was happily forgotten; the only drawback to its complete effect was that a misplacement of epithets in rapid repetition did not seem to make the slightest difference, and Cass found himself saying: "Dear Miss Porter, if I could be false to a dream of my youth, etc., can you believe I could be faithful to the one real passion, etc., etc.," with equal and perfect satisfaction. As Miss Porter was reputed to be well off, if the unknown were poor, that might be another drawback.

The hanking house of Bookham & Sons did not present an illusive nor mysterious appearance. It was eminently practical and matter of fact; it was ostentatiously open and glassy; nobody would have thought of leaving a secret there that would have been inevitably circulated over the counter. Cass felt an uncomfortable sense of incongruity in himself, in his story, in his treasure, to this temple of disenchanting realism. With the awkwardness of an embarrassed man he was holding prominently in his hand an envelope containing the ring and advertisement as a voucher for his intrusion, when the nearest clerk took the envelope from his hand, opened it, took out the ring, returned it, and said briskly: "T'other shop, next door, young man," and turned to another customer.

Cass stepped to the door, saw that "t'other shop" was a pawnbroker's, and returned again with a flashing eye and heightened color. "It's an advertisement I have come to answer," he began again.

The clerk cast a glance at Cass's scarf and pin. "Place taken yesterday—no room for any more," he said, abruptly. Cass grew white. But his old experience in Blazing Star repartee stood him in good stead. "If it's your place you mean," he said, coolly, "I reckon you might put a dozen men in the hole you're rattlin' round in; but it's this advertisement I'm after. If Bookham isn't in, maybe you'll send me one of the grown-up sons." The production of the new



paper, and some laughter from the bystanders, had its effect. The pert young clerk retired, and returned to lead the way to the bank parlor. Cass's heart sank again as he was confronted by a dark, iron-gray man, in dress, features, speech, and action uncompromisingly opposed to Cass, his ring, and his romance. When the young man had told his story, and produced his treasure, he paused. The banker scarcely glanced at it, but said, impatiently:

"Well—your papers."

"My papers!"

"Yes. Proof of your identity. You say your name is Cass Beard. Good! What have you got to prove it? How can I tell who you are?"

To a sensitive man there is no form of suspicion that is as bewildering and demoralizing at the moment as the question of his identity. Cass felt the insult in the doubt of his word, and the palpable sense of his present inability to prove it. The banker watched him keenly, but not unkindly.

"Come," he said, at length, "this is not my affair; if you can legally satisfy the lady for whom I am only agent, well and good. I believe you can; I only warn you that you must. And my present inquiry was to keep her from losing her time with impostors—a class I don't think you belong to. There's her card. Good-day."

"Miss Mortimer." It was *not* the banker's daughter. The first illusion of Blazing Star was rudely dispelled. But the care taken by the capitalist to shield her from imposture indicated a person of wealth. Of her youth and beauty Cass no longer thought.

The address given was not distant. With a beating heart he rung the bell of a respectable-looking house, and was ushered into a private drawing-room. Instinctively he felt that the room was only temporarily inhabited—an air peculiar to the best lodgings—and when the door opened upon a tall lady in deep mourning, he was still more convinced of an incongruity between the occupant and her surroundings. With a smile that vacillated between a habit of familiarity and ease, and a recent restraint, she motioned him to a chair.

"Miss Mortimer" was still young, still handsome, still fashionably dressed, and still attractive. From her first greeting to the end of the interview Cass felt that she knew all about him. This relieved him from the onus of proving his identity, but seemed to put him vaguely at a disadvantage. It increased his sense of inexperience and youthfulness.

"I hope you will believe," she began, "that the few questions I have to ask you are to satisfy my own heart, and for no other purpose." She smiled sadly as she went on. "Had it been otherwise, I should have instituted a legal inquiry, and left this interview to some one cooler, calmer, and less interested than myself. But I think—I know—I can trust you. Perhaps we women are weak and foolish to talk of an *instinct*, and when you know my story you may have reason to believe that but little dependence can be placed on *that*; but I am not wrong in saying—am I?" (with a sad smile,) "that *you* are not above that weakness?" She paused, closed her lips tightly, and grasped her hands before her. "You say you found that ring in the road some three months before—the—the—you know what I mean—the body—was discovered?"

"Yes."

"You thought it might have been dropped by some one in passing?"

"I thought so, yes—it belonged to no one in camp."

"Before your cabin, or on the highway?"

"Before my cabin."

"You are *sure*?" There was something so very sweet and in her smile that it oddly made Cass color.

"But my cabin is near the road," he suggested.

"I see. And there was nothing else—no paper nor envelope?"

"Nothing."

"And you kept it because of the odd resemblance one of the names bore to yours?"

"Yes."

"For no other reason?"

"None." Yet Cass felt he was blushing.

"You'll forgive my repeating a question you have already answered, but I am so anxious. There was some attempt to prove at the inquest that the ring had been found on the body of the unfortunate man. But you tell me it was not so?"

"I can swear it."

"Good God—the traitor!" She took a hurried step forward, turned to the window, and then came back to Cass with a voice broken with emotion. "I have told you I could trust you. That ring was mine!"

She stopped, and then went on, hurriedly: "Years ago I gave it to a man who deceived and wronged me; a man whose life since then has been a shame and a disgrace to all who knew him. A man who, once a gentleman, sank so low as to become the companion of thieves and ruffians; sank so low, that when he died, by violence—a traitor even to them—his own confederates shrank from him, and left him to fill a nameless grave. That man's body you found."

Cass started. "And his name was —?"

"Part of your surname. Cass—Henry Cass."

"You see why Providence seems to have brought that ring to you," she went on. "But you ask me why, knowing this, I am so eager to know if the ring was found by you in the road, or if it was found on his body. Listen: It is part of my mortification that this man once showed this ring, boasted of it, staked and lost it at a gaming-table to one of his vile comrades."

"Kanaka Joe," said Cass, overcome by a vivid recollection of Joe's merriment at the trial.

"The same. Don't you see," she said, hurriedly, "if this ring had been found on him I could believe that somewhere in his heart he still kept respect for the woman he had wronged. I am a woman—a foolish woman, I know—but you have crushed that hope forever."

"But why have you sent for me?" asked Cass, touched by her emotion.

"To know if for certain," she said, almost fiercely. "Can you not understand that a woman like me must know a thing once and forever? But you can help me. I did not send for you only to pour my wrongs in your ears. You must take me to this place; to the spot where you found the ring; to the spot where you found the body; to the spot where—

where *he* lies. You must do it secretly, that none shall know me."

Cass hesitated. He was thinking of his companions and the collapse of their painted bubble. How could he keep the secret from them?

"If it is money you need, let not that stop you. I have no right to your time without recompense. Do not misunderstand me. There has been a thousand dollars awaiting my order at Bookham's when the ring should be delivered. It shall be doubled if you help me in this last moment."

It was possible. He could convey her secretly there, invent some story of a reward delayed for want of proofs, and afterward share that reward with his friends. He answered promptly, "I will take you there."

She took his hands in both of hers, raised them to her lips, and smiled. The shadow of grief and restraint seemed to have fallen from her face, and a half mischievous, half coquettish gleam in her dark eyes touched the susceptible Cass in so subtle a fashion that he regained the street in some confusion. He wondered what Miss Porter would have thought. But was he not returning to her a fortunate man, with one thousand dollars in his pocket? Why should he remember he was handicapped by a pretty woman and a pathetic episode? It did not make the proximity less pleasant that evening, nor did the recollection of another ride with another woman obtrude itself upon those consolations which he felt it his duty, from time to time, to offer. It was arranged that he should leave her at the Red Chief Hotel, while he continued on to Blazing Star, returning at noon to bring her with him when he could do it without exposing her to recognition. The gray dawn came soon enough, and the coach drew up at Red Chief, while the lights in the bar-room and dining-room of the hotel were still struggling with the far-flushing east. Cass alighted, placed Miss Mortimer in the hands of the landlady, and returned to the vehicle. It was still musty, close, and frowsy with half-awakened passengers. There was a vacated seat on the top, which Cass climbed up to, and abstractedly threw himself beside a figure muffled in shawls and rugs. There was a slight movement among the multitudinous enwrappings, and then the figure turned to him and said, dryly: "Good-morning." It was Miss Porter!

"Have you been long here?" he stammered.

"All night."

He would have given worlds to leave her at that moment. He would have jumped from the starting coach to save himself any explanation of the embarrassment he was furiously conscious of showing, without, as he believed, any adequate cause. And yet, like all inexperienced, sensitive men, he dashed blindly into that explanation; worse, he even told his secret at once, then and there, and then sat abashed and conscience-stricken, with an added sense of its utter futility.

"And this," summed up the young girl, with a slight shrug of her pretty shoulders, "is *your* May?"

Cass would have recommended his story.

"No; don't, pray. It isn't interesting or original. Do you believe it?"

"I do," said Cass, indignantly.

"How lucky! Then let me go to sleep."

Cass, still furious, but uneasy, did not again address her. When the coach stopped at Blazing Star she asked him indifferently:

"When does this sentimental pilgrimage begin?"

"I return for her at one o'clock," replied Cass, stiffly.

He kept his word. He appeased his eager companions with a promise of future fortune, and exhibited the present and tangible reward. By a circuitous route, known only to himself, he led Miss Mortimer to the road before the cabin. There was a pink flush of excitement on her somewhat faded cheek.

"And it was here?" she asked eagerly.

"I found it here."

"And the body?"

"That was afterward. Over in that direction, beyond the clump of huckeyes, on the Red Chief turnpike."

"And any one coming from the road we left just now and going to—that place would have to cross just here? Tell me," she said, with a strange laugh, laying her cold, nervous hand on his, "wouldn't they?"

"They would."

"Let us go to that place."

Cass stepped out briskly to avoid observation, and gain the woods beyond the highway. "You have crossed here before," she said. "There seems to be a trail."

"I may have made it; it's a short cut to the huckeyes."

"You never found anything else on the trail?"

"You remember, I told you before, the ring was all I found."

"Ah, true," she smiled, sweetly; "it was *that* which made it seem so odd to you. I forgot."

In half an hour they reached the huckeyes. During the walk she had taken rapid cognizance of everything in her path. When they crossed the road, and Cass had pointed out the scene of the murder, she looked anxiously around.

"You are sure we are not seen?"

"Quite."

"You will not think me foolish if I ask you to wait here while I go in there"—she pointed to the ominous thicket near them—"alone?" She was quite white.

Cass's heart, which had grown somewhat cold since his interview with Miss Porter, melted at once.

"Go; I will stay here."

He waited five minutes. She did not return. What if the poor creature had determined upon suicide on the spot where her faithless lover had fallen? He was reassured in another moment by the rustle of skirts in the undergrowth.

"I was becoming quite alarmed," he said, aloud.

"You have reason to be," returned a hurried voice. He started. It was Miss Porter, who stepped swiftly out of the cover. "Look!" she said; "look at that man down the road. He has been tracking you two ever since you left the cabin. Do you know who he is?"

"No."

"Then listen. It is three-fingered Dick, one of the escaped road agents. I know him."

"Let us go and warn her," said Cass, eagerly.

Miss Porter laid her hand upon his shoulder. "I don't think she'll thank you," she said, dryly. "Perhaps you'd better see what she's doing, first."

Utterly bewildered, yet with a strong sense of the masterfulness of his companion, he followed her. She crept like a cat through the thicket. Suddenly she paused. "Look!" she whispered, viciously. "Look at the tender vigils of your heart-broken May!"

Cass saw the woman who had left him a moment before on her knees in the grass, with long, thin fingers digging like a ghoulish in the earth. He had scarcely time to notice her eager face and eyes, cast now and then backward toward the spot where she had left him, before there was a crash in the bushes, and a man—the stranger of the road—leaped to her side. "Run!" he said; "run for it now. You're watched!"

"Oh, that man, Beard!" she said, contemptuously.

"No; another in a wagon. Quick! You fool, you know the place now—you can come later; run!" And half-dragging, half-lifting her, he bore her through the bushes. Scarcely had they closed behind the pair, than Miss Porter ran to the spot vacated by the woman. "Look!" she cried, triumphantly—"look!"

Cass looked, and sank on his knees beside her.

"It was worth a thousand dollars—wasn't it?" she repeated, maliciously—"wasn't it? But you ought to return it! Really you ought."

Cass could scarcely articulate. "But how did *you* know it?" he finally gasped.

"Oh, I suspected something; there was a woman, and you know you're *such* a fool!"

Cass rose, stiffly.

"Don't be a greater fool now, but go and bring my horse and wagon from the hill, and don't say anything to the driver."

"Then you did not come alone."

"No; it would have been bold and improper."

"Please!"

"And to think it *was* the ring, after all, that pointed to this," she said.

"The ring that *you* returned to me."

"What did you say?"

"Nothing."

"Don't—please—the wagon is coming."

In the next morning's edition of the *Red Chief Chronicle* appeared the following startling intelligence:

#### EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY.

FINDING OF THE STOLEN TREASURE OF WELLS, FARGO & CO.—OVER THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS RECOVERED.

Our readers will remember the notorious robbery of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s treasure from the Sacramento and Red Chief Pioneer Coach on the night of September 1. Although most of the gang were arrested, it is known that two escaped, who, it was presumed, *cached* the treasure, amounting to nearly five hundred thousand dollars, in gold, drafts, and jewelry, as no trace of the property was found. Yesterday our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Cass Beard, long and favorably known in this county, succeeded in exhuming the treasure in a cove of hazel near the Red Chief turnpike—adjacent to the spot where an unknown body was lately discovered. This body is now strongly suspected to be that of one Henry Cass, a disreputable character, who has since been ascertained to have been one of the road agents who escaped. The matter is now under legal investigation. The successful result of the search is due to a systematic plan evolved from the genius of Mr. Beard, who has devoted over a year to this labor. It was first suggested to him by the finding of a ring, now definitely identified as part of the treasure which was supposed to have been dropped from Wells, Fargo & Co.'s boxes by the robbers in their midnight flight through Blazing Star.

In the same journal appeared the no less important intelligence, which explains, while it completes, this veracious chronicle:

It is rumored that a marriage is shortly to take place between the hero of the late treasure discovery and a young lady of Red Chief, whose devoted aid and assistance in this important work are well known to this community. —*New York Sun.*

An English gentleman of this city has in his possession a copy of the London *Times* for October 3, 1798. It is about twenty-four inches long by twelve inches wide, and is printed in large and very distinct type. On the first page one is greeted by a proclamation for the arrest of a highway robber who stopped the "Sevenoaks Post-hoy," and relieved him of the mail. Next to this is the announcement of an anniversary meeting to celebrate "Mr. Fox's first election" to parliament from Westminster. The names of several notable figures in this as "stewards." On the second page, in large letters, is the news of "Admiral Nelson's victory at the mouth of the Nile, brought yesterday, by the Hon. Captain Capel, son of the Earl of Essex." The names of the men killed and wounded, and the ships taken, are also given, together with several letters on the subject. On the third page we find that, from the fact that "yesterday's mail arrived from Ireland," several private letters describe the progress of the "Rebellion in Ireland." It tells of shootings, murders, the frustration of plots to blow up garrisons, and all the rest of the occurrences which are still kept up. In fact, these two columns could be almost bodily transferred to a modern daily paper, under the head of "Cable Dispatches," and they would be thoroughly natural and credible. Mr. Kemble is announced to play Zanga in "The Revenge." Three-quarters of a column of items are given, which, though in several places decidedly broad, are as wittily written as many of the modern paragraphs. In the description of the "Dorchester Fair" we learn that "a pound of tobacco was grinned for"; "a good hat was cudged for"; and several other curious feats were performed for similar prizes. The advertisements are all written in the most stilted style, and provoke much amusement.

A writer in the Boston *Score* thus advises a composer in regard to the orchestration of passion: "When in despair, play oboe and follow with bassoon. There is more despair to the square inch in a well-managed oboe than in a whole meeting of the directors of a broken bank; absolute woe can be given by unchaining the trombonist."

A man who wants his wife to love and respect him will never make the mistake of putting his feet into her slippers. Years of devotion will not wipe out the insult.

Judge Black has just made his first visit to Chicago. Up to this time he has led an exemplary life, however.



## SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

Thoughts from the Queen of Roumania's new book : One must know a good deal about men before he can take courage to be solely and simply himself.—"Her lot is only what she laid herself out for," is but another way of saying : "She would have been happy with me."—Women always endeavor specially to overcome in their children the defects of their husbands and of their husbands' families.—Wives ought to be virtuous ; they are frequently called upon to have virtue enough for both.—To be truly conspicuous, you must conceal yourself behind your work.

Wise words from Goethe : The world improves on the whole, yet youth must always begin anew, and go through the stages of culture from the beginning.—The smallest man may be complete, if he confine his activity within the natural range of his capacities and dexterities ; but even superior talents will be obscured, defeated, and destroyed, if this indispensable instinct of self-limitation is wanting.—Your must either soar or stoop, fail or triumph, stand or fall ; you must either serve or govern ; be slave or sovereign ; you must, in fine, be hlock or wedge, anvil or sledge-hammer.

Some definitions from the Paris *Rivarol* : Augustin Thierry—Clever blind man, who has made precious discoveries in the night of ages.—Madame Récamier—The Ninon de l'Enclos of the nineteenth century, plus virtue, it is alleged.—Thiers—Parisian gamin, who has abused the privileges of a political carnival to drape himself in the mantle of a statesman.—Balzac—Prolific and prolix author, witty and labored, clever and tiresome, interesting and cynical, who has twenty times been on the point of creating a masterpiece. Passes his ideas through a still to express them, and dissects his books to paint them. Unrivaled—in his way. On the stage would like to be a Beaumarchais ; will never be anything but a man of much wit, hissed over and over again.

A few "Reflections" by Pierre Véron : Death is a bailiff ; diseases are his writs.—Passion for women leads to perdition—by way of Paradise.—The willingness to run away in a fight distinguishes man from the beast.—Marriage is the savings-bank of love ; alas, how often the bank-book is lost !—The melomaniac is to the dilettante what the wig-maker is to the coiffeur.—Talent becomes feebler as an artist ages, but facility may be retained, and even augmented.—When, after dinner, people begin talking about the immortality of the soul and the future of humanity, they are very nearly ready to leave the table by falling under it.—Some artists there are who pass for men of genius who are without originality, though possessed of a marvelous talent for assimilating good things already done. They are not springs ; they are merely drain-pipes.—In this world, as it really is, the devils are not so very black nor the angels so dazzlingly white ; with a very few exceptions we are all of a shade, varying from pearl-gray to slate-gray.

Sentences from Buddhist Books : All that we are is the result of what we have thought ; it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him, as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the cart.—Hatred does not cease by hatred at any time ; hatred ceases by love—this is an old rule.—Let a man overcome anger by love ; let him overcome evil by good ; let him overcome the greedy by liberality ; the liar by truth.—Let us live happily, then, not hating those who hate us. Among men who hate us, let us dwell free from hatred.—The man who is free from credulity, but knows the Uncreated ; who has cut all ties, removed all temptations, renounced all desires, he is the greatest of men.—As the bee collects nectar and departs without injuring the flower, or its color, or its scent, so let a sage dwell in his village.—When the learned man drives away vanity by earnestness, he, the wise, climbing the terraced heights of wisdom, looks down upon the fools ; serene he looks upon the toiling crowd, as one that stands on a mountain looks down upon them that stand on the plain.—If a fool be associated with a wise man, even all his life, he will perceive the truth as little as a spoon perceives the taste of the soup.

Epigrams from Disraeli : It is not calling your neighbor names that settles a question.—Apologists only account for that which they do not alter.—In these days a great capitalist has deeper roots than a sovereign prince, unless he is very legitimate.—Nothing depresses a man's spirits more than a self-conviction of his self-conceit.—If you are not very clever, you should be conciliatory.—He uttered inconceivable nothings, and she replied to him in incomprehensible somethings.—Nature has given us two ears, but only one mouth.—Despair is the conclusion of fools.—There can be no economy where there is no efficiency.—There is a difference between blood-letting and hemorrhage.—Great men never want experience.—To be famous when you are young is the fortune of the gods.—He was famous for discovering the future when it had taken place.—She sets up to be natural, and is only rude ; mistakes insolence for innocence ; says everything that comes first to her lips ; and thinks she is gay when only giddy.—A great man is one who affects his generation.—The Jesuits are wise men—they never lose their temper.—It is a dreary life to do the same thing the same day at the same hour.—To a man who is in love, the thought of another woman is uninteresting, if not repulsive.—I see no use speaking to a man about love or religion ; they are both stronger than friendship.—Mrs. Darlington Vere was a most successful woman, lucky in everything—lucky even in her husband, for he died.—A majority is always better than the best repartee.—No affections and a great brain—these are the men to command the world. No affections and a little brain—such is the stuff of which they make petty villains.—It destroys one's nerves to be amiable every day to the same human being.—Nonsense, when earnest, is impressive, and sometimes takes you in. If you are in a hurry, you occasionally mistake it for sense.—A good offer should never be refused, unless we have a better one at the same time.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Skaters.

Like clouds they scud across the ice,  
His hand holds hers as in a vise ;  
The moonlight strikes the back-long hair  
Of handsome Madge and Rupert Clare.

The ice resounds beneath the steel ;  
It groans to feel his spurning heel ;  
While ever with the following wind  
A shadowy skater flits behind.

"Why skate we thus so far from land ?  
Oh, Rupert Clare, let go my hand !  
I can not see—I can not hear—  
The wind about us moans with fear !"

His hand is stiffer than a vise ;  
His touch is colder than the ice ;  
His face is paler than the moon  
That paves with light the lone lagoon.

"Oh, Rupert Clare, I feel, I trace  
A something awful in your face !  
You crush my hand—you sweep me on—  
Until my breath and sense are gone !"

His grasp is stiffer than a vise ;  
His touch is colder than the ice ;  
She only hears the ringing tune  
Of skates upon the lone lagoon.

"Oh, Rupert Clare ! kind Rupert Clare !  
For Heaven's mercy hear my prayer !  
I could not help my heart, you know—  
Poor Willy Gray—he loves me so !"

His grip is stiffer than a vise ;  
His lips are bluer than the ice ;  
While ever thrills the ringing tune  
Of skates along the lone lagoon.

"Oh, Rupert Clare, where are your eyes ?  
The rotten ice before us lies !  
You dastard ! Loose your hold, I say !  
O God ! Where are you, Willy Gray ?"

A shriek that seems to split the sky—  
A wilder light in Rupert's eye—  
She can not, can not loose that grip ;  
His sinewy arm is round her hip.

But like an arrow on the wind  
The shadowy skater scuds behind ;  
The lithe ice rises to the stroke  
Of steel-shod heels that seem to smoke.

He hurls himself upon the pair—  
He tears his bride from Rupert Clare—  
His fainting Madge, whose moist eyes say,  
"Ah ! here, at last, is Willy Gray !"

The lovers stand with heart to heart—  
"No more," they cry, "no more to part !"  
But still along the lone lagoon  
The steel skates ring a ghostly tune.

And in the moonlight, pale and cold,  
The panting lovers still behold  
The self-appointed sacrifice  
Skating toward the rotten ice !—*Fitz-James O'Brien.*

## Sir Roland's Ghost.

"Unbuckle your belt, Sir Roland," she said,  
"And set you safely down."  
"Oh, your chamber is very dark, fair maid,  
And the night is wondrous frown."  
"Yes, dark, dark is my secret bower,  
And down the midnight may be ;  
For there is none waking in 'a' this tower  
But thou, my true love, and me."

\* \* \*  
Bludy, bludy are her hands,  
And drumily is her e'e,  
The red heart's blude of her own true love  
Runs trickling down his knee.  
She is mounted on her true-love's steed,  
By the ae light of the moon ;  
She has whipped him, and has spurred him,  
And roundly she rade frae the town.  
She hadna ridden a mile o' gate,  
Never a mile but aye,  
When she was aware of a tall young man,  
Slow riding over the plain.  
And he was riding brad-aleane,  
On a horse as black as jet ;  
But though she followed him fast and fell,  
Nae nearer could she get.  
"Oh, stop ! Oh, stop ! young man," she said ;  
"For I in dule am dight ;  
Oh, stop and win a fair lady's love,  
If ye be a leal true knight."  
But nothin did that tall knight say,  
And no whist did he blin ;  
Until he reached a broad river's side,  
And there he drew his rein.  
The knight spurred on his tall black steed ;  
The lady spurred on her brown ;  
And faster they rade into the flood,  
And fast they haith swam down.  
"The water weets my feet," she said ;  
"The water weets my knee ;  
Hold up my bridle reins, Sir Knight,  
For the sake of Our Ladye."  
"If I would help thee now," he said,  
"It were a deadly sin ;  
For I've sworn ne'er to trust to a fair may's word  
Till the water weets her chin."  
"Oh, the water weets my waist," she said ;  
"Sae does it weet my skin ;  
And my aching heart reins round about,  
The burn maks sie a din.  
Oh, help me now, thou fause, fause knight !  
Have pity on my youth ;  
For now the water jaws ower my heid,  
And it gurgles in my mouth."  
The knight turned slowly round about,  
All in the middle stream ;  
And he stretched out his head to that ladye,  
And loudly she did scream !  
"Oh, this is Hallow-morn," he said,  
"And it is your hridal day ;  
But sad would be that gay wedding,  
If hridgegroom and bride were away.  
And ride on, ride on, proud Margaret,  
Till the water comes o'er your bree ;  
For the hride maun ride deep and deeper yet,  
Wha rides this foord wi' me !  
Turn round, turn round, proud Margaret,  
Turn round and look on me !  
Thou hast killed a true knight under trust,  
And his ghost now links on wi' thee." —*Anon.*

## PARIS PICTURES.

## The Quarrels of Authors and Artists in the French Capital.

The latest topic of interest in Paris is the Dumas picture sale. Some say that Alexandre the younger lost money by the late Union Générale crash ; others that he sold the two or three hundred pictures to make room for new additions to his already immense collection. It is certain that he has an overcrowded gallery. In fact the whole house, and even the out-houses, are overrun with art. The small summer-house in the garden contains some of the most valuable of his rarities, simply because there was no other place for them but the stable. His Meissonier collection alone is worth hundreds of thousands of francs, containing specimens of this great master's paintings from 1845 to the latest gem in water-colors. However it was, Dumas sold his pictures at auction, and they went for a song. One of the most famous was Courbet's fascinating "Baigneuse," which was sold for one hundred and eighty dollars. It would have brought at any other time two thousand dollars, which is something like its original price. If it had been in America, some salaciously-minded rich man would have bought it to hang up in his private office, for it is deeply, darkly, and wickedly vile. Only an artist like Courbet could have painted so suggestive a picture, and Dumas is one of the few who would dare to hang it in their galleries. But the rich connoisseurs had not heard of the sale, and hence were not on hand to run the price up to a decent figure. The last time Dumas sold his pictures—which was several months ago—he disposed of one by Jacquet, the great water-color artist, of which he had grown tired. Jacquet was very angry at this sale, since he claimed that Dumas had deceived him. It seems, according to Jacquet's story, that just as a rich American was about to pay five thousand dollars for the picture, Dumas begged Jacquet to sell it to him. Jacquet was delighted at having the picture go into so famous a collection, and therefore, out of friendship, sold it for three thousand dollars to Dumas. After having it only two years Dumas grew tired of it, and sold it for four thousand dollars. Jacquet was furious, and resolved upon revenge. The water-color salon for this year has just been held, and it was this exhibition that Jacquet used as a medium for his schemes. He painted a distorted, but easily recognizable, picture of Dumas, dressed in Oriental garb, surrounded by bric-à-brac, and then labeled it in the catalogue, "The Jew Merchant of Bagdad." This was in reference to Dumas's last success, "La Princesse de Bagdad." M. George Petit, in whose gallery the exhibition was held, turned the picture face to the wall on the first day. But Jacquet claimed his right of exhibition. Nothing else could be done ; and so crowds flocked to see the picture, and went away laughing. Dumas did not wish to notice the matter ; but, advised by friends, he commenced suit to restrain Jacquet from further exhibition of the caricature. Meanwhile M. Lipmann, Dumas's son-in-law, who is a Jew, claimed the insult for his race. Taking a heavy cane he proceeded to the gallery, and made several large holes in it. For a time a hostile meeting seemed imminent. Jacquet, however, has sued Lipmann for forty thousand francs damages, which sum is, of course, very absurd.

This incident has reminded several Paris papers of the amusing circumstances of a former occurrence. In 1867 Alexandre Dumas Sr., at the earnest wish of the young photographer, Liebert, sat for his photograph. A few days after, all Paris was delighted and scandalized by photographs in the shop windows of Dumas seated in his shirt-sleeves and Adah Isaac Menken on his knee. Dumas, for his part, thought it a charming joke, and would have let the picture remain. But friends interfered, and persuaded him to begin suit to prevent further exhibition. Strange to say, the lawyer who won the suit for Dumas was the very same Duverdy who has just sued Zola for putting him into his novel, "Pot-Bouille."

Speaking of Zola, a number of persons have now written to have their names changed, so that the author writes to the *Gaulois* "that the appellations given to his characters will all be maintained until he is ordered by the competent tribunals to change them." The personage who, during the last few days, has figured in the *feuilleton* of the *Gaulois* as "Sans-Nom," has now had restored to him his original designation of Vabre, of which, at the pressing solicitation of some living bearer of the name, he had temporarily been deprived ; and three Josserrands and one Moutret, who have recognized themselves in the Josserrand and Moutret of "Pot-Bouille," and have complained to the author on the subject, are informed that their alleged grievance can not be recognized, and that Monsieur Zola will make no further alterations in his names unless he is legally compelled to do so.

One of the forthcoming fashions for men is merely the revival of an old one. Soon we shall see gentlemen appearing in gorgeous waistcoats, just as they used to a number of years ago. Indeed, a society has been formed in Paris for the encouragement of the style. A large number of artists, journalists, and authors have formed a club called the Waistcoat Club. They give a monthly dinner. The last one took place on the fifteenth of February, at Voisin's. Poilpot, the artist, wore a canary-colored vest, studded with crimson fencing-foils. Baron d'Espeleta wore one made of crimson satin. Baron de Vaux sported black velvet and silver. Several actresses from Renaissance, Variétés, and Palais Royal theatres were present. In default of waistcoats, they sang songs.

One of the lamented results of the Union Générale misfortune is the financial failure of Madame Edmond Adam. She had invested all her capital on the Bourse, trusting implicitly in the foresight of her brokers. When the blow came she was absent on a journey. The result is that, although she has paid all her debts, her circumstances are considerably straitened, and literary men will lose for a time the principal *salon* of their resort.

As soon as the manager of the Royal Milan Theatre heard of Mademoiselle Heilbron's misfortune, he sent her a magnificent offer for an engagement. This she has accepted, and says that she is going to work and hoard money for the next three years, even if she has to go to America to do it. Poor Marie ! What a terrible thing that would be.

PARIS, March 3, 1882.

BABLI



## SOCIETY NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Cook returned from their prolonged visit in the East on Wednesday last, after having had a thoroughly enjoyable trip in every respect. George Crocker returned from New York and New Orleans on Saturday last. Major F. Mears, U. S. A., and Mrs. Mears arrived here from the East on Tuesday last. Colonel and Mrs. Stanwood have returned from Santa Barbara. Mrs. Captain N. T. Smith's third wedding reception, at the Palace, on Monday last, drew out a large number of her friends. Passed-Assistant Engineer Bingham, U. S. Coast Survey, has been ordered to the *Hassler*. D. R. Burnham, U. S. N., has been at the Palace during the week. Passed-Assistant Engineer Astor, U. S. Coast Survey, left here for the East on Monday last. T. S. Wood, U. S. Marine Corps, has been at the Baldwin a portion of the week. Paymaster Sullivan, U. S. N., of the *Ranger*, a great favorite with all who know him, is at the Palace. Colonel James M. Barney, of the Silver King mine, and family, who left here in March last, and who have been spending much of their time in New York and Philadelphia, will leave the latter city in a day or two for home, expecting to arrive here some time during the early part of April. Mrs. Colonel P. G. Wood has arrived in Tucson. Mr. and Mrs. George Fair are spending a short time at Santa Cruz. Quite a number of our society people will make an Eastern trip shortly, to attend the wedding of Ogden Mills Jr., of California, and Miss Ruth Livingston, of New York, and that of Miss Laura Belden, also of California, and Mr. George R. Gibson, likewise of New York; both of these weddings take place soon after Easter. Mr. and Miss Kirk left here on Wednesday to attend the Gibson-Belden wedding, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean leave for the same purpose in a day or two; Colonel and Mrs. C. F. Crocker and Mrs. Easton leave on Tuesday next to attend the Mills-Livingston wedding, which will be an elegant affair. Mrs. Wrightman, who has been visiting friends in this city, has returned to Sacramento. Mrs. Mark Shibley Severance has returned from Los Angeles. Charles Webb Howard returned from the East on Saturday last. Evan J. Coleman returned from Southern California on Sunday last. Miss Florence Toy, of Los Angeles, is visiting friends in this city. James P. Scott, a son of the late Thomas A. Scott, of Pennsylvania, and party are still sojourning in Southern California. Hon. William M. Gwin, who has been spending seven or eight weeks in the East, returned on Thursday last. Ex-Governor and Mrs. F. F. Low and their daughter, Miss Flora Low, who have been in the East since November, returned home last Monday. Mrs. Layman, of the Grand, who has entertained so charmingly on her reception days, and who introduced commerce parties, into society here, leaves San Francisco for Connecticut in a few weeks, where she will remain several months, and then probably make a trip to Europe before her return. Charles F. McDermott and his agreeable family leave the Palace to-day for their delightful summer-seat in Oakland. Miss Mizner, of Benicia, whose visit in St. Louis lasted nearly three months, is at present in New York. Miss McDowell has returned from her Eastern visit. M. Markham and E. J. Lowell, U. S. A., were at the Palace on Tuesday and Wednesday last. On Friday evening, the seventeenth instant, despite the penitential season, Company B, of the Eighth Infantry, gave a dancing party at the Benicia barracks, at which a large number of society people attended, including nearly all the barracks' officers and their ladies. An engagement of marriage exists between Miss Kittie Loomis, of this city, and Assistant-Paymaster W. B. Wilcox, U. S. N., and the wedding day is set for some time next month. There is also an engagement between Miss Lizzie Ferrald and Mr. Edward Moore. Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Crocker entertained a number of their friends at dinner on Monday evening last. The wedding of Mr. Grayrig, of England, and Miss Dora Sherwood, of this city, takes place on Saturday next, the first proximo. Mrs. J. M. Coghlan, of Napa, who has been visiting in this city for several weeks, returned home on Monday last. Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Kingsley and Miss Pearson, who have been visiting Mrs. C. W. M. Smith, departed for their home in Massachusetts on Tuesday last. Charles M. Plum, Charles M. Plum Jr., and the Misses Lulu and Anita Plum left for Australia on the last steamer, and will spend the coming summer in Egypt and Italy. Mrs. J. D. Redding is at Monterey on a visit of several weeks. Mrs. George H. Kimball, of the Lick, has gone to Los Angeles on a visit to her mother. Miss Maggie Hutchinson and Miss Fannie Cowles have been spending a few days at Monterey. Mrs. F. A. McDougall and Mrs. W. J. Brodrick, who have been at the Lick for some weeks, returned to Los Angeles on Tuesday last. Charles Holbrook and family have been luxuriating at Monterey for a few days; also J. F. Merrill and family. J. H. Carroll and wife, who have been visiting in Sacramento, have returned to the city. Governor Kinkead, of Nevada, has been in San Francisco most of the week; also H. M. Yerrington, of the same State. Miss Cora Wallace, who has been visiting the family of D. M. Rideout, in Marysville, for several weeks, is now visiting the Misses Fannie and Kitty Tyrell, of Sacramento. The Misses J. and E. Carolan have been visiting Monterey. Mrs. John Yost is paying a brief visit to Sacramento. Mrs. J. R. Jarboe and Miss Jarboe have returned from Monterey. Paymaster Sullivan, U. S. N., of the *Ranger*, who came up from the southern coast on sick leave, has received a three-months' leave of absence, and starts for the East in a week or two. Commodore Colhoun, who has been on duty either in this city or at the navy-yard for several years, has been placed on waiting orders. It is rumored that Miss Mackey, daughter of John Mackey, of bonanza fame, is engaged to be married to Don Philippe de Bourbon, the second son of Count d'Aquila. If nothing happens, Oscar Wilde, the New Apostle of the Beautiful, arrives here to-morrow morning. Mrs. M. B. Kellogg returned from the East on Thursday last. Miss Pierce, of Santa Clara, is visiting in this city. General Kautz and wife have been spending a few days in the city this week. The general and his wife entertained Frederick Haase, the eminent German actor, and his wife, at dinner one day last week. Mrs. Hovey, of the Palace, is at the Sierra Madre Villa. Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Toune left Kansas City yesterday and expect to arrive here on Wednesday next. Major J. R. Roche, U. S. Army,

arrived here from the East on Friday last. Major Hodges, A. Q. M. U. S. A., now at Prescott, will soon be ordered to this city. Charles Miller and Miss Maud Miller, his daughter, returned from their extended Eastern trip yesterday. News of the death of Rear-Admiral Spotts arrived yesterday. The admiral was an old Californian, having arrived on this coast in 1846. He made a good record during the rebellion, and in 1866 was again sent to this coast. Of late he has commanded the South Atlantic Squadron. He leaves, in this city, a wife, two sons, and a daughter, who are all much esteemed by San Francisco Society. Rear-Admiral Spotts will be greatly regretted by all who knew and respected him.

No one who knows Judge Hoffman questions his legal learning or his judicial integrity, and yet we can not reconcile ourselves to his decision in the case of the four Chinese prostitutes which he turned loose upon our community from the steamship Anjer Head. An old demirep, plying her vocation in an alley devoted to prostitution, in a house whose only female inmates are prostitutes, goes to China and returns with four women destined for her house and alley, certified by a consular certificate as women of had character, and yet they are discharged because there is no *direct and positive* proof that they came here for immoral purposes. It is a fact, of which an intelligent judge should take judicial notice, that of the four thousand females imported from China to California, all—with a few rare exceptions—are brought for immoral purposes; that they are bought and sold, and pass by hills of sale as slaves; that they are held in virtual imprisonment; that there is a guild that trades in harlots; that it might have been proved that the old Asian hag belongs to this guild, and pursues the indecent vocation. Such an incident as this shows how difficult it is for our courts to arrest such an invasion when compelled to apply to such cases the interpretation of our laws. To the two thousand window-tapping slaves these four are added. We commend the consideration of this fact to the wives and mothers of those good New England Christian people who so delight in the gushing sentimentality of the Hoar who succeeds Daniel Webster in the Senate of the United States.

There were some funny incidents connected with the collapse of Gambetta's ministry, says the *New York Times*. M. Rouvier, the Minister of Commerce and Colonies, had spent the whole of his brief term of office in hunting up quarters for his newly-created department, and on the very day that he had found a suitable place and signed the lease he was hurled from office, and the department went out of existence. M. Weiss, Gambetta's chief-of-staff in the Foreign Office, put in a very hard month's work, and was abused like a pickpocket, and as the rule is that the first month's salary of an official goes to the superannuation fund, every sou that he earned was diverted to a fund from which he will never receive any benefit. The Ministers are more fortunate, being paid by the day, and in 1873 M. Pierre Magne obtained his salary for the fourth of September, 1870, on the ground that he had done his day's work before the revolution broke out. Unless we are in error, Napoleon III. "came out ahead" at the same time, inasmuch as sovereigns—like Mr. Hayes—draw their salaries monthly in advance, so that he got thirty days' pay for four days' work. His predecessors on the throne were less fortunate, as Charles X.'s government was overthrown late in July, and Louis Philippe's in the last week of February, the people taking it out of them to the very last, as Mr. Squeers sadly observed of the pupil who died on his hands at the end of the term.

If we are to believe that Mr. Kasson, of Iowa, has authority to speak for the administration in reference to our treatment of Peru, then we can come to no other conclusion than that the State Department, under the direction of Mr. Frelinghuysen, has doubled upon itself, and is returning by the track blazed out by Mr. Blaine. The Stalwart journals and the Stalwart chiefs mistook the temper of the American people when they assumed that there would not be an almost universal sentiment of sympathy for Peru as she lies conquered and bleeding at the feet of victorious Chile. It is a shameful exhibition of American cowardice that it has not the courage to declare that no republic upon this continent shall be crushed out of existence by oppression and tyranny suggested by the commercial greed of England. If jingoism means the assertion of American influence upon this continent for the protection of its nationalities from foreign interference, then jingoism will become a very effective device with which to emblazon the Blaine standard for the next Presidential contest. An American congress in the interest of American republics must not be defeated through fear of disturbing our friendly relations with European governments.

The writer has had a tenant for more than twenty-five years—Ernest Hoyer, a German grocer, on Washington Street—one of those honorable merchants, to whom, in all his long career, it had not occurred that he might strengthen his capital by failing and compromising with his creditors. His motto, of "one hundred cents on the dollar," came to him from a line of ancestral grocers, and when he could not meet his obligations, he calmly arranged his affairs, went home and to bed, and ended the strife with the bullet. He had lived an honest life, and we shall not question his mode of death. He yielded all he had in this life before he accepted the insolvent's discharge that follows the bankruptcy of the grave.

If the President appoints Senator Teller to the Interior Department, and thus removes Kirkwood, it is a virtual admission that in his refusal to appoint ex-Senator Sargent he was governed by other considerations than a desire to conciliate Iowa. Our readers may speculate, as we do, as to what motives controlled the President in sending our distinguished citizen to honorable exile at Berlin.

So many and such voluminous communications in regard to the "Deist" controversy have reached us that we can give no more space to this matter. Letters have come from all over the coast and from the Eastern States. It may be well to state that the impression many of these correspondents entertain concerning "Deist"—that he is "a minister of the gospel masquerading as a deist"—is entirely wrong.

## THE POPE IN AMERICA.

Discussion of the Contemplated Removal of the Holy See to Quebec.

Mr. Alden, of the *New York Times*, thus presents certain views on this important question: The story that the Pope seriously contemplates removing from Rome to Quebec is something more than a mere rumor, and at least deserves careful investigation. There are certain obvious advantages which he would secure by this removal; but, on the other hand, the disadvantages of establishing the central authority of the Roman Catholic church in a remote corner of the earth, like Quebec, are so great that it will be very difficult to convince the public that the Pope has ever seriously entertained the project. Of course, the Pope's claim to be the successor of Saint Peter in the primacy of the church would not necessarily be affected by his removal from Rome to Quebec. Still, it is difficult to see how the Roman Catholic church could repel the accusation of having become the Canadian Catholic church, and having lost all connection, except historically, with Rome. The Pope might still call himself the Bishop of Rome, but he would be compelled to add to this title the words "*in partibus infidelium*," and as either the Anglicans, the Old Catholics, or the Greeks would lose no time in setting up a new Bishop of Rome, with actual jurisdiction in the diocese, the spiritual authority of the Pope would be weakened in the city of Rome, and in Europe generally. The desire to escape from an alleged imprisonment in the Vatican, and to enjoy the freedom of Quebec, would naturally tempt Leo to accept the invitation of the pious Canadians; but he might find that in so doing he had exchanged the Roman frying-pan for the Quebec fire. Evidently he has no idea what a residence in Quebec involves. He would have to visit the citadel and listen to the historical reminiscences of a sergeant of Canadian volunteers; he would have to inspect Montcalm's skull at the Ursuline Convent, and to visit the spot where Arnold lost that famous leg to which, it is understood, Mr. Cyrus W. Field will soon erect a monument. Furthermore, he would have to drive to the Falls of Montmorency, and to the Indian village, and would be obliged to buy quantities of useless articles from alleged Indian women. Worst of all would be the purchases of seal-skin coats and caps, and of genuine Havana cigars, which must be made by every one who goes to Quebec, whether he be pope or plumber. Would not the Pope find this sort of thing more maddening and unendurable than a self-imposed imprisonment in the Vatican? In that vast palace he can at least find peace, and can take his afternoon siesta without being waked up by a cardinal with the exasperating words: "Come! it's time for us to drive out to the Falls, and buy a few more moccasins." Six months of Quebec would be more than an ordinary man could bear, and the Pope ought to remember that he is far from strong, and that in going to Quebec he would risk both life and reason. A still graver objection to removing the Papacy to Quebec is the climate. It is well established that the Roman Catholic religion requires a mean winter temperature of forty-five degrees Fahrenheit in order to really flourish; that it freezes at a temperature of twenty-nine degrees, and if such temperature continues for more than a few hours, the result is nearly always fatal. It is true that the prolonged existence of Roman Catholicism in Quebec furnishes an exception—in fact, the only exception—to this rule, but no one who has seen the bareness of the Canadian churches and the poverty of their most important functions, can regard Roman Catholicism in Canada as anything more than a stunted and feeble specimen of the splendid and vigorous religion of Southern Europe. It will be evident at a glance that the Pope can not do himself or his church credit with the thermometer at twenty degrees, as it frequently is at Quebec. Can he say mass on Christmas in a thick ulster and with fur-lined boots? or can he administer the blessing, "*Ubi et orbi*," when huttoned up to the chin in a seal-skin coat, and with hands encased in enormous seal-skin gloves? He can not ride out in winter, not merely because there is no precedent for such an astonishing spectacle as that of a Pope in a sleigh, but because it would create scandal every time his attendant chamberlain should publicly rub the freezing papal nose with snow, after the kind but familiar Canadian custom. The college of cardinals would freeze unless they were to wrap themselves up in the ordinary Canadian manner, in which case their picturesqueness and at least one half of the veneration in which they are held would vanish, and the Swiss Guards would be forced to put on heavy trousers and woolen overcoats, and would be no more imposing and magnificent than a division of policemen. The Pope really ought not to think of risking the Roman Catholic Church in such a terrible climate as that of Lower Canada. What he ought to do, if he wants to leave Rome, is to ask Mr. Gladstone to cede to him the island of Malta. The moment Mr. Gladstone remembers that the island was won by blood-guiltiness, and that it is very desirable that the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland should support the Land Act, he will grant the Pope's request. In Malta the Pope will have independence, a good climate, and, in short, all that a reasonable Pope could desire. Indeed, it would be far better for him to live in Malta while it is still a British possession than to try to live in the British Colony of Quebec. It is too cold there, anyway. Fancy for a moment the dreadful results of the freezing of the Papal toe!

The Democrats have carried off the honors of the Chinese hill. In the Senate there were eight Republicans and twenty-one Democrats for it. All those who opposed the bill, and all the votes against, save one, in the Senate, were Republican. In the House, on the vote on Kasson's amendment, limiting the bill to ten years, ninety-five Republicans were in favor of it and only five Democrats. Against them were ninety-seven Democrats and thirty-four Republicans. On the final passage of the bill in the House, sixty-five Republicans voted for it and one hundred and two Democrats. It will also be remembered that the Republicans have a small majority in each branch of Congress. Our members, Republican and Democratic, all did their full duty—Miller, Farley, Page, Pacheco, Rosecrans and Berry.

Never ask a woman her age—that is, not that woman. Ask some other.



## ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE.

Some days ago I went to view the curious collection of casts at Mercantile Library Hall. It was a most interesting one to me. It must be doubly so to an archaeologist. While there I met Hilary, and we began talking of the "Neanderthal man." The conversation drifted upon primeval man in general, and I found myself relating something I had read—in Figuiers' "L'Homme Primitif," I think.

"Of course you know," said I, "that archaeologists believe that primitive man held a loose rein over his passions. The heavy jaw, the wide nostrils, and the shape of the skulls would indicate that. Well, this fellow from the Neander Valley reminds me of another discovery. Figuiers relates that somewhere in Southern France a cave was found which had been inhabited by humans when the race was young. Although told in a scientific and therefore dry way, there was material in the narrative for a romance. The cave was blocked by a huge stone. Ages had rolled away since the stone was placed there. It was covered with earth and vegetation. The discoverers succeeded, with much difficulty, in removing the stone, and they found beneath it the crushed skeleton of a man. It was evident, from his position, and other circumstances, that he had himself been occupied in stopping up the cave when the stone rolled upon him. The explorers entered the cave. They found there rude household utensils, weapons and tools of stone; it had been the home of cave-dwellers ages ago. They found more than this—they found that this home had been invaded, as many homes are to-day. Within the cave lay two skeletons, clasped in an embrace of death. One was the skeleton of a man, the other that of a woman. Now it is perfectly evident to me that they—"

"Ahem!" coughed Hilary.

I turned. At my elbow stood two high-school girls (at least they were high and had school-books). Their eyes were almost bulging out of their heads.

I did not give my deductions. Probably the girls made their own.

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So Venie Clancy is dead. Poor little girl! I remember her first hit in San Francisco. It was with the Oates troupe, when they first appeared at the Bush Street Theatre some years ago. The piece, if I remember rightly, was "L'Épil Crevé." There were a number of pretty girls who went to make up an archery corps, in jerkins of green, in hosen of gray. Oates was not then so fat as she is now, and could afford to have pretty girls around her. *Elle a changé tout cela.*

Well, of all the pretty girls, Venie Clancy was the prettiest. And a trim and shapely maiden, too, I faith. She had a little speech, a little song, and she made a little hit. I said to Zulana then: "The little girl has a future before her—if she doesn't die." And Zulana said: "Pooh!"

Come to think of it, I had been staring at her through my opera-glass for about five minutes. Hence the "pooh!"

Yet I was not looking at her dainty limbs, but at her face. I am fond of casting horoscopes, and hers was—consumption. For she had that waxen, transparent complexion, that illusive tinge of color, that lustrous eye which is so beautiful yet so significant.

She went to New York, and became the rage as Gabriel in "Evangeline." The young men raved about her, the shop-windows were full of her photographs. And two weeks ago she died of consumption.

I had cast her horoscope correctly.

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Apropos of Haase's "Shylock" on Wednesday, I was discussing the German's playing of the part with a friend. We disagreed. He thought it bad. I thought it good. After some little argument he insinuated that I knew nothing about it. This, of course, was conclusive. It is an argument I never answer. But I spoke to him thus:

"Viveur," I remarked, "I have several friends who can never see anything sensible in an opponent's view of things. They always seem to think him an idiot. Now, I never assume my opponent to be an idiot—that is, unless he be one of these friends. When they overwhelm me or any one else with their delicately worded doubts as to the soundness of my faculties, I have sometimes been tempted to draw up a list for them, and hand it over in order to assist them in depreciation. For instance, they might say of an opponent's argument that it is—

unmeaning	gibberish
nonsensical	balderdash
quibbling	rubbish
trumpery	moonshine
"mere words"	wish-wash
flummery	stuff and nonsense
inanity	fiddle-faddle
rigmarole	twosb
twaddle	bosb, or swosb.

"Now, Viveur," I went on, "I am willing to admit that my views on Haase may be swish, and therefore worthless, but what I have just told you suits your style, and is therefore valuable."

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I am frequently struck by the denseness displayed by some editors—and often metropolitan ones—regarding the sources from which they obtain their selected matter. The particular thing which recalls it to me is the appearance of a little poem, entitled "Behind her Fan," which is now floating on the journalistic sea. This poem appeared some two months ago in a magazine called *The Century*, which is known to many people—even to some editors. The poem was copied in the *Argonaut* at the time. Some weeks elapsed, and the London *Figaro* got hold of it. The editors of the New York *Sun*, the New York *World*, and the Boston *Transcript* immediately pounced upon it, reprinted it, and credited it to the *Figaro*. These able journalists keep their eyes so intently fixed on England that they overlook many good things at home. They probably would not have printed it in any event, however, until the British stamp of approval was affixed.

Another instance of the strange wanderings of these poetic waifs is a little poem that appeared in the "Bric-à-Brac" department of *Scribner's* a year or so ago. It was entitled

"A Ballad of Bandoline," and was written with only one rhyme—*ine*. It sung the adventures of one Annabel Christine, who banged her hair with bandoline, then ran away in a brigantine, and so forth up to lines sixteen. The metropolitan editors never read American magazines; they fill themselves and their readers with the husks furnished by *Temple Bar*, *Belgravia*, *London Society*, etc. So the little poem went unnoticed. Presently it was printed in a paper called the *Kansas City Times*. Here the editor of the New York *Sun* saw it, copied it, and credited it to the *Times*. The *Sun* has a large exchange list. Immediately the little poem appeared all over the country—sometimes credited to the *Times*, sometimes not credited at all. The other metropolitan editors never read the *Sun*, but they do read the country papers. After a while the poem appeared in nearly all the New York papers, credited sometimes to the *Squeedunk Vindicator*, sometimes to the *Squash Hollow Bugle*, and sometimes to the Union Springs (Alabama) *Watch-guard of the Constitution*.

The last time I heard of it Charley Reed, the negro minstrel, was reciting it on the stage at Emerson's.

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I have been to see the "Strategists." I do not think the cast particularly improved by the changes, nor the piece by the addition of new lines. Polk is as good as ever, and so is Katie Gilbert. I fancy that one of the elements of Miss Gilbert's popularity is that she is so like many other girls—girls of the American *bourgeoisie*, I mean. She comes near to the audience.

There are a number of lines interpolated into the lovers' dialogue, by the red-bearded apothecary behind the screen, which I consider offensive, not to say vulgar. I think they are about the style of jokes which would please a Chicago audience.

I was amused when Polk made his reappearance, after one of his lightning changes, without his mustache. About two hundred people immediately turned to two hundred others, and whispered:

"He's forgotten his mustache."

You could tell it by the movement of their lips. And you could also tell by their gratified looks that they were proud of the discovery!

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"Zulana," said I, "where shall we go this evening?"

"What?" inquired Zulana.

Now, she did not deliver herself of "Whatsay?" or "H-a-o-w?" or "Begyerpardin," all three of which are inexpressibly disagreeable to me. She only said "What?"—an excellent monosyllable, and only to be excelled in this sense by the less blunt "what did you say?" Nonetheless it annoyed me. I speak distinctly, as a rule. But when I repeated my question to her it was *staccato*:

"I said, *Where—shall—we—go—this—evening?*"

To this perfectly plain question, Zulana returned a perfectly irrelevant answer. It was this:

"Well, you need not hite my nose off!"

"Zulana," said I, kindly, "permit me to point out to you that your remark is not only malapropos, but meaningless. In the first place, it is not an answer to my question. I was weak enough to imagine that a question involved an answer. I had forgotten to whom I was speaking, and I beg your pardon, Zulana. In the second place, if I take your answer *au pied de la lettre*, I must remind you that your nose is in no danger of being bitten off. There was a time, perhaps, Zulana, when in my youthful ardor I might unwittingly have missed those sometime scarlet lips, and bitten—"

"You need not make a fool of yourself," interrupted Zulana, tartly; "I know what you mean."

"Most people would," I answered, dryly; "I will not wound you by saying that I had feared you would not. But you did not allow me to finish. I was about to say, when you interrupted me, that while your alarm in regard to your nose being bitten was perfectly unwarranted as regards myself, still your feeling in that regard seemed so acute that really I feel some concern as to who the other fellow—"

Zulana's eyes snapped. She advanced toward me, and glared into my face. Hers was scarcely an inch away.

"What do you mean, sir?" she demanded.

"Nothing—notbing at all, my dear," I replied, gently; "only that I wish you wouldn't bite my nose off."

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This little matrimonial breeze suggested to me the fact that there are many people who through sheer mental indolence force you to repeat everything you say. I do not mean those who are slightly deaf, and who would fain conceal the fact. For them I have only pity, a large measure of charity, a pair of excellent lungs, and a conversational tone which is a sort of subdued whoop. No, I do not mean them. But I mean those people who are in a perpetual state of mental slumber, and whose brain-pans require crepitation to arouse them. These beings remind me of the dwellers in Laputa, of whom Dean Swift wrote. It was the custom there for every man of weight to have a "flapper" ever at his side. The flapper was provided with an inflated bladder, suspended from a stick by a string. When another man, by his internal rumbling, betokened the fact that he was about to speak, the flapper would gently tap his master upon the ear-flap. His slumbering faculties thus aroused, the master would pay heed to his friend's vaticinations, and when he made reply, the friendly flapper of his friend would flap his flapper, who would then flap him.

There are many people in this world to whom I am forced, much against my will, to act as flapper. I am compelled, when I address them, to wake up their brains first and then repeat my remark.

Dean Swift says nothing of there being either female flappers or flappers for females in Laputa. I have no doubt they tried the experiment, but gave it up. The female flappers probably all died—some from nervous exhaustion, through conducting conversations in which they could not spare, and others from overwork, consequent upon having flapped for sewing-circles and things.

ZULANA.

The Boston *Post* man is acquainted with a "learned blacksmith," who knows almost everything except how to shoe a horse.

## LITERARY BRIC-A-BRAC.

It is related that Whittier's poem, "Maud Muller," sprang from an incident that happened to him during a pleasant drive through York, Maine. The poet, accompanied by his sister, was riding along, and not being acquainted with the locality, stopped at a field where the harvesters were at work, and asked his way. Near the stone wall was a young maiden engaged in the rustic occupation of raking hay. She replied to their questions, and, while doing so, shyly scattered the hay about her bare feet. Looking into her face, he saw that it held the charm of youth, and was "fresh and fair." The circumstance made a pleasant impression on his mind, and during the evening hours he reproduced the picture in verse, giving the simple village maiden an enviable immortality. The name suggested itself. The "Barefoot Boy" is but the rehearsal of his own story, and coming across a hook of Burns's poems was the incentive that made him a poet. As a guest in their home one night came a neighbor, who, as they sat around the table in the evening, noticed the farmer boy poring over his book. He spoke to him, and said: "I will read thee some poems of Burns's, if thou likest," and, taking out a copy, opened the book, and commenced reading. Whittier thus relates how the songs affected him: "It was the first I had heard of Burns. My wonder and delight is as fresh as they were yesterday. Up to that moment I had heard nothing that seemed to me by any right to be called poetry. I found the things out of which poems came were not, as I had always imagined, away off in the world of life lying outside our sky. They were right there about my feet, and the people I knew. The common things of our common life were full of poetry, and it was a new revelation." "The Singer" was the result of a visit paid him by the Cary sisters, when they first came from the Ohio farm-house, and began a friendship with the poet that lasted till their death. In Edgar Allan Poe's poems we find the name of Helen often repeated. The "Pæan," a production of his which was written and rewritten again and again, and published under the fanciful name of Lenore, was inscribed to a Mrs. Helen Stannard. Poe was extremely sensitive to the beguiling voice of tenderness and affection. She had given him loving sympathy and encouraging words, "till she seemed," as he expressed it, "the one idolatrous and ideal love of his tempest-tossed boyhood." He had a peculiar fondness for dumb animals, and frequently sought in their companionship the sympathy and quick show of affection which he often felt the lack of in his intercourse with his fellow-beings. His favorite cat was often perched upon his shoulder while he wrote. De Quincey would lose all idea of time when buried in his weird opium dreams. He was much given to night ramblings and long saunterings. He was "thin and strange, uncanny of aspect, and altogether queer in his habits." His "Confessions of an Opium Eater" had their birthplace in a small room at No. 4 Covent Garden, London, and, alluding to them, the author remarks: "When I had slept at more regular hours for several nights consecutively, and had armed myself by a sudden increase of the opium for several days running, I experienced at times a remarkable glow of jovial spirits. It was in some such artificial respite from my usual state of distress, and purchased at a heavy price of subsequent sufferings, that I wrote the greater part of the 'Confessions' in 1821." His rooms were invariably in a dreadful state of disorder, from the confusion of paper and odds and ends thrown about them. The furniture was embroidered with them. All the scraps held the germ of a literary work that was to emanate at some future day from the teeming brain of this wild dreamer of strange dreams. The famous ballad of "John Gilpin" was dashed off one evening for the pleasant amusement of a friend. It met the light of day in a stray newspaper—a nameless floating waif, tossing about on the wide sea of literature. It was rescued by an admiring essayist, who, recognizing its merits, carried it to an actor named Henderson, then giving public readings in London. Henderson gave it notoriety at once, and set every voice echoing its praises. The author's father and brother were both addicted to writing poetry. Händel, when composing, lost all remembrance of self, and his rapid pen-strokes could not keep pace with the quick flow of his thoughts. His servant was commanded to bring chocolate to his master. Often when obeying the order the servant would stop in amazement, and watch the tears mix with the ink as the great maestro penned his divine notes. Being questioned regarding his emotions during the composition of the "Hallelujah Chorus," he made answer, in his broken English: "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God himself." During his working hours Händel's excitement would oftentimes become so intense that he could not refrain from tears. A friend, who entered his room one day while he was at work, found him weeping sorrowfully as he was setting to music the pathetic words: "He was despised and rejected of men." The celebrated romance of "Monte Cristo" gave name to the sumptuous villa of the elder Dumas, where half his works were written. Here, in the gay Paris, in the midst of his fame and popularity, he lived like a prince, and "personified the imaginary hero of his great novel to perfection." The table was daily set for thirty guests; and what wit and humor were lavished at those witty banquets! The walls of this country-seat, built and fashioned by the scientific author, are decorated with the "titles of three hundred of his novels, dramas, and comedies." Between Monte Cristo and St. Germain, where his principal collaborator resided, "mounted couriers circulated with copy, while the two writers were working together for the principal papers and theatres of the city." ELVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 22, 1882.

The Reverend Arthur Anniceseed, of Utica, says the Watertown *Times*, is a disciple of Wilde, and pronounced by his lady parishioners a very zephyr of poetic piety. His preaching is very delicate. Last Sunday he read a portion of sacred writ detailing a rehearsal of Jonah's submarine adventure. "We come now to Jonah," said Arthur, "who passed three days and nights in the whale's—ahem—society."

May not a jury be said to be selfish when the greed?



## VANITY FAIR.

A French correspondent gives the following romantic account of the origin of a famous fashion: A *roué* in Paris challenged his lady-love, who was noted for the elegance of her costumes, to promenade with his old slouch hat with a broad rim for a head-dress. She would not be dared to do anything, so she placed it becomingly on top of her coiffure, fastened it up in front, and allowed long plumes to fall from the sides, and created such a sensation that the fashion was immediately followed by maidens of high and low degree. The Bernhardt soon made it famous; and even in still more exaggerated shape and size it holds its own, on foreign shores as well as in our own land, amid the countless forms that have been introduced since then, and to the horror of theatre-goers and the habitués of places of amusement, who find it impossible to see through or over these impenetrable barriers.

In reference to the late drawing-room in London, the *World* of that city says: The beauty of the day was a lady in black, who wore a bouquet made entirely of daffodils. Lady Colin Campbell was there, looking superb. One lady had a splendid bouquet of azaleas, and another had one on a very large scale composed entirely of lilies of the valley, which, as each sprig costs a shilling at present, must have represented a goodly sum of money. The youngest-looking person present was Maria, the Marchioness of Aylesbury, in *sang de bœuf* and black, with a magnificent tiara of diamonds. Lady Kilmorey was by far the most lovely of the married contingent who were presented. Her corsage was of white Venetian velvet, trimmed with ostrich feathers, the dress itself being of white satin, the head-dress being composed of ostrich feathers and diamonds. Apart from the question of becomingness, the following was a poetic dress, worn by a débutante: The front was composed of a mass of snowdrop fringes and some things that looked like icicles in the sunshine, but which were in reality bugles. The bodice and long train were heavily fringed with snowdrops and bugles, and the large bouquet was composed entirely of snowdrops and maidenhair.

Those who have a soul above buttons, says the Boston *Transcript*, need to be informed that the present fancy models dress buttons after small berries and round seed vessels of plants. Blackberry buttons of clustered jet beads are hardly new, but the fancy has been carried further, and drops of dull ebony imitate wild blackthorn berries, with the scar of the calyx at the end, or in metal have the blue bloom of cedar berries fixed upon them. A set in polished wood shades from black to red, like dark rose hips; others are brightly red, as the clusters of the black alder. Those in silver and gold are the shape of tiny crab-apples, in dull finish, with a few brightly cut lines. The finest pearl sets have natural tinted grounds, with figures in relief boldly cut and colored in cameo hues.

On the fifteenth instant Queen Victoria left Windsor for Mentone shortly after ten o'clock in the morning. Traveling with the Princess Beatrice and her suite by royal saloon train over the Southwestern Railway, the queen was, upon her arrival in Portsmouth Dockyard, received by the naval and military authorities, and at once embarked in the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*. The strictest privacy was maintained during the railway journey, and visitors were rigidly excluded from the jetty of the Royal Dockyard. The queen did not assume her incognito until she reached Cherbourg, the *Victoria and Albert* flying the royal standard so long as her majesty remained on board. The queen will spend a full month on the continent, the probable date of her re-embarkation being April fifteenth. The villa which the queen is about to inhabit at Mentone is a modern structure sumptuously furnished, and filled with all the most modern appliances for health and comfort. It was built by Mr. Henfrey, the same gentleman whose villa was occupied by her majesty during her visit to Baveno. It is not often that an English subject, however wealthy, has the chance of twice being honored by his sovereign as his guest.

The price of seal-skins being so high, and every woman feeling that she must own one, although the rage has somewhat abated, a new fabric has been discovered, and an English paper says that it is now manufactured at Paterson, New Jersey. The process is a secret, and no information can be given about it, as every safeguard is maintained to prevent its getting out. The goods produced are nothing more or less than imitation seal-skin made of silk. It is a new process, and entirely different from the manufacture of velvet, or plush, or anything of that sort, and the product is said to so closely resemble genuine seal-skin of the finest quality as to deceive even experts. It is quite expensive, although, of course, nothing to be compared with real seal-skin.

These rich men, or "konnoysers," as Jim Fisk called it, are desperately funny, says a New York correspondent. A. T. Stewart had a man named Butler buy most of his *chef-d'œuvres*, and the astute Judge Hilton occasionally dictated what the dry-goods king should do in the realms of art. Moses Roberts gathered his gallery under the direction of a pious wife, and the many pious frauds banging in his gallery would astonish one. Old Aspinwall was another who got in acres of canvas daubed with Scriptural designs; but one day he struck an artist from Antwerp, and the secular subjects that were stuck on him as scenes from holy writ made a lively diversion in the Aspinwall collection. There was Venus rising from the sea labeled "Susannah at the Bath." There was Othello before the Senate doing duty as "Christ before the Doctors." There was a dreadful French picture of the elder Dumas sitting between two noted French actresses of his time, christened "Lot and His Daughters," and a lot more of the same sort of bumbags. Belmont is another "konnoysers." Some years ago he advertised a large number of his pictures for sale, to make way for more valuable ones. He proclaimed the paintings he offered to be of the least value in his collection, and he went round and picked them out himself; and with unerring instinct he kept all the poor ones. The picture sharps were delighted. They

gobbled the art treasures as old hens do corn, and recently one Corot that he sold in that lot brought more than the whole collection.

What Emperor William thinks of the long trains of ladies' ball-dresses may be gleaned from a conversation he had at a recent court-ball with the young and charming wife of a foreign military attaché, who appeared with one of these long trains prescribed by the etiquette of her own country, and also worn at Berlin by the non-dancing ladies of "riper youth." The emperor noticing that the aforesaid lady had not joined the dancers, inquired in the most affable way the reason why, and received the frank reply: "For the simple reason, your majesty, that nobody asked me to dance." "Then let me tell you," said the emperor, with a smiling glance at her enormous train, "that my officers are evidently afraid of playing sad havoc with your lovely dress"; jestingly adding: "If I had the slightest power in matters of fashion, I should never have tolerated those cumbersome trains at balls. Unfortunately I have been utterly powerless in this respect, thus far; but I sincerely rejoice at the prospect of Dame Fashion speedily and sympathetically coming round to my views once more."

Any one who has waited in a line of carriages at a party will appreciate the device which a young London couple recently employed to kill time while waiting to be presented to the queen. The *Figaro* says concerning it: "The ingenious couple who played cards while their carriage was waiting in the line in the Mall, to get to the last Drawing-room, ran a risk of discovery which few would dare to brave. At the same time, it no doubt is very weary work waiting hour after hour in a close carriage, progressing at the rate of a foot or so per minute; and it is hard that the fear of rousing the rabble's prejudice should prevent ladies and gentlemen passing the time with a hand of bézique, or a snug little game of cribbage or *écarté*. One noble lady, I have heard, who has generally to be present as the sponsor of some of her numerous young friends, habitually employs the weary hours of waiting in writing, and boasts that more than a third of her last successful season was actually written with a stylographic pen, between Marlborough Gate and the top of the Mall."

At a recent Washington reception a unique ornament was worn by a lady. It was a long brooch or lace-pin, consisting of the rattles and button of an unusually large snake, set in a knife-edge setting of polished gold. There was a lovely face above it, and the grisly jewel caught together the edges of an exquisite lace-scarf, but the rattlesnake trophy was rather disconcerting to some delicate ladies, who withdrew from the wearer with fanciful shivers, when they saw what the thing really was. In explanation of such a strange ornament, it is said that while with her husband on the Florida coast, her only child, a little daughter, was saved from the deadly snake when all coiled and ready to spring upon her. The man who killed the snake and saved the girl's life was handsomely rewarded, and the mother, having obtained the rattles, had them mounted. The pin is always worn by her in grateful remembrance of the event, and at the largest balls, the great receptions, and the swell Germans the rattlesnake trophy appears.

There are few, says Edmund Yates in *Vanity Fair*, who know what a pitch poker-playing has reached in several London houses. It is no longer a game; it is a serious business. "Little poker-dinners" are now arranged almost nightly. The pious pretense of having a "low" table and a "high" one is nearly exploded. Those whose modest means might induce them to play at the former are soon detected, and are simply not asked again; while the "plunger" is besieged with invitations, and the "high" table is full to overflowing. How immensely the love of play has increased of late may be judged from the fact that only two years ago a lady, whose poker parties are now famous, was so anxious that the game in her house should never exceed the most modest proportions, that she forbade anybody to bet more than ten shillings at a time; yet now the sums won and lost in a single night under this roof are appalling. But it is only during the last few months that the poker fever has arrived at a really acute stage. Just before Christmas a small party of pokerists, who had already gained a reputation for unusually high stakes, sat down to play one evening at ten o'clock. In a couple of hours they had so far exceeded their former efforts, that it actually cost a player fifty pounds to "go in"—by which it must be understood that before anybody was allowed to bet, which is really the beginning and the essence of the game, the sum of fifty pounds had to be placed in the pool by each player. The result was extraordinary, from the fact that only five hundred pounds changed hands when the party broke up. I am told by one who was present, that he was surprised the final amount was so small, for at one time between two thousand and three thousand pounds had been lost and won. A peer with a large family must in these days be rich indeed if he can afford the luxury of a younger son who contrives to lose eighteen hundred pounds in one year at poker. But such has lately been the case. The youth in question is only just of age, and rejoices in the handsome annual allowance of three hundred pounds. Still he plays—and, to his credit be it said, still he pays; but when the day of final reckoning comes—as come it must before long—some well-known member of the "persecuted race" will grumble, no doubt, at the meagre ten per cent. awarded him instead of his moderate one hundred and fifty. To General Schenck, who, less than ten years ago, first brought poker to England, and at the request of the late Lady Waldegrave wrote out the rules of the game, we are undoubtedly indebted for the present gambling mania in private life, which, as we have already shown, is doing such serious injury to the poorer members of society. Surely it is possible to amuse one's self after dinner without trying to ruin one's friends or enrich one's self. Poker in moderation is an excellent safety-valve, no doubt, for after-dinner excitement, but carried to the length which it has lately reached it becomes a serious social scandal. There are plenty of gaming clubs, and to spare, for those who choose to frequent them. In the meanwhile it should not be possible to say that any bossess can offer greater inducements to play in a private house than those provided by the keeper of a public hell.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"Garfield's Place in History" is another essay upon our late President, by Henry C. Pedder. It treats almost entirely of his political life, and in so doing quotes and comments upon many extracts from his speeches. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

The last number of the new edition of the late J. G. Holland's works is "Sevenoaks." This novel first appeared as a serial in *Scriveners*, and at that time excited considerable interest. The volumes of this new edition are all tastefully bound, and form the first uniform collection of this popular author's novels and poems. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

The last number of the "Verbalist" and "Orthoepist" series is "The Rhymester," by the late Tom Hood. This is merely a new and amended edition of an English work which appeared just previous to the death of this talented son of Thomas Hood. He seems to have taken pleasure in poetic instruction, for almost simultaneously with the publication of this work he wrote for "Every Boy's Annual" a most delightful treatise on verse, entitled "How I Taught a Youngster to Write Verse." The present edition has received several additions from Arthur Penn, which treat of the fashions in form and metre that have appeared since Hood's death. Versification in general is first treated; then follow in order, feet, caesuras, metre, rhythm, rhyme, and figures. After these, the various forms which poems take are touched upon; the whole ending with a good rhyming dictionary. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

"Monsieur Le Ministre," by Jules Claretie, somewhat resembles Daudet's "Numa Roumestan" in plot. But the dainty strokes of perfect finish which mark Daudet's character-sketching are entirely wanting in that of Claretie's. Where Daudet subordinated immortality to the general action of the novel, Claretie seems to have made it the supreme object. The story is interesting, but that is about all that may be said of it. The author, previous to the book's appearance, intimated, or rather caused to be intimated, that Gambetta was the intended original. The likeness is so ridiculously untrue that it merits contemptuous pity. Claretie has drawn down upon himself much odium from the critics for introducing into the aristocratic circles, of which his book treats, a woman whose reputation is as spotted as it is notorious, and it certainly gives American readers a false impression of Paris society, when they read of the homage paid by the *grand monde* to such a creature as "Marianne." Published by T. B. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

Mark Twain has certainly a talent for writing children's books. "The Prince and the Pauper," his latest work, possesses the same fascinating qualities which characterized "Tom Sawyer." It is an English romance of the time of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. It bears a striking likeness in its romantic and adventurous style to Captain Marryat's famous "Children of New Forest." There is something very attractive in the incidents and dangers which travelers in that day underwent; and Mr. Clemens has made free use of heggars, robbers, and tramps. The story begins with the last hours of Henry VIII. A little street boy, who is almost the exact image of the boy Prince Edward, secretly penetrates the palace to the apartments of the heir apparent. The two youths converse with each other, the prince becoming fired to enthusiasm by the street-boy's description of life in the slums. The prince persuades the boy to change garments, and hastily seeks the street. Endeavoring, soon after, to return, he is kicked out by the guards as an impostor. Meanwhile the street-boy vainly explains his identity to the courtiers, who find him in the prince's dress and apartments. They note his likeness to the prince, and gaze at him in mild compassion, as royalty gone mad. Bewildered, he is borne before the dying monarch, and after a few hours succeeds, against his will, to the English throne as Edward VI. His experience in that rôle, and the adventures of the little outcast monarch form the outline of the story. Finally, the true king obtains audience with the supposed king. All is righted by an immediate and eager surrender of the position and title, and everything ends satisfactorily for the wail who was king for the brief space. There are one hundred and ninety-two well executed illustrations and many notes. Published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston; for sale by subscription at Bancroft's.

Books to come: A volume on the last days of Knickerbocker life in New York is in the press of G. W. Harlan. The author of these reminiscences is A. C. Dayton, an old New-Yorker.—John Addington Symonds is at work upon another volume of poetry—his third.—Walt Whitman is preparing his prose writings for publication; they will form a companion volume to his poems.—"Caroline Fox's Diary" is shortly to be republished in the Franklin Square Library, and will thus be placed easily within the reach of the poorest reader.—Forty-nine plates will adorn the work on Egyptian obelisks which Lieutenant-Commander Goringe has written, and which the Putnams are soon to issue. The author gives a detailed account of the fashion in which the Central Park obelisk was transported to this country.—Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have nearly ready for publication a volume on the "Sunday Question," by the Rev. Leonard W. Bacon, of Norwich, Conn. Contrary to the alleged antecedents of the author, it is said to treat the subject from a liberal point of view.—William M. Rossetti is about to publish a sort of supplementary volume to his three volumes on the "Life and Works of Shelley." This is to be made up of such poems of Shelley's as in Mr. Rossetti's opinion have an autobiographical significance.—Henry Holt & Co. are intending to issue a uniform edition of the miscellaneous works of John Stuart Mill.

Literary Miscellany: The manuscript collections of the late R. W. Eytton, who was perhaps the greatest English antiquary of our time, are to be sold in London this spring. This collection fills about fifty volumes, written in a character so minute and precise that many readers will require a magnifying glass.—A fresh edition of two thousand copies of the early "Poetical Works" of Mr. Browning, in six volumes, has been printed.—The author of those delightful books, "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass," is Mr. Dodgson, an Oxford magnate of the lesser degree. No books of nonsense ever had a greater success among literary people. Poets and historians have chuckled over them, and grave divines have loved them.—Edmund C. Stedman has prepared for the May *Harper's* pleasant article on "Some London Poets," illustrated by excellent portraits of Austin Dobson, E. W. Gosse, Miss Robinson, and others.—The chief American worshiper of Robert Browning is Mr. Thaxter, the husband of the poet Celia Thaxter. This Massachusetts man has devoted many years of his life to the study of Browning, and has been giving readings of his idol's works in Boston.—Musurus Pacha, the Turkish Ambassador in England, describes the form of verse which he has employed in his translation of Dante's "Inferno" as "a twelve-syllable paroxysm metre, resembling the iambic, though wanting the quantitative movement."—In another column we print the poem which Austin Dobson contributed to "The Garland of Rachel"—the dainty volume made for the glory and delight of the baby daughter of an Oxford professor. Only thirty-six copies of the book were printed—one for the little Rachel and one for each of the contributors—many famous men being among them.—Tristram and Iseult have a new poet in the person of Mr. Swinburne. He has written a narrative poem in nine books on the story of the unfortunate lovers.—A year's experience in Paris is the subject of a volume which Henry Bacon, the artist, has written, and which is to be published by Roberts Brothers. It is called "A Parisian Year," and will contain illustrations by the author.—Charles Lamb's dramatic essays are to form the next volume of the little "Parchment Library" series, now being published in London. The preface upon Lamb as a dramatist, and as a critic of the drama, is by J. B. Matthews.



## THE TELL-TALE CHIMNEY.

A Romantic Story of the Youth of Count Andrassy's Father.

It was the time of the vintage in Mad. Yes, but where is Mad? I did not know myself until lately, but this much I am certain of, that a delicious wine is made from the grapes which grow on the mountain-sides of Mad, and, beside that, there is a mineral spring of sulphur water in this otherwise unimportant metropolis of Hegyallya; but these two facts are all I know of the Mad of to-day.

Well, then, it was at the time of the vintage—a very important time in Mad, as even the neighboring market-town of Tokay could not produce such excellent wine. The vintage in Hegyallya is a national festivity, and the nobility flock into Mad, not only from the Jempler and Zipser countries, but from the whole of Upper Hungary, and devote a week to offering thanks to kind Bacchus, and rendering homage to the other gods of pleasure. The Hungarians are a dance-loving people. Bands of bronze-cheeked gypsies have made us, and all the world, familiar with their soul-stirring and ardent melodies, as well as with their "Csardas," a national dance, with its peculiar and passionate rhythm. It is not only of late years that the people on both sides of the Theiss have been fond of dancing; on the contrary, they were much more so before the Western European civilization penetrated, by means of railroads and highways, into the sacred home of the Tokayans. In those days the vintage-ball in Mad lasted at least five days, and was so renowned that grantees would come with their wives and daughters over fifty miles to participate in the festivities.

This story opens at the hall, on the third day of the festival, in the year 18—. The sun had long set behind the blue-green tops of the vine-covered mountains, and night approached; but the ball-room was as bright as day, illuminated by numberless wax-lights from chandeliers and candelabra, which were reflected from the mirrored walls, and flashed from jewels of immense worth in the orders worn on the breasts of brave men, in the curls and on the snow-white shoulders and arms of beautiful women. Intoxicating music sounded through the large room, and the dazzling gold and silver embroideries, costly laces, fresh, fragrant flowers, glistening silks, clear, ringing laughter, little dancing feet, and brilliant eyes—all combined to form a scene worthy of the Arabian Nights.

Only one person seemed unmoved by this splendor. He was a young cavalier, who, for some time, had been resting against a pillar, and who appeared tired of following with his eyes the whirling, distracting dance. At last he turned away, and passed through the open glass-door on to the vine-covered terrace. He leaned against the wooden balustrade, and looked thoughtfully over to the hills of Saros-Patak, on whose vines, five hundred years ago, the first grapes in Hegyallya had ripened, and which now stood out in bold relief against the evening sky. He did not remain alone, however, for in a few moments a friend—the slender Bela—wiping his forehead, after the heating dance, came toward him.

"Ha! So sensitive, Andrassy?" he exclaimed, putting his hand on his friend's arm.

"I am resting. I have done all that duty requires of me. And anyway, the whole thing tires me."

"Heavens, man! Traitor!" replied the other, with affected astonishment. "The hall in Mad tires you? Look around you again. Where in the world could you find so many beautiful women, bright eyes, and pretty feet as here?"

"Nowhere."

"And, nevertheless it tires you?"

"As I have already said."

"I don't believe it," laughed Count Bela. Carl Andrassy shrugged his shoulders, and turned away in a dejected manner.

"Now, I'll tell you what's the matter with you," said Bela. "You make me curious."

Bela put his mouth to his friend's ear, and whispered, laughingly:

"You are in love."

Andrassy drew himself up with great dignity. His black eyes flashed angrily at Bela for a few moments, and then he answered, haughtily:

"How does that concern you?"

"You are right there," replied Bela, again laughing. "Your being in love is none of my business, certainly, and I ought to be accustomed to it by this time, as I have seen you so often in that condition during the eight years that I have known you. But still, it would make me very happy to have the pleasure of dancing with Ilka at your wedding soon."

Andrassy smiled.

"You had better do all your dancing here, then, for you will have to wait a long time for my wedding."

Bela looked impatiently at him.

"We are such good friends," he said. "Then in a warmer tone: 'Why don't you confide in me?'"

"What shall I confide in you?" asked Andrassy, angrily.

"The cause of your ill-temper."

"I have the best temper in the world."

"Don't try to deceive me. I know you too well. You are in trouble."

"Trouble?" said Andrassy, with a loud and supercilious laugh. "Your imagination must be very fine. What should trouble me?"

"Listen to me," answered Bela, earnestly, "and don't try to deceive me. You remember when we were in Vienna and Pesth you used to come to me, and throwing your sash and cap carelessly on the table, and yourself on a chair, you would exclaim: 'I am in love?'"

Andrassy frowned.

"What has that to do with the present?" he asked, hastily. "At that time you were very much enamored of at least half-a-dozen tolerably pretty women; some were ladies, and some were not."

"Well."

"And I laughed over it, because I knew you so well, and I also knew how harmless such infatuations were. While you swore by all the saints in the calendar that you were dead in love—"

"But—"

"But, to-day," continued Bela, unheeding the interruption, "you say nothing, call upon no saints; but, nevertheless, this time you are in love. Your conduct makes me uneasy, because it shows that you are really serious."

"Thank God, you have finished at last," said Andrassy, seemingly amused. "And whom am I in love with, if I may ask? You will pardon my curiosity, I hope."

"Ilka says—"

"Ah! Your information comes from that quarter!"

"Yes. Ilka has noticed that you never take your eyes off Etelka Scapary."

Carl Andrassy had expected this answer, and so did not move a muscle as Bela mentioned Etelka's name, but smiled pleasantly, and said:

"And what else did the pretty countess say?"

"That you have not yet danced once with Etelka."

"Ah! And that proves that I am very much in love, does it not?" asked Carl, laughingly.

"Ilka thinks so, and I agree with her."

"Would you consider it another proof if I were to leave this town in an hour, as I have decided to do?"

"Yes," said Bela, positively.

"To the devil with your obstinacy!" muttered Andrassy, becoming excited, and a slight flush mounted to his brown cheeks. He seemed irresolute for some moments, and after casting a searching glance into the room and twirling his mustache, he finally said:

"Well, then—you are right."

"You see," said Bela, triumphantly, and he took Andrassy's arm. "But come and tell me all about it."

"What good would that do?" answered Carl.

"Perhaps I can help you."

Andrassy shrugged his shoulders in silence.

"I am distantly related to the Scaparys," said Bela.

"So am I."

"The mother likes me."

"She doesn't like me. I am not economical enough to please her. But the mother's opinion is of little consequence to me."

"She has the disposal of Etelka's hand, however."

"Of her heart, also," angrily replied Andrassy.

"I don't know what to make of you," said Bela, sternly.

"I hardly know what to make of myself. But never mind that, my dear friend," said Andrassy, changing the subject, abruptly. "I am going to leave in an hour; but before I go you will certainly allow me one dance with Ilka?"

"Most willingly."

They re-entered the over-heated room together. Bela was slender and of prepossessing appearance, blonde, with gray eyes. Carl Andrassy was a little above the medium size, but with a magnificent figure, which the tight-fitting Hungarian costume set off to great advantage. His face did not belie his origin. His hair was black and curly, and under a broad forehead shone a pair of deep-set, lustrous, black eyes. A Roman nose, strong chin, and long heard completed his characteristic appearance, and, although not so striking as his friend Bela, he possessed greater claims to manly beauty.

When Andrassy joined the dancers with Ilka Aponyi, Bela basted to the Countess Scapary, who sat alone, smiling as her eyes followed her daughter, who was waltzing.

"Well, how are you enjoying yourself, countess?" asked he.

"Very well, dear cousin. You see Etelka is dancing, and I, as a wall-flower, am enjoying my child's conquests."

At this moment Etelka returned.

"Where is Ilka?" she asked, giving her hand to her cousin.

"She is dancing with Carl Andrassy."

"Ah! with Count Andrassy?" said the beautiful girl, her eyes glancing around the hall-room in search of them. "Are you not jealous?"

"No, indeed," replied Bela, smiling, "not of Carl Andrassy."

His tone of voice and his smile did not please her. She thought they expressed contempt for Carl, and a little wrinkle formed between her two eyebrows as she looked inquiringly at Bela.

"He is my best friend, and—in love."

Etelka Scapary blushed, and, turning away quickly, said:

"Then, certainly, you have nothing to fear."

The music ceased, and supper was announced.

"I would like some fresh flowers in my bair," said Etelka to her mother. "The heat has withered my roses, and they are almost ready to fall to pieces."

"Well, let's go, then. We'll meet again, cousin."

The mother was a proud, queenly woman. Many persons said that she was very avaricious, but this fact you would never have suspected, from her magnificent costumes and trains of cloth-of-gold; but still it was an open secret that she had dismissed the young Esterhazy, and also Gyula Zyby, when they proposed for Etelka's hand, in consequence of their extravagant habits.

Etelka was slender and graceful. She resembled Greuze's picture of spring in her simple white dress of light silver-embroidered silk, cut in the fashion of the day, with a very short waist. She wore pale blush roses in her hair and at her girdle. Her complexion was fair and delicate, her dark eyebrows were arched, her long, black lashes shadowed large, liquid, earnest eyes, and a smile of happy youth played around her lips.

Bela looked after her, and said, as Andrassy approached:

"She is truly charming."

"Farewell, friend," replied Andrassy, giving Bela his hand. "I leave in an hour."

"You are a fool if you don't try your luck before you go."

"You know very well that I am not economical enough, and that is what the Scapary exacts from her son-in-law. Just think of what happened last year, when I, with a special purpose, paid the countess a visit. We were strolling in the garden, and I, thoughtlessly, pulled a plum and threw it away. When the countess saw this she was highly incensed, made me a long speech on economy and prodigality, and said whoever pulls a plum to eat may be economical, but he who pulls one to throw away is a spendthrift, and to a spendthrift she would never give her daughter."

"That's ridiculous."

"I believe her, however; and since Esterhazy and even Gyula Zyby have received the mitten, I shall not risk a refusal."

"You are too proud."

"Etelka, however charming she may be, still has a great fault."

"Her mother?" asked Bela, laughing.

"No."

"What can it be then?"

"She is the richest heiress in Hungary."

"What a great misfortune!" exclaimed Bela, sarcastically.

"Rich girls are constantly told that men want to marry them for their money only, and finally they believe it."

"Well, perhaps you are right."

"Good-bye. Your fiancée is waiting for you. We meet again next November in Pesth."

The friends shook hands, and while Bela returned to Ilka, Carl Andrassy, making his adieux here and there, left the hall-room, and ordered his carriage. He then went to his room, which was on the first floor, to prepare for his journey. While his valet packed his effects, the count filled the little short-stemmed pipe which he was in the habit of smoking, and stretched himself, sighing, on the lounge which stood in front of the immense fire-place. While puffing thick clouds of smoke, his mind was occupied with Etelka. Dared he risk following the advice of his friend? He would, if he were only sure of Etelka's affection. But, as it was—no, he could not. His pride won the victory. Suddenly he started up out of his reverie.

"Did you say anything?" he asked of the servant, who was busy at the other end of the large room.

"No, my lord."

Andrassy looked perplexed, for he had distinctly heard some one speaking. There it was again. A fresh, melodious, girl's voice asked:

"Are the roses in the right place?"

"Yes, my child. Wait, and I will fasten them again."

Andrassy understood every word. He recognized the two voices immediately, but where did they come from? That riddle was soon solved. The fire-place of his room connected with that of the room above in a manner to allow him to hear distinctly every word that was said. Eagerly listening, he bent his head down to the tell-tale chimney.

"Are you enjoying yourself this evening?"

"Tolerably," answered Etelka.

"Which of the gentlemen do you like best?"

Here was a pause. The count's heart beat violently. He thought that Etelka's answer, which was of so much importance to him, was spoken too softly to be heard. He leaned farther over into the fire-place.

"Still—Count Andrassy," she said, at last.

He felt like shouting with joy, but continued to listen without moving.

"I do, too," said the mother; "and if he should propose to you?"

Andrassy held his breath.

"Oh, mamma!" she answered, reproachfully. "Then, after a little while, she added, sadly: 'I don't think of that any more. I don't think that will ever happen.'"

"But if it did?"

"Oh, then I should be very happy," said Etelka, so softly that Carl Andrassy could scarcely bear it.

He did not wait a moment longer. Springing up, he threw away the extinguished pipe. His cheeks were burning, and his eyes glistened, as he stood in front of the mirror to rearrange his toilet. Suddenly he stopped, and struck his forehead. Was he not dreaming? Was it not a delusion?

"Did you bear any one speaking just now?" he asked, turning round to his servant.

"No, my lord," answered the valet, astonished at his master's strange question.

Andrassy returned to the fireplace and listened, but no one was speaking now, and he could distinguish no sound. Some one knocked softly. The landlord entered to inform him that his carriage was waiting.

"Who lives on the next floor?" Andrassy asked, excitedly.

"The widowed Countess Scapary," the landlord replied.

"Unharness the horses; we do not leave to-night," commanded the count, and rushed by the astonished man, out of the door. In a quarter of an hour the Countess Scapary appeared at the supper-table with an overjoyed pair of pledged lovers.

Thus Count Carl Andrassy obtained his beautiful bride, and their second son, Julius Andrassy, is the celebrated Austrian-Hungarian statesman.

F. S.  
SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1882.

"Sweet child!" gushingly exclaimed young Mr. Taffitalker, as her little baby brother of five bright summers came toddling into the parlor. "Sweet child, with sunny hair and eyes so like its lovelier sister's; come here, cherub, and see what I've got for you." And when the cherub came and spread two fat, dimpled hands, covered with bread-crumbs and molasses, on the knees of his pale striped pants, Mr. Taffitalker whispered hoarsely under his breath that he had a large two-edged knife that would go through him four times and hack again, for him, but, unfortunately, he hadn't it with him. So he gave him a handful of red and green candy—very unwholesome—and smiled sweetly as the cherub trotted away, and murmured audibly: "Dear little fountain of love, and sunshine, and innocence, how my heart always goes out to a child." This, dearly beloved, remarks Burdette, goes under the head of "dissembling."

"Lord Chamberlain's office, St. James's Palace: Notice is hereby given that the queen will hold a drawing-room at Buckingham Palace on Wednesday, the first of March, at three o'clock. The knights of the several orders are to appear in their collars at this drawing-room, it being Collarday." This is rather alarming. It is to be hoped that the knights wore something else, if it were only an eye-glass.

The people of Alaska, remarks the Chicago Tribune, who ought to be contented and happy, do not seem to know when they are well off. With whisky at fourteen cents a quart, and neither a city council nor a supreme court to worry them, these skin-clad aliens are clamoring for a government.

Clara Louise Kellogg will not sing any more after she gets married. It is said she will lecture.



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## THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1882.

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We have every reason to believe that the Chinese bill, as it passed the Senate, will become a law. Our people have been patient and law-abiding under a condition of affairs that would have precipitated a less loyal people into rebellion. For years the conviction has been upon us—and all of us who have not a moneyed interest in the Chinese—that a continued and unrestricted immigration of this people would work to us and our civilization an irreparable evil. Our laboring classes have been brought face to face with famine, consequent upon a competition for wages with which they can not contend and live. To the man to whom God has given only physical strength to gain his daily bread by daily labor our civilization permits a wife, and for her a domicile; children, and for them an education, and care, which embrace the requirements of a house, meat, wheat bread, hooks, serviceable garments, a compliance with sanitary regulations, and a submission to municipal laws. Our civilization demands of the head of the family the performance of a citizen's obligations, requiring him to perform jury duty, and making him liable to military service in time of war. It requires him in the capacity of citizen to serve on a *posse comitatus* in time of peace, and to pay taxes. And yet it brings this civilized American into competition with an adult Asiatic male, without family, without children, without the expensive demands of our Christian civilization. It requires of him no duties of citizenship; it expects from him no taxes. His habits of life, acquired through a hundred generations of enforced economy, enables him to live on food that will not sustain life in a white laborer. To allow him to come, earn money, and return, and thus place his labor and his wages in competition with the white laborer, is nothing less than a judgment that takes from that white laborer everything he holds dear. It is an inexorable decree that condemns him to a condition worse than death; that takes from him wife, children, home, happiness, and life. Our laboring classes have met this Asiatic wolf at their door, and it is creditable to them that they have not drained it. It is creditable to our laboring classes that they have not been more impatient and restive under this invasion; that they have been so patient and so law-abiding as they have. It is not the laboring classes alone who are threatened with danger; it is not the laboring classes alone who are alarmed at this threatened Chinese armada. It is the more observant and the more intelligent of the com-

munity who see its threatening danger. All classes, all orders, all individuals, *everybody, except those peculiarly interested*, are now convinced that there is no safety or prosperity for the Pacific Coast unless the immigration of Chinese is restricted by law. This conviction is the growth and observation of a generation of intelligent, humane, and patriotic American people.

The time was when all of us welcomed the Chinese to our coast. We regarded their presence among us as the solution of our labor problem. We believed they would bring to our coast their peculiar productions, such as rice, sugar, tea, silk, their carvings in gold, silver, and ivory, and their peculiar vocations. They have added no new feature to our industries; they have produced nothing that we did not enjoy. They are their own importers, hankers, and insurance agents. Their food, their garments, and their luxuries are mostly brought from China. Their earnings they send to China. Within the very heart of our city they breed pestilence. They offend our moral sense with their Oriental vices. They debase our people. They demoralize our youth. They populate our prisons. They fill our asylums. They do not, in any sense, assimilate with us. They care not for our civilization. They despise our religion. They are not capable of citizenship. Government, with them in the majority, would be impossible. They know nothing of, and they care nothing for, our form of government, for our country, or our people. They will not adapt themselves to our customs, or acquire our language, or in any sense conform to our system. For more than thirty years these people have been invading us. California, isolated from the Eastern States, has appealed to the Congress of the United States for protective legislation. We have enacted State and municipal laws; but in every attempt to remedy the evil have been met with the assertion that in Congress alone rested the power to regulate passenger traffic. Our laws and ordinances have been annulled by the courts. Our health laws and municipal regulations have been inoperative. The Chinaman convicted of misdemeanor accepts the bread and meat of jail imprisonment with more than stoical indifference. He welcomes the food and leisure of his term of confinement as an economical rest from labor. Our ingenuity has failed to find any other remedy, otherwise than violence, bloodshed, and rebellion to legal authority, but that which shall come from the Congress of the United States. We ask that for twenty years it shall restrict this people from coming among us. We ask this as an experiment. We have long and patiently waited for it. We have educated the American people to give us this law restricting Chinese immigration. The American people, at the hallo-ho, in accordance with our mode of giving expression to national opinion, have decided that we may have this law. The Congress of the United States has once passed such a law. The Republican party, in its national convention, and the Democratic party, in its national convention, have given their assent to the enactment of a similar restrictive measure. A treaty has been negotiated by the two governments assenting to this law. The successful Presidential candidate endorsed the policy. The Vice-Presidential candidate, now the President, was elected upon the issue, distinctly made. The forgery of the Morey letter made the issue more distinct, gave it national prominence, and demanded of every Congressional and Senatorial candidate that he should take sides. They did take sides, and both parties went before the people pledged to restrict Chinese immigration. There is not now in either house a member of Congress whose honor is not pledged to restrictive legislation. Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, was chairman of the convention that so resolved. John Sherman was the Republican candidate for the presidency upon a platform containing such a resolution. Edmunds, of Vermont, was a hopeful, willing, waiting candidate for the presidency, with a vacillating Vermont delegation, who indulged in the delusion that he might be struck by the accident of a nomination. Senators Hawley, Platt, Ingalls, Mitchell, Conger, Dawes, Frye, and Morrill, we know, and how many others we do not know, were upon the stump in favor of the platform and the candidate who proclaimed restrictive Chinese legislation as a principle of the Republican organization. These men, in voting against the measure, have acted treacherously and dishonorably. They have lied to their consciences and their constituents. They have betrayed and injured their party. They have done that in the Senate of the United States which they promised they would not do. They have failed to do that which they pledged their honor to the American people they would do.

This has ceased to be a Pacific Coast question; it is a national question, and the senators who voted against the Chinese bill have deliberately violated an honorable pledge, openly given in a national election. They ought to suffer for it. The country ought to withdraw from them the confidence which is due honest, intelligent, and brave statesmanship. Such acts of betrayal in any other than political life would be characterized by the words, "knavery," "ignorance," and "cowardice." The senatorial vote, "eight Re-

publicans to twenty-one Democrats," will injure the Republican party. The same vote in the House of Representatives would work it irreparable injury. An executive veto would destroy it. If this bill does not become a law, and at this session, there will be no Republican party in California. We shall have had our last governor for many a long year. There will be no more Republican mayors in San Francisco till this generation shall have forgotten this treasonable betrayal by Republican leaders. Let this law fail, and ambitious Eastern aspirants for presidential electoral votes must not look across the Rocky Mountains. There is no honest man in the Republican party on this coast—no disinterestedly honest man—who does not regard this question as of higher importance to us and our posterity, our moral welfare, and national interest, than any and all other political questions which are now before the country. We are writing this article while this bill rests in the executive hands, awaiting his approval. We have no doubt it will meet his sanction. If it does, and becomes a law, Republicans may feel sufficient gratitude to our Senators and members of Congress for their honest labors in pushing this legislation to a successful issue, to forget the traitors and the treason that imperiled it. If there are any names that deserve resentful memory by our people, they are names of those Republican members of the Senate and House of Representatives who have so treacherously and shamefully betrayed the trust reposed in them. If there are any names that should be hung in black, any pictures that should be forever turned to the wall, it should be the names and portraits of these traitors to party and to principle.

If for any reason, or from any cause, or by virtue of any accident, or by decision of any court, or neglect of any authority, this law shall not be passed; or, being passed, shall not be respected, observed, and enforced, then this Chinese question will open out for consideration in a different way. If the law will not aid us, and the government will not protect us, then we may consider what we may do for self-defense, outside of the law, and in defiance of governmental neglect. When we shall have exhausted every peaceable remedy known to our system, and made the last appeal to our country for its protection, and have failed to obtain any relief against this Chinese invasion, we may then be permitted to remember that it is the privilege of citizenship to resist a wrong, otherwise irremediable, by an appeal to Nature's higher law of SELF-PROTECTION.

The bill has passed; and now let us admit that we owe its enactment to the Democratic party. Without Democratic votes it would not have passed. Without the support of Democratic senators, the treaty would not have been ratified. Without Democratic aid in the Senate and in the House of Representatives this curse of Chinese immigration, this barbarian invasion, would never have been arrested, except through violence, disorder, confusion, and war here in our port of San Francisco. In our streets would have been enacted scenes that would have shamed our civilization. That we have been spared witnessing these things is due, not to the party of moral ideas and advanced political intelligence, not to the Republicans, but to the Democratic party; not to Republican statesmen, but to Democratic politicians. There is no one man more deserving of our gratitude for the accomplishment of this result than Senator Farley. He had the power to defeat the measure. Had he intimated such a wish to his party friends in the Senate, they would not have ratified the treaty. Had he failed in his loyal support of the Miller bill, it would have been beaten in the Senate; and it is much to his credit when on such a measure he can bring to its support all the Democratic senators save one. Senators Miller and Jones made grand speeches. They worked with effective power and earnest diligence. Congressman Page deserves much praise. His leadership of the bill through the House is entirely creditable to him. Now let us hope that President Arthur will do his duty by promptly signing the bill. Then let us see that its provisions are enforced, and rigidly, strictly, and thoroughly enforced; and if, after our long and patient waiting for a legal remedy, any man or company shall dare to attempt to evade its provisions, be he pagan or Christian, white or tan, let us make him, or them, or it feel, that the attempt is a dangerous one. Let us remember with gratitude all who have aided us in this our dangerous crisis. Let us remember and punish every public man who has proved a traitor to principle and party pledges.

The information comes to us that the cabinet-appointment of Secretary of the Navy lies between Mr. Chandler, of Maine, and General Beale, of California. There will be but one sentiment upon our coast relative to this matter. While we say nothing to the disparagement of the prominent Maine politician, he has no public record other than in the line of party service and political intrigue. We recognize General Beale as especially qualified, from his ability and experience, to administer our Navy Department.



## OLLA-PODRIDA.

"Home again" is a pleasant sensation, after a journey round the continent in ninety days. No one can properly appreciate the grandeur and extent of this broad empire of ours till he has crossed from ocean to ocean, and made the journey from Oregon to Florida, from New England to Texas. On a dark December day I left our coast, then jubilant under the influence of a down-pouring rain storm. Crossing the valleys, climbing the hills, stretching out across the broken uplands of Nevada, past the cultivated acres and small, prosperous homes of the Utah Mormons, over the broad plains of Wyoming and Nebraska, all of which are familiar to our traveled readers, I reached the Missouri. But stretching to the northward of this iron-line of latitude there lies a great, productive, unknown land—a land stretching from the Pacific Ocean to the Mississippi River, abounding in all that constitutes a nation's wealth, possessing in itself every element of national prosperity. The country bordering on Puget Sound—which is the most magnificent harbor on the continent—and the mouth of the Columbia is an unbroken forest of splendid timber. There, in time, ships will be built and launched to hear away to foreign ports the growing commerce of that now unknown and almost unexplored land. There, too, are vast coal and iron fields—two Titans—in the possession of forces which, developed by wealth and labor, are capable of infinite results. Iron and coal in vicinage have contributed to the greatness and strength of England; have enriched Pennsylvania; are enriching Virginia and West Virginia, and opening up new possibilities to all the lands upon and hording upon the Cumberland and Alleghany ranges. Then comes the hunchgrass country. Adopting the language of a resident, great hilly seas of rolling hills, stretching out on the south to the forty-second parallel, on the north to the British Possessions, and eastward to the Rocky Mountains, embracing a country four hundred and fifty miles north and south by two hundred and fifty east and west, and capable, from the peculiarity of its inexhaustible soil, of an annual production of one hundred million cents of wheat. In that great north-land are the territories of Idaho, Montana, and Dakota, abounding in precious metals; affording labor to a vast population; rich in grain and gold; the home of flocks and herds; with a climate not unkind to the growth of fruits, and well adapted as the residence of a hardy race.

From the rich prairie lands of Kansas, Iowa, and Illinois we look northward to a splendid empire of boundless resources. I need not write of the older States—their great commercial cities, railroads everywhere, great mills, and factories, and shops booming with the sound of ax and hammer, the clink of anvil, the buzz of saws, the whirl and roar of machinery. The East is as alive as an ant-hill. Business is booming; money is plenty; the nation prospers—it is paying its war debt at the rate of half a million dollars a day. Immigration of a healthful kind is pouring into the country. The civil war has not only passed, leaving no scar, but it has proved a national blessing, in that it has rid us of an institution that could not harmonize with republican institutions. The South is prospering beyond every conception. Its statistics of development are simply marvelous. Georgia is rapidly becoming a great manufacturing State, and New England must look to its cotton looms, or the time is not distant when the spindles of Georgia will outnumber the spindles of all Yankeeedom; and there seems to be no very good reason why the product of the cotton-fields should be sent to the North for spinning and weaving. Virginia and West Virginia are feeling the influence of Northern men and Northern money in the development of their mines of coal and iron. The Yankees have nearly captured Florida, and the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has her house in the everglades, where she raises oranges in Magnolia land. In the very heart of Alabama there is a place fitly named Birmingham, where five years ago first was heard in its pine forests the sound of the Northern ax. It is now a prosperous city. We reached it as the shadows of evening were lighted from the fires of its forges; great wells of artesian fire hursting from its tall chimney-stacks; its coke-furnaces lighting up the forest gloom with their long rows of burning gas-jets; iron, coal, coke, ores, lumber, railroad iron, ties, and railroad material piled on every side in a jumble of prosperous disorder. It is a little Pittsburg and an embryo Birmingham, with a splendid present and a most promising future. The Yankees are everywhere overrunning the South like Norway rats, and carrying with them the inventive genius, the energy, the money, the mechanical skill, the industry, and the ability that has built up Chicago and is building up St. Louis. Railroads are being built in every direction; they are literally gridironing the country, extending westward and southward. Texas and New Mexico are already appropriated in all their parts. To the City of Mexico the iron horse is in full gallop. In less than two years we may go from San Francisco to the Halls of the Aztecs.

From Washington my trip lay across the Cumberland Mountains, stopping by night and traveling by day to catch the mountain scenery, and to see everywhere signs of activity; through Kentucky, and over its blue-grass lands; through Tennessee and Alabama to Mobile; from Mobile down, past the scene where the Irish pugilistic plug-uglies recently pummeled each other, to New Orleans. This has been almost the last of the Southern cities to catch the inspiration of the new revolution. For two years past New Orleans has begun to pulsate with new life, and Northern vigor has begun to breathe its breath under the dead ribs of the Crescent City. Many of the Southern States and Southern cities are overwhelmed with debt—ante-bellum debts, war debts, carpet-bag debts. These obligations they are unable to pay, and the result is all sorts of efforts at readjustments and compromises, with a view to place their financial affairs in such position that they may be eventually arranged upon some practical and equitable basis. At this endeavor, all over the South is raised the cry of repudiation. The word "repudiation" has become the synonym of everything that is dishonorable. And yet, if a municipal or State government is so overwhelmingly involved that it cannot pay its debts, why should it not readjust them, or scale them, or compromise them? If an honest man may go into bankruptcy; may have insolvent laws passed for his

benefit, and, upon yielding his property to his creditors, have an opportunity for a new effort; if a company, or corporation, or syndicate may do the same thing, I ask why may not a municipal government? To me, the creditor who has filched and swindled State, city, or county governments; who has speculated in their necessities and taken advantage of their needs, has no higher equities than the man by whom an honest debt has been incurred in the natural way of a business enterprise. There are several localities in the South where, if I were a resident, I should take pride in being a repudiator. There are millions of Southern obligations which were created by thieves, and they have not passed into the hands of innocent purchasers for a valuable consideration. They ought not to be paid.

From New Orleans our journey was westward, across the sugar-raising country of Louisiana. This is the land made famous by Longfellow in his "Evangeline"—the land to which the Acadian exiles sailed. It is a splendid country, rich and productive. Here are the great plantations of sugar-cane, with mansions, and mills, and cahins for negroes; little darkies at every cahin, well-dressed, and glossy with fat; chickens and pigs, with orchards of orange and peach. The negro population is rapidly increasing, and from this country there is no emigration. It is their native land. Here they are horn; here are the graves of their dead—graves with crosses and wreaths of immortelles; and above them the abode of their God and their heaven. Along our route were great tule marshes, miles in extent, and in their midst islands of forests, in which the thud of the ax and the falling tree has never been heard, where the song of the woodman has never been sung. The houses of the planters are large and low-roofed—as sung by the poet: "Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, with broad and spacious verandas." Here is the haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, and the home of the mocking-bird, the "wildest of singers." We crossed

"Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,  
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending  
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas  
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,  
Stand clusters of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-vines."

And over our heads, as we traveled on with our swift and tireless iron horse,

"The towering and tenebrous houghs of the cypress  
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air  
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals."

Here we heard the cry of the heron and the boot of the owl, "as he greeted the morn with demoniac laughter," as it gleamed "down through broken vaults, as through chinks in a ruin" on the water. Here were water-lilies in myriads; here the beautiful lotus "lifted its golden crown," and here the luxuriant palmetto, and the forest magnolia, with their green leaves and flowers, "loaded the air with their odorous breath." Here, mixed with the whoop of the crane and the songs of marvelous birds, was heard the roar of the grim alligator. Spreading out between hayous, and rivers, and streams are the beautiful "hilly bays of grass," ever rolling in shadow and sunshine; the region where reigns perpetual summer, the "Golden Coast" of the Acadians, with its groves of orange, and citron, and cypress—

"Where garlands of Spanish moss and mystic mistletoe flaunted,  
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at yule-tide,"  
Where—

"All the year round the orange groves are in blossom,  
And grass grows more in a single night than in a whole northern summer."

It is a land of enchantment, but it is no longer the land of Acadian simplicity. The curse of slavery has left its brand upon the people. It has burned in upon its young men the vices of gaming and drink. It is a slow, old-fashioned land, where the owner of the soil is content to live; where school-houses do not abound; where superstition and bigotry still survive. Its time for change approaches. The eye of the Northern Goth is upon it. The vandal Northmen have already sent their uhlands down to spy out the land. The steam saw-mill is the avant-courier of the coming invasion, and as saw-mills do not respect forests that are bearded and gray, so the Northern money-maker does not stay his progress lest he should disturb traditions that are anchored in sentiment.

We reach Texas, and from the formation of the country it is hard to tell where the "Eden of Louisiana" leaves off, and Texas begins. On the prairies we now see the broad-borned Texas steer, and in its waters ducks, and grouse, and snipe, and on its uplands brown prairie-dogs in their burrowing cities. Over the rich, black, waxy lands we visit Houston, and Dallas, and other promising towns—fine farms and fine, rich soil. Forests of young oaks, an enterprising people, a promising State, and all over it Yankees—Yankees everywhere, inoculating the older inhabitants with the virus of money-getting. Railroads are working a revolution all over the land, bringing people together, annihilating distances, assimilating different interests, removing prejudices, and uprooting grievances. From New Orleans, through Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico, to El Paso, the roads are excellent. Palace cars, steel rails, good eating-houses, polite conductors, safe engineers, and close connections.

From El Paso to San Francisco is the home-stretch, with which all our people are familiar. Arizona prospers. I stopped at Riverside. A paragraph will dispose of it till I have opportunity for further description. Of all the places in Europe or America that I have ever seen, this is incomparably the most interesting, most prosperous, and most beautiful. If my readers will imagine twelve thousand acres of fruit-groves, vineyards, and gardens lying under the shadow of a snow-clad mountain range, upon a level and beautiful plain, watered by two parallel artificial rivers, and through it for ten miles a broad, straight avenue as wide as Van Ness, lined on either side with bedges of palm, cypress, magnolia, pepper, and eucalyptus; running through a continuous orchard of orange, olive, lemon, lime, peach, apricot, and vineyard; all reposing under the sunshine of a cloudless sky; inhabited by intelligent, cultured, and wealthy people, living in cottages *ornis* and homes of luxuriant ease and architectural adornment that would not shame the most aristocratic quarter of our city—they can form some idea of the colony at Riverside. Within its limits unimproved and watered land is worth three hundred dollars per acre, and in

the ten years of its existence there has been no instance of a forced sale for debt. There are a thousand places in Southern California where this marvel may be reproduced. From Los Angeles, home. Glad to be home, for there is no such land as this under all the broad blue canopy of heaven.

Even three months works many changes in society. Milton S. Latham closed his eventful career in New York city, and from his modest rooms in a Fifth Avenue boarding-house, with only a wife and child to mourn his loss, he was borne to a modest church, where, on a cold day, there was said over him a cold service, preparing him for his last resting-place in the last remnant of his once large property—at Lone Mountain. His body will occupy a recess in the bronze and marble tomb where sleeps his wife, with only the motto over them: "Eternal Rest." I remember him as a handsome boy, and all along through his—as all regarded it—most successful life, until the light went out. First, away back in the early times, in El Dorado, a candidate for Congress, in red shirt and high-topped miner's boots, he sought, from real stumps, and in camp and cabin, support. Then collector of our port of San Francisco; then governor for a week; pressing on to higher honors, he advanced to the Senate of the United States. Then a banker. He built the London and San Francisco Bank on California Street, with its emblem of the Lion and the Bear. The Lion has conquered the Bear. His elegant town-house, and country mansion, adorned with everything that taste could suggest and seemingly inexhaustible wealth command, have passed into other hands. With his loss of fortune went his health. No energy could redeem the one, no skill of medicine arrest the other. His enemies—for he had them—will speak lightly of him; his friends—and he had warm and earnest ones—will think kindly of him, as I do, recollecting the pleasant memories of an intercourse that lasted from the fall of 1849, flushed with youth and honorable ambition, till with despondent mien he left the room at my hotel in New York, in broken health and ruined fortunes, a few days before his too early death. Pleasant memories; for in all that time our intercourse was marked with no incident that did not impress me that he was just and generous, an honest and an honorable man.

H. M. Newball carried his burdens and bore his treasures to the margin of that stream that has no other side for this world's wealth, laid them down, and passed over. The poorest of us would not now change with this prosperous and successful merchant and moneyed man.

Two bright and beautiful girls, in the first joy of their young lives, have gone out from happy homes, and loved ones, and sorrowing friends—a young wife, from a home of luxury, from a loving husband, from her little ones, closed her arms in death, and, folding to her breast a new-born babe, went on before. A priest of the Roman church, long known among us for his active labors in the advancement of all that concerned the material interests of the industry at which he labored, has gone to test the faith in which he lived. No living pastor, nor priest, nor pope has so far fathomed the mysteries of that other shore—if there be another shore where popes, and priests, and pastors get their reward—as has the Reverend Hugh Gallagher. Peace to his ashes! Rest to his generous soul! Let others speak of his learning and piety. His learning was not in my line, his piety not in my way; for I have had many a friendly dispute with him, which never was rancorous, and never left between us other than friendly sentiments. I should have less quarrel with the religious side of Romanism if all its priests and laymen had as little bigotry and as broad a philanthropy, as good temper and as much common sense as the Reverend Hugh Gallagher, who is less to be regretted, as he died in the ripeness of age and in the odor of sanctity.

This may not be an inappropriate place to question the good taste of those surviving friends and those eminently absurd Republican politicians who undertook to make a little political capital by sham sentimentality over the grave of a dead priest of the Roman faith. We have not heretofore observed that our United States senators, governors, and mayors have been so deeply moved when death has snatched away some good, native-born, Protestant preacher.

Death has been abroad among our little ones, for bow the fiend loves to steal away the lives of loved ones! From many a household there has gone out some bright spirit to join the innumerable throng. From haunts of crime and poverty, too, the procession that wanders ever in one direction has received its recruits. We take leave of them at the brink. Whether this is a river with another border, or the shoreless ocean that has no other side, we may not know till we are launched upon the voyage that bears us out to the Unknown.

I return to California glad and thankful that it is my home. Every time I return from other lands, the more I wander and the more I see, the more am I impressed that this is the happy Canaan—the holy land; that God, when He made the world, and had gathered the experience of all His efforts, said to Himself: "I will now illustrate the crowning glory of My labors with the production of a perfect spot. I will give it wealth of soil and wealth of precious metals; I will enrich it with nature's grandest productions; I will give it splendid mountains, rich and gorgeous valleys, grand and stately forests; I will thread it with magnificent rivers and beautiful brooks; its grasses shall be nutritious; its soil shall produce in generous quantities the best of fruits; I will smile down through cloudless skies upon its beautiful fields; I will fan it with breezes from My broadest sea; I will waft to it the odors of spices, and the perfumes of tropic lands, and in the ripeness of time its people shall be great-hearted and generous, liberal and just, and there, in all the perfection of its soil and the salubrity of its climate, shall be found the highest social condition of which the creation of My image shall be capable."

I have now made all the journeys that lead from the Pacific to Atlantic shores, and I think I am not in error when I say that for six winter months this route I have last traversed is the best. We had neither cold, nor heat, nor dust. We traveled in comfort and safety. When the connection is made between El Paso and San Antonio there will be no rival to this for an agreeable winter's trip. Am I not right in commending all who have the leisure and the coin to make this journey, and in inviting all the world of tourists that have generous purses and open eyes to come and see this, the only Holy Land?



## THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

His Progress o'er the Continent, a Sunflower in His Hand.

"Lilies which he blew  
Unto a bubble with his prophet breath."—*Browning.*

Oscar Wilde has reached the uttermost bounds of the continent. He has traveled on a lecturing tour through the Union, and an account of his experience and treatment in the various towns and cities which he has visited may not be uninteresting to San Franciscans. We therefore present a brief recapitulation of his wanderings, leaving out the description of his New York stay, which our correspondent has already given at length in these columns. Mr. Wilde has had many comments from the press as to his intentions and creed. One of the sharpest was from the *Chicago Tribune* of January 20th. In an editorial it observes: "The uncouth adventurer, Mr. Oscar Wilde, who is visiting this country ostensibly as the apostle of aestheticism, apparently does not count ordinary politeness as one of the attributes of his school. It may be that the fashionable flunkies and toadies who run after him in New York and Philadelphia may yet discover that instead of entertaining and lionizing a worshiper of the good, the true, and the beautiful, a pearl of refinement among coarser men who are not like the lily of the field, but who work and delve for a living, they have been running after a very ordinary gawk, if not an emphatic sham and perspicuous humbug. Among all the crazes, this is the worst and silliest. Mr. Wilde says he has come over here to learn the secret of life. There are several secrets of life, and one of them is courtesy. He says he believes in the good, the true, and the beautiful. What is better, truer, or more beautiful than politeness? Mr. Wilde thinks that art never strengthens itself by isolation. He may discover that he has not strengthened himself by isolation, after people have gone to some trouble and expense to entertain him. He should keep on the good side of his fashionable followers, for if they drop him, he will sink to the level of ordinary people, with whom this world is hard matter-of-fact, to whom the secret of life is work, and for whom no poetry lurks in collocation or calomel."

The animus of this savage attack was the fancied insult which Wilde had paid to Baltimore society on the nineteenth of January. He had accepted an invitation to be entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carroll, descendants of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. The Carroll mansion was magnificently decorated. Wilde was to have attended a lecture by Archibald Forbes, and the reception was to be given afterward. All the society people were at the lecture in full dress, in anticipation of the reception, and it was not until after eight P. M. that it became known that the poet was not in the city. It was reported that he had a war of words with Forbes on the train between Baltimore and Philadelphia, and when the train reached Baltimore Wilde refused to get off, and continued on to Washington. His expectant hostess was compelled to send out messengers revoking the invitations, but, of course, could not notify all. Several hundred had gathered at the mansion, and when the truth was known many ladies, who were to have entertained the poet, revoked their invitations on the spot. It was also affirmed that he replied to an invitation from the Wednesday Club, the most fashionable organization in the city, which desired to entertain him, by a note, saying that he charged three hundred dollars a night for his presence at entertainments not held in private houses. He telegraphed his agent to inform Mrs. Carroll that he was ill, and could not attend the reception. Wilde in a letter denied the charges of intentional discourtesy which were brought against him. He stated that that failure was due to a misunderstanding on the part of a messenger from his manager's office. Since his arrival in America he affirmed he had been treated so courteously that he would not wish it to be thought that he would be guilty of such unpardonable rudeness as was attributed to him. The supposed quarrel with Forbes was also proved to be an invention.

Mr. Wilde's lecture in Philadelphia brought into the house eleven hundred dollars. The *Press* says that he expressed himself as much dissatisfied with the treatment he received from his Philadelphia audience. He said his hearers were so cold that he several times thought of stopping and saying: "You don't like this, and there is no use in my going on," and then to abruptly leave the stage. In Washington, the Literary Club, of which General Garfield was president, entertained the poet. The meeting was held at the house of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. He reclined in an arm-chair, while the ladies hung around him in imitation of Du Maurier. He ran aground on Mrs. Isabella Hooker. He was laying down the precept that it was a desecration of a great book to print it in a cheap cover. "Think of Tennyson in a twenty-cent form," he said. Mrs. Hooker's bright eyes flashed. "And what of that, my dear young friend; [this cruel stah went unnoticed,] ought not every great author he made as common as the air we breathe?" Mr. Wilde looked slightly discomfited, and took refuge in Mr. Ruskin's pronouncement, that there should never be a cheap edition of his books. "Mr. Ruskin," said Mrs. Hooker, with a delicious air of patronage, "Mr. Ruskin—well, how large an audience do you suppose Mr. Ruskin addresses in comparison with Dickens?" Mr. Wilde prudently turned the conversation. He was entertained, too, at Senator Pendleton's, at his beautiful new house in Sixteenth Street. His lecture was immensely attended. Some of the journals abused him savagely. When Mr. Wilde arrived in Boston he at once took possession of a suite of rooms at the Hotel Vendôme. The state suite which had been prepared for him proving too magnificently elaborate for his classic taste, he was assigned to more modest apartments, above the office and directly over the main entrance. Few people of prominence called on him. Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes called, with a letter of introduction from Minister Lowell, and Mr. Wilde returned the call, also hearing a letter of introduction from the same source. Doctor Holmes entertained him as his guest at the Literary Club, after which Mr. Wilde dined with Doctor James Chadwick. The two gentlemen spent a short time together at the Globe Theatre, and the former, as the guest of John Boyle O'Reilly, lunched with the St. Botolph Club. During his perambulations through the city and at the theatre and clubs, Mr. Wilde attracted much attention by his odd attire and unconventional

manners. He wore a long-tailed coat, knee-breeches, black-silk stockings, patent-leather shoes, a very wide shirt-collar, with a broad and flowing white cravat. He visited, during his stay, the poet Longfellow, to whom he bore a letter of introduction from Minister Lowell. Mr. Longfellow afterward remarked to a friend who spoke slurringly concerning Wilde: "Well, Mr. Wilde has written some good verses; he can not be an ignorant man."

But the æsthete did not fare so well in the hands of the literary philistines. Colonel T. W. Higginson, whom the satirical call Twiggison, lifted up his voice and denounced the poet. He was answered by another literary light, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Colonel Higginson wrote in the *Woman's Journal*:

"Women are as distinctively recognized as the guardians of the public purity as are the clergy of the public morals. Yet, when a young man comes among us whose only distinction is that he has written a thin volume of very mediocre verse, and that he makes himself something very much like a hufcon for notoriety and money, women of high social position receive him at their houses, and invite guests to meet him, in spite of the fact that if they were to read aloud to the company his poem of 'Charmides,' not a woman would remain in the room until the end. There are pages in his poems which, as a witty critic says, 'carry nudity to a point where it ceases to be a virtue.' In all else Mr. Wilde imitates Keats, but in Keats there is nothing in the least like these passages; they can indeed be paralleled in Whitman, but Whitman's offenses rest on a somewhat different ground, and need not here be considered. And the poetry of Wilde and Whitman is called 'manly' poetry! Is it manly to fling before the eyes of women page upon page which no man would read aloud in the presence of women? But there is another test of manhood: it lies in action. 'It makes a great difference to a sentence,' said the clear-sighted Emerson, 'whether there be a man behind it or no.' Each of these so-called 'manly' poets has had his opportunity of action, and waived it. I am one of many to whom Whitman's 'Drum-Taps' have always sounded as hollow as the instrument they counterfeit, simply because their author, with all his fine physique, and his freedom from home-ties, never personally followed the drum, but only heard it from the comparatively remote distance of the hospital. There was a time when the recruiting-officers wanted men. Their test was final; or, at least, so far final that he who did not meet it, no matter for what good reasons, had best cease boasting about his eminent manhood."

Mrs. Howe, as one of his entertainers, defended Mr. Wilde, by saying that coarse abuse is not the way to cure the poet of his immoral fleshiness, but that kindly treatment from those very lady hostesses would do more than anything else to convert him.

Just at this time came the unseemly conduct of the hoarse Harvard students. Mr. Wilde, in a subsequent letter to Joaquin Miller, thus challenged his assailants, and especially Colonel Higginson:

"Who, after all, that I should write of him, is this scribbling anonymous in grand old Massachusetts, who scrawls and screams so glibly about what he can not understand?—this apostle of inhospitality, who delights to defile, to desecrate, and to defame the gracious courtesies he is unworthy to enjoy. Who are these scribes, who, passing with purposeless alacrity from the police news to the Parthenon, and from crime to criticism, sway with such serene incapacity the office which they so lately swept? 'Narcissuses of imbecility,' what should they see in the clear waters of Beauty, and in the well undefiled of Truth, but the shifting and shadowy image of their own substantial stupidity?"

Dion Boucicault, who was then in Boston, wrote to one of the journals the following:

"The use to which those managing his tour are putting him is simply disgraceful. They are making him a show. He is too simple and gentle in his nature to realize or even perceive his position. These speculators parade him as a kind of literary Dunderbary, endeavoring to persuade him that notoriety is reputation. Many are thus persuaded to believe that he is playing the fool's part, and is an accomplice in this showman's scheme. But I say emphatically that this is a cruelly false impression. There is no guile in him; he is the easy victim of those who expose him to ridicule and to the censure of the thoughtful."

The æsthete next visited New Haven, and lectured to an audience of twelve hundred people, including two hundred Yale students, most of whom were in the galleries. The students frequently applauded passages which called for no notice whatever; but the remainder of the audience, and, for that matter, most of the students themselves, were occupied in trying to follow the lecturer and get some idea of his meaning. He was given a respectful hearing. Visiting Hartford, Mr. Wilde had an audience of less than one hundred at his lecture, although the house was papered with some liberality. The host society of the city gave him the cold shoulder. Many of the audience left during the progress of the lecture, having satisfied their curiosity. In Brooklyn, New York, Mr. Wilde had a decidedly commonplace audience. The first part of the lecture was listened to with close and curious attention uninterrupted by any rudeness. But the expression, "Art can never have any end but her own perfections," was the signal for a rude interruption. A wild spirit of rudeness seemed all at once to have taken possession of the audience. During this, Mr. Wilde was perfectly self-possessed and cool, and gave no intimation that he was offended or hurt. Finally he succeeded in controlling these turbulent people, and the last part of the lecture was listened to with respect. The lecture lasted an hour.

At Utica, N. Y., the young poet lectured to a large audience. He brought letters to Governor Seymour, and other prominent citizens. After the lecture he was entertained by Mr. Charles W. Hutchinson, and a brilliant company was present. The students of Hamilton college did not rally in force, as had been expected. The only æsthetic feature of the audience was a young man in full dress, with a sunflower boutonniere. In Buffalo, N. Y., he delivered a lecture before a very large audience, standing-room being at a premium. He was not once interrupted by applause, and scarcely a smile was raised throughout. The great majority of those present were attracted out of curiosity, and left the Academy with a feeling of boredom. At Cincinnati he lectured to about a thousand persons. There was but little applause, and every one preserved strict decorum. At Racine, Wisconsin, he collapsed entirely. According to a *Herold* correspondent, who interviewed him, the vitalities of the new country were too harsh, the food was not decorative, the hotels were not pictorial, and the people were odiously frank and honest. At St. Louis his lecture was listened to by a large audience. Some hoodlums congregated in the gallery, and made such a commotion that many left in disgust. Otherwise, the lecturer was treated with respect. It is to be hoped that San Francisco will not exhibit the rudeness which has characterized some other cities in the Union; for, whatever Wilde's doctrines or his dress are, we should give him a courteous reception, at least.

## FORESTS AND RAINFALL.

Their Connection, with Arguments for a Forest Cultural Survey.

The earnest attention of the people is called to a subject which seems of vital importance to the future of our country, and, indeed, to the human race in posterity. This question is nothing less than the comfort and happiness of man on earth, drawn from the sources of nature. Research has gradually developed the fact, which has been apparent to practical observers, but never sufficiently formulated, that the denudation of the lands of their forests gradually lessened the moisture necessary for the growth of vegetation, until the soil ceased to support the population of a district, and want produced wars for plunder, followed by famine and anarchy, which ended in migration. The eagerness of man for new country and virgin soil has caused pioneer armies of emigration to sweep over the surface of the earth like the locusts of Egypt. The destruction of forests being first a necessity for agriculture and commerce, and after, for manufacture and husbandry, has been carried on with no outlook to the future, as if again new regions would open to receive and provide for the ever-multiplying animal life. Every traveler of intelligence knows that lakes have been reduced; that springs have disappeared; that rivers have shrunk from being navigable to mere threads and shallow pools of water in their beds; that the rainfall has become uncertain, and sometimes entirely suspended in the seasons when most required, leaving the arable land in drought, and swept by hurricanes; that crops have gradually lessened, and vegetation been checked—in a word, that the land has become worn out even in the lifetime of an individual, and all owing the denudation of lands of their forests. This effect is not to be denied because it is not constantly apparent. The cause being often obscured by the effect of other causes, requires for discovery long practical observations and experiments which depend upon general application, often opposed by local phenomena. But the principle may be stated that *the seas are the sources of moisture; that the atmosphere is the medium of transmission; and that the wind being the carrier, temperature governs its motion.* When the sun is in its solstice over a locality, the heat reflected from the earth at arid points creates a partial vacuum in the atmosphere. Nature abhors a vacuum; the cool, moist air moves to an equilibrium, as water seeks its level, and we have the phenomena of wind and clouds. When the equilibrium is restored at the locality, and the temperature is reduced below the dew-point, we have the phenomena of rainfall. If the strata above be sufficiently colder than that on the surface of the ground, snow falls. If that on the ground is colder, hail is the result.

These are the principles which govern over the land; but there are other principles which govern over the wider area of ocean, which render these subservient, such as the warm stream flowing from the equator toward the poles, the ice-bergs floating down, tidal-waves, etc., etc. Hence, the observations are so uncertain on land, that the principles can not always be defined. The world in six thousand years has not acted upon them in a manner to counteract the influence of denuding lands of the natural shade and protection of forests, which could attract and hold the moisture passing over the land from sea to sea. The earth around the temperate belt has become subjugated to man. The animal kingdom is gradually destroying the vegetable, and digging up the mineral kingdom. And it now becomes a question of how long man will exist when the supply becomes unequal to the demand, or how he can rejuvenate the vegetable producer and its virility. It is the duty of science and art, both handmaids of Nature, to restore these destroyed forests; not, indeed, over arable land, but along the water-sheds, springs, and streams, on ground not otherwise useful for fine agriculture. The difficulty is to reduce the theories of science and art to practice, both being sedentary in habit and disputative.

Sporadic efforts have been made in some States of the West to reclothe lands with forests, but unless the application become systematic and general, the principles can not be effective. Sir Gustav Wex, speaking to Germany, says: "I take the liberty of making the most earnest request of my colleagues that each may labor in his own sphere, so that the higher governments, authorities, corporations, land-owners, and communities may be convinced of the numberless disadvantages and dangers our present cultivated countries are approaching if a limit is not set to further devastation and destruction of forests." I go a step further to say that these destructions having been continued, and having well-nigh effected the dangers predicted, it is high time to begin the replanting, in order to partially restore the great loss. Service at military posts in Mexico, Louisiana, Arkansas, Wisconsin, Texas, Florida, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Utah, California, Virginia, and Arizona, and a study of the products on all the States, with a view to the supplies of the army of the frontiers, has made the subject one of practical consideration for thirty years, and I can easily support the appeal of Sir Gustav Wex, and also that which M. Dekérain used when, speaking to France, he urged that "replanting of forest-trees in Algiers will increase its humidity, and partially bring it back to its former fertility and prosperity." It is proposed to appeal to Congress to establish a forest cultural survey, to unite with the governments of States and Territories in a systematic plan for covering water-sheds, springs, and water-sources with useful forest-trees, sufficient to shade the moisture from the sun's rays in the streams and retain it for attracting seasonable rainfalls, thus keeping the rivers full for navigation, and as mediums for the culture of fish. The importance of this question should make it paramount over all objections of a doubtful or temporary nature. Whatever the views or interests of oppositions, the fact stares broadly in the face of the people at large that this new country, just a hundred years old, is now becoming scarcely able to feed the famine-stricken millions of the old world. Droughts, hurricanes, and devouring insects are already beginning to do their work upon our crops. Our people are commencing to dread the teeming immigration to our ports from the worn-out countries of the old world. Patriotism, humanity, and duty to posterity demand immediate attention to this vital question.

WASHINGTON, March 18, 1882.

WM. W. BURNS.



## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

## A Parted Pair.

"Do not go, darling"—and as she spoke the words—spoke them in low, tender tones, that thrilled him from main-trunk to keelson—Gwendolen Mahaffy laid her soft, white cheek on Plutarch Riordan's shoulder, and gave him a look with her lustrous, dove-like eyes that would make your head swim.

"I can not stay," he replied, kissing the peachy-red lips as he spoke, and feeling wistfully in his overcoat pocket for a plug of tobacco, "I must go now, right away."

But the girl placed her arms around his neck—arms whose soft, rounded curves and pink-tinted skin would have made an anchorite throw up his job, and pleaded with him to stay a little longer.

"I can not," he again said, looking at her tenderly. "Can not?" repeated the girl, a shade of anger tinged the tone in which the words were uttered. "And pray, sir, what is it that so imperatively calls you hence?"

Bending over her with a careless grace that artfully concealed the slight bagginess at the knees of his pants, Plutarch said, in low, bitter tones, that were terrible in their intensity:

"I have broken my suspenders!"—*Chicago Tribune Novelist.*

## The Hotel Waiter.

The hotel waiter is a man whose business is to make you wait for your meals unless you give him half a dollar to encourage him in making a fast record. The hotel waiter in the South is a colored man, who can make haste more slowly than any other creature on earth. Like the waiter that he carries the dishes on, he is black and polished. If you place half a dollar on the first-mentioned waiter, it makes an impression on the other waiter. He is called a waiter because he is supposed to wait on the guest, (the waited,) but the latter is really the waiter. As soon as the waiter has got you in a chair, he hands you the bill of fare, and assumes an expression of countenance that is calculated to create the impression that he can read. The memory of the average waiter is extraordinary. Some say that it is because, like some men's consciences, it is never used; but that is not so. It is wonderful to see him standing solemnly and respectfully attentive behind a drummer's chair, while the hungry drummer reads off his selections, something in the following style: "Consommé of macaroni; baked red snapper with brown sauce; sugar-cured tongue; green goose with apple-sauce; (and don't you forget that apple sauce); roast beef (an outside piece, cut thin); fricassé rabbit, farmers' style; baked macaroni au parmesan; braized pigeon à la jardinière; tripe fried in batter, with tomato sauce; onions; lima beans; mashed potatoes; squash, and chow-chow." It is still more wonderful to see the waiter return, after an absence of forty-five minutes, (during which time the drummer drinks three glasses of ice-water,) with an entirely different assortment of food. This is where evidences of his wonderful memory shine forth like a parlor match in a dark pantry. He remembers to forget everything. "Forgot it, sah; very sorry, sah," the waiter says, as he hands you the mustard, and smiles in a conciliatory way. And that brings us to smiles. The colored waiter is all smiles. He smiles on the slightest provocation, whereas the white waiter of the north never smiles. The ordinary colored waiter sometimes becomes a head-waiter, after which he never smiles, but with arms folded, à la Napoleon on the Island of St. Helena, assumes a solemn and dignified position in the middle of the dining-room.—*Texas Siftings.*

## Knee-Breeches.

Men have been so fond of giving women advice as to the clothes they should wear that no fault should be found with the courageous woman who has lately undertaken to convince men that they ought to wear knee-breeches. Like the male critic of feminine dress, Miss Field professes to be animated solely by the noblest of motives. If all men were to wear knee-breeches their calves would be constantly exposed to view, and they would have a powerful motive to foster and preserve their symmetry. The firm development of calf displayed by actors and liveried footmen is an evidence of the good effect produced by wearing breeches. In the effort to develop handsome calves our young men would take a vast amount of exercise either in the gymnasium or in some athletic sport which makes demands upon the muscles of the leg. Thus, knee-breeches would indirectly improve the human race to such an extent that in the course of a generation the breeches-wearing races would be physically vastly superior to any trousers-wearing races. What is good for the legs is good for the arms and the chest. Our modern coats and waistcoats, with the opportunities for concealment and padding which they provide, exercise the most deleterious effect upon the upper regions of the masculine body. Were all men to be compelled to wear bare arms, and to have their coats, shirts, and waistcoats cut low in the neck, the thin and hollow-chested man would be no longer on an unfair equality with the hawny and broad-chested man. He would have to expand his chest and develop the muscles of his arms. What her own sex has accomplished in connection with arms and necks affords a striking proof of the truth of Miss Field's theory. For centuries woman has been accustomed to display her arms and neck, except in those parts of New England where woman is supposed to consist exclusively of brain. The result is that the feminine neck—which is a term of far wider application than is the word neck when used in connection with man—is wonderfully developed. But why should Miss Field seek to confine the benefits of knee-breeches to the male sex alone? For purposes of concealment the female skirt is infinitely more efficacious than the masculine trousers, and it is simply impossible for any man to obtain any experimental knowledge of the condition of the leg, let us say, substances which it conceals. Obviously, the sex has no motive for developing the thigh to be seen, for walking, or for practicing on the trapeze. If, however, we remove the skirts—not, of course, without first substituting knee-breeches—the same pride which women now take in the development of their arms and necks would be extended to—in short would have a larger field for its exercise. Women would walk over rough and stony ground who had never walked before; and although, as the ballet has shown us, sawdust could be used by insincere and untrustworthy women, the latter could never compete with their more honest rivals, who would seek by vigorous exercise to develop their muscles and improve their health.—*New York Times.*

## THE LATEST MAGAZINE VERSE.

## To a Child.

How shall I sing you, Child, for whom  
So many lyres are strung;  
Or how the only tone assume  
That fits a maid so young?

What rocks there are on either hand!  
Suppose—'tis on the cards—  
You should grow up with quite a grand  
Platonic hate for hands?

How shall I then be shamed, undone,  
For ah! with what a scorn  
Your eyes must greet that luckless One  
Who hymned you newly born;

Who o'er your "helpless cradle" bent  
His idle verse to turn,  
And twanged his tiresome compliment  
Above your unconcern!

Nay—let my words be so discreet,  
That, keeping Chance in view,  
Whatever after-fate you meet,  
A part may still be true.

Let others wish you mere good looks—  
Your sex is always fair;  
Or to be writ in Fortune's hooks—  
She's rich who has to spare:

I wish you but a heart that's kind,  
A head that's sound and clear;  
(Yet let the heart be not too blind,  
The head not too severe.)

A joy of life, a frank delight,  
A moderate desire;  
And if you fail to find a Knight,  
At least a trusty Squire.

—*Austin Dobson in the Critic.*

## Sunrise by the Sea.

A waning of the golden lamps  
In heaven's eternal dome,  
A glimmer on the dusky sands  
(Ghost-like creeps up the foam!)

A blended hue above the waves—  
The lily and the rose—  
A fleecy cloud of dappled bloom,  
Like that the pansy shows;

A tinge the morning-glory wears,  
With pearly dew-drops wet;  
A blush as of the columbine,  
A tint of violet;

And ever in the brightening sky,  
Some changing splendor born,  
Till leaf by leaf, a perfect flower,  
Unfolds the hued of morn.

—*Albert Lighton in April Atlantic.*

## A Spring Madrigal.

The tree-tops are writing all over the sky,  
An' a heigh ho!  
There's a bird now and then flitting faster hy,  
An' a heigh ho!  
The buds are rounder, and some are red  
On the places where last year's leaves were dead;  
An' a heigh ho, an' a heigh!

There's a change in every bush in the hedge;  
An' a heigh ho!  
The down has all gone from the last year's sedge;  
An' a heigh ho!  
The nests have blown out of the apple-trees;  
The birds that are coming can build where they please;  
An' a heigh ho, an' a heigh!

The aged man goes with a firmer gait;  
An' a heigh ho!  
The young man is counting his hours to wait;  
An' a heigh ho!  
Mothers are spinning, and daughters are gay,  
And the sun hurries up with his lengthened day;  
An' a heigh ho, an' a heigh!

The signs may be counted till days are done;  
An' a heigh ho!  
And watchers can listen while waters run;  
An' a heigh ho!  
Old men in sunshine may skip or tarry,  
Young men and maidens can joy and marry;  
An' a heigh ho, an' a heigh!

But there's something uncounted, unseen, that comes;  
An' a heigh ho!  
If you leave it out you can't prove your sums;  
An' a heigh ho!  
And this is the way to say it, or sing:  
"Oh, Spring is the loveliest thing in Spring!"  
An' a heigh ho, an' a heigh!

—*H. H. in April Century.*

## The Sea-Maiden—A Tile Picture.

There was a lily and rose sea-maiden  
In marvelous depths of far-away seas,  
Whose eyes were blue, and whose head was laden  
With luminous curls like the honey of bees.

Half-hidden by corals and swaying rubies  
And vines of the ocean, she sat arrayed  
In a tremulous veil of delicate blushes  
And robes of quivering light and shade.

The sun-fish came to worship her graces,  
The dog-fish lingered and marveled beside,  
And she gayly smiled in their whimsical faces,  
And sang them songs till they laughed or cried.

A poet of earth looked down upon her,  
And loved, and heeded, and told his love;  
But her soul was coy with a sea-maiden's honor,  
And she would not go to the world above.

So there he stayed by the crystalline water;  
He leaned and gazed with his heart on fire;  
And died at last for the ocean's daughter—  
Died of sorrow and long desire.

And still she sits in the peace of ocean—  
The peace of the mouth of the ocean caves—  
A damsel without an earthly emotion,  
Who cares not for men, their loves, or their graves.

Thus, deep in calms of woman's life, covers  
Herself some maiden, on aureate sands  
Of duty and innocence, far from lovers,  
From heatings of hearts and reachings of hands.

—*J. W. De Forest in April Harper.*

## THE INNER MAN.

The Lord Mayor's court of London the other day witnessed a remarkable prolusion on gastronomy. The occasion was the bringing of a rather commonplace action by the landlord of a country hotel to recover from a city man sixteen guineas, being the alleged cost of a "bean feast" supplied one day last summer to forty-six employees of the defendant's farm. Sir Thomas Chambers, the recorder, seized the opportunity to present himself as a rival of Brillat-Savarin, and to discourse on the physiology of taste. The learned Q. C., says the *Hour*, must have partaken in his time of a multitude of good dinners. He must have well versed in all the mysteries of calipash, calpee, and turtle-fin, and probably as familiar to him as Chancery Lane is "the alderman's walk" in a baub of venison. On the complaint that the forty-six bean-feasters had been treated to mutton that was too fat, beef that was too raw; that there were no napkins, and other evils, the founder of the feast had refused to pay more than one-half the sum agreed upon. Sir Thomas held that this was a matter of taste. He sometimes dined with friends who not only preferred roast beef red, but were disappointed if they did not get it purple, whereas others liked it "done to rags." This statement produced roars of laughter in the Lord Mayor's court; but, after all, there was little to laugh at.

The chef of the Bellevue Hotel in Philadelphia recently prepared the following menu for a dinner to be given there to certain guests who insisted upon Lenten fare within the disciplinary dietetic codes of the Catholic and the Anglican churches:

MENU MAIGRE.—De vingt-quatre Couverts. Service à la Russe.

HUITRES.—(Latour Blanche.)

POTAGES.—Consommé de Poisson à la Cardinal; Crème de Laitues à la Colbert. (Amontillado.)

HORS D'ŒUVRE.—Variés; Bouchées de Crab d'Huitres; Variés.

POISSONS.—Alose grillée purée d'oseille; Bass à la Richelieu; Pommes de Terre Duchesse; Salade de Concombres. (Johannisberger, Red Seal.)

RELIEFS.—Crotelettes de Homards à la Bagnation; Croquettes d'Ecrévises à la Béchamel. (Pouter Cnet.)

ENTREES.—Œufs brouillés aux pointes d'asperges; Œufs farcis à l'Aurore; Cronstades de Riz à la Victoria; Champignons frais au gratin. (Perrier Jouet et Paris Roederer.)

ENTREMETS.—Truffes au Madère. (Château Yquem.)

SORBET.—À l'Imperiale. (La Ferme.)

BOUTS.—Timbale de Nouilles à la Genoëse; Tomates farcies à la Reine; Fonds d'Artichauts à la Barigoule. (Château Lafite, 1868.)

ROTI.—Grenouilles à l'Indienne. (Chambertin.)

GIBIER.—Terrapin à la Bellevue. (Madeira, 1853.)

SALADES.—Macedoine de Légumes et de Thon; Fromages assortis. (Hutchinson Red Port.)

SUCRES.—Omelette Soufflée; Bavarois Printannier garni; Glace aux Pêches; Strawberries; Gateaux moka histoire; Croque-mouche d'Oranges. (Eau de Vie or de Dantzic.)

Fruits et Dessert; Café à la Crème fontée. (Liqueres.)

Concerning Lent, the *New York Hour* remarks: With the holy season into which we have just entered, and which makes such essential changes in the cuisine of Roman Catholic countries, there should also be some sort of change in our own, whether we are induced by a purely religious sense of duty or by a lower sense of duty to our own stomachs and digestions, overtasked as they have been by the exigencies of the gay season. Hence it is that the fish and the egg become more important adjuncts of the kitchen than at less sacred periods. The egg has always been held in great consideration by votaries of religion. It played a prominent part in the religious ceremonies of the ancient world, and serious discussions are to be found both in Macrobius and Plutarch, as to whether the egg or the hen was first produced. Learned men declared that the egg contained within itself all the four elements, and was, therefore, a microcosm. It was used in auguries, and was placed by the ancient Romans on the table at the beginning of their repasts; and at the feasts in honor of the dead it also had a prominent place. The ancient Jews at Easter placed, as a symbol, hard-boiled eggs on the table, as well as cakes, dates, and dried figs. The Greeks and Romans also used the egg in expiations, and when they blessed the houses and temples, and sprinkled them with lustral water, they carried an egg with them. In the blessing of a ship, described by Apuleius, the high priest carried a lighted torch, an egg, and some sulphur, with which, and his solemn prayers, he completely purified the vessel, and dedicated it to his goddess.

More than seventy members of the Union of the Titans sat down to their annual classical banquet last night at Delmonico's, says the *New York World* of March 1. The tallest man present, with the exception of the swarthy Ethiopian who presides over the destinies of the Equitable building, was General N. M. Curtis, who is six feet six inches in height. The average height of those present was a little over six feet two. The gastronomic performance of the modern Titans showed them to be worthy descendants of their mighty ancestor, Uranus, who, like a certain mediæval chevalier, was without fear and without stomachic qualms. They were not awed by the size of either the immense beaker which they had to drain as a solemn obligation, nor by the altitude of the colored cup-bearer, whom they had playfully dubbed with the euphemistic name of Ganymede. They did not even quake at the enormity of the puns that were perpetrated at their expense, and the largest of Delmonico's fancifully compounded menus seemed not to have the least terror for their digestive apparatus. After the cloth was removed the president rose and made a speech, saying, among other things: "At our last banquet I presided over one hundred and fifty feet of humanity, and to-night there are present more than four hundred and fifty feet, which goes to prove that we are progressing rapidly. This is an encouragement to grow, especially when it entitles one to a seat at this board."

CCXXI.—Sunday, March 26.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Green Turtle Soup.  
Broiled Squabs on Toast. Lamb Chops.  
New Potatoes. Mushrooms. Young Beets.  
Roast Beef's Heart.  
Lettuce, Egg Dressing.  
German Puffs, sugar and butter sauce. Apples, Oranges, Bananas, Dates, and Figs.

ROAST BEEF'S HEART.—Wash it well, and clean all the blood from the pipes; parboil it ten or fifteen minutes in boiling water; drip the water from it; fill it with a stuffing which has been made of bread-crumbs, minced suet or butter, sweet marjoram, thyme, and parsley, seasoned well with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Put it in to roast while hot, and baste well with butter. Serve with melted butter and vinegar, or with gravy in the dish, and currant jelly. Allow twenty minutes to the pound for cooking.

## TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

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It is a very shabby thing to have been born and bred in America. It must be so, if the theatres indicate the spirit of the age, as professional observers always say they do, and if books tell anything about it, as they certainly must. It is distressing to be out of conceit with one's self, but what is one to do? One can not be born again, except by baptism; and one can not be baptized with the influx of every new wave. Besides, it is a little difficult to know just what language to be baptized in. As for the writers, they are French, German, or Italian, according as their wanderings have led them. Howells takes all his Americans to Italy; James takes his either to England or Rome; and Frances Hodgson Burnett, having had her little dab at caste in her British majesty's dominions, takes poor, little, simple Esmeralda to France. But there is a bow of promise in the hook-sky. Howells, having made a reputation with his Italian sketches, dares to come home and be distressingly American in "A Modern Instance"—a singularly unpleasant but daringly natural story. Frances Hodgson Burnett is giving us a peep at Washington life through a great deal of morbid sentiment; and perhaps when Gail Hamilton shall have taken a little more of the nonsense out of Henry James, the great literary apostate may have a brief American interval.

But what is to become of the theatres? It is not long since Bernhardt, the French woman, went home. Rossi, the Italian, is coming. Haase and Geistering, the Germans, are here. And in Boston, the very heart of America, what must they do but mount a Greek play? Is this a new Bahel that has come upon us? One's faith is shaken in prophecies since '81 went, and Mother Shipton's sayings never came to pass. But is not the Bible or some other book responsible for having set afloat an idea that we are all one day to have one faith and to speak one tongue? What that is to be who can say? Not American-English, at least, for that is as sadly out of fashion as a heelless shoe or a wide crinoline. True, they speak it still at the Bush Street Theatre, but "The Strategists" is rather a firmly established farce, and too irresistibly amusing to be tabooed. I wonder what those five merry-makers ever do for a laugh themselves? The time must certainly have arrived when they no longer see a joke in "The Strategists," and that must really be a mastodon in facietiae which excites them to a smile.

Do you remember that awful gloomy "Favart" night, when we all went to the Grand Opera House to laugh and be merry, and came away in a state of utter and thorough depression?

I wonder what has become of that cold, grave donna, who walked through the merry little French opera with smileless eyes and tightly pressed lips. We met her again, a trifle relaxed, in "Boccaccio" and "Die Fledermaus," but she made her final appearance in "La Grande Duchesse." I never saw a Fritz so utterly sat upon as Steiner when he dared attempt the merest spice of comedy. Her Highness petrified him into gravity with a look, and into absolute ossification with an iron-bound, copper-bottomed, fire-proof caress. I came away feeling that not even the heroines of fiction are safe from the malignant tongue of slander. I had been led to regard the Grand Duchesse of Gerolstein as a person who was no better than she ought to be. Marie Geistering has impressed her upon me as a wise and virtuous woman, living in the highest odor of sanctity amid the wiles and vices of a deeply uninteresting court. But the Marie Geistering whose acquaintance we had first made disappeared that night forever. A smiling, mischievous Fanchette replaced her next evening, and afterward a bold, dashing Dom Maurizio. Then came pretty Galathea, a superb creature to look at in her classic robes, as she posed in the limelight, sparkling and ingenuous in speech, and with a throat full of song. But when she became that arch rogue, René Dufour, the climax was reached. Who, to see the severe Geistering in baby-blue, with a pair of most irresistible valenciennes pantalettes, and a pinafore and cap of India mull, singing and dancing in baby-wise, would have known her for the same one who had chilled us to the marrow a brief three weeks ago! Peace to the ashes of the old Geistering, and long may the new one wave. They announce the last performance for Saturday in letters ominously big and black, but it looks like folly for them to go just as the tide of success has set in. Comedies and melodramas have gone to the wall before the taste for opera bouffe, and the versatility of Geistering goes unappreciated; for when any one really goes to see a German play they go to see Haase.

In all of Shakespeare there is not one of

the well-known plays which gives less pleasure to the multitude than the "Merchant of Venice." Portia is such a very high-handed young woman in the matter of selecting a husband, that, in these days, when it is a scramble to get one, she seems rather impossible. As for Jessica, she is a very deceitful young person, and too successful a burglar to be really popular with right-seeing people. Old Shylock himself, for all his miseries, does not strike the chord. But the tragedians all love to play him. And how they hack and hew the comedy to make short work of it, and make it fit in as an afterpiece. When one hears of the "Merchant of Venice," one thinks involuntarily only of the trial scene, but Haase's best scene is when he hears the news of his daughter's flight, and vows revenge upon the Christians. The Germans claim him to have marvelous control of the dialects, and when he began to speak in Jewish German the other night, a ripple of approval ran around the circle. Fancy such an innovation on the English stage! The daring actor who would try it would have an invitation within twenty-four hours from Tony Pastor or Leavitt to "do a Dutch act" in a mammoth specialty combination. In the German it is a touch of art, as everything is that Haase does, for he is surely one of the most scrupulous actors that ever played upon the stage. He is a perfect master of make-up, and, in seeing him, one should study every feature, as he himself has so plainly done, from the arching of an eyebrow to the motion of his thin, expressive hand. What a Richelieu he would make!

The programme seems to have been made out to give the Germans their Sabbath merriment on Sunday, and, to whomever likes them, the heavier rôles on Wednesdays. "Hamlet" has the same insidious attraction for the foreign actors that it has for those who play it in its native English. They are all as fond as a modern jury of wrestling with the insanity problem. What will Haase do with him? Will he be a Danish blonde, as the foreigners usually love to portray him, or grand, gloomy, and peculiar, in black flowing locks? Will he be a madman outright, or a moody young prince, given to playing lunacy and making a palace as uncomfortable as a third-class boarding-house? Whatever he makes of him, he will be well worth the seeing in such hands.

Two or three nights ago, a late arrival coming into Emerson's collided with a tall, pale, lank man with light, flowing locks, who wore a sunflower in his bosom, and carried a tall calla lily in his hand. "When did Oscar arrive?" he asked, innocently, not knowing what had gone before, and I make no doubt that many of us expect to see an individual not altogether unlike the flaming lithographs which have been hurled upon him these many weeks. Clever things they are, too, with the head of the apostle haloed by a disc of sunflower, but I fancy we shall not recognize much of it in the original, except the knee-breeches, and if Oscar have a well-turned leg, why not? But heaven forefend that they come to be a fashion in the present development of the human race. For it has come to pass in the theatres that if the obscurest page that stands in the back row have a pretty leg, every one in the neighborhood audibly wonders where she had them built, until one's faith in flesh and blood becomes shaken. Talking of that, let us hope that Olivette has made the proper purchase since she went away, for there is a goodly houseful awaiting the opening night, and their ardor should not be damped by so much as a faulty curve, and the farandole dance is the pièce de résistance. BETSY B.

Rossi, the great Italian actor, has telegraphed that he is on his way to this city. His agent, Mr. S. Keppel, states that he will make his public appearance the first or second week in April as "Othello." Miss Louisa Maldener is his leading lady. While here, he will play in all his principal dramas, which embrace a large number of tragic and emotional rôles. His Othello has already been made the subject of a long disquisition in the *Century*, so that the acting of this, his masterpiece, is now familiar to the general reading public. The play which captured New York audiences was the great emotional drama "Edmund Kean," in which Signor Rossi is said to be unrivaled.

FRIEDRICH HAASE AT THE BALDWIN THEATRE scored a great success on Wednesday evening in the rôle of Shylock. The especial climax was reached in the famous trial-scene, where the actor's vigorous presentation of the Jew's conflicting emotions was enthusiastically applauded. Much commendation was expressed by the large audience for the excellent support which was given by the other members of the company. Mr. Haase will, on Sunday evening, March 26th, play Adalbert in Blumenthal's "The Devil's Cliff," and on Wednesday, March 29th inst., Shakespeare's Hamlet.

On account of the large demand for seats and boxes, there is a strong probability that Mrs. Tippet's concert will have to be given at the Grand Opera House. The number already secured is most gratifying to Mrs. Tippet's friends. In case the change he decided upon, due notice will be given through the dailies.

MISS CAROLINE LE ROI WILL APPEAR AT the Baldwin Theatre on Monday, April 10, 1882, as "Peg Woffington," supported by the excellent company of the theatre.

#### DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Manager McCaull, of the New York Bijou Theatre, did not succeed with the Melville troupe in "Apajune," and it was, therefore, withdrawn. In an article headed "An Unhappy Operatic Family," the *Mirror* gives the causes of the split in the company's ranks. Mr. Blanchett stated the following reason: "Our salary list was too large, approximating fourteen hundred dollars a week; Miss Melville, as a drawing star, had lost by her absence from the stage. Her famous Serpolette with the Hess company was not followed by equal successes. She had an iron-bound contract, and she would only open in such operas as she pleased. Wouldn't sing 'Patience' when we wanted it; and, you see, everything went wrong." Miss Melville, on being interviewed, said: "Well, I did hope we would be able to finish the season. We had been together so long, and were just like a family. You see, we had no opera to open with in New York, of our repertoire, that had not been done to death. So I chose the 'Middy.' Mr. McCaull said that Mr. Freeman should not come on his stage, so he was left out, and Casselli was given the part of Dom Januario, for which he is obviously not suited. Well, we failed. Besides that, we had a good reputation, and it was a sign of weakness to combine with the Bijou company. Why, they were no company at all. None of them could sing except Mr. Greensfelden. Bah! Well, I said I had to be paid. Then came this thing, 'Apajune.' My part is not good, being a high soprano, while my voice is a contralto, or mezzo-soprano, and it was a predestined failure. So we stop. I told the managers if they didn't have capital we might as well stop now as any other time. Mr. Blanchett wants to go on. Perhaps some arrangement may be reached. I hope so, for we used to be such a happy family!" The same journal, in a later issue, states that Haverly has captured the Melville troupe. Mr. Blanchett remains manager, all back salaries are to be paid, all old dates are to be filled, and the company will travel through the Union, East and West, until next winter, when it goes to Australia. Emilie Melville, Tom Casselli, Charles Dungan, Lillie Post, and all the old Melville chorus are part of the new troupe. The company opens at the New York Fifth Avenue at an early date.

There is an amusing contest going on in New York between manager Abbey and Miss Laura Don. A New York journal gives a slight review of it as follows: Miss Don, as is well known, is a painter—a decorative artist of no mean ability, and she is in the habit of painting her wardrobe in the most exquisite designs. Unlike the ordinary artist, she carries her ornamental pencil through all the mystic arrangements of a woman's wardrobe. She not only paints roses, and owls, and lilies upon her skirts, but wreathes the Florentine vine about her stockings, and stamps the Græco-Roman daisy upon her chemise. Why such decorative loveliness should be expended on what may, for politeness sake, be called the substratum of female costumery, the masculine mind can not, of course, understand. But it is enough to know that, thus decorated to the very centre, she appeared in "Mother-in-Law" at Abbey's Theatre. The effect of this æsthetic condition of under-clothing upon the public is well known. Its effect upon Mr. Abbey remains to be told. With the manager's practical eye he desired to secure this warm and floating bric-à-brac for the decoration of an æsthetic scene in "The Colonel." Few there are to-day who applauded the unique decorations and superb hangings in "The Colonel" who know that they were torn palpitating from the coy and protesting Don. Few, perhaps, recognized in the old English lambskins the dainty stockings of the gifted actress, or saw in the voluptuous table-cover the gauzy under-clothing of the heroine. But such was the case. We now understand from Miss Don's letter that the maddening appetite for decoration was inflamed by her own crafty hand; and that, although she was allowed to leave the company, the delirious manager determined to die rather than have her stockings leave. We should never have understood this if Miss Don had not explained it in her own happy vein. She has our sympathy. It is too bad to be robbed of one's designs, but when they include hosiery, it is simply too, too.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* gives an interesting account of the Comédie Parisienne, a theatre which has in its stock company four of the best known French society actors—Céline Chaumont, Saint-Germain, Dailly, and Monbars. The house is crammed to suffocation every night. He proceeds to describe the latest success in that theatre, "Madame Joseph," by Bocage and Crisafulli. If it is played as here described we do not wonder at the large audiences: "M. Martinet, a rich tradesman, having married his daughter, Evelina, to the man of her choice, Aristide Bonardel, who has furnished a sumptuous suite of rooms for her reception, leaves her in tête-à-tête with his son-in-law, to whom he gives the counsels and advice which a tender mother usually lavishes on the bride, but which, as M. Martinet is a widower, he insists upon to the bridegroom. Evelina is charmed with her chamber, but she says, ingenuously, 'Which is your room, my dear?' 'My room!' exclaims the husband. This is the starting-

point of the piece. Aristide is tender, persuasive, passionate, all in vain; Evelina won't hear of such a thing; she is horrified. Aristide is in despair; he swears he'll go away; and when he leaves for his destination Evelina begins to feel sorry she had been so sternly cold, and forthwith starts out in pursuit of the truant, after which the piece loses all originality, lapsing into the style seen in a hundred other pieces which have been presented at the Montansier during the last twenty years. I should fancy that the piece has been mutilated and expurgated considerably, as several of its scenes are not extremely clear. Still, it is clever, in spite of the repetition of effects and situations which have been used, I may say abused elsewhere, and terminates in the reconciliation of the newly married lady." As will easily be recognized, the name, "Madame Joseph," is a delicate allusion to the good boy of the old Egyptian days.

Two weeks ago we published two or three stories about the late eccentric French actor, Gil Pérès. The Paris dailies have since been relating many anecdotes concerning this comedian, and they are as amusing as the others. At his début on the stage of the Gymnase, Montigny, the manager, would not admit his talent, and gave him nothing but the most insignificant parts. He was generally a servant with a letter to deliver, or a tray to hand round, and yet he managed to make something out of them, to the infinite horror of the staid manager, by whom he was finally discharged for his eccentricities—in French theatrical parlance, his *cascades*. Once he picked a guest's pocket in a ball-room, and was the cause of a grave discussion between critics, some declaring the incident to be an unnecessary episode in a play with the plot of which it had no connection, besides being grossly immoral, as, even at the dénouement, the thief was not arrested; let it go, urged those who were disposed to be indulgent; if he were arrested, the piece might drag. At another time, having to personate a domestic with three entries in the same scene, he appeared with three different wigs—one black, a second white, a third cartoty—and when to the hall-palised, trembling-voiced old man, who had just brought in a note, succeeded a lively, spruce John Thomas, Gil-Pérès said to the astonished actor playing with him: "What think you, my lord, of that old beast who has just gone out? But never insult him; it's my father!" After his "gags" had banished him from the Boulevard de Bonne Nouvelle, he tried melodrama at the Porte St. Martin in Gazlan's "Pied de Fer," in which he made a wretched failure as a factitious convict, and then drifted to the Vaudeville, where he created and played as no one since has ever played, Sainte Gaudens, in the "Dame aux Camélias." From that moment his reputation dates. But his greatest celebrity was attained at the Palais Royal, where some of his "types" have become legendary. He was a great observer, and has been seen to follow for hours some peculiar specimen of a *gommeux*—the effeminate dandies of nowadays were his specialty—whose curious profile he wanted to reproduce on the stage.

There will be at least eight private palace cars on the road next season, and it is evident that the business of furnishing stars with their own railway coaches has been materially improved since Madame Modjeska initiated it. When a dramatic speculator got up the idea of building a car for Clara Morris, to travel through the South, and had it striped red, white, and blue, and a grand harmonicon built on the rear platform, and Clara's family coat-of-arms painted on the panel, the idea was new. But the speculator sold the idea and the car to Harry Sargent, and he utilized it for Modjeska, by tearing down the colors, removing the harmonicon, and changing the coat-of-arms. Madame Modjeska's account of her experiences in that car would make a monolith grin. It used to get shunted on a side-track when they entered a town; frequently it was dropped a mile or two from the depot; generally on an inaccessible bank, or in the middle of a swamp. Oftener it was left in the exact centre of a hundred acres of cattle-cars, and the ethereal Modjeska was discovered by her manager, who came to look for her with trainmen and lanterns, gazing out with horror upon a turbulent sea of Texas steers and Ohio pigs. Then they had to rescue her with ladders. At other times the village boys made it lively for her by playing shinny on the roof, and the genteel citizens of the town felt disposed to regard her as a ten-thousand-dollar circus beauty, whose proprietor would not let her stop at a hotel for fear some of the waiters would fall in love with her.

A New York critic attacks the fashionable chatter-boxes who make up the "opera parties." He observes that since the coming of Lent put a veto on dancing and general merry-making, theatre-parties in New York have become quite numerous. The theatre-parties are just as objectionable, on the score of manners, as the opera-party. It is generally made up from the same social class, and its habits are exactly those of the other animal. Wallack's is the favorite house for theatre-parties, and the Madison Square comes next. "Four or five of these parties," he states, "were at Wallack's a few nights ago, and



they exerted themselves industriously to attract more attention than the play. Other people in the audience, and all the people on the stage were greatly annoyed; but the privileged folk from Murray Hill cared nothing about that. Their places were paid for, and they felt that they had a right to amuse themselves as they pleased. It was not to see the play that they went to the theatre, but to get up little plays of their own. Wallack does not invite these people to his theatre, but he can not very well shut them out, though he knows they are a nuisance, and dislikes them himself as much as any one. No manager does invite them, in fact, for they annoy all his other patrons, and are likely to hurt his business in the long run."

It is said that—Edwin Booth will not come to California. He desires rest before his prospective European trip.—John McCullough is in Kentucky.—Joseph, aided by Boscowitz, Laura Bellini, Dulcken, and others, has been giving six-bit concerts in Chicago. How about the dollar and a half recitals in this city?—Alice Harrison is in Pittsburg.—Ristori opens in the London Drury Lane, July next, as Lady Macbeth.—A new pianist has arisen, who is exciting the Paris world. His name is Carl Heyman.—"Youth," at Wallack's New York Theatre, is drawing enormous houses.—Robson and Crane are in Cincinnati.—John E. Owens has quite recaptured New Yorkers in "Esmeralda."—Joseph Jefferson has signed for a future six weeks' engagement in New York.—James O'Neill says that his prospective starring tour is going to be very successful.—Mary Anderson has been taking a week's rest.—M. Quad is writing a plantation sketch for the Frohmans.—Lewis Morrison's wife, Rose Wood, has just presented him with another child—a girl this time.—Boucault is going to organize a large company for the tour of Great Britain and the United States.—Haidee Heller, now fat and unshapely, is keeping a small restaurant in London.—Haverly says he is going to spend twelve thousand dollars on his European pleasure trip.

#### Rondeau.

Pretty Peggy, fair is she,  
"Neath her poke of peacock blue;  
And her two wistful eyes I see  
Looking doubtfully at me,  
Wondering whether I'm false or true.

Deem me not fickle as the bee  
That idly robs each flower new.  
Of maids like thee there are too few,  
Pretty Peggy.

Ah, fairest thing, don't angry be,  
If I leave other maids for thee.  
Be just. Be reasonable, do.  
And if on one point we'll agree,  
That but to love thee I am free,  
I will not dare to woo  
Pretty Peggy. H. B. M.

#### Obscure Intimations.

"Parlor Games"—L. U. M.—Declined.  
"L. A."—San José.—He resides at Edgewood Farm, near New Haven, Ct., which he has described in "My Farm at Edgewood." He has been a contributor to various magazines for many years, beginning with the old *Knicknacker*, and continuing in the *Atlantic*. About the year 1871 he was editor for some time of *Health and Home*. That connection ceased, however, some years ago, and he has not written much of late, with the exception of a few articles in *Scribner's*, until, about a month ago, he arranged to edit a regular department in *Tourgee's Our Continent*.

"Fernando."—It is a game which has been rather *chic* in San Francisco for two seasons. It hears a striking resemblance to "whisky-poker." That, of course, you are familiar with.

"Spiritualism"—B. L. A.—Declined. MS. waits your disposal.

"L."—The person who continued May Probyn's poem, "Swinging," is informed that we do not consider the continuation equal to the original, and must, therefore, decline it.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: There are some poems that we should be glad to see printed in your columns, as we are unable to find them, and know but a few lines of each. The only parts we know are these few lines:

No. 1—"Lies under the blossoming clover,  
The sweet-scented, heel-haunted clover."

No. 2—"If I were lying, love, in deathly state,  
Pale lilies clasped in either icy hand," etc.

No. 3—"Pale, and cold, and worn, and old,  
The dead moon drifts over a sea of gold—  
Of golden mist just faintly kissed  
By a ghostly glimmer of anethist."

They hollowed for us two lonesome graves.

So here we lie, my love and I,  
Under the arch of the pale-blue sky;  
While o'er us, cold, and worn, and old,  
The dead moon drifts o'er a sea of gold."

If you print them we shall appreciate your kindness.  
SOME SANTA CRUZ SUBSCRIBERS.

[If any of our readers have copies of these poems, or know where they are to be found, we shall be pleased to hear from them.—EDS.]

"M. E."—Your letters have been forwarded as per directions.

REMOVED—MARK SHELDON, GENERAL AGENT for the Davis, Howe, Household, Queen, Singer, Springfield, and Stewart sewing machines, and wholesale dealer in needles, oil, parts and attachments for all machines, has removed from 130 Post Street, to 9 and 11 First Street, near the corner of Market.

#### EASTER CARDS

In great variety. Novelties in art goods suitable for presents, and new designs in frames a specialty. At Snow & Co.'s, 12 Post Street, Masonic Temple.

—WRITE TO MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for names of ladies that have been restored to perfect health by the use of her Vegetable Compound. It is a positive cure for the most stubborn cases of female weakness.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.

—Go to Bradley & Rulofson's, 429 Montgomery.

#### SPRING COSTUMES.

HANDSOME ONES SEEN AT A FASHIONABLE MODISTE'S.

Spring orders have fully set in, and dress-making establishments are again beginning to show life and animation, as was illustrated to the writer a day or two since, when a call was made upon Miss James, whose dress-making rooms are at No. 115 Kearny Street, over Kean Brothers, where an elevator can be found. Miss James showed a couple of costumes nearly completed, which were too handsome to pass unnoticed. They were both street suits. One was of a soft, fine piece of cashmere, of a bronze shade. The skirt, perfectly plain, had a double box ruching at the base. Over this was to be worn a redingote nearly the length of the skirt, and of the same fabric, not made to meet in front, but was joined by cable cords that were fastened on either side with ornaments, while the cords, which were light as a feather, fell in graceful festoons down the front. The waist of this outer garment was also barred across with cords to match, the festoons growing gradually smaller as they approached the neck, which was finished with a turn-over collar about four inches wide. From the side-seams of the redingote was a scarf of soft-figured material that extended to the back, and there formed a bow. The collar and cuffs were also of the figured stuff. The other costume was composed of four different materials—plain silk, figured silk, satin, and surah. The skirt and ruching at the base of it was of the plain; also the draperies, which were edged with a deep fringe. Over this was to be a redingote of figured silk, the skirt part being joined into a pointed waist, which was open, and a vest of surah formed into one long puff, let in. The lappets, square, deep collar, and the cuffs on the half-sleeves, were of satin. The costume was of marine blue, and one of the handsomest seen this season. Miss James had several novel and pretty suits under way, which were well worth inspection. She is also paying much attention to confirmation and first-communion dresses. A lovely one shown the writer was of cream-white surah and nun's-veiling, that just reached to the floor, and showed an amount of flat pleatings and graceful drapings. The cap was to be made of the surah, to which would be attached the veil, perfectly plain, with a simple hem.

—I. K. WHITE & Co., 221 SACRAMENTO ST., are cigar manufacturers. They make good cigars. When L. K. White arrived here, in '49, he brought with him a small quantity of tobacco, picked up at Acapulco, Mexico. This tobacco he worked up into cigars for his party, and these were the first cigars ever made in San Francisco. Afterward, in 1860, Mr. White established his present factory, which he has personally superintended for twenty-two years. He is an acknowledged expert in tobacco, and his services as such were called into requisition after nearly every fire for years past in which tobacco has been destroyed or damaged. Commencing the present year with increased capital and manufacturing facilities, the new firm has been quietly at work, and has on hand a fine stock of seasoned goods, and is busy filling numerous city and country orders. Lovers of the weed will find their "Tally Ho!" a better cigar than any of the imported cigars. If your dealer don't keep them, stop in at their office and purchase a box for trial.

—HAPPENING INTO THE PALACE HOTEL, A few days since, we took occasion to call upon Mr. J. G. Steele, the well-known Palace Hotel Drug Store, No. 635 Market Street, and found the genial proprietor and "all hands" busily engaged in waiting upon the crowd of customers, many of whom had come blocks out of the way to have their prescriptions filled. While waiting, we heard an opinion expressed, that "if the public were truly alive to their own interests they would patronize such old-established and reliable stores as Mr. Steele's, rather than those presided over by boys and inexperienced persons." Mr. Steele informed us that it is thirty years since he first came to San Francisco, entering the then favorite prescription drug store of William H. Keith & Co., and has been engaged in the retail drug business in this city ever since.

#### CONSUMPTION CURED.

physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

—IT IS WONDERFUL THAT A SUBTLE Miasmatic poison should produce that peculiar condition of the system which prevails when alternate chills and burning heat freeze and scorch the body at regular intervals, and it is no less wonderful that medical skill has been able to reach and expel this poison from the system, as Ayer's Agree Cure always does.

#### EASTER CARDS

In great variety. Novelties in art goods suitable for presents, and new designs in frames a specialty. At Snow & Co.'s, 12 Post Street, Masonic Temple.

## JNO. LEVY & CO.

### MANUFACTURING JEWELERS,

Importers of DIAMONDS and other PRECIOUS STONES, WATCHES, CLOCKS, and SILVERWARE,

118 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

(Of the late Firm of BRAVERMAN & LEVY.)

MADAME E. T. SKIDMORE, AT 1110 AND 1112 Market Street held a grand spring opening on last Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. Her store was thronged day and evening by ladies of society and fashion, who wish to be prepared, on the closing of the Lenten season, for the spring fashions. The beautiful display of imported and domestic millinery was enthusiastically admired by the hosts of lady-visitors, and all who were present united in the statement that so large a stock of foreign goods had never before been brought to San Francisco by any one milliner. There were to be seen, in their various departments, fine French imported trimmed hats, bonnets, and all the little adornments which can only be prepared in Paris. Beside these, there were elegant displays of domestic hats, bonnets, feathers, ribbons, etc. One of the articles most admired was a rust-colored palm-leaf hat, of a novel and original design. It was adorned with drooping plumes of an extraordinary size, and is of a style which is about to become very fashionable on account of its pleasing novelty. Madame Skidmore, feeling the want of a person who has graduated in the latest schools of French artistic millinery, has recently secured the services of a lady just from Paris, Mademoiselle Relaux, who will hereafter superintend the more intricate pieces of workmanship.

—C. O. DEAN, DENTIST, No. 126 KEARNY ST., Thurlow Block. Office hours, 9 to 5.

#### BALDWIN GERMAN THEATRE.

DIRECTRICE.....OTILLIE GENE.

Sunday.....March 26th

#### FRIEDRICH HAASE,

...IN HIS...

Original Comical Part of ADALBERT HEINZEDUCAN, in the new Four-Act Comedy by Oscar Blumenthal,

#### THE DEVIL'S CLIFF.

Wednesday.....March 29th

HAASE, in his great Shakespearean character of

#### HAMLET.

Orders for reserved seats will be received every day at the Baldwin Theatre, and at Sherman & Hyde's. Box-Office at the Baldwin open every Sunday and every Wednesday from 9 A. M. to 8 o'clock P. M.

#### PLATT'S HALL.

#### CONCERT TO

#### MRS. J. E. TIPPETT,

Thursday Evening.....March 30, 1882

#### COMALA,

A Cantata, by N. W. Gade, and Miscellaneous Selections will constitute the Programme.

Tickets, (including Reserved Seat,).....One Dollar

Boxes, \$6, \$7.50, and \$9. Box-sheet will open at the White House, March 27, 1882. Tickets for sale at the principal Music Stores. Applications for boxes can be addressed to J. E. Tippet, Bohemian Club.

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## NOTICE.

Wedding and Social invitations, in the Latest Styles, at

BILLINGS,

HARBOURNE

& CO.,

NO. 3 MONTGOMERY STREET.

New Books Received Daily.

## BUTTERICK'S

Patterns--Spring Styles.

SEND STAMP FOR CATALOGUE.

AGENCY, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.

Boston and California

## DRESS REFORM.

AN ELEGANT COUTIL CORSET, to order, for \$6. Worth Under Garments, (specialty.) Children's Corset Waists, Cashmere and Merino Union Suits, Shoulder Braces, Hygienic Corsets, Hose and Skirt Supports, Emancipation Waists and Suits. Send for Circular.

Mrs. M. H. Ober, Sole Agent, 326 Sutter St.

## ZEITSKA INSTITUTE

922 Post Street.

DAY AND BOARDING SCHOOL.

for Young Ladies and Children. Kindergarten.

Next term commences March 22, 1882.

MADAME B. ZEITSKA, Principal.

## MOTT'S

## NEW YORK CIDER

Manufactured by S. R. & J. C. Mott at their Mills in Madison County, N. Y., being Pure Apple Juice, contains plenty of natural fruit acid and just enough spirit to be tonic, and is particularly recommended for its well known action on the Liver and Stomach. A glassful taken before or during meals will do more for impaired digestion than any medicine. It is not intoxicating, and is at all times a pleasant family beverage or tipple at the bar. Try it. For sale by all first-class grocers and wine-dealers.

TITCOMB & CO.,

Sole Agents, No. 205 Sacramento Street, S. F.

Sole Agents, No. 205 Sacramento Street, S. F.

## PEBBLE SPECTACLES!



## MULLER'S OPTICAL DEPOT

135 Montgomery St., nr. Bush,

Opposite Occidental Hotel.

Specialty Thirty-two Years.

## COMPOUND ASTIGMATIC LENSES

Mounted to Order. Two Hours Notice.

The most complicated cases of defective vision thoroughly diagnosed, free of charge.

## EUREKA COTTON

## GARDEN HOSE.

MILDEW-PROOF and RUBBER-LINED. Will positively not break in the kinks, split open, or burst. Very light, easily handled, does not deteriorate with age, and is extremely durable. Also, COTTON and LINEN FIRE HOSE. Call and examine it.

W. T. Y. SCHENCK,

36 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

## SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company. Location of principal place of business San Francisco, California—Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees held on the 23d day of March, 1882, an assessment, (No. 71,) of One Dollar (\$1) per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 57, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the 26th day of April, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 15th day of May, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

E. L. PARKER, Secretary.  
Office—Room 57, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

## MERRY, FAULL & CO.

PROVISION PACKERS,

Importers and Dealers in Meat Product of all Descriptions.

125 & 127 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

## TABER, HARKER & CO.

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE

GROCERS, 108 and 110 California St., San Francisco



## INSTRUCTIVE ANECDOTES.

## Sold by His Sons.

A New Jersey miller who had become old and rheumatic, one day called his sons about him and said: "Boys, I am growing stiff in the knees and faint at heart. My liver is out of order, and I can no longer distinguish between a peck and a half hushel when taking toll. This mill is worth ten thousand dollars. In order to form a stock company, and render my own burdens the lighter, I shall give Reuben two-tenths, Samuel the same, and Henry, who is my first born, three-tenths. Bless you, my children, bless you. You may now go fishing for half a day."

The three sons took the papers which the old man had made out, and instead of going a-fishing, they went down to a lawyer's office, called a meeting of stockholders, and proceeded to business. The first-born was elected president, Reuben treasurer, and Samuel secretary, and the following resolution was passed:

"Resolved, That we hounce the old man, and run the mill after our own ideas!"

## A Card Trick With Four Aces.

Professor Hoffman quotes from Monsieur de Caston's "Les Tricheurs," of how Caston discomfited a professional sharper one day at Brussels. He was waiting somewhat impatiently for a friend of his (Monsieur Delaunoy, of the Vaudeville Theatre, Professor Hoffman calls him, but it should obviously be Monsieur Delannoy) at a café, when a stranger lounged in, and presently proposed a game of piquet, a hundred and fifty up, for a cup of coffee. "I lost the game," Monsieur de Caston writes. "My opponent offered me my revenge. We then played for our luncheon and a bottle of Bordeaux which we had consumed in common, amounting only to some five or six francs." It was accident rather than the amount of the stake which led Monsieur de Caston to watch his opponent, and discover that he was playing unfairly. This was how he did it. "In shuffling he left the four aces at the bottom of the pack. When I cut, he coolly replaced the top half of the pack upon the other, so that he might very well have spared me the trouble of cutting at all. Then he proceeded to deal"; and Monsieur de Caston tabulates carefully the manner of his dealing, the result of which was that he dealt twelve cards to Caston and only eleven to himself. "He then separated the nine cards remaining into two portions, the first of five cards, the second of four; but this latter gave him a *quatorze* of aces." This compelled his adversary's admiration, but it seemed to him to be going a little too far; so, in taking up his own cards he managed to give himself the four aces. When the stranger took up his own hand he was so astonished that he lost his presence of mind and actually exclaimed, "'What is the meaning of this? You have robbed me, sir. Where are my aces?' 'In my own hand, sir. My name is Alfred de Caston, and I give my first magical performance to-morrow at the Salle Philharmonique.' My friend seized his hat and fled. I am bound, as a faithful chronicler, to add that in the hurry of his flight he quite forgot to pay for his refreshment."

## Sixty Feet Under the Sea.

"I was once a diver—not a wrecker, but a pearl-diver, and a hard business it was," recently observed the captain of a Spanish brig to a New York *Sun* reporter. "We worked off the Mexican and Panama coasts, principally on the Pacific side. Sometimes we worked alone, but generally on shares, and sometimes for pay. We went to the grounds in small sailing vessels, then took to the small-boats, and covered as much ground as possible. Each man had a basket, a weight, and a knife. For sharks? Yes; but it is a poor defense, for it is almost impossible to swing your arm with any force under water. The best weapon is a short spear. When you reach the grounds you strip, catch your feet in a big sinker, take the basket that has a rope for hoisting, drop over, and soon find yourself at the bottom. Then your business is to knock as many oysters off as you can, and pile them into the basket before you lose your wind. It is a terrible strain, but I could stand it in those days for six minutes, and I have known some men who could stay down ten; but it is sure death in the long run. If the ground is well-stocked you can get twenty or more shells, but it is all luck. When the basket is full, it is hauled up; and after you come up for your wind, down you go again, the sinker being hauled up with a small cord for that purpose. It was on one of these trips that I ran afoul of the animal that gave me a lasting fright. You will smile when I say that it was only a star-fish, but that is all it really was. I went down sixty feet with a rush, and, landing on the edge of a big bunch of coral, swung off into a kind of basin. The basket went ahead of me, and as I swung off to reach the bottom, something seemed to spring up all around me, and I was in the arms of some kind of a monster that coiled about me, waved its arms over my head, and twisted about my body, arms, and legs. I tried to scream, forgetting that I was in the water, and lost my wind. It was just as if a plant had sprouted under me, and thrown its vines and tendrils about me. There were thousands of them, coiling and writhing, and I thought I had landed in a nest of sea-snakes. I gave the signal as soon as I could, and made a break upward, part of the creature clinging to me, while the rest, I could see, was dropping to pieces. They hauled me into the boat when I reached the surface, and pulled the main part of the animal from me. It was oval, about three feet across, and the five arms seemed to divide into thousands of others. I probably landed on top of that one, which at that time was the largest I had ever seen. I afterward saw the body of one that was washed ashore on the Isthmus that must have had a spread of thirty-five feet. Their power of grasping is considerable, but touch them in a certain way and they throw off their arms in a regular shower, and are soon reduced to an oval body."

Mr. Henry Havard, in the *Paris Illustration*, publishes the following account furnished by an upholsterer:

To getting on chair to hang picture.....	Fr. c.
To taking nail in right hand.....	25
To passing do, to left do.....	05
To striking eighteen blows with hammer at it.....	18
To noticing that the nail was not in the centre of the panel.....	50
To replacing it further to the left.....	03
Total.....	2 06

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## The Supreme Bench.

I do not want a judgeship,  
No life-long job for me;  
I'd sooner wield my little club.  
Yours truly, Roscoe C—.

Nor do I want it, either,  
No second-hand man I,  
I never cared for leavings,  
For hash, or for cold pie.

George E—.

## Ambition.

One by one the roses fall;  
One by one the Cashiers go;  
Mince pies fade away in spring;  
Boys begin to play hase-hall.  
When the gentle summer comes,  
With its wealth of blooming flowers,  
Then a gentle picnic sprouts  
In the sylvan dells and bowers.  
Let us never waste a day,  
Let us always forward push,  
Or some other duck will take  
Myrtle to the matinee.

—Hank W. Longfellow in *Chicago Tribune*.

## Keeping Lent.

Farewell to opera and hall,  
Reception, and to morning call;  
Hail to ashes, sackcloth, prayers,  
To sewing-circles, orphan-fairs.  
I've packed away my party dresses;  
I've straightened out my flowing tresses;  
I've sohered down my giddy look,  
And bunted up my lost prayer-book.

And now, with pious soul intent,  
I feel I'm ready to repent;  
For, as I think our rector says,  
The Lent will end in forty days.

—Unknown Lady Liar.

## In Memoriam.

[A Boston dispatch says: "Telegrams to private parties in this city report that General Grant has failed. It is rumored that General Grant's brokers have sold him out, he not being able to further guarantee them."] ]

Broke, broke, broke,  
In the city by the sea!  
And the news comes in the dispatches:  
Flat busted is U. S. G.

O well for the Stalwart man,  
As he shouts o'er his medal in glee;  
O well for the whole three hundred  
And six, who voted for me.

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But O for a look at George Jones's fund,  
And the passage of Logan's bill.

—Chicago Tribune Liar.

## A Pitiful Picture.

She asked the price of Crown Derby ware,  
She looked at the Royal Worcester,  
Till to purchase at least a set or two  
The clerk thought he'd really induced her.

She lingered long over Cloisonné,  
She lovingly gazed at Satsuma;  
In fact, all the rarest, costliest things  
Were the ones which suited her humor.

The gleam of the beautiful jewel-like glass  
Seemed to thrill her very soul,  
And she lost her heart entirely in  
A missaphen India bowl.

Then she turned away with a little sigh,  
And murmured, "I wish I were richer,"  
And went to a counter, where she bought  
A fifty-cent Japanese pitcher!

—Harper's Bazar.

## The Grand Old Gardener.

Though Adam's dress was a nude design,  
He often would sadly grieve,  
And sit on the limb of a tree and whine,  
'Cause he couldn't laugh in his sleeve.

—Hackensack Republican.

## A Terrible Blow.

"What ails that maid?" said Spilkins,  
As he met a passing fair,  
And saw her eyes, "neath 'er wave" and "crimp,"  
Which o'er her forehead dangled limp,  
Give forth a stony stare.  
"Methinks," said Wilkins, scornfully,  
As he tossed his head in air,  
"She has no brains to cudgel,  
And so she hangs her hair."

—A Boston Pilgrim.

## The Maiden's Advice.

Young Fred, a bashful yet persistent swain,  
Was very much in love with Mary Jane.  
One night she told him, in her tenderest tone,  
It is not good for man to be alone.

Said Fred: "Just so, you darling little elf;  
I've often thought of that same thing myself."  
Then said the lass, while Fred was all agog:  
"You ought to huy yourself a terrier dog."

—Unknown Liar.

## I Want to Be.

I want to be an aesthete, and with the aesthetes stand,  
A lily in my hutton-hole, a sunflower in my band;  
There just before my teacher, I'll try with all my might,  
To profit by his lectures, and laud him night by night.  
My legs are *awful* slender, and my hair is very thin,  
And when it comes to features, I haven't any chin;  
But if nature is a niggard, you needn't be perplexed,  
For ART has grand resources to cover up defects.

So I want to be an aesthete, and with the aesthetes stand,  
A lily in my hutton-hole, a sunflower in my hand;  
I'll follow still my teacher hold in all artistic ways,  
And join the hearty chorus of efflorescent praise.

O W I

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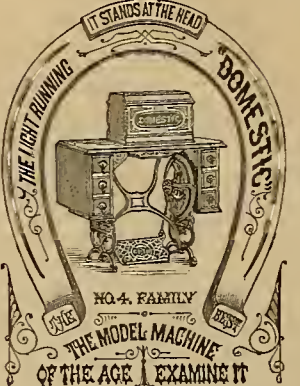
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# The Argonaut.

VOL. X. NO. 13.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 1, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## THE IGUANODON'S EGG.

A Primeval Monster Now at Large in the Jungles of New Guinea.

"The schooner *Aileen*, just returned from the Bay of Papua with a cargo of nutmegs and massay bark, reports having sighted an extraordinary monster in the swamps which line the eastern shore of the bay. It was plainly visible at a distance of four miles from the spot where the schooner was lying off, breaking and tearing its way through the camphor-trees and sago palms with, as Captain Biggs describes it, the same ease as 'a pig through a potato patch.' The captain says that, judging from its appearance at that distance, it can not have been less than from eighty to a hundred feet in length. He says that sometimes it would rise on its hind legs, and that then its head would stand far clear of the tops of the palm-trees. He examined it through his glass, and says that he never saw any animal like it, but compares it most nearly to a bear in general characteristics. Captain Biggs is a sober, reliable man, not much given to 'yarning,' and, as the circumstance is attested by his crew of six, we offer no comment. Here is a chance for our local Ninrods."—*Brisbane Courier*, January 6, 1882.

The above paragraph, taken from a Queensland (Australia) paper of a recent date, sent me by a friend, attracted my attention when I read it to the extent of my exclaiming, "Bah! have these sea-serpents and hoojum-snarks begun to attack the hard-headed Australians with their leaven? Well!" And the next minute it passed from my memory. I should probably never again have thought of it, had not a singular circumstance brought it to the surface, and given it sufficient importance in my eyes to make it the text, as it were, of the following narrative.

The other morning I happened to stroll casually into the Mercantile Library, on Bush Street, and noting several ladies coming up from the basement, curiosity prompted me to find out what was going on there. On entering the hall I found that it had been converted into a species of museum; full of specimens of the animal and mineral kingdoms, many of them so deftly imitated and so preternaturally natural as to deceive, if it were possible, even one of the elect, biologically speaking. Bones of long-vanished animals were grouped on the floor; tusks of astounding development, purporting to be fac-similes of originals in European galleries, lay beside them. In the centre of a railled enclosure towered a monstrous and gigantic elephant, which a placard announced to be an exact reproduction of the mammoth which was imbedded in the ice of the river Lena, where its crystal coffin had preserved it intact for—who shall say how many thousand years? A creature twenty-six feet long by sixteen high is worthy of more than a passing glance, and I stood examining the pillar-like legs, the shaggy hide, and the enormous tusks, and calculating whether or not the original of the massive hulk would have tipped the beam at a hundred tons, when I was aroused from my reverie by a voice at my side:

"A purty hig heast, sir; but I seen bigger."

Mechanically I turned and inspected the speaker. A bronzed, bearded, and weather-beaten man of, I should say, about fifty, dressed in sailor fashion, leaned carelessly against the railing, and looked up at the mammoth.

"You've seen bigger? Ah!" I repeated in a preoccupied way, catching vaguely, at first, the purport of the remark.

"Yes," said the man, with rather more emphasis, "I seen bigger. An' what's more, ten times bigger. Wby, that there mammoth aint a patch on the heast I once seen. It was purty near's big's that when it was a babbhy."

I now turned and faced the man square.

"Look here, my friend," I said, "I don't know what you take me for, but I can assure you that there is very little use in spinning yarns of that sort to me. I flatter myself that I have too much knowledge of natural history, and the laws regulating the development of animal life upon the surface of our planet, to give them credence." And after delivering myself of this announcement, I paused to witness its effect. There was no effect. The man merely looked me in the face and said:

"I can see you're a man of eddication, sir, an' a better scholar, an' has more hook larnin', no doubt, than me; but I tell you, jest as sure as you're a-stannin' there, that I'm speakin' the pure truth when I say I seen a heast ten times as big's that there mammoth, an' I was at the hatchin' of it, too."

I looked at the man closely and critically to detect, if possible, what object he could have in playing upon my credulity, but I could gather nothing from his frank countenance and apparent sincerity of expression. I determined, therefore, to seem to acquiesce, and draw him out.

"And, pray, in what part of the world did this strange creature live?" I asked.

"In Papua, or, as some calls it, New Guinea—a big island lyin' to northward of Australey; maybe ye've heard of it. An' for all I know the heast's there yet," replied the man.

Suddenly there flashed across my mind the remembrance of the paragraph in the Australian paper, just quoted, and I could not help connecting it with this man's assertion. Was it possible, thought I, that there might be some germ of truth in these strange and fanciful stories of uncouth and gigantic creatures in out-of-the-way wilds where men's footsteps rarely tread? Was it possible that under certain peculiar conditions and rare auspices some stray specimen of long extinct races might yet survive? Utterly improbable as the idea might seem, I was yet hound to confess that it was neither logically nor naturally impossible, and I deter-

mined to hear what this man might have to say, and derive, if nothing else, perhaps amusement from his story. Inquiry elicited the fact that Captain Sehright (he is now engaged as a pilot on the bay) resided on Jessie Street, and I accepted an invitation to call upon him the same evening, and hear his story, besides examining some documents in his possession which bore upon the subject.

During the course of the day I met my friend W——, one of the shining lights of the Academy of Sciences, and persuaded him to accompany me on my evening visit, though at the expense of a smile of pity and superiority. We accordingly called on the captain, and, after the usual preliminaries, our host entered upon his narrative as follows:

"I don't know if ye was ever in the South Seas, gen'lmen, hut atween you an' me, there's more room for queer things there than any part o' the airth ever I was on. Talk o' yer vegetation, yer trees, yer funny hirds, yer rummy heasts, I can het that ye won't find the like nowhere elst, nohow. But the queerest thing ever I see in the heast line, I seen on the island of Papua. If ye got the time I'll tell ye how it was, an' then, I reckon, ye'll think the same's I do. It's jest sixteen years ago, mehhe a little more or less, that I shipped afore the mast on the barkentine *Mary Chester*, from Wellington, New Zealand, with a cargo of coal for Singapore. It was in the month of October, an' the cap'n he took the north passage by way of Torres Straits. Well, we gets along all right as far's Cape Rodney, wheu a typhoon struck us, an' afore we could shift our canvas, we was on our heam-ends an' a-swimmin' for our lives. One o' the hoats got loose in the upset, an' me an' Ben Baxter, the bo'sun, clumb into her, an' arter we was in we helped Mister Ince, that was the second mate, to get in, an' we never seen one o' the crew more, nowhere. There was oars in the hoat, an' we made for land, but the wind blew us far up into the gulf of Papua. She kep' a-drivin' us for, I guess, a day an' a half, till we was stranded on a mud hank, an' had to wade ashore. The natives come down to look at us, afeard like, but gradooally they got less skeered, an' then we went up with them to a sort of village they had, some two or three hundred yards from shore. Now, mind you, in them times nobody knew nothin' about them blacks that lived in Papua. There was no trade in them days with Australey, nor none with other countries, for folks could get their spices an' hirds far easier in the islands to the west, an' had no need to come to Papua. There was some trade with the north coast o' the island, but this part as we was stranded on was way down in the south-east corner, an' the breed as lived there was as different from the folks as lived a thousand miles off, at the other end o' the island, as a nigger from a Malay. The report was that they was cannibals, an' we was a little afeard at first that they might be out o' fresh meat; but they treated us fust-rate an' no mistake. From the first day that we got there we kep' a bright look-out for a ship, an' we axed 'em hy signs if any ships ever comed that way, an' Mister Ince he drew the picter of a ship on a leaf of his note-book, but they shook their heads an' larfed, an' it was clear no ship ever comed that way yet. The hoat, I must tell ye, had got washed off the mud-hank the first night, an' spiked on a coral reef, an' was so stove in that we couldn't do nothin' with her, an' the natives had no tools that amounted to anything for carpenterin'. So there was nothin' for it hut either to stay where we was, or else make for some other part o' the island. To northward an' eastward ye could see nothin' hut snowy mountains, an' south'ard there was nothin' hut swamps, and mud-hanks, an' forests o' camphor-trees an' sech like, while goin' west meant getting away from the sea, so we jest concluded to stay where we was, for a while, anyhow. The blacks guv us a hut to live in, made o' double lateen sails o' matting—that's the stuff them Malays make their huts on—and for grub we got what they got. There was no lack of oranges, hanannys, an' cocoanuts; and for meat, kangaroos an' sech small game as they could trap or shoot with arrows. An' don't ye forget that them blacks lived purty comfortable for savages. It was the rainy season there, an' the sun was d'rect over our heads, for Mister Ince, the second mate, cut out a quadrant from a piece o' plank with Ben Baxter's jack-knife, an' told us that we was about 7° 30' south, hy about 145° 30' east, an' consequently right in the height of the gulf of Papua. It was the twenty-third of October when we got wrecked, an' Mister Ince said it was jest square midsummer for that latitude, 'case the sun would travel south for the next two months, an' the next midsummer would come 'bout the middle o' Febroary, when the sun got on the zenith again, comin' northward. Well, gen'lmen, them savages was the ugliest people ye ever comed across. Thick lips? I guess not. Noses like a three-legged pot, heat flat, and two big holes knocked in the bottom of it? Oh, no! Paint? My stars! If they wasn't the most hijouset chromos I ever seen, you may swamp me dead. Why, they jest laid it on as if paint wasn't worth nothin', and no more it was; an' the women was wuss nor the men. But they was as kind-hearted a folk as ever ye see; an' if anybody goes for to tell ye that the Papoosans is cannibals, leastways them as we was among, jest tell 'em for me that they're a long ways out in their reck'nin', though they do say that the up-country fellers 'll gobble ye up quicker'n 'scat. Them huts o' theirs, made o' cocoanut mattin', keeps rain out a durn sight better nor canvas, as ye may jedge when they makes their pots an' huckets out o' the same stuff, too. Well, gen'lmen, arter about a month or so

we hegan to pick up a smatterin' o' their lingo. Mister Ince, though he was a eddicated man, an' ye would ba' thought could ha' talked it to wunst, was the backwardest of all. I managed to git most o' the grub words purty quick, an' 'How de do?' an' 'Good-hye,' an' them sort o' tricks; but Ben Baxter, that was the ignorantest A. B. as ever shipped afore the mast, an' never knowed nuthin', an' couldn't write his own name, though he was ho'sun, he larned the whole of it to wunst. Ben got along with the lingo fust rate, an' hein' a big man, 'bout six foot four, I guess, an' broad in proportion, they was afeared of him, an' used to kneel down an' kiss his feet, hut they didn't see nothin' in Mister Ince, that was a little man and sickly. Well, we'd been there 'bout six weeks, I reckon, when Ben says to us one night in the hut:

"Boys," says he, 'I'm goin' to get married.'

"Yes," says I, 'I thought so. I seen ye makin' up to that broad-headed squaw with the yaller furhulows. Ye're goin' to do it, are ye? Well, I wish ye luck. Mehhe, ye want me for best man.'

"Well, Ben," says Mister Ince, 'I suppose we must make the best of it. Not a sign of a ship in sight, and no chance of one as far as I can see. I mean to try and find a passage to the south along the foot-hills when the rainy season's over, and I thought you would come along with us, but if you get married here we shall have to go without you,' an' Mister Ince coughed, an' I could tell by his cough that he wouldn't never make no passage along no foot-hills to the south in this world, for he was far gone in consumption, though he didn't know it.

"Well," says Ben, 'I don't know 'bout that, sir. 'Taint a reg'lar marriage hy a priest, ye know, an' I dunno if sech marriages is werry hindin'.'

"You shouldn't look at it in that light, Ben," says Mister Ince—he was allus sorter religious—"if the ceremony is p'formed accordin' to the customs of the people ye're livin' with, it is your dooty to abide by the contrack."

"Well," says Ben, scratchin' his bead puzzled like, 'I guess if that's the case I'm the wust Mormon in the South Seas; hut a pusson mout as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb, an' one more or less can't make much difference no-ways.'

"So next mornin', sure enough, Ben was married, an' I'll tell ye how the thing was done. There warn't no ceremony to speak on, hut Ben an' the squaw stood facin' each other, and one o' the old men—I found out arterwards he was a kind o' high priest—took an' fried a hananny, an' guv one end to Ben an' the other to the squaw, and then broke it in two in the middle, an' each o' them ate their piece, an' arter that they was reckoned married as tight as any parson in the world could do it. An' now you gen'lmen mustn't go for to think that them savages wasn't as virtuous as white folks, 'case I tell ye they was. Every man had on'y one wife, an' wunst sbe was his wife there was no divorcin' of her, nuther. Each pair ockeped a hut, an' the little picaninnies wollerled in the sand outside. As I said before, it was the twenty-third of October when we got wrecked, an' it was the third of December when Ben Baxter got married."

"But, captain," I interpolated, getting somewhat tired of the rambling story, and observing W—— smothering a yawn, "what has Ben Baxter's marriage got to do with the monster you asked us here to tell us about?"

"Jest everything in the world," responded the captain, with animation. "If it hedn't hin for Ben Baxter's marriage there wouldn't ha' hin no big heast a-cruisin around them Papooan swamps now."

This observation put a stopper on my objections as to the relevancy of the story, and with some dim idea that the captain was actually leading up to some conclusion hy steps which were necessary to the intelligibility of his narrative, I determined to wait patiently.

"Ye see," proceeded the captain, "the squaw as Ben married was the chief's darter, an' out o' that there marriage Ben got bigger an' more popylar nor ever. Ye see, he could throw them savages a-wrastlin', give 'em the foot, an' heat 'em at the cluh game, an' they made a sort o' god out o' him. Now, I must tell ye that them savages hadn't no idee o' a soopreme hein, an' didn't keer nothin' for no kind o' wuship of anythin' they couldn't see, hut they wushiped Ben Baxter, 'case they respected his p'int, an' he was suthin' afore their eyes. Well, it comed on t'ward the middle o' December when the people o' the village hegin to make big prepra'tions for some sort of a feast, as I could see by their carryin' on an' fixin' up o' all sorts o' grub, an' paintin' themselves up fresh, an' a hull gang o' savages come in from the country, mehhe eight hundred or a thousand all told. There was hurryin' around, an' heatin' o' drums, an' clashin' o' metal plates, till we all of us wondered what next. Ben had gone to another hut to live with his wife, an' me an' Mister Ince was left alone hy ourselves. Mister Ince's cough got wuss an' wuss, an' on the fiteenth of December (for we kep' the days notched on a stick) he died, an' me an' Ben Baxter dug a grave, an' we rolled him up in cocoanut mats an' put him in, the savages all stannin' 'round an' lookin' on; an' when we shoveled the sand over him Ben Baxter he cried, an' then all them savages began to hluhber like hahhies, an' ye never hear sech a hullahaloo in all yer life. An' afore Mister Ince died he guv Ben Baxter his pin an' his ring, an' he guv me his watch an' his pocket-book, for he said he had no livin' relatives in the world as be knowed on. An' here's a



o' writin' which you gen'lmen 'll understand better nor I do, relative to the country we was wrecked in. It's a hit torn, hut mebbe ye may get some facks out of it," and the captain handed us a sheet of note-paper written with pencil in a very small hand, partly indecipherable from age and wear.

W— took the manuscript, put on his glasses, and after examining it intently for a minute or two, read as follows:

"October 23, 1865—B'kline *Mary Chester*, Captain William Ayres; Wellington to Singapore, colt; foundered off Cape Rodney; all hands lost except self, Baxter, boatswain, and Sebright, seaman. October 24—Made land; natives kind and inoffensive; made quadrat; took latitude from known data and approximately known longitude— $7^{\circ} 30' S.$ ,  $145^{\circ} 30' E.$ , giving N. coast of bight of Bay of Papua. (here MS. becomes indecipherable) \* \* \* geological formations peculiar; surface outcroppings of Jurassic Period; chalk rocks, lias, and inferior oblique; bluish and grayish laminated clays; cliffs characteristically striped and banded; arenaceous marls and argillaceous limestones; here and there a ferruginous bed; \* \* \* conifera, araucaria; cycads abundant, perophyllum and crossozamia; endogenous plants as well; \* \* \* *zamia spiralis* (Australian pine-apple) \* \* \* both vegetable-eating and carnivorous univalves, limpets, and whelks; starfish, sea-lilies, sponges, corals, \* \* \* inland beds of Jurassic fossils; whole mounds of bones of gigantic dinosaurian reptiles; particularly ichthyosaurus and iguanodon; thigh bones of latter eleven feet by \* \* \* living vegetation as well as geological formation same as in Jurassic Period; most remarkable region; well worthy scientific investigation. December 3d—Baxter married native woman to-day; shall try to make Cape Rodney when rainy season over; had cough and very weak."

"I can make nothing more out of this manuscript," said W—; "the rest is either torn or blurred. What I have read, however, convinces me that the writer had carefully noted the natural characteristics of the country he was cast into, and that these partook strongly of such as we know to have existed in the Jurassic Period. Strange," he mused, "that such a region should exist unknown to the scientific world. Why, it would well repay inspection by government commission. Strange, too, that it should lie in almost the sole spot of earth which still remains more of a *terra incognita* than even the interior of Africa or the Antarctic continent. And the fact that we know Australia to possess numerous living representatives of the Secondary Period, both in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, such as the araucaria, the screw-pine, and certain classes of shell-fish, leads us to infer that the island of Papua, lying in the same quarter of the earth, hut more tropical, may possess similar or even more marked zoological characteristics. I must confess that the somewhat scattered notes I have just read have given me a fresh interest in Captain Sebright's narrative. I shall, with his permission, take much pleasure in submitting them to the notice of the Academy of Sciences at our next meeting. Pray, go on, Captain Sebright. I am all expectation as to the dénouement of your story."

I was secretly pleased at the turn affairs had taken, and that, after all, my reputation for credulity, as deducible from this visit, would be materially lessened in the light of an endorsement by such an undoubted scientific authority as W—.

"I guess I left ye, gen'lmen, where we was plantin' Mister Ince in the sand," continued the captain, when W— had done talking; "that was the fifteenth o' December, the same day he died, for it warn't no use keepin' the corpse any longer in that hot climate. Well, them preparations as I was a tellin' ye about was kep' up till the twenty-first o' December, which, as ye know, is the longest day in the year south o' the line. But on the mornin' o' that day I could see that suthin' unusual was goin' to happen, an' I kep' my eyes skinned, case I might get roped into suthin' as warn't in the game, for I tell ye there's no trustin' them savages when they gets to celebratin', even if they is purty rash'nal at o'rnary times. 'Bout a' hour arter sun-up the high priest comes for-'ard, outen his hut, to where the halance o' the blacks was a-stan'in', howlin' an' heatin' their drums an' things, an' he makes them a sorter speech, an' forms 'em into a percession like, with twelve or fifteen young girls in the front, an' then the hull gang begins to march to where there was a hig grove o' cocoanut-trees, an' orange, an' iron-wood trees a-stan'in', 'bout a quarter o' a mile off. Now I must tell ye that me, an' Ben Baxter, an' Mister Ince had often been curious for to see what was inside o' that there grove, 'case it was guarded day an' night, all round, by a troop o' savages with weapons, hut they never would allow nary one of us to get past the outside; an' wunst when Ben Baxter offered to go through the trees they actooally showed fight, an' Ben was so s'prised that he concluded he didn't care to go now. Arter that we all kep' a-wonderin' an' spekylatin' what sort o' a secret there was in that grove; hut, 's far's we could see, there was never one o' them savages as went into it—not even the guards as stood outside. Well, gen'lmen, when the percession begun to form, an' marched in the direction o' the grove, Ben was stan'in' alongside o' me, an' he says, says he:

"'Jim,' says he, 'I'm a goin' for to foller up them blacks. I kin see there's suthin' goin' to be done inside that there grove, an' hush my tolightifs if I don't find out what it is.'"

"An' I says: 'Don't ye do it, Ben, if they ain't willin', 'case no good can come o' counterin' 'em.'"

"But Ben didn't mind me, hut goes an' jines in, goin' hand-an'-hand with his wife, an' as I didn't keer to be left behind all alone, I followed up the march a little ways off. When we comes to the grove, the high-priest—a old man, painted so's to make him look like a devil—calls a lot o' hig, strong blacks, an' they drives the young girls as was a-walkin' in front right into the grove among them trees. An' afore they got 'em in the girls screeched, an' screamed, an' fell on their knees, an' cried enough to break anybody's heart; hut them blacks pushed, an' rolled, an' hustled 'em in with their clubs an' the p'int's o' their spears, an' the rest o' the crowd kep' up a howlin', an' heatin' drums, so's you'd ha' thought all hell had broke loose."

"Well, gen'lmen, in course I didn't like to see this bizness goin' on, hut what could I do? Why, if I had made a move to do anythin' I'd ha' been chawed up into mince-meat too quick. In a minute or two they druv an' pushed all them girls inside the grove, an' as a lot o' the savages stood guard afore it, in course we couldn't see nothin' more, though the screechin' and yellin' went on wuss nor ever. In about a quarter of a hour the screechin' quieted down, an' arter a minute or two the priest an' the savages comed out, an' I could see blood on their hands an' their legs, as if they had been hutcherin' sheep. Then all hands went back to

the village except the guards as stayed constant at the grove, an' they had feasin', an' singin', an' dancin', an' kep' it up till mornin'. I didn't keer to jine in, arter what I seen, an' I jest lay in my hut a-thinkin' 'bout strikin' out an' leavin' the durned place anyway, when Ben Baxter comed into the hut, an' says he:

"'Jim,' says he, 'atween you an' me, they've been a-slaughterin' all them young girls as was druv into the grove to-day. Now, sure's my name's Ben Baxter, I'se a-goin' what's in that there grove, an' if it's some idol, as I guess it is, I'm a-goin' to smash the durn thing up, an' put a stopper on them purreedin's wunst for all.'"

"Well, Ben,' says I, for I sees his mind was set on it, an' it warn't no use counterin' him, 'he keerful, an' don't take no more risks nor ne'ss'ry. But if ye are hound to go, why, I'm with ye. A feller mout jest as well git killed at wunst as stay in this hell-hole, anyway.'"

"So, when it got to be dark, and all the savages was feasin' an' singin', me an' Ben slips quiet out o' the hut an' makes for the grove. Now, I must tell ye that this grove covered about four acres o' ground, an' the north side of it was backed by as funny a cliff as ever ye see. It was about two hundred feet high, an' the top o' it leaned over the grove so that the sun couldn't never shine upon them trees as were under its lee, not even on the longest day when he was south o' the line. Me an' Ben made a kind o' circle like around the grove so's not to let the guards see us comin', an' then we sneaked along the bottom o' the cliff till we reached the trees. I guess them guards thought, mebbe, it wasn't much use a-stayin' 'round in the cold when the fun was a-goin' on in the village. Anyways, me an' Ben crawled in, an' wunst under cover o' the trees we knowed we was all right, perwidin' we didn't make no noise so's to 'tract attention. Well, we crawled along through the grass till we come to a clear place in the middle, 'bout a quarter of a acre, as far as I could jedge, an' in the middle o' the space was a sandy mound-like about twenty foot high. There was a half moon jest a-risin' in the east, an' we walked up to the mound, an' what do ye think we seen? As I'm a livin' man, the hodies o' all them girls as was druv into the grove that mornin' was a-lyin' hutchered, with their throats cut, around an' all over that mound, an' the sand was red with the poor things' blood. 'Bout five or six lazy vultures flapped their wings an' flew away over the trees as we comed nigh, an' as we was afeared o' diskivery we got hack among the trees in a jiffy, and waited."

"'Jim,' says Ben, arter awhile, 'there's some mist'ry in that there mound. 'Spose you go down to the hut, an' bring up them iron-wood shovels. I'm a goin' to find out what's under that heap.'"

"So I crawls mighty keerful out o' the grove, gets the shovels, an' brings 'em back to Ben. Then we each takes a shovel and goes hack to the mound, an' as we was goin' hack over the open space the sand crackled like under foot, an' Ben stooped down an' 'xamined it, an' scooped out a hole with his shovel."

"'Jim,' says he, feelin' down, 'as I hope to die, if this here place ain't made o' nothin' else hut human bones strike me blind.'"

"An' I looked down too, an' dug down, an' found nothin' hut bones, small an' hig. An' jedgin' from the arey o' the clear place, an' the depth o' the bones, though we coudent find no hottom to them so far's we dug, I should calk'late there must ha' hin thousands an' thousands o' people killed right in that spot, an' I says to Ben:

"'Ben,' says I, 'it's enuff to make a man shudder when he thinks how many poor critters must ha' hin slaughtered here to make all them bones.'"

"An' Ben says, 'Yes, that's so; let's hurry up or else them savages 'll ketch us, and there'll be hell to pay.'"

"So we went to the mound, an' fust we cleared away the hodies o' the twelve young girls as was layin' around dead, and we lays 'em side by side, orderly like, an' then we takes our shovels an' begins to shovel away the sand o' the mound, beginnin' at one side o' the hottom. It was purty stiff work, 'case the sand was more like clay, an' a dark, dingy color, 'pearin' to have been soaked with blood through an' through. Well, we shovels on for mebbe ten minutes, an' had got three or four foot into the stuff when I hears suthin' rattle like iron, an' Ben says:

"'Jim,' says he, 'I struck suthin' hard,' an' he jabs his shovel in agin, an' says, 'yes, whatever it is, it's almighty hard.'"

"An' then I gives the thing a dig with my shovel, an' it seemed like as if I was hittin' a piece o' gutty-perky, for the iron-wood bounded hack off of it, an' it giv a little."

"Then Ben says: 'That there thing is hig. Let's get to the top o' the heap, an' shovel the sand off of it till we gets down to the durned thing, whatever it is.'"

"So we both climbs to the top o' the mound, an' starts in to shovel like good fellows. Arter 'bout half a hour's work we got about six foot o' sand throwed off, an' struck our shovels on to that hard stuff agin."

"'This is the top of it,' says Ben, 'an' I guess that there fust hole's at the hottom. I'm a-goin' to clear every grain o' sand off of it afore I stop, if it takes a month, an' find out what the durn thing is.'"

"So we both starts in agin, sayin' nothin', but workin' steady. We must ha' worked purty quiet, too, for them sentries never heerd us, though they warn't more'n a hundred yards off. The moon was 'bout a' hour high when we began the joh, an' 'bout five hours high when we got through an' got the thing clear, an' day was beginnin' to break in the east. An' what d'ye think it was? Well, gen'lmen, I'm hlest if I ever seen a funnier thing in my life. It looked like a round hall 'bout twelve or fourteen foot through, hut flattened out where it was layin' on the sand. Its color was a sorter yaller brown, an' the thing was wrinkled all over like the hides o' them rinosserys I wunst seen in Afrikay. We struck it with our shovels all over, hut cuddent make nary mark nowhere, the stuff was so thick an' solid."

"Well,' says Ben, wipin' his forrid, 'here's a go. I wonder what them savages 'll say when they finds out what we done. That's a purty sort o' a god for to kill girls to,' an' he hits the thing another lick with the shovel, so hard that it sounded all over the grove, an' next minute 'bout fifty savages come runnin' in with their clubs an' spears, an' makin' sech a hullabaloo as ye never heerd in all yer life."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

If a burglar ever enters a room ornamented with a Georgia man's alarm, he will hit a thread which is stretched across it. This pulls a trigger that strikes a match that lights a wick that fires a toy cannon and starts an alarm clock. This is a hint to the burglar to retire, and let the inmates of the room sleep in peace.

Mr. Charles Loeber has been studying the flying of a wild duck, and thinks he has found out how it is done. The air-ship of the future, therefore, is not to float, but to fly, propelled on the same principle as the duck is, by utilizing the resistance of the air, which he claims is much greater than it seems. Of the four pounds which a duck weighs, not more than an ounce floats; the body is suspended and moved by mechanical effort. He wants capital to make ducks and drakes with.

Of a lady lion-tamer, now exhibiting in Paris, the programme announces that her marvelous powers were first discovered in the Arabian deserts, when, as a mere child, strolling about, she happened on some little whelps, and picked them up. Their mamma presently came for them, but Noma gave the old lady a single glance so awful that she promptly retired, no doubt reflecting, as a London man servant said of his employer in that city, when urged by a companion to leave his work unfinished and go on a spree, "It won't do; she's got such a (h)eye."

One of our prominent attorneys, says the London Times, who is at the same time one of the leading fishermen of the valley, claims that the weather invariably repeats itself, and gives the following as the result of his observations, viz.: "All years ending in 9, 0, or 1 are extremely dry. Those ending in 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 are extremely wet. Those ending in 7 and 8 are ordinarily well balanced. Those ending in 6 have extremely cold winters. Those ending in 2 have an early spring. Those ending in 1 have a late spring. Those ending in 3 and 4 are subject to great floods."

One evening, says Music, Mme. Rudersdorff was singing a solo, and took a very high note, about which she was not very certain, as her voice was already old and worn. But, to her delight, she held and prolonged the note with the utmost ease. It swelled and continued with unexpected power. Even when the madame diminished it, and allowed it to die away, it broke out again in spite of her. Then, as she firmly closed her lips, she knew what had happened. Just as she took her high note a train crossed the rear of the stage, and it was the locomotive whistle that had been assisting her in her vocalization.

The process of making a screw is very interesting. The rough, large wire in big coils is, by drawing through a hole smaller than itself, made the size needed. Then it goes into a machine that at one moment cuts it a proper length and makes a head on it. Then it is put into sawdust and "rattled," and thus brightened. Then the head is shaved down smoothly to the proper size, and the nick put on it at the same time. After "rattling" again in sawdust, the thread is cut by another machine, and after another "rattling" and thorough drying, the screws are assorted by hand, (the fingers of those who do this move almost literally like lightning,) grossed by weight, and packed for shipping.

Recent experiments by Monsieur Julliet show that when alcohol is taken into the stomach it is partly decomposed there and in the liver, and is carried by the veins into the lungs. A small quantity of it is then thrown off in its natural state, but most of it becomes changed into acetic ether, and this ether is burned up in the system. Alcohol, although it seems to increase animal heat by carrying the blood to the surface, and thus producing temporary warmth there, soon makes the body cooler, since, while it is changing into ether, it uses up the oxygen which is in process of removal into the different parts of the body by the globules of the blood, and thus diminishes combustion in the body.

The Chinese automaton, "King Foo," after bewildering Berlin with its mysterious powers, was in the midst of a successful season in Vienna, when a too inquisitive spectator, having given emphatic expression to his conviction that the automaton had "human brains inside of him somewhere," found means to assure himself that he was right. An exceedingly small boy, seventeen years old, was found concealed within the body of "King Foo," and the owner was prosecuted as a cheat. With unblushing effrontery the man who had made it the chief business of his life to convince the public that his curiosity was purely mechanical, turned about and asked the following questions in his own defense: "Whom have I cheated? Can the people of Vienna be such fools as to believe that a piece of clock-work can talk Chinese, Persian, German, French, and English? That it can tell whether Suez canal shares will rise or fall? That it can predict the exact day on which a rich uncle will die?" This defense was apparently regarded as a good one, for the showman was acquitted. It is not improbable that "King Foo" may bewilder New York before the end of the year.

Many of the current nominal peculiarities which appear to express the desires of parents for their children are of a religious character, observes a writer in *Cornhill Magazine*. Not only did the Puritan ransack the Bible for appellations of the strangest sound, and call his child Habakkuk, Epaphroditus, or, perhaps, Mahershalahashbaz; not only did he delight in fastening upon his offspring a phenomenon expressing some abstraction familiar in his religious phraseology, as Experience, Repentance, or Tribulation, but he sometimes invented for his infant's personal denomination a lengthy sentence, either admonitory, doctrinal, or otherwise, such as Fight-the-good-fight, Search-the-Scriptures, Hew-Again-in-pieces-before-the-Lord, or even If-Christ-had-not-died-for-you-you-had-been-damned. These well-known extravagances are here referred to because, although they are not to be traced in all their forms among the names of to-day, most current nominal oddities of the religious aspiration class are nearly related to them. Some of this class have been by continuous family usage handed down to us unaltered from the seventeenth century. The following abstract nouns—most of them apparently representing paternal aspirations, and many having, as it would seem, a religious meaning, occur as names in recent registers: Admonition, Advice, Affability, Comfort, Deliverance, Duty, Equality, Faith, Freedom, Grace, Gratitude, Hope, Industry, Innocence, Liberty, Love, Meditation, Mercy, Modesty, Obedience, Patience, Peace, Piety, Providence, Prudence, Repentance, Sapience, Silence, Sobriety, Temperance, Truth, Unity, Virtue, Wisdom and Zeal.

Another addition has been made to the many scientific wonders of recent years. Herr A. Gentili, of Vienna, has invented an instrument called by him a glossograph, consisting of an ingenious combination of delicate levers and blades, which, placed upon the tongue and lips, and under the nostrils of the speaker, are vibrated by the movements of the former and the breath flowing from the latter. The vibration is transmitted to pencils, which transcribe the several signs produced by the action of the tongue, and lips, and the breath from the nostrils, upon a strip of paper moved by a mechanical arrangement. Similar to shorthand, a special system of writing, which may fitly be termed glossography, is produced, based upon the principle of syllable construction and combination of consonants. It is especially suitable for those languages the orthography of which differs least from the phonetic record of the apparatus. A wide vista is opened to the instrument for its practical application in recording speech. Independently of the fact that by its means we shall be enabled to write four or five times as quickly as hitherto by short-hand, the new apparatus requires no preliminary study and no special practice. It is self-acting in the fullest sense. Moreover, its application involves as little fatigue to the speaker as severe attention on the part of the person transcribing. In reporting proceedings in Parliament or courts of law it is not necessary that the speaker should use the apparatus himself. Anybody may articulate it by repeating in a low voice the words of a speaker, which is sufficient for recording the signs. The glossograph may be recommended to those orators whose efforts to be heard are constantly ignored by reporters, and who will thus be enabled, by simply adjusting the instrument under their noses, to report their own speeches in spite of those objectionable persons. Seriously speaking, however, the glossograph may play an important part in telegraphy in the near future.



## VALE, MABILLE!

The Demolition of a Noted Pleasure Resort.

*Mabille s'en va.* The dispatch arrived several weeks ago that the work of its destruction had commenced. It is just about forty years, says the *New York World*, since Mabille first became one of the recognized sights of Paris. Its beginnings were of the humble sort. An old dancing-master known as "Le Père Mabille" set up on the Allée des Veuves and the Champs-Élysées a sort of semi-suburban dance-house, and from this small beginning came the gorgeous temple to Terpsichore, which has lasted through fifty years. Mabille in its subsequent rise, decline, and fall has marked time to the course of Parisian popular morals. It was founded under the spell of the Romanticist uprising of 1830, and in the days of the true Bohemian life of Paris as Murger lived and painted that life. Béranger was in his glory, and Lisette was still a "grisette chez Boivin." A rather silly song with a taking piano accompaniment first popularized Mabille even in the most respectable drawing-rooms:

Allons chez Mabille,  
Charmant et gracieux séjour,  
Tout dans cet asile  
Fuit sur les ailes de l'amour.

Not long after this the Jardin sprang into fame, not only throughout France, but throughout all Europe, thanks to the appearance there one evening in May, 1844, of a neatly and modestly dressed young woman, as brown as a berry, with splendid black hair, whose dancing of the polka, which had been brought to Paris from Eastern Europe only four years before, and was in the full flush of popularity, attracted universal attention by reason of the fire, grace, and originality which she threw into her performance, though it was evident that she knew nothing whatever of the rules of the dance. Elise Sergent, the girl in question, who had entered the Jardin Mabille an unknown adventuress, left it a Parisian lioness. She was no longer Elise Sergent, but La Reine Pomare, a name given her by reason of her complexion, the dusky queen of Tabiti being then a political celebrity on account of the South Sea quarrel which had so nearly involved France and England in war. The chroniclers and the song-makers took her up. A whole pink-covered library—pink was then the free flag, as yellow now is—came to life under her auspices, and among the swingers of the censer at her shrine were not only men like Remien and Nadaud, but Auguste Vitu, Théodore de Banville, and Théophile Gautier himself. Poets did not disdain to strike their lyres in her praise, and to rank Pomare above those stage-divinities of the dance, Tagliioni and Elssler. It was apropos of Mabille and its sovereign that Gustave Nadaud launched the first of his successful songs, a song which at least for the writers and readers of "Tout Paris" is immortal:

Pomare, Maria,  
Mogador et Clara,  
A mes yeux enchantés  
Apparaissez, chastes divinités!

Not even his "Two Gendarmes" are so tenacious of life as these "Reines de Mabille." Alas! Queen Pomare's downfall was as sudden as her rise had been splendid. Not satisfied with inspiring poets and artists in gardens, she must needs seek fame on the stage. She made a début at the Palais Royal, and failed utterly, so utterly that she was hissed, and retired to the Rue d'Amsterdam to die, at the early age of twenty-two, of a broken heart and a galloping consumption. In his dramatization of "Nana," produced a year ago, Busnach introduced a bloated old rag-picker who had called herself Pomare. This outrage upon a tragical tradition of Paris brought upon him a stinging letter from the Countess Lionel de Chabrilan, whose "Memoirs" of Celeste Mogador have been pillaged both by Busnach and his master, Zola. Mogador was the second sovereign of the "choreographic temple." Delvaux calls her "as slim as a wasp, and as supple as a willow," and Druard depicts her in a rare and curious little volume. The Clara of the quartet celebrated by Nagaud was a little brunette, Clara Fontaine, of the Pays Latin, and Maria was a silk mercer's saleswoman, who finally gained herself with a silken bell-rope, "determined to die respectfully in the business." The last queen of Mabille in whom anything like the early interest was taken by Parisians was Fille de l'Air, the tall, the pale, the slim, who, after figuring for a brief instant as the Sarah Bernhardt of the cancan, went in for cigarettes and conversation, affected the blue-stocking, and discussed Positivism and the Pessimistic philosophy like any lady of Boston. To this complexion had Mabille come! The lowest deep was reached last year when, on the evening of Foxhall's victory in the race for the Grand Prix, the last wearer of the crown of Mabille was bailed by an assemblage of "Naturalists" with the title, worthy of Zola, of "Sewer Gas!" Well might a chronicler, recalling the glory of the genuine grisettes and the true Bohemians of the past, the fame of Rose Pompon and Mimi Pinson, of De Musset and Murger, bewail the abyss into which Paris has fallen, and look back with tearful eyes over the long and dreary descent down which the traditions of the gay metropolis have traveled! Sala described Mabille in 1867, at the time of that great Exposition which marked the apogee of the Napoleonic reign and consummated the abolition of historic and picturesque Paris. A complete change had come over the gay, careless Mabille of Queen Pomare. "For hundreds of yards outside," says the prince of correspondents, "the roadway was choked by splendid private equipages. Inside, the most sumptuous costumes that Worth could furnish, the costliest honnets that Lucy Hocquet could build, Valenciennes lace, *poult de soie*, cashmeres and diamonds; the grandest dandies from the clubs, millionaires from Brazil, from Mexico, from California; English peers and members of parliament, senators, deputies, diplomatists, bankers, notaries, adventurers, all the Coras, Theodoras, Delphines, Faustines, Messalines, if you will, of this sparkling, profligate city! How many *brindis*, how much smoking of cigarettes, and flashing of gems, and changing of bright lous and crisp notes of the Bank of France!" Whirl, riot, extravagance, guilt, refined and unrefined, but always gilded gait. When in 1878 Sala again visited Mabille there was nothing left of all the shining veneer of the imperial days.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Alhambra.

Palace of Beauty! where the Moorish lord,  
King of the bow, the hilt, and the sword,  
Saw like a genie in the diamond's blaze.  
Oh, to have seen thee in the ancient days,  
When at thy morning gates the couriers stood,  
The "thousand" milk-white, Yemcn's fiery blood,  
In pearl and ruby harnessed, for the king;  
And through thy portals poured the gorgeous flood  
Of jeweled shew and enir, hastening,  
Before the sky the purple dawning showed,  
Their turhans at the Caliph's feet to fling.  
Lovely thy morn—thy evening lovelier still,  
When at the waking of the first blue star  
That trembled on the Atalaya hill  
The splendors of the trumpet's voice arose,  
Brilliant and bold, and yet no sound of war;  
But summoning thy beauty from repose,  
The shaded slumber of the burning noon.  
Then in the slant sun all thy fountains shone,  
Shooting the sparkling column from the vase  
Of crystal cool, and falling in a haze  
Of rainbow hues on floors of porphyry.  
And the rich bordering heds of every bloom  
That breathes to African or Indian sky,  
Carnation, tuberose, thick anemone;  
Then was the harping of the minstrels heard,  
In the deep arbors, or the regal hall,  
Hushing the tumult of the festival,  
When the pale bard his kindling eye-hall reared,  
And told of Eastern glories, silken hosts,  
Queen of Earth's loveliness, there was a stain  
Upon thy brow—the stain of guilt and gore;  
Thy course was bright, hold, treacherous—and 'tis o'er.  
The spear and diadem are from thee gone;  
Silence is now sole monarch of thy throne!

—George Croly.

## The Tower.

I am the tower of Belus—the tower! Yes, I!  
Under the rifling lines of the gloaming's tremulous sky,  
Under the shifting signs of the ages circling by,  
I stand in the might of the mighty—the tower of Belus, I!  
Who are these at my feet, like pigmies scorched in the sun?  
Who but the petty hordes of a race that has just begun?  
It matters little to me whether prince or Bedouin stand,  
Or the lizard creep at my feet, or the jackal, up from the sand;  
What does the time-bound traveler know of the dim hy-gone?  
What can he tell of the glory that died with the world's bright dawn  
More than the son of the desert? the slim, green, creeping things?  
The night owl fast in his crevice? the bat with his ghostly wings?  
Each in his own way imagines the past and the yet-to-be;  
Each to himself is greatest—equal alike to me.  
I am the tower of Belus; ages unnumbered are mine;  
Mightier I than the gods who dreamed themselves divine!

Is this the grandest of rivers, that rolled like a king to the sea,  
Crying, "I am the great Euphrates! Bring all your tithes unto me!"  
How the ships with their treasures freight went down to their rocky bed!

Are there ghouls, insatiate still, with grinning mouths to be fed,  
That you burst your strong emankments, ravaging meadow and fen,  
Making drearier drear desolation, in scorn for the arts of men?  
Ah, Babilonia, where—ah, where is thy fruitful plain?  
Spreading, sea-like, into the ocean its billowy fields of grain?  
Where now is the mighty city, secure with its brazen gates,  
And walls on whose towering fastness the Assyrian warrior waits,  
His milk-white steeds in war gear, his blazoned flags unfurled,  
Hurling, in grim defiance, his challenge out to the world?  
Where are the tolling millions who wrought with their cunning skill  
Sweet dreams of a fair ideal in forms that were fairer still?  
Oh, Babylon's looms are silent; in silence dead are the plains;  
And dead is the city and soldier; the tower alone remains.

I am the tower of Belus; I stand in the grasp of fate!  
I and the Semitic princess; together we watch and wait—  
She for her lover's coming, I for oblivion's knell—  
Which with the greater longing, the heavens alone can tell.  
Is there any joy in existence void of hopes or of fears,  
In painless, slow dissolution through thousands of weary years?  
Or rest for the ghost of the maiden, who alike in life and in death,  
While years into centuries ripen, and centuries wane, keeps faith?  
She counts not night nor morning, but each new moon to greet  
She cometh with shadowy garments, whose subtle perfume sweet  
From balms forever forgotten floats over the secret bed.  
Where her lover, impatient, is sleeping the sleep of the restless dead.  
For had he not said: "Beloved, come at the mystical hour  
When the young moon lightens with silver the shade of the mighty tower?"  
Had he not sworn: "Though I perish! though Belus lie in the dust!"  
And the trust of a loving woman is blind and unending trust.

Three hands were joined at their parting; three voices breathing  
Love's breath;  
The voice of the third was ghostly; its hand was the hand of death;  
And the white stone goddess had shivered, while the glow of the sunset dyes  
Had deepened in one broad blood-streak, and hazed in the western  
skies;  
But the maiden, unheeding the omen, hears only her lover's last oath,  
Nor dreams that her life has been purchased with this—as he dieth  
for both.

The grave that is reeking with vengeance no tale of its mystery  
brings,  
Gods! he was a Tyrian soldier; she, the daughter of kings!  
And what but death can he reckon as price of unequal love?  
And what but the vow recorded by direful fates above  
Could save the life of the maiden?—the vow that never again,  
While the tower of mighty Belus o'ershadows the haunts of men  
With its ancient and storied grandeur—ay, more! that never the  
while  
One upright stone shall be standing alight with the young moon's  
smile,  
Shall hody or ghost of the soldier under its shadows wait.  
But death is longer than lifetime, and love is stronger than fate!

There were hope e'en yet for the tower, standing stark and alone,  
Had the flames of an altar-fire burned in its heart of stone;  
Had the depths of its adamant hosom e'er thrilled with a love or a  
hate  
Stern destiny's grip must have slackened—slackened sooner or late.  
I am the tower of Belus! Can the story he written "I was"?  
Shall the tide of an ended existence flow back to the primal cause  
Which sent it first into being, and records of ages sublime  
In utter nothingness vanish, under the finger of Time?  
Hist! a jar in the ragged brickwork! It totters, and now is still;  
I can feel the sand slow trickling with a cold unearthly thrill;  
Perchance but a stone is falling—perchance it is death's last throes—  
Aye! under the young moon's glitter I catch the roscate glow  
Of the maiden's royal mantle; the clang of a mailed tread  
Tells that the Past has canceled its debt which held the dead.  
He cometh with step triumphant! He readeth the fateful sign!  
The last grim arch is shattered which linked their fate with mine.  
Ah, Fate! to the last relentless; thy vassal allegiance owns—  
Go back to your cities, O stranger; write: "Belus, a heap of stones."  
—Emma Huntington Nason.

## SAN FRANCISCO FASHIONS.

The display of parasols which our merchants have placed before their customers this spring is attracting much attention. The most fashionable are those called the Olivette. Their distinguishing feature is a knife-plaiting which adorns the edge. They are of a large size, of every imaginable color, and generally in combinations. Among the many which I observed was one of old-gold satin, embroidered in delicate flowers, with various shades of blue silk. The handle was an East Indian carved stick, very elaborately done, and quite a novelty in its way. One marked at thirty dollars was the most beautiful that I found on my tour of inspection. It was of white watered brocade, lined with white, and edged with a flounce some five inches in width, of white Spanish lace. The handle was ornamented with a carved Egyptian head. Then there was the æsthetic lining, which displayed blue and red roses nestling among green and yellow leaves, upon a light-brown background. For this lining, that looked as though the flowers had been just carelessly dropped over it, was a black silk cover. Another, on the æsthetic order, was of every imaginable color combined in the most delicate manner, and in the design of feathers. A large lion's claw served as a handle. One for second mourning was of black satin, with a border of ombre shading down from black to white. The plaiting was half of black and the other half of white. One of olive-green, with a lining of cardinal, was very stylish. Two other novelties in parasol handles are the cork and shepherd's crook. These are principally used for negligé wear. But the newest of all are those entirely covered with innumerable rows of narrow lace ruffling, the lace being the exact shade of the satin it covers. One shown me was of scarlet lace over satin of the same shade. Another was of old gold, very showy and stylish. The carriage parasol is rather small, and of the Marquise order, being black with fancy linings. The newest and most beautiful goods that our importers are offering just now are in thin fabrics, and especially in grenadines. The brocade, embossed, or embroidered portion of them display Nature's various products, such as eggs, apples, pears, tulips, roses, bunches of flowers, and long, graceful leaves. A novelty was a grenadine with sunflowers in black velvet. It was marked at twelve dollars a yard. Other patterns are in stripes of moire, alternating with the grenadine, and satin with grenadine, with flowers in the thin stripes. The new foulards are remarkably tasteful. They are of extra fine quality, with a superior gloss. The ground-work is principally of cream and *écru* tints, with tiny spots of different shades. These goods, which are marked at one dollar and a half a yard, are durable and light, being highly recommended, as dust will not stick to them. There are cheaper goods of the same style which are selling for one dollar a yard. A new material is the brocade nun's-cloth. One piece I saw in checks of three shades of brown, with little bunches of blue forget-me-nots embroidered in the checks. It is double width, and is offered at one dollar and a half a yard. One of smaller checks was embroidered in pink rose-huds. The new beige goods, forty-six inches wide, are selling for one and two dollars a yard. These come in mixtures of all the leading shades, such as bronze, old gold, and olive, although bronze seems to be the predominating shade. A fabric just introduced is of silk and wool, in checks, and gives a brocade effect that is very pretty. It is intended for over-dresses, with a plain material the shade of one portion of the checks. It promises to become quite a favorite in check goods, selling, as it does, for one dollar and a quarter a yard. The small invisible checks are being much sought after, and polka dots are by no means discarded. As sashes are now so universal, a new line has just been received by a leading bouse. The ribbon comes from seven to eleven inches wide, and is composed of satin and surah, mixed, which gives a clouded effect. One pattern was of a light pink, clouding into darker tints of the same shade. Another was of blue, clouding into foam flake, and another was in hronze, clouding into blue and cardinal. These are marked at two and two and a half dollars a yard. They are sure to become favorites, as they will be beautiful for side panniers, and can easily be utilized for such, as well as used for loopings and sashes. The style of spring wraps are, as yet, scarcely pronounced. In one leading establishment I was shown a dolman just finished. It was in black satin, cut in long narrow points, and finished with acorns of jet falling over three deep flounces of black Spanish lace. The back was adorned with a panel of satin, edged with acorns of jet. A large bow of moire ribbon finished each sleeve, which was also cut in points and trimmed with jet. Fancies just now in these garments are the wraps of chenille combined with jet beads and lace. Chenille promises to be much in vogue for nearly every portion of the outer garments, and will be seen profusely in trimmings, either alone or in combination with jet, which is as much sought after now as when it first came into fashion. A pretty novelty are the collars of chenille, which come in every lovely color, and also in black. The light ones are intended principally for the theatre or some such place, while the black ones may be worn in the street. They are eleven inches deep, and finished with a fringe of chenille, making them, altogether, nearly a half a yard wide. They are nicely finished, and lined with soft silk of the color to correspond. It is stated by our merchants that lace will be more worn this season than ever before, and that it will be seen in every possible color. That intended for the neck, or in any way around the face and head, will be in white lace, while, in fact, being the most popular for all uses. The latest collars introduced are sea-foam and tea-green, China-blue and cadet-blue, and several new light Havana colors. A pretty novelty is the satin card-case which the ladies are beginning to carry. It is of satin of various colors, and highly perfumed, opening like a pocket-hook, and ornamented in quaint designs, with either embroidery or hand-painting. It corresponds most beautifully with the little handkerchief-holders of satin which are so fashionable now.

HELENA.

March 28, 1882.

A New York girl, working in a shop at three dollars per week, had two hundred dollars left her by an aunt. She spent seventy-five dollars of it in one dress, and used the remainder in lace at twelve dollars per yard.



## SOCIETY.

Oscar Wilde.

Quite as fashionable an audience as can be drawn out here at any time, in any way, elected to spend an hour or more within the æsthetic presence of the Apostle of the Beautiful, on Monday evening last, and long before the appearance of the young gentleman upon the platform, that vast, shabby, uncongenial enclosure known as Platt's Hall was filled to overflowing with the beauty, wealth, intelligence, and refinement of San Francisco. It was a representative mass of people. For the most part, the audience had assembled to see a curiosity, in the shape of a tall, lubberly-looking young Irish poet, clad in purple and fine linen, and wearing knee-breeches, and enough hair to have enraptured a second Delilah, had not Wilde and the Philistines been on amicable terms; and in this respect they experienced no disappointment. They had also assembled to listen to a lecture which should at least point a moral or adorn a tale; and in this respect all were disappointed. Yet, on the whole, there was reasonable entertainment, and curiosity was appeased. Among the many who were present on this occasion there were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sonntag, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dodge and Miss Mollie Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Colonel and Mrs. Charles F. Crocker, Mrs. Easton, Judge and Mrs. Hager, Mrs. Lillie Coit, Mrs. W. P. Harrington and Mrs. Commodore Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Highton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Fletcher, Captain and Mrs. R. C. Hooker, Mr. Godefroy, C. E. Green, Mr. Veuve, Mr. Hall, M. S. Severance, Mrs. McMullin, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bancroft, F. S. Douty, Tom Madden, Mrs. and Miss Florence Godley, Mr. Ludovici, Hyde Bowie, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant—in fact a pretty full representation of the fashionable people, and the club men of San Francisco. There were two thousand two hundred and sixty dollars in the house on Monday night. On Wednesday evening, while there was a falling off in numbers and fine clothes, the audience was intelligent and refined. Nearly one thousand six hundred dollars were realized on this evening.

### Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Captain Kohl and daughter, of San Mateo, who were visiting in this city last week, have returned home. Mrs. Doctor C. G. Toland, who has been spending some few weeks at the Sierra Madre Villa, is now enjoying the delightful climate of Santa Barbara. Mrs. M. B. Kellogg, whose return from her Eastern trip we noted in last week's "Gossip," is stopping at the Baldwin. Mrs. H. C. Hubbard, of Oakland, who has been tarrying some time in the East, returned home on Saturday last. Mrs. W. Bank, also of Oakland, has lately returned from the East. Paymaster James E. Cann, U. S. N., now on duty on the receiving-ship *Passaic*, at the Washington Navy Yard, leaves that city for San Francisco to-morrow; after spending a few days in this city he will leave for the Asiatic squadron. The Miss Jones who is a guest of Mrs. Senator Jones this winter, is a resident of Cleveland; this statement is made for the benefit of those who persist in crediting Mrs. Jones, of Nevada, with the motherhood of the above-named young lady of Cleveland. Thomas Williams, of Oakland, who went East about four weeks ago, has returned. Miss Etta Tracy, who has been visiting in Stockton, has returned home. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Buckingham leave for their country seat week after next, to remain during the summer season. Mrs. James Carolan has returned from Monterey. Senator Sharon expects Mrs. Hesketh to arrive in about two weeks from today. Mrs. W. S. Keyes is sojourning at San Mateo. Thomas W. Brown is at the Sturtevant House, New York. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Doherty, late of this city, are at the St. Nicholas, New York. Consul Olarovsky gave a musicale at his residence on Friday evening last. Consul Berton has gone to Switzerland to spend the coming summer. Doctor and Mrs. Boyson entertained a few of their friends at their rooms at the Palace on Saturday evening last. Mr. and Mrs. Head and Miss Head, who have been spending a few days at Monterey, have returned. Mrs. Samuel Williams, of Oakland, is spending a few weeks in Los Angeles. Colonel George E. Gray, chief engineer of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and Miss Gray, who have been spending a week or two in Los Angeles and San Diego counties, have returned home. Colonel Charles F. Crocker and wife, and Mrs. Easton (Mrs. Crocker's mother) departed in the car "California" for the East, by the southern route, on Tuesday last. The wedding of D. O. Mills Jr., the event which takes Colonel Crocker and family to New York at this time, takes place in that city on Saturday, the fifteenth instant. The colonel and his family will return during the latter part of May. N. B. Stone, who has been luxuriating among the orange groves of Los Angeles County for some time past, has returned to San Francisco. Truxton Beale, a great favorite in society here, has returned from his Eastern visit. The pleasant face of Dick Pease Jr. is again daily seen in our midst. Captain R. C. Hooker, who has lately been spending four or five weeks in the wilds of Arizona, and who got along splendidly among the cow-boys by leaving his plug-hat and swallow-tail at home, and by letting the C. B.'s severely alone, returned home a few days ago, minus a longstanding case of bronchitis, which he left down in the Santa Catarina Mountains, among the horned toads, tarantulas, and other animated curiosities indigenous to that inhospitable soil. Colonel and Mrs. James M. Barney, who have been on a prolonged Eastern tour, are expected to arrive today. Mrs. Commodore Phelps has been spending a few days in town during the present week. Mrs. W. B. Bourne, of Napa, and the Misses Bourne, have been domiciled at the Palace during the week. Mrs. L. E. Frisbie and Miss Frisbie, of Vallejo, have also been spending a few days at the Palace. The Misses C., F., and K. Bell, of Albany, N. Y., are at the Baldwin. Walter S. Maxwell, a prominent young merchant of Los Angeles, is at the Palace. Downey Harvey returned from Arizona a few days ago. Miss Angela Morrison, who has been visiting the Misses Phelan, has returned to her home at San José. Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Sawyer leave for San Rafael to-

day, to remain during April. Miss Mamie E. Taylor and her mother have gone to San Rafael, and will spend a few days at the Tamalpais Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. George Fair have returned from Santa Cruz. Mrs. S. Booth is visiting Mrs. B. R. Crocker, at Sacramento. Miss Daisy Siddons, of Sacramento, is at the Palace, as the guest of Mrs. Samuel Moore. Mrs. Mark Hopkins contemplates summering with her attractive niece, May Crittenden, at Great Barrington, Mass., and she may make a European tour before returning to San Francisco. Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent of the London *Telegraph*, has arrived in San Francisco, on his way to Australia; he stopped over in Los Angeles a few days, and was made the recipient of many hospitalities from parties in that place. Mrs. J. D. Redding and Miss Cowles returned from Monterey on Tuesday last, after a ten day's delightful sojourn at that place. J. D. Redding is in Visalia. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Clark, of Sacramento, are at the Grand. Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Giffin and Miss Myra Griffin have been spending a few days at Monterey. Colonel and Mrs. James G. Howard, of Los Angeles, are at the Occidental. Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs returned by the southern route on Wednesday last. F. W. Coffin, U. S. N., is at the Occidental. Mrs. S. Crooks and Miss Calla Crooks are in Los Angeles. Mrs. Colonel Frank Shay returned from Los Angeles a few days ago. Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Crocker, who have been spending several weeks in Southern California, returned to the Palace on Tuesday last. Justice E. M. Ross and family leave for Los Angeles next week, to remain away ten or twelve days. Doctor Force, U. S. A. arrived here on Thursday last. The London *Truth* of a late issue contained this paragraph: "Sir Thomas and Lady Fernor-Hesketh have taken up their residence for a time at Easton-Neston, Northamptonshire, the hereditary seat of the Earls of Pomfret, which, with its estate, Sir Thomas inherited from his mother. It was at Easton-Neston that the Pomfret collection of marbles was kept, before they were presented to the University of Oxford."

### Engagements.

Lieutenant Thomas N. Wood, of the Marine Corps, now on duty at Mare Island, and Miss Thom, a grand-niece of W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, D. C., are engaged to be married, and the wedding will take place in Washington some time next fall.

The engagement is announced of Miss Nellie Buck, daughter of Doctor N. L. Buck, of Oakland, and Frederic J. Spear, of Boston. The wedding will take place early in the fall.

Cards are out for the wedding of C. S. Batterman, of Arizona, and Miss Nellie Sell, of Berkeley, to take place on Tuesday evening, April 4, at the residence of the bride's parents, at Berkeley.

### Marriages.

On Thursday, the sixteenth ultimo, Robert E. Randall, of New York, and Miss Agnes Luning, daughter of Nicholas Luning, of this city, were married at Grace Church, New York, in the presence of a few friends, among whom were Hon. Samuel Randall, Henry Randall, and the Misses Randall, of Philadelphia.

On Tuesday last, the twenty-eighth ultimo, Miss Maggie Hamilton, of this city, and Sir Sidney Waterlow, late Lord Mayor of London, were married in London. Among those present were Mrs. Hamilton, mother of the bride; Miss Alice Hamilton, a sister; Mrs. George Hearst, and others. Sir Sidney has presented the bride with a villa near London.

On last Wednesday evening H. H. Kohler, son of the senior partner in the firm of Kohler, Fröhling, & Co., was united in marriage with Miss Ethel Davis, at the house of the bride's parents, Doctor Stebbins officiating. Many of the intimate friends and acquaintances of both families were present at the ceremony, and the newly-married couple were the recipients of many congratulations and good wishes.

### Ex-Senator Sargent.

The dinner given ex-Senator Sargent by Leland Stanford on Wednesday last, at his California-street residence, was a delightful affair. It took place in the large dining-room, which had been artistically decorated for the occasion, and otherwise adorned by objects of *virtu*, lately selected by Mrs. Stanford during her tour abroad. The menu was perfect, and the introduction of a number of superb California wines, notably some Folsom sherry, elicited praise from several of the connoisseurs present. There were covers for thirty-eight; and, while a number of those who were originally invited could not make it convenient to be present, among whom were Governor Perkins, Dr. Platt, Horatio Stebbins, General Barnes, S. W. Sanderson, and one or two others, the original number of invitations was maintained. Governor Stanford sat on the eastern side of the table, with the guest of the evening on his right, and William M. Gwin on his left. Next to the latter sat Eugene Sullivan. To the right of Mr. Sargent was Judge Sawyer, and to his right, W. W. Morrow. Then came N. W. Spaulding. General McDowell sat opposite Governor Stanford, with Major Hammond on his right, and Major Rathbone on his left. Charles Crocker sat at the north end of the table, with W. T. Coleman, Irving M. Scott, B. B. Redding, Loring Pickering, Delos Lake, and Colonel Creed Haymond, respectively, on his right, and S. M. Wilson, George K. Fitch, James A. Johnson, W. M. Mills, and Charles N. Felton on his left. Edgar Mills sat at the south end, and on either side were Lloyd Tevis, J. B. Haggin, Oliver Eldridge, Ariel Lathrop, J. W. Simonton, W. B. Hooper, Colonel J. P. Jackson, and two or three others.

On Thursday evening last Mr. Sargent was given a banquet at the Palace Hotel, at which there were covers for two hundred and eighty-eight, and among those present were Governor Perkins, General McDowell, General Barnes, W. Lane Booker, Hon. Horace Davis, Professor T. W. Reid, Rev. Dr. C. D. Barrows, Adolph Rosenthal, German Consul; Hon. W. H. Sears, Colonel J. P. Jackson, Mayor Blake, William T. Coleman, Hon. M. M. Estee, Rev. Horatio Stebbins, Hon. Paul Neumann, Irving M. Scott, Jno. W. Taylor, George Crocker, and many others.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

To illustrate how disunited and contentious are the Irish members of the English Parliament, we give the following figures: There are in Parliament one hundred and three members representing Irish constituencies. Of this number twenty-four are Conservatives, sixteen are Whigs, and sixty-three are Home Rulers. Mr. Parnell, now in Kilmainham jail, is the parliamentary leader of the Home Rulers. Of this division six can not hold their seats, four refuse to follow Parnell or recognize his leadership, and nine occupy the border land and are independent. Mr. Parnell leads just thirty Irish members, and the Parliament of England is composed of nearly seven hundred. If the political redemption of Ireland does not occur till it has enough of patriotism and national pride to form a united party, home rule will be postponed until the millennium comes. And the last place on God's earth where the millennium will dare to make its appearance will be that part of Ireland now under the political control of Irish Home Rulers.

From Washington there comes to us the rumor of General Beale's appointment to the Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy. We should be more than glad to know that he would receive the place, because we think he would bring to the discharge of its duties thorough integrity and a high order of intelligence. He has had the experience of naval service for fourteen years, and the training of an education in the Naval Academy. If Mr. Chandler should receive this place it will be in recognition of his political usefulness and party service. His appointment would be very gratifying to Mr. Blaine, whose friend he was in the Chicago Convention, and whose friend he continues to be. But unless he can manage fleets and handle navies better than he can manipulate a national convention, he would prove a conspicuous failure. The appointment of Senator Teller to the Interior Department would be a good one, if we have formed a correct estimate of his qualities, which we regard as eminently practical. He has industry, he possesses a peculiar knowledge of the land system of the country, and is accredited with high integrity.

For thirty-two years he had done business as a grocer in San Francisco. For twenty-seven years he had occupied one store. He had dealt honorably, worked industriously, lived economically, and paid every dollar in full at the hour it came due. The time came when he could not meet an accrued obligation. Through education he coupled the fact with dishonor. He arranged his affairs, went home, and shot himself. Another man, engaged in the same trade, advertised largely, lived extravagantly, spent his money freely, failed three times, compromised with his creditors, enlarged his trade and, extended his credit thereby, and now lives to do a flourishing business. The honest man dies a premature death by suicide. The rogue lives a prosperous gentleman. One has paid his debts and failed. The other swindles his creditors and survives. The moral of this true incident of San Francisco life is quite apparent. We know a score of men—some of them are Jews and some of them are Christians—who have made the burning of their merchandise and criminal insolvency the foundations upon which they have built up their prosperity. There are quite a number of merchants in that part of San Francisco which lies west of Montgomery Street who, in countries outside of California, and in counties outside of San Francisco, have been guilty of crimes which justly entitle them to imprisonment at San Quentin. They have obtained credit, failed, and compromised at twenty or fifty cents on the dollar. With the money thus stolen and saved they purchase a new stock, "cheap for cash." When the time comes they insure their stock for more than it was ever worth. They sell all they can, and keep up the false show of empty boxes; then set fire to their premises, collect their insurance, and thus acquire sufficient capital to engage in wholesale trade in San Francisco or elsewhere. Once established, with a fair credit acquired from the cash capital stolen from insurance companies, they deliberately prepare for criminal insolvency. By the time this is successfully accomplished, the thief is ready to capitalize a new company, and do an extensive and honorable business under a firm name composed of members who have no other than a salaried interest in the concern. Trade competition, dishonest rivalries, and a low standard of commercial honor contributes to this condition of affairs. The successful criminal who comes safely out of dishonest insolvency, or who escapes State prison by perjury and subornation of perjury, who defrauds a creditor by adroit knavery, and undetected steals from an insurance company, or who in any way makes dishonest gains through unscrupulous or illegitimate commercial ventures, is excused and applauded and secretly admired by the average San Francisco trader. They think him a "smart fellow." Instead of turning their backs upon him, socially tabooing him, and withholding from him their confidence or their credit, they admire and imitate. If our bankers, wholesale dealers, and citizens at large would promote a healthy public opinion which would look upon the bankrupt trader as it does upon the woman who has lost her jewel, there would be a higher standard of commercial honor in San Francisco than there now is. There are unavoidable bankruptcies, and there always will be so long as an honest man is compelled to engage in business competition with a rascal. The unscrupulous trader who makes insolvency and crime a study, and who knows not only that he will not be punished, but be applauded if he gets through successfully with his criminal bankruptcy, is a dangerous competitor to an honest and honorable man who expects to pay the last dollar for which he is indebted. It would be well to organize a society in San Francisco for the detection and punishment of her commercial thieves.

While Mrs. Harriet Bell was walking along a street in Boston, recently, a well-dressed man came up and spoke to her, and then cut her throat. She lived only two minutes. The man remarked: "That makes one less woman." If this had happened in Texas, remarks *Peck's Sun*, it would have been a terrible thing.



## ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE.

On Monday I went to hear Oscar Wilde. Why did I go? I will be frank with you—I went because I was afraid not to. Had I not gone, you would have met me next day; you would have said:

"Go to hear the æsthete last night?"

And then I would either have had to lie about it or submit to your unspoken scorn.

Were I chief yokel in a country village, and there came thither the Fat Woman or the Learned Pig, think you, my children, I would stay away? Nay, by my beard, not I! For my fellow-yokels would point the horny finger of scorn at me, and bumpkin to bumpkin would grinningly murmur: "Ecod, a hasn't seen t' pig."

Hence it is, my children, that I went to see the—Æsthete.

But I did not go to hear him—far from it. I had read his lectures, and they are dull—duller than sermons. I went to see him and his audience. I saw them. I went expecting to be bored.

I was.

Mr. Wilde's lecture was inexpressibly wearisome. I consisted almost entirely of truisms, platitudes, and saws—some wise and some otherwise. "If life is noble and beautiful, art will be noble and beautiful," said Mr. Wilde. "Effect is the essence of design," said Mr. Wilde. "Art is eternal because eternally beautiful," said Mr. Wilde.

Bah! "In the name of the Prophet—figs!" said an oriental charlatan, who differed from Wilde not in kind but in degree.

The lecture was not only tame in matter, but dull in delivery. Mr. Wilde has an extremely monotonous way of speaking, and after some ten or fifteen minutes of it his audience began to feel the effect. Fluttering fans went up all over the house, and covered presumptively pretty mouths, while their owners indulged in the luxury of long-drawn yawns. Fat, bald, and unhappy paterfamilias, dragged thither by fair demons who pretended to love them, placed their triple chins upon the top button of their waistcoats, and stertorously slumbered.

I did myself, thank heaven! The last words I remember were "languish in luxury or sink in slavery." The last time I looked at my watch it lacked three minutes and twenty seconds of nine. I remember no more until there came the crash of a breaking seat or something at the back of the hall. I awoke and looked at my watch. It was twenty-two minutes past nine. I composed myself with fortitude to hear the remainder of the lecture, and fortunately it was over soon.

But I have not forgiven the man who broke the seat that caused the crash that smote on the ear and that spoiled the slumber Zulano had. May Allah curse him! May his father's grave be defiled! May his grandfather's grave be defiled! May Wilde float through his dreams and lecture to him ceaselessly, even from the curfew bell to the rising of the sun!

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I was somewhat amused at the account given in the dailies of Wilde upon the train. They differed. One of the young men was evidently pretty well posted as to the æsthete movement in general, and Wilde in particular. Another had that vague smattering regarding it which characterizes reportorial wisdom concerning most things. A third had apparently never heard of Wilde before. He is not alone in that, however. I have been surprised at the number of worthy people who were in the same boat. The article in last week's *Argonaut* furnished many with ammunition for the artillery of small-talk. The preparation evinced a thoughtful consideration on the part of the editor which honors him more than it does his estimate of his readers.

The *Examiner* young man was particularly enjoyable. He had evidently crammed for the interview by reading Wilde's poems. He gracefully began the conversation by speaking of "Charmides," pronouncing the *ch* as in "cherry," I should judge from the context.

"Charmides," replied Mr. Wilde.

"He pronounced the word with the hard accent," the reporter goes on, with a tinge of naïve reproach.

At this I was much surprised. True, there is a vulgar prejudice in favor of pronouncing the word in that manner. But I had hoped that Mr. Wilde (as well as the *Examiner* reporter) had soared above such vulgar prejudices.

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"I see they have had a fire in New York recently," said the General Utility Editor of the *Argonaut* to me last Wednesday. "The offices of *Puck* and *Fiction* were burned out. The editors say they 'regret' to announce that all the manuscripts and letters on hand were consumed. Ha, ha, ha! *Regret!* I should smile!"

And he did. Or rather he laughed—a hideous, mirthless, cackling laugh.

"What a misfortune!" said I, innocently; "just think—they can not be replaced."

The Utility Editor turned his lacklustre eye upon me, and cackled again.

"Replaced?" said he, "I should hope not. Well, some people are born lucky." And he shook his fist gloomily at a row of pigeon-holes where about 100 lbs. of MSS. were systematically tucked away.

Alas! Some that I could see were tied with blue and pink ribbons. He followed the direction of my glance:

"Poetry," said he, grimly, "poetry from girly-girls. Don't be afraid—it won't burn. There's a special Providence for poets, Zulano." And with a sardonic grin he began slashing at a story with a pudgy blue pencil.

I turned from him with a sigh.

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Another company has been playing "Olivette" here. It is not yet "Olivette," but it is the best performance we have had of this pretty little opera. The adaptation is a careful one, and the dialogue goes with a good deal of snap. Vocally, the company is composed of very light timber.

Miss Marie Jansen, the Olivette, is utterly destitute of that personal magnetism which some very much poorer artistes than she possess in perfection. The rollicking music and situations of "Olivette," therefore, are entirely unsuited to

her. Even "The Torpedo and the Whale" went off rather flatly. The "sob song," though, was encoored. I am afraid that people here are disappointed in not seeing Catherine Lewis. Not that they ought to be. But that, probably, is the reason they are. The fame of Catherine's kick in the Farandole, as filtered through the delirious brains of Chicago and St. Louis reporters, has gone abroad in the land. Miss Jansen's kick was not up to the mark—in the audience's eyes.

And that reminds me of the Farandole. The stage was quite a charming bit of color when it was on. The variegated costumes of the somewhat insufficiently attired young women were very handsome. The young women were not. That is to say, they were something hard-featured. But, inasmuch as their legs were the *points d'appui*—not only of themselves, but of the piece, and of the spectators' eyes—that didn't matter much. The legs were exceedingly numerous, exceedingly shapely, and exceedingly multi-colored. There were young women in sage-green tights with red garters, young women in flesh-colored tights with blue garters, and young women in red tights with no garters at all.

Almost any member of the Big Board can tell you about it—they are most of them in the front rows every night.

The Farandole is an infectious dance, even here. What must it be in France, in the sunny Midi, where the troubadours lived and where the farandole was born? Imagine the peasants trooping it through the vines after the vintage is over; imagine a Provencal crowd dancing it madly in the ruined Roman amphitheatre at Nîmes, as Daudet paints it; figure to yourself an aristocratic mob bursting into the Farandole in a salon, because a Provencal musician, with his quaint, tall drum and rustic flute, were there as curiosities. Ah me! I am Saxon, and not Latin; I belong to the fair-skinned race, and not to the dark; I am fair (I do not mean by that handsome, but what some people call "light-complected with sandy hair"—what hair I have left); I am northern, and my blood runs sluggishly; but I can easily understand how the swarthy sons and daughters of Provence should foot it deliriously when their own stirring music sounds in their ears.

Egad, I sometimes feel like shaking a leg myself the Farandole is on.

I told Zulano so on Tuesday night. She utterly failed to appreciate my feelings. She remarked severely:

"Yes, I suppose you *would* like to be among those odious things in tights. But I wish you wouldn't say it so plainly."

There is no romance about Zulano. She probably doesn't know what the Midi is, and I know she doesn't care.

I adore practical women.

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John Howson is the life of the "Olivette" performance. He is always amusing. I do not remember ever seeing John Howson when he was not that. And I have seen him a many times and for a many years.

The first time was in '67, I think, at the old Metropolitan Theatre. Mrs. Bowers was playing there in a piece called "Donna Diana," and Howson had the leading male part. The piece was a comedy, and Mrs. Bowers played the rôle of a light and giddy thing. She was coy and coquettish, and indulged in playful badinage in that wonderful voice which apparently came from her boots, and used to make the chandeliers rattle. I can look back over the lapse of years even now, and roar at the mere recollection of how absurd it must have been.

Come to think of it, however, Mrs. Bowers was considerably younger then. So she was, so she was.

So was I, by the way. How the years pass! Let recollections go—I'll none of them!

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Some weeks ago the *Argonaut* resuscitated a clever parody on the mediæval-ballad style affected by Rossetti, Swinburne, Oscar Wilde, *et al.* It was written by Charles S. Calverley, a clever English verse-maker, and has been copied by a number of papers since the *Argonaut* printed it. Among others, the *Detroit Free Press* has published an expurgated edition of the parody. One verse—

She sat with her hands 'neath her crimson cheeks

(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese;)

She gave up mending her father's breeks,

And let the cat roll in her best chemise—

was excised by the *Detroit* editor. This was probably in the interests of morality, and I was much pleased thereat. I would not willingly see the *Argonaut* instrumental in bringing a blush to the chaste if expansive cheek of any *Detroit* maiden.

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After a heated contest the regular ticket of the Art Association was elected by a majority of nineteen votes. This is a remarkably close vote, considering that there are nearly five hundred members. The names of the new officers are as follows: President, Alexander G. Hawes; First Vice-President, F. Marion Wells; Second Vice-President, Horace P. Fletcher; Secretary, D. P. Belknap; Treasurer, Lovell White; Directors, Gordon Blanding, Charles Joselyn, R. C. Harrison, J. W. Brown, and H. N. Clement. The Board is a good one. There are some energetic workers among the new officers, and I hope that they may breathe the breath of life into an institution which I have sometimes looked upon as being moribund.

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I went to see Haase in "Hamlet" on Wednesday. I was not so much impressed with it as I have been by some of his other rôles. Possibly the reason may be that I have greater opportunity for contrast, having seen so many Hamlets. But at all events there was something unsatisfactory about the performance. I am not surprised. I do not think that Shakespeare can be played by foreigners without losing greatly. Mr. Haase's "Hamlet" tends to confirm me in this belief, which I have long entertained.

I was interested in noting the peculiar translations of some of the peculiar lines. For instance, "Springes to catch woodcocks" is translated "Sprenkel fuer die Drosseln"—or *thrushes*. From this I suppose woodcocks are unknown in Germany. The famous "I know a hawk from a heronshaw" is even queerer; it runs thus: "Kenne ich einen Leucht-pfahl von einen Kirch-thurm"—or, literally, "Know

I a lantern-post from a church-steeple." Again—"Let the galled jade wince—our withers are unwrung" appears as "Die Aussetzigen mag jucken, unsere Haut ist gesund"—or, literally, "Let the leprous itch, our skins are healthy."

Such things, of course, are unavoidable in any translation. The acting edition Mr. Haase uses is prepared from Schlegel's, admittedly the best. But these little blemishes detract greatly from the effect of Shakespeare's wonderful work. Such blemishes are even more marked in translations into some other tongues. The French, in particular, is very poor. Such charming word-play as "A little more than kin, and less than kind," "Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true," is utterly lost. Such sounding onomatopœia as "the multitudinous seas incarnadine" becomes tame and flat. You can almost see the tossing waves in reading such a line. Compare *antrithmon gelasma*, Æschylus, (one of my three Greek quotations).

There are some who hold that foreigners not only can not teach us anything concerning Shakespeare, but that they can not even appreciate him at his full value; that one must needs be born of an English-speaking mother, and reared in an English-speaking land, to understand him fully. The more I see of foreigners, the more I know of foreign tongues, the more do I incline to this belief. He who truly loves his mother-tongue will never waver in his allegiance through the acquisition of others. As Story says,

"Give me of every language first my vigorous English,  
Stored with imported wealth, rich in its natural mines.  
Grand in its rhythmical cadence, simple for household employment,  
Worthy the poet's song, fit for the speech of man;  
Therefore it is that I praise it, and never can cease from rejoicing,  
Thinking that good stout English is mine and my ancestors' tongue."

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"Listen, Zulano," said I at breakfast the other morning, "this is curious." And I read from the daily paper:

"NEW YORK, March 28.—Mrs. Melville, the wife of the officer connected with the party seeking for the crew of the lost *Jeannette*, says she thinks the unfortunate men are dead. Her reason for so thinking is that her husband, in writing of them, says they 'perished.' She further said: 'Melville is a man who is always precise in the use of words, even when speaking, particularly when writing. He never would have used such language unless he was certain of their fate. Knowing him as well as I do, I think they must be lost. Melville was always careful as to the value of words.'"

"What is curious?" asked Zulano. "That she called him 'Melville'?"

"My dear," I replied, "it is odd but feminine that whenever I read you a paragraph with something significant in it you invariably go on a wild-goose chase after something that is not. No, it isn't curious that she calls him 'Melville'; it would be curious if she didn't, considering it's his name."

"Well, I see nothing else curious about it," replied Zulano.

"I thought you wouldn't, my dear," said I, serenely; "that's the reason I read it to you. Now I am precisely such a man as he—precisely as precise; yet we have lived together, lo! these many years, yet have you not discovered it."

"If that's the curious thing you mean," began Zulano—

"Pardon me," I interrupted, "that is not curious; quite the reverse. It would be curious, now, if you had. But the curious thing is not so much that Melville is precise, (though it is worthy of remark, for most men are vague,) but that his wife should notice it, and should, like him, appreciate the value of words."

"What do you mean?" said Zulano, firing up, "are you trying to insinuate that women do not know the value of words?"

"Considering the profuse way in which they dispense them, they certainly can not, my dear. I am firmly convinced that you, for instance, have fallen heir to the seven baskets of talk Scheherazade left behind her when she died, yet you daily dissipate your inheritance in the most reckless way."

Now I flatter myself that was rather a neat thing; but Zulano did not think so. She did not open her mouth again during breakfast, except to put food into it.

I hate to see people sulk.

ZULANO.

The North Pacific Coast Railroad has come under a new management. It has happily fallen into the hands of men of capital and brains, who recognize the fact that between them and the public there are mutual interests. The Saucelito Ferry Company, thank God, is out of existence. New, fast, and capacious boats are to be put upon the routes between San Francisco and San Quentin, and San Francisco and Saucelito. There will be seven trains on week days and six trains on Sundays, to and from San Francisco to San Rafael. There will be five boats on week days to and from Saucelito, and six on Sundays. Fares are fixed at reasonable prices for excursion round trips to Fairfax, Olema, Tomales, and Duncan Mills. There is no more picturesque and romantic scenery in California than may be found in Marin County; for bay, ocean, and forest views there is no more beautiful place in the State. It lies at our very door and within the reach of everybody who has but limited means and hours of brief vacation. For ever so small a price the city family can picnic amid splendid red-wood forests, or lounge upon the ocean shore of a Sunday or holiday. The short trip around from Saucelito to San Rafael, through the very charming valley of San Anselmo, is in itself a nice excursion, affording steamboat and railroad rides, and the price the half of one dollar. The new arrangement goes into effect on Sunday, to-morrow.

Our adopted Irish citizens should bear in mind the fact that the American minister at the Court of St. James, Mr. Lowell, is an ambassador of the United States and not a plenipotentiary of Ireland. If any native-born American citizen should go to Belfast, Dublin, Connemara, or Inniskillen to incite riot and stir up treason against the government of England, he would deserve arrest and imprisonment, and it would not be considered as the proper thing for the American minister to interfere between his offense and its punishment. When, therefore, a naturalized Irishman goes back to his native land for the purpose of encouraging rebellion against the government of England, it is highly proper for Mr. Lowell to "make all such persons distinctly understand that they can not be Irishmen and Americans at the same time."



## VANITY FAIR.

"I think," says a correspondent of the *Boston Gazette*, writing from Gotham, "that New York is responsible for the vilest fashions, or else it seizes upon the vilest of other countries, and hangs on to them with a grip that is hard to shake off. The fashion of giving costly presents with the slightest excuse is not only run into the ground here, but it has become a perfect bugbear. A young lady of my acquaintance wanted to send some flowers to an Englishman in New York, who was a friend of her future husband, and lay ill at a hotel. When she told her fiancé what she wanted to do, he said: 'It is a good thing that—' knows we are engaged, otherwise he would take it as a direct overture from you; as it is, he will not know exactly what to make of it; but I will explain that it is a custom of the country, and does not mean anything serious.' The fashion of giving expensive German favors, and costly presents at lunch-parties, is now at its height; but the most vulgar piece of present-giving was that of a few nights ago in connection with a theatre party. The giver of the party had evidently racked his brain to think of some means by which he could show that money was no object, and at last he hit upon a plan. The party numbered fourteen ladies, I believe, and as each one entered the box she was presented with a beautiful bouquet and a handsome present—a piece of jewelry or a fan. Now, if that is not vulgarity carried to a fine point, I should like to hear of something that is. To show how far this present-giving has gone, let me tell an amusing incident: A bride gave a lunch-party to a dozen or so of her girlfriends not long ago, and to make the table look pretty she got out a number of her wedding presents. Among them were a dozen very beautiful and costly table ornaments, that had been sent her from some foreign country, and were pieces of fine work that could not well be replaced. There was one at each place, and to the hostess's horror, every one of her guests, with one exception, after expressing admiration for the things, put them in their pockets. They were so used to lunch-party presents that they took it for granted that these were intended as such. There was nothing for the unhappy bride to do but send the remaining one to the young lady who had failed to take one."

The New York *Sun* thus remarks upon a late social event: Mr. McAllister's Mi-Carême dinner, as it has been called, was, in point of fact, a subscription affair gotten up by about thirty society ladies and gentlemen, each of whom paid fifty dollars, with the privilege of inviting one friend. Thus sixty were seated at a very pretty rectangular table, profusely adorned with flowers. The company was somewhat varied and irregular, many married ladies being present by invitation of other women's husbands, and not a few married men having an exceptionally good time in the absence of their legal owners. The Disabilities act seemed to be largely in operation on this occasion, as illness, the death of friends, and conscientious scruples prevented many from being present who were, however, represented by their well-beloved partners and their friends.

In England the dress question has been brought into prominence through the efforts of the National Health Society, which has caused a series of lectures on the subject to be given by a distinguished medical man. The audiences have been composed chiefly of women, who seemed to thoroughly enjoy the "wiggling" the lecturer gave them in reference to their tight lacing. A thrill of pleasurable horror pervaded the crowd on being informed that to attain hour-glass waists women subjected themselves to at least thirty-six forms of painful disease. The lecturer pointed out that a woman's waist is normally about twenty-eight inches in circumference, and is of oval form. Now, the waist of the costume of the period is made from eighteen to twenty-one inches in circumference, and as round as a barrel. It stands to reason, therefore—let the women deny it ever so indignantly—that there must be considerable compression used to put on a fashionable dress. The lecturer was equally severe about wearing tight shoes, and he pictured the absurdity of the evening dress of the period. He assumed that clothing is intended to preserve an equable temperature of the different parts of the body, and he averred that nothing could be less useful in this respect than a low-necked dress with an abundance of petticoats fastened round the hips, and a long train encumbering the lower limbs—a dress which reminded him that a fashionably-dressed woman "might be divided geographically into a frigid, a temperate, and a torrid zone."

A general wail goes up at the scarcity of the male element at Washington parties, remarks the New York *World*. This opens up a vast subject—the customs of society which drive men out of it. The German has disorganized everything. A man may go to a ball to amuse himself, but when it comes to amusing himself according to the direction of a ballet-master, called "the leader," it is altogether a different thing. He must dance, whether he feels like it or not; he must "take out" those who have taken him out and taken him in by so doing. He must be always on the alert; there is none of that fascinating softness of repose, that sweet forgetfulness, which is the subtle charm of dancing. No wonder that men had rather be chopped to pieces than to go into society where the German prevails, and a grim and solid phalanx of mammas line the walls to see that no man dances twice with the girl he wants to.

The young Princess of Waldeck has arrived here, writes the London correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, but none but the select few have caught a glimpse of her as yet. She was taken by special train directly from Queensborough to Windsor, and the great metropolis, the vastest assemblage of human beings upon earth, London, the mighty, the magnificent, the majestic, and the squalid, is yet a sight in store for the innocent German girl, who has hitherto lived a life of almost arcadian simplicity in the remote feudal scabbles of her ancestors, princes in title, but scarcely so in purse. The name by which the records of the Court Chronicle speak of the affianced bride is the Princess Helen. Her Majesty's correct classical ear rebels against the false Greek of that pronunciation of Helena which lays the accent on the second syllable, and makes of Helena, Heleena. At the time of the

marriage of her own daughter, the Princess Helena, who wedded Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Queen expressed her disapprobation of this perversion of the beautiful and the true in speech, and although the cognomen of the future Duchess of Albany is in reality the Dutch Helyna, to save all discussion the young lady is made Helen, an appellation immortally connected with beauty and grace, even since the epoch of the Trojan war.

It is now announced, says the New York *World*, that the Empress of Austria has made up her mind to visit Canada next fall, after spending the summer in England. Her Majesty, as is well known, is a most indefatigable huntress, and the accounts given her of the wild sports of the west by the young Hungarian noblemen, Counts Szebenyi and Andrassy, who visited Canada and the United States last year, have determined her to come out in quest of new adventures. This visit of the Empress will probably settle the question of the return of the Princess Louise in the affirmative, and it is also said the Prince of Wales will accompany his sister and the Empress, and some of our sporting people are much excited over this prospect, and are already planning entertainments for the illustrious guests. One part of the programme already projected is a grand hunt, in which deputations of the hunting clubs of Montreal, New York, Philadelphia, and Boston will be invited by the Marquis of Lorne to take part.

To be a successful leader of the cotillon and a dancer of note, says the *Hour*, requires good business ability and a cool, practical mind. A young man born with a spark of knight-errantry in his composition will never achieve distinction in this line. The sight of a new and beautiful face, or the expressed wishes of a noble matron, must never turn the rising aspirant to social fame from his well-considered course. There are dinner invitations to be returned by the proffer of his hand for the forthcoming dance to the daughter of his hostess. There are prospective favors to be won by assiduity and self-restraint, and when our male Tersichore declines to dance with a *débutante* or a wall-flower on the plea that he has no dance at his disposal, he, in most cases, is speaking the unvarnished though unpalatable truth. Experienced *dansesuses* have been known to say that they preferred the truth in such cases to the subterfuges resorted to by partners more polite and less candid. One ingenious gentleman thrived for a while by inviting the *dame des sèdes* to be his partner for the cotillon, and then, by skillfully failing to procure chairs at the right moment, shirked the duty of participating in the dance, and at the same time prevented the lady from deserting him for a more enterprising cavalier. This happy device, however, was tried once too often, and the gay deceiver met with the punishment which he perfectly deserved.

A young lady, one of the "twenty lovesick maidens" of the New York "swell" amateur "Patience," writes to a friend: "I can't begin to tell you how perfectly jolly our trip to Baltimore was. If I thought *real* actresses had half so much fun I'd go on the stage this very minute—I would, indeed. You know, of course, that President Arthur was in one of the boxes. He resembles a handsome Englishman, and he smiled at us as if he really entered into the spirit of our 'lark.' There was but one drawback, and that was when we attended the Monday night German. A lot of snobby Baltimoreans refused to be introduced to us because they didn't know *who* we were. Did you ever? Well, we had rather the laugh on them; they couldn't have read the newspapers. As soon as they heard who we actually were they wanted to be very gracious, but we grew airy in our turn. After Lent, maybe—only maybe (we are having great trouble with the heads of our families. Stupid interference!)—we may go to Philadelphia."

It is interesting to read the criticisms on two prominent actresses of the present day. A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* writes concerning Mrs. Langtry "that it was the praise of a prince that gave her her reputation for exceeding loveliness, and not her own superabundant charms. Not that she is not a handsome woman, for that she certainly is, but decidedly she has but few claims to be ranked among the handsomest of her sex. Her face is positively defective, the beautiful hair and large lovely eyes being counterbalanced by the broad, heavy jaw, and by no means small mouth. Her figure is fine, and her complexion is (or at least was, two years ago, when I last saw the lady,) perfectly wonderful in its camellia-leaf purity and smoothness. I am told that on the stage she is extremely handsome; but the best critics aver privately that she can no more act than a broomstick. She is inordinately vain, and poses perpetually. I have been told that she has been heard to lament in pathetic terms her hard lot in never being able to find any creature on earth as lovely as she is herself. I think, if she ever comes to the United States, her yearnings will be more than satisfied." In the same paper appears some gush over Alice Dunning Lingard by Clara Belle. She says: "I saw last evening the woman who, in my critical opinion, is the most beautiful woman in the world. If there is the shadow of a fault in her face or form, it has escaped my discovering eyes. She is an ideal Venus—or would be, but for the restrictions of propriety. One of the dresses she wore last night was as near the hounds as possible without going beyond. Her graceful arms were bare right up to the tops of her shoulders. Her smoothest of necks was uncovered, and a wedge-shaped strip of her skin was visible half way down to her belt, while the edges of the covering of her upper bodice were in no hurry to become opaque. She was truly lovely, and I had only one fault to find. She was outrageously whitewashed. Some powdering and coloring are necessary behind the glaring footlights, but Alice Dunning Lingard (she is the creature I have been raving about) does not need to be swabbed all over. When will actresses learn not to overdo the use of the brush and rag? She wore a pair of the new, long gloves of woven silk, called Jerseys. They were brown, and reached nearly to her elbows. On pulling them off the powder from her skin was white on them. Her hands, though of fair size, like her feet, bore evidence of being naturally white and soft, as I could see from my seat in the second row, and there was no need of much powder."

## LITERARY NOTES.

The latest numbers of Rolfe's edition of Shakespeare's plays are "Love's Labor Lost" and "Measure for Measure." They are prepared similarly to the other numbers of this series; and, although not so carefully annotated as the necessities of a class of students generally require, will, in the hands of a well-informed teacher, serve the purpose for which they are intended. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale at Bancroft's.

The "Catalogue of George Bruce's Sons' New York Type Foundry" is verily an *édition de luxe*, even if it be only a "specimen-book." There will be found in its pages specimens of every imaginable and existing type, scroll-work, borders, ornamentation, and lettering. It contains a number of fac-similes of cuts from ancient block-books. The specimen pages and sentences give a running historical review of all facts relating to bibliography and printing, which makes an encyclopædia as well as a catalogue.

"A Popular California Flora," by Volney Rattan, of the San Francisco Girls' High School, is a book which has the honor of a third edition—an occurrence which is rare in the annals of California literature. As now republished it has received both revision and enlargement, containing much new and valuable information on the subject of our native oaks. This is the only serviceable local botany that we have on this coast, and will repay study. Published and for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.; price, \$1.25.

In the *North American Review* for April, Governor Eli H. Murray, of Utah, treats of the existing crisis in the political fortunes of that territory. Doctor Henry A. Martin answers a recent article by Henry Bergh. E. L. Godkin has an article on "The Civil Service Reform Controversy"; Senator Riddleberger on "Bourbonism in Virginia"; and General Albert Ordway on "A National Militia." Finally there is a paper of interest on the exploration of ruined cities of Central America. The author is Mr. Charnay.

The *Californian* for April contains, among other papers, an illustrated description of "Yachting in San Francisco Bay"; "The Higher Utilities of Science," by Professor Joseph Le Conte; a poem, "49," by Joaquin Miller; the continuation of Leonard Kip's "At Cobweb's and Crusty's"; an interesting sketch of "The London Newspaper," by W. H. Rideing; a dainty poem on "Mt. Hood," by Mrs. Eliot, of Portland, Or.; "A Visit to a King," by W. F. Bray, and the usual reviews and editorials.—The *Magazine of Art* for April gives an attractive paper on G. F. Watts, R. A., with four well executed engravings; Percy Fitzgerald criticises "The Coal-scuttle from an Artistic Point of View"; T. A. Trollope reviews the life and works of "Benvenuto Cellini"; and other well known art writers touch upon various topics of interest in the way of painting, sculpture, and decorative art. Published by Cassell, Petter & Galpin, New York.

Books to come: The monograph on Henry Fielding, in the English Men of Letters Series, is to be written by Austin Dobson. The volume on Keats is to be the work of Professor Colvin, and that on Jeremy Taylor will be written by Professor Jowett. The monograph on Macaulay has just been completed by its author, Frederic Harrison.—Hamerton's important work on "The Graphic Arts," which has been so much delayed from various causes, is now announced for immediate publication. Macmillan & Co. also have ready the cheap edition of Mr. Shortbouse's new romance, "John Inglesant," in their series of novels.—Now that his story, "Pot-Bouille," is in course of daily publication in the *Gauleis*, Monsieur Zola takes occasion to publish in one volume, called "Un Campagne," the letters (*chroniques*, rather) which he wrote last year for the *Figaro*.—Mr. Tupper has descended from the lofty regions of proverbial philosophy into the frivolous atmosphere of the stage. He is about to publish in London a collection of plays and dramatic scenes for private theatricals.—Leslie Stephens's new treatise under the title of "The Principles of Ethics," is to be published next month by G. P. Putnam's Sons.—Holt & Co. are about to bring out the late Berthold Auerbach's "Spinoza"—a book which has excited much discussion abroad. They will also republish Lady Jackson's volume of picturesque history, "The Old Regime."—A new edition of the "Memoirs of William Hazlitt," by his grandson, W. C. Hazlitt, will shortly be published in London. The errors of the former edition have been corrected, and fresh correspondence has been added.—The May number of the *Atlantic* is to present the first chapters of Thomas Hardy's new novel.—For the second time Mr. Jules Claretie has gathered into a volume his admirable and amusing articles on Parisian life, contributed to the *Temps* about once a fortnight. The second series is called "La Vie à Paris—1881."—Mr. Bancroft writes that he is so far ahead with the last volume of his history that the printers can work as fast as they please and he will keep pace with them.—A biography of Admiral Dahlgren is in preparation by his widow, to be published soon by J. B. Lippincott & Co.—The title of A. Bronson Alcott's forthcoming book is "Sonnetts and Sansonets." Roberts Brothers will bring it out shortly.—Lord Beaconsfield left two youthful diaries, in one of which he describes his journey in the East. The writer gave away both in his lifetime, and they are therefore beyond the control of the executors. One of them is to be published shortly.

Miscellany: Ada Trevanion, the writer of a small volume of poems, and the daughter of Henry Trevanion, and of Byron's half-sister, Georgiana Augusta Leigh, has just died in England. Miss Trevanion was fifty-two years old.—"Mrs. Mayburn's Twins," by the author of "Helen's Babies," which is announced by the Messrs. Peterson ostensibly as a new book, was written years ago, long before Mr. Habberton had mastered the art of popular story making. Only its name is new.

The library of the late Mr. George Borrow, once described by a reviewer as the most polyglot traveler who ever left the shores of England, is about to be offered for public sale in London. The lexicons alone amount to over a hundred, and the library represents nearly every language, from Mantschu and Sanskrit to Spanish and Portuguese. It is especially rich in works about the Northern mythology. One of the works has the rare distinction of having been taken out of the Inquisition at Seville.—A long poem, called "Love and Death," is to appear in the *May Harper*.—It is the work of Edwin Arnold, the author of "The Light of Asia."—A German magazine has just published a charming story from the pen of the Queen of Roumania—an accomplished lady who has hitherto been known in literature as a poet only.—In the person of Charles Joseph Tissot, the new French Minister to England, the literary arts have again been honored. M. Tissot is a doctor of letters, and a most learned writer on history, archaeology, and comparative geography.—A journal is to be founded in Vienna under the title of the *Internationale Kosmopolitische Polyglotte Centralzeitung von Wien*. It will contain articles in twelve different languages and dialects.—Mr. Herbert Spencer will visit America next summer, and remain here several months. He will come in August.—Mr. Russell, the author of those famous sea-novels, "Wreck of the Grosvenor" and "A Sailor's Sweetheart," is an American by birth, having made his first appearance on the world's stage in a New York hotel, in 1844. His father, the composer of those famous old songs, "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "Woodman, Spare that Tree," "Man the Life Boat," etc., was then on a professional visit to this country with his family.—Mr. F. T. Palgrave makes, in his newly published volume of poems, the "Visions of England," some allusions which are quite too utterly æsthetic. He talks about "Mund's Erin-eloo-eyes," and even goes so far as to address Mary Stuart as "O too-too woman, untimely born."—The original editions of Poe's poems are now exceedingly rare. Mr. Lang has not been able in England to meet with any text earlier than that of 1845. In his new edition—included in "The Parchment Library"—he has restored the American spelling, with an appeal to Americans to preserve the English spelling in American re-publications.



## A COOL SCOUNDREL.

The Peculiar Manner in which a Burglar Cracked a Bank.

My profession isn't a popular one. There is considerable prejudice against it. I don't myself think it's much worse than a good many others. However, that's nothing to do with my story. Some years ago, me and the gentleman who was at that time connected with me in business—he's met with reverses since then, and at present isn't able to go out—was looking around for a job, being at that time rather hard up, as you might say. We struck a small country town—I ain't agoin' to give it away by telling where it was, or what the name of it was. There was one hank there; the president was a rich old duffer; owned the mills, owned the hank, owned most of the town. There wasn't no other officer but the cashier, and they had a hoy, who used to sweep out and run of errands.

The hank was on the main street, pretty well up one end of it—nice, snug place, on the corner of a cross-street, with nothing very near it. We took our observations, and found there wasn't no trouble at all about it. There was an old watchman, that walked up and down the street nights, when he didn't fall asleep and forget it. The vault had two doors; the outside one was chilled iron, and had a three-wheel combination lock; the inner door wasn't no door at all; you could kick it open. It didn't pretend to be nothing but fire-proof, and it wasn't even that. The first thing we done, of course, was to fit a key to the outside door. As the lock on the outside door was an old-fashioned Bacon lock, any gentleman in my profession who chances to read this article will know just how easy that job was, and how we done it. I may say here that the gentlemen in my line of business, having at times a good deal of leisure on their hands, do considerable reading, and are particularly fond of a neat bit of writing. In fact, in the way of literature I have found among 'em—however, this being digression, I drop it, and go on with the main job again.

This was our plan: after the key was fitted I was to go into the hank, and Jim—that wasn't his name, of course, but let it pass—was to keep watch on the outside. When any one passed he was to tip me a whistle, and then I doused the glim and lay low; after they got by, I goes on again. Simple and easy, you see. Well, the night as we selected, the president happened to be out of town; gone down to the city, as he often did. I got inside all right, with a slide-lantern, a breast-drill, a small steel jimmy, a bunch of skeleton keys, and a green-baize hag, to stow the swag. I fixed my light and rigged my breast-drill, and got to work on the door right over the lock.

Probably a great many of your readers is not so well posted as me about hank-locks, and I may say for them that a three-wheel combination lock has three wheels in it, and a slot in each wheel. In order to unlock the door, you have to get the three slots opposite to each other at the top of the lock. Of course, if you know the number the lock is set on, you can do this; but if you don't, you have to depend on your ingenuity. There is in each of these wheels a small hole, through which you put a wire through the back of the lock when you change the combination. Now, if you can hore a hole through the door, and pick up those wheels by running a wire through those holes, why you can open the door. I hope I make myself clear. I was boring that hole. The door was chilled iron; about the neatest stuff I ever worked on. I went on steady enough; only stopped when Jim—which, as I said, wasn't his real name—whistled outside, and the watchman toddled by. By-and-by, when I'd got pretty near through, I heard Jim—so to speak—whistle again. I stopped, and pretty soon I heard footsteps outside, and I'm hlowed if they didn't come right up the hank steps, and I heard a key in the lock. I was so dumfounded when I heard that, that you could have slipped the bracelets right on me. I picked up my lantern, and I'll be hanged if I didn't let the slide slip down and throw the light right on to the door, and there was the president. Instead of calling for help, as I supposed he would, he took a step inside the door, and shaded his eyes with his hand and looked at me. I knowed I ought to knock him down and cut out, but I'm blest if I could, I was that surprised.

"Who are you?" says he.  
"Who are you?" says I, thinking that was an innocent remark as he commenced it, and a-trying all the time to collect myself.

"I'm the president of the hank," says he, kinder short; "something the matter with the lock?"

By George! the idea came to me then.  
"Yes, sir," says I, touching my cap; "Mr. Jennings, he telegraphed this morning as the lock was out of order and he couldn't get in, and I'm come on to open it for him."

"I told Jennings a week ago," says he, "that he ought to get that lock fixed. Where is he?"

"He's been a-writing letters, and he's gone up to his house to get another letter he wanted for to answer."

"Well, why don't you go right on?" says he.

"I've got almost through," says I; "and I didn't want to finish up and open the vault till there was somebody here."

"That's very creditable to you," says he; "a very proper sentiment, my man. You can't," he goes on, coming round by the door, "be too particular about avoiding the very suspicion of evil."

"No, sir," says I, kinder modest like.

"What do you suppose is the matter with the lock?" says he.

"I don't rightly know yet," says I; "but I rather think it's a little wore on account of not being oiled enough. These ere locks ought to be oiled about once a year."

"Well," says he, "you might as well go right on, now I'm here; I will stay till Jennings comes. Can't I help you?—hold your lantern, or something of that sort?"

The thought came to me like a flash, and I turned around and says:

"How do I know you're the president? I ain't ever seen you afore, and you may be a-trying to crack this hank, for all I know."

"That's a very proper inquiry, my man," says he, "and shows a most remarkable degree of discretion. I confess that I should not have thought of the position in which I

was placing you. However, I can easily convince you that it's all right. Do you know what the president's name is?"

"No, I don't," says I, sorter surly.  
"Well, you'll find it on that bill," said he, taking a bill out of his pocket; "and you see the same name on these letters," and he took some letters from his coat.

I suppose I ought to have gone right on then, but I was beginning to feel interested in making him prove who he was, so I says:

"You might have got them letters to put up a job on me."

"You're a very honest man," says he; "one among a thousand. Don't think I'm at all offended at your persistence. No, my good fellow, I like it, I like it," and he laid his hand on my shoulder. "Now here," says he, taking a hundle out of his pocket, "is a package of ten thousand dollars in bonds. A hurglar wouldn't be apt to carry those around with him, would he? I bought them in the city yesterday, and I stopped here to-night on my way home to place them in the vault, and, I may add, that your simple and manly honesty has so touched me that I would willingly leave them in your hands for safe-keeping. You needn't blush at my praise."

I suppose I did turn sorter red when I see them honds.

"Are you satisfied now?" says he.

I told him I was, thoroughly, and so I was. 'So I picked up my drill again, and gave him the lantern to hold, so that I could see the door. I heard Jim, as I call him, outside once or twice, and I like to have hurst out laughing, thinking how he must be wondering what was going on inside. I worked away, and kept explaining to him what I was a-trying to do. He was very much interested in mechanics, he said, and he knowed as I was a man as was up in my business by the way I went to work. He asked me about what wages I got, and how I liked my business, and said he took quite a fancy to me. I turned round once in a while and looked at him a-setting up there as solemn as a biled owl, with my dark lantern in his blessed hand, and I'm blamed if I didn't think I should have to holler right out.

I got through the lock pretty soon, and put in my wire and opened it. Then he took hold of the door and opened the vault.

"I'll put my bonds in," says he, "and go home. You can lock up and wait till Mr. Jennings comes. I don't suppose you will try to fix the lock to-night."

I told him I shouldn't do anything more with it now, as we could get in before morning.

"Well, I'll bid you good-night, my man," says he, as I swung the door to again.

Just then I heard Jim, by name, whistle, and I guessed the watchman was a-coming up the street.

"Ah," says I, "you might speak to the watchman, if you see him, and tell him to keep an extra look-out to-night."

"I will," says he, and we both went to the front door.

"There comes the watchman up the street," says he. "Watchman, this man has been fixing the bank-lock, and I want you to keep a sharp look-out to-night. He will stay here until Mr. Jennings returns."

"Good-night, again," says he, and we shook hands, and he went up the street.

I saw Jim, so called, in the shadow on the other side of the street, as I stood on the step with the watchman.

"Well," says I to the watchman, "I'll go and pick up my tools, and get ready to go."

I went back into the hank, and it didn't take long to throw the door open and stuff them bonds into the bag. There was some boxes lying around, and a safe as I should rather have liked to have tackled, but it seemed like tempting Providence after the luck we'd had. I looked at my watch, and see it was just a quarter-past twelve. There was an express went through at half-pas twelve. I tucked my tools in the bag on the top of the honds, and walked out to the front door. The watchman was on the steps.

"I don't believe I'll wait for Mr. Jennings," says I. "I suppose it will be all right if I give you his key."

"That's all right," says the watchman.

"I wouldn't go away very far from the hank," says I.

"No, I won't," says he; "I'll stay right about here all night."

"Good-night," says I, and I shook hands with him, and me and Jim—which wasn't bis right name, you understand—took the twelve-thirty express, and the best part of that job was we never heard nothing of it.

It never got into the papers.—*Fiction.*

## IN MEMORIAM.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Thou, hard of all thy time omnipotent!  
Thy wondrous work complete ere ceased thy breath;  
Triumphant were thy days, serenely spent,  
And glory waits upon thy name in death.

Of studied tribute none have less a need,  
For thine the homage of the low and great;  
And in the measure of thy lines we read  
Thy sovereign title—Nature's Laureate.

Yet through the splendor of thy ample fame  
We view that mystic something more than kind  
That weds with love the memory of thy name—  
The modesty of a majestic mind.

Immortal dweller in that lofty state,  
Where Time shall wreath new laurels for thy crown,  
There shall the magic of thy wondrous fate  
Proclaim, through myriad years, thy great renown.

Though sorrow bids the constant heart deplore  
Thy going from the land that loved thee well,  
Yet, hadst thou lingered, we could ask no more  
Than those rich numbers thou wert horn to tell.

All, all thy peaceful days are treasured store,  
And all thy steps have trod a glorious path;  
And now to thee have come forevermore  
The visioned glories of thy "Aftermath."

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1882. ALDIS LOVELL ROCKWELL.

Dynamite was recently discovered in the Czar's firewood. He must have been stealing firewood from some of the neighbors. We didn't know Alex was that kind of a Czar, says the Texas *Siftings*.

## RAMBLES AMONG BOOKS.

The Greek Training: By the time the fourteenth year was completed the Greek boy would have begun to devote himself seriously to the practice of athletics. The ardor shown in their pursuit by the Greeks and Romans is often used as an argument for our exaggerated devotion to them at the present day. There is no doubt that by the double attention to the welfare of mind and body, the Greeks became the most beautiful as well as the most gifted of mankind. But it is a question whether in our modern race after cups and colors we are following the Greeks at all, and not rather the factions of the Roman circus, and the corruption of the lower empire. Much as the Greeks prized athletic distinction, they held professional athletes in very little honor. They would have regarded with contempt a gentleman who thought it a desirable object in life to be a prize-fighter, a game-keeper, or a coachman. The antagonism between work and games was a practical difficulty to them, as it is to us. It was indeed in the palaestra that Socrates found his readiest hearers, and dispensed his abstruse lore. Can we imagine a dialogue such as the "Theaetetus" being held in an English cricket-ground, with the players waiting for their innings? But Euripides denounces the race of athletes in strong language, and there are other signs that in his time the danger of their excessive cultivation was being recognized. The enthusiasm shown by Homer and Pindar for bodily strength had become weaker in the days of Pericles. The Greeks did not think, as we are apt to do, that athletics are the best guarantee for manliness of character and the best safeguard against effeminacy. They knew that the mind and body can not be profitably exercised at the same time, and that the mind and not the body is the seat of the higher aspirations. The Spartans, whose name has become proverbial for hardness, were regarded by the Athenians as brutalized by their training.—*From Oscar Browning's Education Theories.*

The Presidency in 1825: Few men in public life have been subjected to trials of temper so severe as vexed Mr. Adams during his presidential term. To play an intensely exciting game strictly in accordance with rigid moral rules of the player's own arbitrary enforcement, and which are utterly repudiated by a less scrupulous antagonist, can hardly tend to promote contentment and amiability. Neither are slanders and falsehoods mollifying applications to a statesman inspired with an upright and noble ambition. Mr. Adams bore such assaults, ranging from the charge of having corruptly bought the presidency down to that of being a Freemason, with such grim stoicism as he could command. The disappearance and probable assassination of Morgan at that time led to a strong feeling throughout the country against Freemasonry, and the Jackson men at once proclaimed abroad that Adams was one of the brotherhood, and offered, if he should deny it, to produce the records of the lodge to which he belonged. The allegation was false; he was not a Mason, and his friends urged him to say so publicly; but he replied bitterly that his denial would probably at once be met by a complete set of forged records of a fictitious lodge, and the people would not know whom to believe. Next, he was said to have hargained for the support of Daniel Webster, by promising to distribute offices to Federalists. This accusation was a cruel perversion of his very virtues; for its only foundation lay in the fact that in the venturesome but honorable attempt to be president of a nation rather than of a party, he had in some instances given offices to old Federalists, certainly with no hope or possibility of reconciling to himself the almost useless wreck of that now powerless and shrunken party, one of whose liveliest traditions was hatred of him. Stories were even set afloat that some of his accounts, since he had been in the public service, were incorrect. But the most extraordinary and ridiculous tale of all was that during his residence in Russia he had prostituted a beautiful American girl, whom he then had in his service, in order "to seduce the passions of the Emperor Alexander, and sway him to political purposes." These and other like provocations were not only discouraging, but very irritating, and Mr. Adams was not of that careless disposition which is little affected by unjust accusation. On the contrary, he was greatly incensed by such treatment, and though he made the most stern and persistent effort to endure the inevitable trial with a patience born of philosophy, since indifference was not at his command, yet he could not refrain from the expression of his sentiments in his secret communings. Occasionally he allowed his wrath to explode with harmless violence between the covers of the diary, and, doubtless, he found relief while he discharged his fierce diatribes on these private sheets. His vituperative power was great, and some specimens of it may not come amiss in a sketch of the man. The Senators who did not call upon him he regarded as of "rancorous spirit." He spoke of the falsehoods and misrepresentation which "the skunks of party slander have been squirting round the House of Representatives, thence to issue and perfume the atmosphere of the Union." His most intense hatred and vehement denunciation were reserved for John Randolph, whom he thought an abomination too odious and despicable to be described in words, "the image and superscription of a great man stamped upon base metal." "The hotset violence" of Randolph, he said, had deprived him of "all right to personal civility from me;" and certainly this excommunication from courtesy was made complete and effective. He speaks again of the same victim as a "frequenter of gin lane and heer alley." He indignantly charges that Calhoun, as Speaker, permitted Randolph "in speeches of ten hours long to drink himself drunk with hotted porter, and in raving halderdash of the meridian of Wapping to revile the absent and the present, the living and the dead." Some of the foregoing expressions of Mr. Adams may be open to objection on the score of good taste; but the provocation was extreme; public retaliation he would not practice, and wrath must sometimes hurst forth in language which was not so unusual in that day as it is at present. It is an unquestionable fact, of which the credit to Mr. Adams can hardly be exaggerated, that he never in any single instance found an excuse for an unworthy act on his own part in the fact that competitors or adversaries were resorting to such expedients.—*From Morse's Life of John Q. Adams.*



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FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

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We are again the subject of sharp criticism from some of our more partisan friends, by reason of our last week's statement of the history of Chinese legislation. We are charged with giving the Republican party away by our too frank admissions, and with conceding to the Democrats more than they are entitled to for their assistance in the passage of the Chinese bill. If our readers were less intelligent than we know them to be, and if anything could be gained by withholding from them or misrepresenting to them any facts concerning this or any other political question, we might admit that we had been over-sincere. But the truth is we are compelled to recognize the fact that *Argonaut* readers are just as intelligent as *Argonaut* writers, and we have never met with any success in attempting to withhold from them any information which is within their reach, or in attempting to express any opinion not in harmony with the exact truth. Whenever the Republican party, in its national councils, or in the performance of legislative duties, does anything that in our judgment is unwise or unjust, we feel an irresistible impulse to expose and denounce it. In this matter of legislation to restrict Chinese immigration we hold no doubtful position. The Republican party, after many years of consideration, declared itself in favor of restricting this immigration. A majority of its members of Congress, in anticipation of a Presidential election, passed the Fifteen-Passenger bill. A Republican President, after mature deliberation growing out of the criticism of his veto, sent an especial embassy to China to negotiate a treaty which had for its sole object the restriction of Chinese immigration. This treaty was ratified by a Republican Senate. With this treaty in view, a Republican national convention, after an emphatic presentation of the question, passed an anti-Chinese resolution, and made it an issue before the people in a Presidential election. General Garfield, in his letter of acceptance, reiterated his position and the position of the party upon this question. The forged Morey letter gave prominence to the issue, and the restriction of Chinese immigration became one of the leading points of discussion in the national Congress. No leading journal, orator, statesman, or politician took ground in opposition to this policy. Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, presided over that Convention. John Sher-

man was a candidate before it for the presidential nomination. Every Republican senator who recently voted against the bill, who paired against it, or who dodged the vote, during the last presidential campaign took the stump for the platform, and defended Garfield against what they claimed to be Democratic misrepresentation of his views. When the time came for the redemption of these pledges only eight Republican senators responded. A majority of Republican senators repudiated the contract which they had made with the people for the passage of a restrictive bill. They had no new light. There had come to the surface no new facts. There were no changed conditions between the time when they advocated the principles of the bill and when they voted against it. What was right in November, 1881, was right in March, 1882. If it was honorable for Mr. Hoar to allow the platform to go forth to the American people as a declaration of Republican principles, signed by him as President of the Convention; if it was honorable for John Sherman, of Ohio, and Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont, to seek the presidential nomination by endorsement of the party platform; if it was honorable for Chester Arthur, of New York, to take a place upon the Republican ticket; if it was honest and honorable for the Republican National Committee, whose Chairman was Governor Jewell, of Connecticut, to attempt the vindication of General Garfield from the Morey letter; if it was honorable and honest for the party journals and party orators, all over the nation from New England to California, to declare on the stump and in their columns that the Chinese invasion ought to be arrested; if it was respectable for the party leaders to pledge to the workmen of the nation that "unrestricted Chinese immigration is an evil, and that it should be remedied by law," then it is neither honest, honorable, nor respectable conduct on the part of those Republican journals, party orators, leaders, senators, or members of the House of Representatives, to have with such cowardice and knavery betrayed their trust.

If it would serve the party by withholding comment upon the treason of its leaders; if it would save it from defeat or annihilation by refusing to denounce them as traitors and as false to principle and pledges, the *Argonaut* would not deem the party as worth the effort of silence. If Mr. President Arthur contemplates the veto of the Anti-Chinese bill, then he proposes with deliberate malice to assassinate the Republican party. He will at the same time commit suicide. Not one Northern State in which manufactures are a leading industry would cast its electoral vote for him, nor is there any living politician who is so ignorant that he does not know that unrestricted Chinese immigration is a fatal blow to labor and a death-grapple with civilization. So far as the Pacific States are concerned, it would not be worth while to call a Republican convention together for any other purpose than to disband with a series of resolutions declaring that the existence of Republican liberty on the Pacific Coast is incompatible with the existence of the Republican party. If the national Republican organization will, upon a question involving the very life of our community, refuse to consider the opinions of the people who compose it, and, in preference, will be guided by the opinions of a bigoted preacherhood in New England and Brooklyn, which, in the fantastic pursuit of Chinese soul-snatching industry, would sacrifice everything that everybody on this coast deems valuable; if, in ignoring our wishes, and in subscribing to a sentimentality as contemptible in its moral aspect as it is vicious in its consequences, this party will violate its pledges and ignore its history, then we, who are, and have been through all the party's struggles, true and earnest Republicans, will be justified in disavowing our connection with it. We write this at a time when the atmosphere is full of rumors of a Presidential veto; when it is confidently asserted that the least we can hope is the return of the bill with the executive suggestion of a ten-years' limitation. If the President makes this suggestion, we shall be permitted to renew our expressions of profound regret that assassination made it possible for an accidental President to murder his party on this coast. We shall wonder whether the fact that James G. Blaine received from our three States and five Territories the unanimous vote of their delegates because he was opposed to Chinese immigration, did not have some effect upon an executive brain working for the presidential succession. We shall reserve to ourselves the privilege of an earnest endeavor to defeat any intrigue that may look to such a deplorable result.

It is hinted by certain prominent party men at the East that the Pacific States are not of sufficient political importance to be considered in estimating the effect of a presidential veto. This seems to us a most unkind suggestion. It is, in fact, a declaration on the part of Eastern Republicans that the material interests of this coast are to be sacrificed to a party policy. We are to be sacrificed, and our State and coast, with all their varied interests, are to be wantonly destroyed, and the country given over to a Chinese invasion that is destructive to all our industries and subversive of all our institutions. The logic of all this business is to clothe the Chinese with the elective privilege, and the Republican policy will, in its next step, be to give to the Chi-

nese political control of our State, Territorial, and municipal governments. There are enough adult male Chinese in San Francisco to-day to outvote all the white population. At the rate at which Chinese immigration is now coming there will be enough Chinese in California in one year to give them the control of our State government. Less serious grievances justified the throwing of tea overboard in the harbor of Boston, and justified the revolution that dissevered our connection with Great Britain. If the President shall veto the Chinese bill, and it fails altogether, it will destroy the last remnant of loyalty on the Pacific Coast toward the Republican party. Party orators can make no answer to the assertion that we have been deliberately betrayed, nor will the consequences of this act be confined to the party on this coast. General Grant is authority for the assertion that the Morey letter cost the Republican party the States of California and Nevada, and lost to it from twenty to forty thousand votes in the State of New York. If a clumsy forgery could, so alarm an intelligent working class, let the party leaders well consider what will be the effect of a deliberate party action that declares to the white labor class of America that it shall be compelled to compete with an unlimited immigration of Asiatics. This is an issue that the plain people can understand. It addresses itself to their comprehension. It affects the question of wages and food, and will not be confused by any sentimental subtleties. If, as we think probable, the President should suggest the limitation of the law to ten or five years, the Republican party will be thrown upon the defensive, and the result can not be otherwise than disastrous on this coast. We fully appreciate our condition. We know that we are but one million of people against fifty millions. We know the evil consequences that would follow any attempt at popular resistance. If, following the suggestion of popular passion, we should burn Chinese passenger ships, the consequences would come home to us in the added burdens of taxation. It would be unmanly and cowardly to commit any act of violence upon the Chinese among us. To attempt any effort at political revolution would be to involve us in a hopeless contest with irresistible power. It will be time enough for us to consider what we will do and how we will do it, when final action by the President and Congress shall present the issue to us. The Republicans of this coast will—in event of a veto—have the opportunity of demonstrating to our New England and Eastern calumniators that we are intelligent enough to deal with this, and all other political and social questions, with the wisdom and patriotism that have ever distinguished us as a loyal and law-abiding community.

The New York *Sun* thinks that the committee which has investigated the Hon. John Sherman, Senator from Ohio, and late Secretary of the Treasury, has so covered him with odium and ridicule that he will not be able to make any further effort toward a presidential nomination. Mr. Dana interprets the evidence before that committee as proving that he used Treasury envelopes for his own political purposes, and had them charged on the Treasury books as "file-holders"; that sugar, lemons, and other materials used for refreshing beverages for his political friends, were charged as "gas and candles"; that violet water was entered as "friction matches"; that evergreens and flowers for his private residence were paid for out of the public funds as ice, and that repairs on his house and stables were charged to Government account. We do not for a moment believe that so good a man as the late Secretary of the Treasury would be guilty of such indiscretions. The assaults and assertions of personal and political enemies must be taken with many grains of salt. Still, for the credit of the party, we sincerely hope Mr. Sherman will not do so again.

We have all the respect for old age to which any one who has defeated the will of Providence by living beyond the allotted age of three score years and ten is entitled, but we tire of that garrulous senility which obtrudes itself upon all occasions, and advances its opinions upon all sorts of questions, in confidence that these opinions will be accepted because of the accumulated years of the one who utters them. We can endure the chattering reminiscences of toothless wisdom, and the fading memories of gray-haired recollections; but when one of these long-haired lingerers endeavors to instruct us upon living issues, we claim the privilege of a younger generation, and respectfully suggest that all the phantoms and mirage of the horizon—beyond which lies the grave—are not real. Thurlow Weed is one of those ancient mariners on the sea of life who not only delight to spin their yarns of dangers past, but take especial pleasure in interpreting, with oracular wisdom, the signs of coming storms. We respectfully inquire what does this gray-bearded political sage know of the practical workings of Chinese immigration on this coast? He has never visited it. He knows nothing of the question upon which he ventures to advise us; and we must be pardoned if we relegate this venerable impudence to the garret of old and valueless opinions which have no worth in this age. We are just a little tired of the ratiocination of Henry Ward



Beecher, and quite worn out with the marvelous egotism of Wendell Phillips. We wish we could transport to Massachusetts our one hundred and fifty thousand tan-colored heathen, and plant upon Beacon Hill, in Boston, two thousand window-tapping harlots, with opium dens and gambling hells. We should doubtless look with as much complacency upon the struggle there between the Yankee and Mongol, between the Puritan and the Buddhist, between the followers of Confucius and Christ, between civilization and paganism, between the white working free men and free women of New England and Asiatic slaves, as Bostonians do now upon the struggle we are to-day making in California to resist the invasion of the unnumbered Chinese. Let Boston become a treaty port, and we will send these cattle across the country to the East in bonded cars. Such a compromise would adjust all differences of opinion, and reconcile both sides of our continent. Oriental steamships and overland railways would earn their fares, while Puritan preachers and Yankee sentimentalists would have abundant opportunity to convert the Chinese heathen into good New England Christians.

Mrs. McSweeney, the wife of Daniel McSweeney, writes, or has had written for her, an "open letter" to ex-Secretary Blaine. Mr. McSweeney, the husband of Mrs. McSweeney, is an Irish gentleman, duly naturalized in America, who has returned to his native land to aid his countrymen—the Land-Leaguers and Fenians—in overturning the English Government. The English constabulary have picked up Mr. McSweeney, and placed him in jail, to be tried for inciting to treason. Just why Mrs. McSweeney should write to Mr. Blaine, who is out of office, does not clearly appear, unless it is to stir the Irish prejudice against his Presidential aspirations. It would have been more natural that such a letter should have been addressed either to President Arthur or his Secretary of State, Mr. Frelinghuysen. Mrs. McSweeney informs Mr. Blaine that she is aware that the English "claim the Island." The house was surrounded by Queen Victoria's "hirelings," Mr. McSweeney was torn from the bosom of Mrs. McSweeney and the little McSweenys, and dragged away two hundred miles to a "bastile"; which matter has been laid before "one Granville," whom Mrs. McSweeney does not know. She also states that a lot of "fellows" called dukes, earls, lords, etc., raid the country at the head of soldiers, policemen, and tax-collectors, "backed by the whole English army," murdering men with the butts of their muskets, leveling the houses of the poor, and sparing neither age nor sex. Mrs. McSweeney appeals to Mr. Blaine in behalf of her "American orphans," and, in order to illustrate that the flag is not a "flaunting lie," she demands that it may be wrapped around herself, Mr. McSweeney, and the little McSweenys. Mr. Lowell, the American minister, and Mr. Frelinghuysen, the American secretary, refuse to declare war against England, and there is weeping in the house of the McSweenys, there is wailing in the English "bastile," and the orphaned McSweenys gnash their little teeth. What makes the cause more important is the fact that there are five other Irish-American citizens languishing in British bastiles, who desire American interference in order that they may be let loose to beard the British lion in his den. We denounce this policy of imprisoning Irish-American agitators, as one calculated to discourage their emigration back to their native land.

An *Argonaut* reader at Salinas City asks: "Is there a continuous line of rail from Arizona through Texas to the Mississippi, and if not, when is it likely there will be? Is there any gap over which there is staging, and if so, what is the distance?" There is a continuous rail from San Francisco through Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, and Louisiana to the city of New Orleans, thoroughly and well equipped, with sleeping-cars, and provided throughout the entire distance with good and cheap eating-houses. There is also a continuous route from Deming, on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, over the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé road to Kansas city and St. Louis. There is an incompleting gap on the Southern Pacific road between El Paso and San Antonio which will be finished in the month of September, thus affording a direct route from Los Angeles to New Orleans. The present route is by the Southern Pacific from San Francisco to El Paso, thence by the Texas Pacific to Alexandria, in Louisiana, and thence to New Orleans; or from El Paso by Texas Pacific to Dallas, in Texas, thence south by Texas Central to Houston, thence east by the Morgan line, skirting the Gulf of Mexico, to the city of New Orleans. This is a delightful trip, through the best part of Texas, and through the most beautiful and fertile portion of Louisiana; three changes of cars, at El Paso, Dallas, and Houston. When the Southern Pacific closes its gap it will have a continuous line from San Francisco to New Orleans without change of car. It is well, also, to know that from El Paso through Texas, and along the gulf route, there are no oppressive summer heats, the breezes from the Gulf of Mexico are continuous, and the nights uniformly cool. Of the summer climate through the Colorado desert and Arizona we can not speak from experience.

## OLLA-PODRIDA.

Occasionally, after long periods, I nerve myself to the task of cleaning my room and desk of the accumulated confusion of manuscripts, old clippings, communications, rejected poetry, and the multiplying débris which pours in upon me from all the country round. If it is true that man is composed of the dust of the earth; that when he dies he returns to dust, and, thus floating around, awaits the resurrection trump that shall marshal all the flying specks to an individual dress-parade, it is possible that this dust which haunts the editorial room is that of unhappy authors, unappreciated poets, and other mute inglorious Miltons whose rejected addresses are sent to the waste-basket. This idea is not incompatible with the doctrine of metempsychosis, which allows the spirits of the dead eventually, and after some myriads of decades, to assume another form. So touch these dusty documents with tenderness, and tear them up with cautious care, for who knows but in that mysterious aftertime I shall myself, through crack and key-hole, in the impalpable form of infinitesimal and airy dust, be invading the sanctum of the future sanctorum? After returning from my late Eastern trip, in overhauling drawers and pigeon-holes, I came across the following "communicated" fragment. Its first pages were lost; its last pages were gone. I think it worth a place in my "Olla-Podrida." Whether it is the wail of a disappointed politician, a busted broker, a played-out philosopher, or an unrequited lover, I leave my readers to conjecture.

This little, peevish wriggle through a short and anxious life, what is it all worth?—what does it all amount to? If, of all the unnumbered myriads of millions of human beings that have been born, and toiled, and died; if, from oceans' depths, battle-fields, forest fires, earth's convulsions, famines, and epidemics, there could be marshaled the grand procession of the dead, and to them, one by one, could be proposed the question, "Was life worth living as you lived it?" what would be the response? If the historic period goes back some three thousand years or more, and our wise ones who read history could be called upon to answer for those unanswering dumb, how much of this printed page would it take to give the names of all those for whom it could be truthfully answered that their lives were worth living? From out all this great concourse is there one—one name, one life—that might not have been dispensed with? If from out this throng there had been blotted all the names that history has preserved to us, would the world—this little, unimportant, inconsequential speck of the universe—have been, in any essential particular, different from what it now is? If any one of its islands or continents had sunk when Atlantis dropped beneath the wave, or millions of ages before, would they have been missed? Had any of the races which live to-day been annihilated, as others have been, would there be an unoccupied space in the earth's human family? If all that is human should die to-day, would the universe be disturbed? If all the great men and ambitious ones should die to-morrow, and leave the common people to work out earth's great concerns; if all the wealth that human skill and human toil has produced could be consumed, and all the monuments of human building be blotted from the earth; if all the learning that hides in printed pages could be destroyed, all traditions forgot, and all who live could have no further learning than that which came with Casper Hauser from his living tomb, would the world be worse or better? Given a new earth and a new people, an earth untitled, a people in a state of nature, what would a generation produce? What an hundred generations? If we could find ourselves in the happy valley of Rasselas, without knowledge except that of instinct, no wants except those suggested by nature, in the association of those like ourselves in health and in innocence, without other cares than to provide for what nature demands; if we had for clothes fig-leaves, provided the climate justified it, furs, if the climate demanded it; if our food were bananas if in tropical latitudes, and pine-nuts, or seal-oil and fish if in more northern regions, would we not be happier than in the condition that these ever so many millions of years of development, these ever so many centuries of civilization find us? Of course, the pietist raises his eyes in solemn protest toward that place in the universe where, in his imagination, he fancies a heaven has been created for his enjoyment. He affects to pity us for indulging in this fancied life of freedom from artificial wants. Of course, the philosopher knits his corrugated brows—brows corrugated by care—and looks down with contempt upon a soul that is so poor and so mean that it finds no pleasure in dwelling upon the mysterious problems about which he has spent a lifetime of speculation, and concerning which he knows no more than the puppy that, after nine days of life, opens his eyes to contemplate the mother slut to whom he owes his nourishment. Of course, the ambitious man who has toiled onward and upward in his political career from primary slums; the man of affairs, who has gathered in bank, warehouse, and government bonds a wealth which he can neither eat nor drink, and the care of

which will not let him sleep; the poet and literary man, the preacher and doctor, the lawyer and schoolmaster, the merchant and musician, all who have made verses jingle in harmonious rhyme, who have discussed mysteries which they themselves do not understand, propounded riddles they themselves cannot guess, given pills or advice at venture, or spent their lives in endeavoring to purchase a thing for less than it is worth and selling it for more than it is worth—all this sort of people affect to enjoy the very things of which we are questioning the benefit. Do they enjoy them? When they say they do we are not called upon to believe them, because we know that they are so dishonest and warped that their minds are not rational. The miser thinks he enjoys his crock of buried gold and his stocking stuffed with coin. It is his pleasure to steal away with empty stomach and furtive glance to count his treasure. This is his life, and doubtless he enjoys it. The glutton stuffs with food and drink his diseased body. He sleeps in fear and wakes in horror; and yet he is happy. The millionaire accumulates, and all through life toils to accumulate, till he has built such a wall of dishonesty and suspicion about him that he has no friends, and, if he had, they would not think it worth while to attempt to break through to his rescue; and yet he is happy. There are men and women who live for dress, who sell their bodies to adorn them, whose lives are a living torment that their persons may be richly and fashionably costumed; and yet they are happy. There are priests and laymen who thoroughly believe in dogmas which utterly revolt the common sense, and are at variance with every reasonable idea; and yet they are happy. Men enjoy crime and drunkenness. The snuff-taking monk, the tramp, and the courtesan are happy. They are happy just to the extent that base habits of life have fitted them for and accustomed them to their degradation. If such things are the result of education, civilization, and development, would it not be well to go back to the primitive condition, when there was no education and no civilization, and when we existed in a state some half-way up from the mollusk or the monkey? Let it be back to the condition of primeval man, in splendid physical development, and in the enjoyment of physical life. With these advantages the savage had no education, no books, no God. He was troubled with no fear of a future state, no money, no ambition. He wooed a maid, raised children, roamed the forest, and fished the stream for food. He never traveled in Europe; never went to Congress; never was tried for heresy; never attended a primary election, engaged in trade, or edited a newspaper. He never kept carriage-horses to go lame, or an Irish cook to get saucy, or indulged in household expenses he could not pay. His exemplary spouse never indulged in fashionable attire, obtained on credit from a French milliner, or bought on time at the White House. He never had a headache from bad whisky, or dyspepsia from over-seasoned food. He lived, hunted, and took no thought for the future.

I advise Governor Stanford, M. M. Estee, Archbishop Alemany, Mrs. Cooper, Deacon Roberts, and all the earnest, busy, anxious ones; all the millionaires, politicians, and priests who are toiling for coin, honors, and immortality; all the stock-brokers and speculators, the Chinese Six Companies, the syndicates of money-makers, the preachers, school-masters, professors, and fashionable females to consider this question, and if they come to the conclusion that life is not worth living as they live it, I suggest a banana grove, with a Panama hat, grass hammock, and cotton serape as embracing all the essentials of a life of perfect happiness.

One thing is quite apparent. In the world's development it has reached the point where every one may think upon religious matters just as he pleases, and freely express just what he thinks. France has in the past been the strongest fortress of Romanism. The church had entrenched itself in the very innermost recesses of its political and economical organization. It had interwoven its dogmas with the education of its people, and penetrated to the very root of its social system. From king and court, down through all the intermediate classes to the peasantry, France was clerical, catholic, and ultramontane. The revolution of thought and the emancipation of opinions from ecclesiastical tyranny is more observed to-day in France than elsewhere. Italy has shaken off the political power of the church, and, while Austria, Belgium, and Spain are beginning to prepare themselves for a journey on the highway of free thought, France is in full and unimpeded march. Romanism boasts that it is making progress in England and America, and so it is among a small set of the English idiot nobility, and among some fashionable women and soft-brained Americans. But while it is gaining among English lords, and asserting its influence at Democratic primaries in the vicious parts of our great cities, it is losing empires in Europe. It is being out-reached and out-numbered in America. The free school-house, the free press, and free speech would be sufficient to defeat it without any allies; but there is an antagonist which comes from the school, the press, and the free ballot that will destroy and uproot the Romanism.



Church from out the world. We know its power, its wealth, its audacity, its ambition, and its history. We know what Macaulay has written of it, and we know the interpretation the church puts upon its own immortality when it assumes itself to be that only rock against which the gates of hell will not prevail. But the days of papal supremacy are not today. The dark ages have gone by. The days of feudalism are past. The days of ignorance, superstition, and priestcraft are drifting out of sight. This is the age of learning, thought, and scientific development. Men's minds are emancipated from priestly interpretations. The church that can not permit its people to think, and can not go hand in hand with them in free thought, is doomed to death. The Roman Catholic Church can not do this thing, and it is doomed. Its cathedrals will stand as splendid architectural monuments of its once great wealth and power, as to-day stand the pyramids, the ruins of Nineveh, the Colosseum, and the Pantheon, as monuments of an age when minds were enslaved. Romanism is passing away. Even in San Francisco to-day its hoys are drifting from it. They do not cross themselves when they pass shrine, church, or altar, as they do in the rural parts of Catholic countries. The Catholic child at play in the street or school-yard does not bow nor pull its forelock when the blackbird passes by. The intelligent American Catholic parent does not permit the church to dictate where he shall send his children to school. The intelligent American does not take his politics from his priest. The intelligent Catholic maiden does not refuse to wed, nor does the young man refuse to mate, if the ceremony may not be performed at the altar's rail. Marriage is a civil ceremony.

I began to write of free thought in France. M. Monteil has written a book which shows how far the departure is from orthodox Catholic sentiment in that country. The republicans of France are at war with the Catholic Church. Gambetta and his party are intent upon the determination to disconnect politics from the religion of France. There is but one way to do it, and that is to sever the treasury and the right to educate the children. Gambetta and his party are free-thinkers. Their creed is set forth by M. Monteil. I am not defending it, nor am I saying that no religion is better than any religion. I quote his short catechism from the *Contemporary Review*, from which it will be seen that this distinguished Frenchman believes in nothing:

Q. What is God? A. God is an expression.  
Q. What is the exact value of this expression? A. The exact value of the word is "nature."  
Q. What is nature? A. The totality of all we know to exist in the infinite universe.  
Q. Do you believe in a supreme being? A. I only believe what my reason permits me to believe, and my reason refuses to admit the principle of the government of nature by any being whatever.  
Q. The learned, then, have not found out God? A. No; they are all agreed in denying his existence.  
Q. If there is no God, who, then, created the heaven and the earth? A. Neither the heaven, nor infinity, nor the earth has been created.  
Q. There is no first cause, then? A. No; for all that we can not prove scientifically has no existence, and denies itself until proof of the contrary.  
Q. How is it, then, that there are gods? A. Because man has invented them.  
Q. What is the soul? A. Nothing.  
Q. Is it not a thing, then, existent in nature? A. No.  
Q. What is generally understood by the word "soul"? A. Thought, independent of matter.  
Q. Can such independence exist? A. No; since everything belongs to the material order.  
Q. The soul, then, does not return to God, who is all? A. No; for God is formed of that which exists, and the soul does not exist.  
Q. What is man? A. Man is one of the most favored products of the earth. In consequence of his material conformation he possesses a stronger dose of intelligence than any other animal.  
Q. The materiality of the soul, then, involving its negation, there is no future life? A. No; as the soul no longer constitutes for us an independent and imperishable individuality, there is no future life, unless we continue to live by our works.

And then follows M. Monteil's profession of faith, or apostolic creed:

"I believe in the infinite universe, in the eternal earth, in nature, all powerful. I believe in that which is, always has been, and always will be, and that life is eternal in its numberless variations. I believe that all is God."

And here I can not deny myself the editorial privilege of saying that I know of no more concise and expressive hit of worthless and wordy nonsense than is embodied in these few lines. M. Monteil succeeds, also, in ejecting into his "petit catechisme" a great deal of very absurd stuff in derogation of the morals of the Christian religion, and thereby proves that he is a very imperfect Bible student by the absurd doctrines which he derives from its reading. I have sometimes occasion to scold the preachers for the way they stretch texts to prove their dogmas; but I must admit that the infidel and free-thinker is still more adroit in making the Scriptures prove all sorts of monstrous doctrines, in order that they may unkindly criticize them. I admit that I take a wicked delight in seeing French infidels destroy French Roman Catholicism. I believe that when clericalism is destroyed, the political organization of society redeemed from ecclesiasticism, and the system of popular education altogether disassociated from the control of the Roman Catholic Church; when the church minds its own business, attends to its spiritual affairs, and keeps its prehensile talons out of the affairs of government, the world will be in a much better condition than it now is. I do not doubt that, in the future, there may be such an organization established and maintained as will more than fill the place which is now occupied by the Papal Church.

The court-room at Dallas, Texas, was altogether too small to admit all who desired to be present in the breach of promise case of Evans versus Cranby, when the love-letters of the plaintiff were being read. A great crowd gathered outside the building, and a man at a window obliged them by repeating, in a loud voice, the sentimental sentences as they were uttered in court. Evans was a popular man about town, and the choice passages from his effusions were greeted with cheers.

Conjugal amenities.—"Do you know in what month of the year my wife talks the least?" "Well, I suppose when she catches cold and loses her voice." "Not at all. It is in February." "Why is that?" "Because February has the fewest days."

## POEMS BY LONGFELLOW.

*The leaves are falling, falling,  
Solemnly and slow;  
Caw! caw! the rooks are calling,  
It is a sound of woe,  
A sound of woe!*

*Through woods and mountain-passes  
The winds, like anthems, roll;  
They are chanting solemn masses,  
Singing: "Pray for this poor soul,  
Pray—pray!"*

*And the hooded clouds, like friars,  
Tell their beads in drops of rain,  
And patter their doleful prayers—  
May their prayers not be in vain,  
Not in vain!*

## Weariness.

O little feet! that such long years  
Must wander on through hopes and fears,  
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;  
I, nearer to the Wayside than  
Where toil shall cease and I rest begin,  
Am weary, thinking of your road.

O little hands! that weak or strong,  
Have still to serve or rule so long,  
Have still so long to give or ask;  
I, who so much with book and pen  
Have toiled among my fellow-men,  
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that thro' and heat  
With such impatient, feverish heat,  
Such limitless and strong desires;  
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned,  
With passions into ashes turned  
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white  
And crystalline as rays of light  
Direct from heaven, their source divine;  
Refracted through the mist of years,  
How red my setting sun appears,  
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

## The Reaper and the Flowers.

There is a Reaper whose name is Death,  
And with his sickle keen  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;  
"Have naught but the bearded grain?  
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"  
The Reaper said, and smiled;  
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where he was once a child."

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care;  
And saints, upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day;  
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

## The Two Angels.

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,  
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke;  
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,  
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,  
Alike their features and their robes of white;  
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,  
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way;  
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,  
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray  
The place where thy beloved are at rest!"

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,  
Descending, at my door began to knock,  
And my soul sank within me, as in wells  
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,  
The terror, and the tremor, and the pain,  
That oft before had filled or haunted me,  
And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,  
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice;  
And, knowing whatso'er He sent was best,  
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile that filled the house with light,  
"My errand is not Death, but Life," he said;  
And, ere I answered, passing out of sight,  
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not at mine,  
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,  
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,  
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,  
A shadow on those features fair and thin;  
And softly from that hushed and darkened room  
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If He but wave His hand,  
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,  
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,  
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His;  
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;  
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,  
Against His messengers to shut the door?

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The Prince and Princess of Wales celebrated, on the 10th ultimo, the nineteenth anniversary of their wedding-day.

The Queen's visit to Mentone has caused an unprecedented influx of English and American visitors into that delightful watering-place.

Prince Victor, eldest son and heir of Prince Jerome Napoleon, is a student at Heidelberg, and gives promise of attaining high rank in the world of letters.

Gustave Doré has undertaken to model the bronze statue of Alexandre Dumas, which is to stand in the Place Malesherbes. It will be the great artist's first attempt at statuary, and only a single copy of the work will be cast.

Colonel John L. Lay, of Buffalo, N. Y., inventor of the Lay submarine torpedo, has been made by the Czar a Chevalier of the Ancient and Honorable Order of St. Anne. He is the only American who has thus been honored.

The Emperor of Russia has in his stables seventy gilded chariots for use on state occasions, all of which were presented by foreign rulers. Colonel Martinoff, the Czar's stable-master, has recently imported from Hanover and Mecklenburg fifty-nine blooded horses, for use at the approaching coronation ceremonies.

The family of the late Russian Prince Suwaroff was of Swedish origin, and migrated to Russia in the fourteenth century. The first Suwaroff of distinction was a priest at Moscow, whose ability attracted the attention of Peter the Great. His sons were adopted into the Imperial family, and one of his grandsons became the famous marshal, Suwaroff Italisky.

Mr. Sykes Thornton, who recently died in England, was one of the most influential leaders that the cause of marriage with a deceased wife's sister had. He had anticipated the passage of the act by a second marriage, and it is said that an investigation of his books shows him to have spent little short of a million sterling in furthering the passage of the act.

There are now living four generations in the direct male line of the family of the Earl of Althorpe—a remarkable fact in the annals of the British peerage. The present Earl was born in 1799; his only son, the Viscount Bury, in 1832; his grandson, the Hon. Arnold Keppel, in 1858; and finally, his great-grandson, whose Christian name is not yet announced, on February 28, 1882.

Lord Salisbury is the descendant of the second son of the famous Lord Treasurer Burghley. Queen Elizabeth made but seven peers in her fifty years' reign. Burghley was one. James I. raised Burghley's two sons to earldoms on the same day, but he made the younger an earl in the morning and the elder in the afternoon, so that the younger had the precedence. Subsequently the younger got a marquise in 1789, while the elder did not get one until 1801, and now it is on the cards that the younger will still further keep the lead by a dukedom some day.

The late Earl of Lonsdale, according to the *London Truth*, was a gentleman of curious manias, but by no means wanting in generosity and a full sense of his own importance. He was very fond of hares, and his park at Lowther was full of them, for he had given the strictest orders that they were not to be shot. The present earl lived hard by, and used to ignore this mandate, often returning home with a cartload that he had poached in the park. The keepers were always in terrible perplexity when these raids took place; they did not like to offend the earl in *esse*, or the earl in *posse*. So they held their tongues.

The Giustiniani are one of the few noble Venetian houses which still survive. They belong to the twenty-four original families who ruled as tribunes over the Venetian islands, and can prove a progenitor in the middle of the eighth century. But not content with this respectable antiquity, they trace their descent through eleven emperors of Constantinople back to Justinian, from whom they claim their name, and, further still, to the founders of Athens. This surpasses the descent of the Gordons, who are said to have come "from Greece to Gaul, and thence into Scotland," or the pedigree of a famous Sir James Stewart, of Kirkfield, (temp. 1600,) who claimed to be "fifty-fourth in descent from Fergus I., of Scotland, contemporary of Alexander the Great and Darius the Mede."

Private letters from Constantinople indicate the paying of special attentions to General Lew Wallace. The Sultan talked for some time with the minister about "Ben Hur," and desired a copy that his scribes might translate it into Turkish for his reading. The general has been proffered the Star of the Order of Medjidji, which the Sultan has asked the State Department to allow to be accepted. Other special social distinctions have also been paid General Wallace. Lord Dufferin has received a letter from Sir Charles Dilke regretting that he did not meet the general while in London, and saying: "His book, 'The Fair God,' is the very finest historical novel ever written. It is better than 'Romola,' better than 'Rienzi,' and better than 'Old Mortality.'"

Whatever judgment may be passed on Victor Hugo's later work, says a writer in the *London World*, it must be admitted that his intellectual activity is marvelous. Even now he is up every day between five and six o'clock, and every day he works. A hearty eater, his great pleasure is the eight o'clock dinner, at which there are always two or three guests. Having seen everything and forgotten nothing, Victor Hugo is a wonderful talker. His souvenirs embrace a whole century. Unlike Lamartine, who used to pretend that he was born in 1803, whereas he was really born in 1790, Victor Hugo does not seek to hide his age. "I have more to do than I have done," said Victor Hugo to a friend only a few days ago. "It might be thought that age weakens the intellect; my intellect, on the contrary, seems to grow stronger, and does not rest. It seems to me that as I advance my horizon grows wider; and so I shall pass away without having finished my task. I should require several lives still to write all that my mind conceives; I shall never finish. I am resigned on that point."



## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

## The Rubber Man.

James Whitcomb Riley, of the Indianapolis *Journal*, tarried a few days at Niagara. "I enjoyed it," he says, "if it was in the winter. There was no one there but myself and the hackman. I went behind the falls; put on a rubber suit and followed my guide, but I didn't stay long. It is impressive and awful beyond description, and that awful morbid impulse, drawing you into the roaring torrent of many waters, is fearful. When I got back, and took off my waterproof, the man said: 'You weren't gone long.' I told him no, and I would have been back sooner if I could have run faster. I told him about this morbid impulse. He said it was a very common thing. Thirteen suicides had been committed there since he had charge of that room. He told me about one man who went behind the falls, came back all right, took off his rubber suit, and instantly rushed out and plunged into the falls, and was never seen again. And," added Riley, impressively, "when I found how much the rent of that rubber suit was, I knew in a minute what made that man commit suicide."

## Skobelev's Speech.

The language of General Skobelev, at the recent dinner, was this: "Gentlemen, we Slavs have got to fight the Germans. Yunderstamme! I'm perfectly sober, and I repeat it, we've gotter fight the Germans"—or words to that effect. Immediately after making the speech Skobelev had an audience with the Czar.

The next day the General breakfasted with the Czar. Alexander helped him to a few choice candies, and a cup of tea, but Skobelev declined to eat any breakfast, saying that he had a terrible headache.

"It's that dinner, of course?" said the Czar, interrogatively.

"Yes, your majesty," replied the general. "I'm feeling like a hoiled owl this morning."

"I'm afraid"—resumed the Czar, as soon as the report of the explosion of a can of dynamite thrown at the palace wall had died away—"I'm afraid you made an awful donkey of yourself in that speech about the Germans. You needn't jump out of your chair. That was only a fifteen-inch shell that exploded down stairs, and such things can't hurt us in this room. The nihilists generally explode one about this time of day."

"I'm afraid I did, your majesty," replied Skobelev.

"Well, well," said the Czar, as he helped himself to another candle, and examined it with a microscope for traces of dynamite, and then tested it chemically for the presence of poison, "it isn't of any consequence. You were a little drunk, and nobody will mind what you said."—*N. Y. Times.*

## The Pretty Girl and the Car Window.

Maybe a man feels happy, and proud, and flattered, and envious, and blessed among men when he sees a pretty girl trying to raise a window on a railway car, and he jumps up, and gets in ahead of the other boys, and says: "Allow me?" oh, so courteously. And she says: "Oh, if you please; I would be so glad," and the other male passengers turn green with envy, and he leans over the back of the seat, and tackles the window in a knowing way with one hand, as if peradventure he may toss it airily with a simple turn of the wrist; but it kind of holds on, and he takes hold with both hands; but it sort of doesn't let go to any alarming extent, and then he pounds it with his fist, but it only seems to settle a "leete closer" into place; and then he comes around, and she gets out of the seat to give him a fair chance, and he grapples that window, and bows up his back, and tugs, and pulls, and sweats, and grunts, and strains, and his hat falls off, and his suspender-buckles fetch loose, and his vest-buckle parts, and his face gets red, his feet slip, and people laugh, and irreverent young men in remote seats grunt and groan every time he lifts, and cry out, "Now, then, all together!" as if in mockery, and he hursts his collar at the forward hutton; and the pretty young lady, vexed at having been made so conspicuous, says, in her iciest manner: "Oh, never mind, thank you; it doesn't make any difference," and then calmly goes away and sits down in another seat, and that wearied man gathers himself together, and reads a book upside down. Oh, doesn't he feel good, just? Maybe he isn't happy. But if you think he isn't, don't he fool enough to extend any of your sympathy. He doesn't want it.—*Burdette.*

## How She Hooked Him.

"Do you mean it, father?" said Vivian Mehaffy. "Yes, I mean it," replied the father, Aristides Mehaffy. "Marry this girl if you choose, but if you do, not a penny of mine shall you have."

Two hours have passed. So have seven or eight horse-cars, but the one for which Vivian is waiting finally comes along, and soon lands him at the door of Pericles O'Rourke's house. Ethelberta is sitting in her boudoir, (high-toned word for room).

"I have had news for you, my darling," Vivian says, in sad tones, while a don't-bluff-or-you-will-be-called look comes over his face. "My father and I have quarreled, and he has disinherited me. I have"—and here his voice quivered slightly—"been given the g. b. on your account. I am a beggar, Bertie."

Her soft, dusky eyes grow wider and more serious. "Yes," he continued, "I am poor. It means that I must give you up, for I can not ask you to share life with me on a thousand a year."

She looked at him with a rich, crimson flush surging into her cheeks. If it had been a full, Vivian would probably have gone under, but a flush could never scare him.

"Vivian," she said, passionately, "do you think I will let you give me up? I love you too well for that. A beggar or a prince, you are the same to me."

Three months later, on a golden December afternoon, with a blue sky, as in June, there was a grand wedding at the O'Rourke mansion. As Vivian and Ethelberta were entering the carriage that was to bear them to the depot, she looked at him with a weirdly precious smile.

"And so you would not desert me, darling," he said, "even when you thought I was poor?"

"No, my precious one," was the reply. "I learned long ago that a sucker once off the hook will never bite again, and your father and I put up the job so as to land you a little quicker."—*From the "Syrén and the Sucker," by the Chicago Tribune Novelist.*

## MAGAZINE VERSE.

## Used Up.

Hand me my light gloves, James;  
I'm off for the waltzing world,  
The kingdom of Strauss and that—  
Where is my old crush hat?  
Is my hair properly curled?  
Call in the day-time, James.

Think of me—won't you, James,  
When I am rosy twirling  
The "Rose of a garden of girls,"  
The Pearl among circling pearls,  
In a mesh of melodious whirling?  
Envy me—won't you, James?

For a heart lost along with her fan,  
For a nice sense of honor flown,  
For the care of an invalid soul,  
And tastes far beyond my control,  
I have for my precious own  
The fame of a "waltzing man."

If I don't come, come for me, James—  
Ah, the waltz is my mastering passion!  
The trip-tripping airs are as sweet  
As love to my turning feet,  
While I clasp the fair doll of fashion,  
My fiancée. But come for me, James.

The heart which I lost—it is strange—  
I've been told it will yet be my death;  
And I think it quite likely I might  
Waltz once too often to-night.

In spite of the music and Beth,  
Death's a difficult move to arrange.

Pray smoke by the fire, old boy,  
And find yourself whisky and hooks.  
If I should not turn up, then, at two  
Or three, you will know I need you.

If I'm dead, you must pardon my looks  
As I lie in the ball-room, old boy.

—*R. H. L. in April Harper.*

## On Kingston Bridge.

On All Souls' Night the dead walk on Kingston Bridge.  
—*Old Legend.*

On Kingston Bridge the starlight shone  
Through hurrying mists with shrouded glow;  
The hoding night-wind made its moan,  
The mighty river crept below;  
'Twas All Souls' Night, and to and fro  
The quick and dead together walked,  
The quick and dead together talked,  
On Kingston Bridge.

Two met who had not met for years—  
Their hate was once too deep for fears;  
One drew his rapier as he came—  
Up leapt his anger like a flame;  
With clash of mail he faced his foe,  
And haded him stand and meet him so.  
He felt a grave-yard wind go by—  
Cold, cold as was his enemy;  
A stony horror held him fast.  
The Dead looked with a ghastly stare,  
And sighed, "I know thee not," and passed  
Like to the mist, and left him there  
On Kingston Bridge.

'Twas All Souls' Night, and to and fro  
The quick and dead together walked,  
The quick and dead together talked,  
On Kingston Bridge.

Two met who had not met for years;  
With grief that was too deep for tears  
They parted last.  
He clasped her hand, and in her eyes  
He sought Love's rapturous surprise.  
"O Sweet!" he cried, "hast thou come back  
To say thou lovest thy lover still?"  
Into the starlight pale and cold  
She gazed afar—her hand was chill.  
"Dost thou remember how we kept  
Our ardent vigils?—how we kissed?  
Take thou these kisses as of old!"  
An icy wind about him swept;  
"I know thee not," she sighed, and passed  
Into the dim and shrouding mist  
On Kingston Bridge.

'Twas All Souls' Night, and to and fro  
The quick and dead together walked,  
The quick and dead together talked,  
On Kingston Bridge.

—*E. M. Hutchinson in April Century.*

## The Nixie Maiden.

The Nixie maiden, so white and soft,  
(Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea,)  
The Nixie maiden, so white and soft,  
How shall I tell what she did to me?  
She came through the waves when the fair moon  
shone  
(Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea;)  
She came where I walked on the sands alone,  
With a heart as light as a heart may be.  
Soft as the crest where it combs and curls,  
(Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea,)  
White as the glint of her own white pearls,  
The Nixie maiden, she came to me.  
She looked in my eyes; she smiled and sighed,  
(Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea,)  
She said she was weary of wind and tide,  
She said she would stay on the shore with me.  
She lay on my arm like a child at rest,  
(Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea;)  
She slipped her soft hand into my breast,  
And stole my poor heart away from me.  
And again she smiled, and again she sighed,  
(Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea,)  
Then down she slipped through the shining tide,  
And the sea-depths hid her away from me.  
Ah me! I walk on the sands alone,  
(Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea,)  
Ah me! 'tis so cold when one's heart is gone;  
I knew not before what cold might be.  
Is that the gleam of her soft, bright hair?  
(Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea,)  
Are those her eyes that shine on me there?  
Is she coming again through the waves to me?  
Ah me! I shiver with cold and pain,  
(Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea,)  
But the Nixie maiden comes never again,  
Never again comes my heart to me.

—*L. E. R. in April Atlantic.*

## THE INNER MAN.

An interesting article on "Good Cheer" recently appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*. It refers to the decline of high-class cookery in France, which was complained of even in the time of Marie-Antoine Carême, the master artist. Carême having grown up with the Empire, one can fancy his grief at seeing it fall to pieces. Much has been said about Talleyrand's table, and many things incorrectly. Among others, that the prince-hishop was of opinion that a wholesome and well-studied kitchen would tend to fortify health and to keep off serious maladies. And the fact of the good health he enjoyed during the last forty years of his life affords a strong argument in favor of that dictum. All that was illustrious in Europe—political, erudite, and artistic, as well as great generals, ministers, diplomats, poets—found seats at his sumptuous board, and without exception, every one owned that therat was to be found the highest refinement of culinary art allied with a hospitality the most unbounded. The cuisine of Louis XIV.'s time was nice, sumptuous, and substantial. The Grand Monarch was a prodigious eater, and a suspicion only of the degree of delicacy to which the art could reach at the table of the Condés had then dawned. It was under the regent, Philippe d'Orléans, to his *petits soupers*, to the cooks he formed, whom he paid and treated so royally and so politely, that the eighteenth century was indebted for its excellent cookery. That happy and fecund promoter of conviviality and good humor—that science which we may well and truly call the gay science—awakened men's wit by stimulating it to the keenest point. The long reign of Louis XV. was monotonous as regarded the kitchen. M. de Richelieu alone produced some variety over the ordinary sameness of those perfumes, flowers, and fruits which were resorted to as accessories. He invented the pudding à la Richelieu and the bayonnaise, which French restaurateurs persist in calling mahonnaises, under the pretext that they had been first produced on the eve or the morrow of the capture of Port Mahon. Neither must we omit to place beside those dishes the Béchamel sauce and Soufflé cutlets. It is said that Louis XVIII., in his elaborate banquets, and even in his tête-à-tête dinners with M. d'Avary, exhausted the secrets of the most refined luxury. The cutlets were not cooked simply on the grill, but between two other cutlets, the task being left to those before whom the tidbit was placed of opening that marvelous cassiolette, whence suddenly escaped, to the delight of the sense of both taste and smell, the most delicate gravy and perfume. Orléans were cooked in the hellics of partridges capitonés with truffes, so that sometimes his majesty hesitated for an instant or two between the delicate bird and the perfumed vegetable. Louis XVIII. indulged in no illusions; he regretted to observe the disappearance of delicate eating. "Doctor," said he one day to Corvisart, "gastronomy is declining, and with it the last remains of the old civilization." The Bourbon king was a dainty eater, and had a profound contempt for his brother, Louis XVI., a voracious devourer of every kind of food, who in eating accomplished not an intellectual or rational, but simply an animal operation. When on August 10, 1792, after the massacre of his Swiss guards and nobles, the king sought refuge with the convention, they put him in the box—not the shorthand writer's, for there was no such functionary at that time—but of the person whose duty it was to render an account of the sitting. Scarcely had the ill-starred French king taken his seat therein when he became hungry, and requested that something to eat might instantly be brought him. The queen insisted that he should not exhibit such a strange example of thoughtlessness and gluttony, but as there was no way of bringing him to reason, a roast fowl was placed within his reach, which he at once greedily attacked without appearing to disquiet himself about the serious contingency of his own life or death, then under discussion. What did it matter to him? He was alive. "I think, therefore I live," said Descartes. "I live, therefore I eat," said Louis XVI. The repast went on until not a scrap of fowl nor a morsel of bread was left. The heaviest complaints of Louis XVI., and those in his service, while confined in the Temple were directed against the restriction set upon his meals. After relating several anecdotes concerning high-priced meals, the article touches upon the degeneration of good cookery in Paris. The increase of downright gluttony in the gay and luxurious capital, once so noted for its superlative cookery and refined and delicate eating, is thus remarked upon by a recent sojourner in Paris, who has known it long and well: "I have breakfasted and dined at a restaurant every day for six weeks and more, and rarely twice at the same place; and I am continually asking myself whether I am right or wrong in the persuasion—which every day has been growing stronger within me—that the modern Parisians are a most gluttonous race, and that, while the people seem to eat and drink more than ever, the art of cookery is slowly but surely deteriorating among them." According to M. Degleré, who, next to Messieurs Jules Gouffé and Urban Dubois, is universally acknowledged to be the first chef in Europe, the only remedy for the evils under which gastronomic France is suffering is the establishment of a national school of cookery. It is a curious fact that in England just now more attention to the science is being given than ever. Now that country parsons, under the auspices of South Kensington, having consented to learn a lesson from the cooks and caterers there, are taking up their parable, and are inculcating the desirableness of teaching cooking in village schools, a hope is afforded that kitchens, as well as morals, may stand a good chance of improvement. Indeed, the influence of cookery classes at South Kensington has already descended to many of them. Better learn to perform well on the gridiron than thump the piano.

CCXXII.—Sunday, April 2.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.  
Roast Canned Oysters. Broiled Chicken.  
Saratoga Potatoes. Asparagus. Broiled Tomatoes.  
Baked Beefsteak.  
Simple Salad.  
Strawberries, Ice Cream, Apples, Oranges, Dates, Prunes, Raisins, and Almonds.  
ROAST CANNED OYSTERS.—Drain the oysters, and put them in a spider which is very hot; turn them in a moment, so that they may cook on both sides. Put them on a hot platter in which there are pepper, salt, and a little hot melted butter. Serve immediately. They have the flavor of the oyster roasted in the shell. They can be cooked at the table in a chafing-dish.  
SIMPLE SALAD.—Take equal quantities of cold beef, veal, or mutton, cold boiled potatoes, and a larger portion of lettuce, all cut very fine. Stir into half a teaspoonful of vinegar gradually a tablespoonful of olive oil, or cream, add a little salt and sugar, pour over the salad, and mix well with a fork.

## TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

If you wish to use goods of full weight and absolute purity, see your grocer supplies you with

KINGSFORD'S  
OSWEGO  
STARCH.

ROYAL  
BAKING  
POWDER.

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It is the fashion to call Oscar Wilde a fool. It is also the custom of the one who employs the opprobrious epithet to embellish it with "expletive phrase to plump his speech." Those of flightier fancy ring the changes, and call him a lunatic, a charlatan, a humbug, a fraud, a mountebank, but never any or all of these without the accompanying expletive. In short, not to put too fine a point upon it, when we were coming out in the seething swarm of fashion the other night, and Jack remarked, confidentially: "Betsy, the man is a d—d fool," the hall seemed upon the instant to be filled with a thousand echoes. Jack's remark is always a current phrase, but there has been a new issue of it during the present week, and its active circulation is something stupendous. "My dear Jack," I said, meekly, (Jack hates a woman when she is meek,) "you know I rarely question your judgment, and I feel that in this instance you are quite right. What did it cost us to get in?" "Three dollars, madam—three large, round silver dollars." "And who gets the money?" "Why, Oscar Wilde, of course." "Oscar Wilde gets our money? And we have paid three dollars to see a fool. Why, what fools we—" But Jack gave me a two-edged glare out of one corner of his eye just then, and I stopped my cutting speech just in time to save a domestic row. I have not dared to mention to Jack that when a man calls another that kind of a fool, he does it with a certain arrogant loftiness of manner which seems to imply that however feeble the intellect of the rest of the human race may be, his own is vigorous, large, and active. "What did Oscar Wilde come to America for?" I asked, innocently, when the silence had lasted long enough. "He came to make money, my dear, and he is making it." Once more I remained silent, and pondered the financial question deeply. "Jack," I said, at last, "I have a happy thought. We want money so badly. The Comstock has given out, Arizona is over-run, there is not a man left in New York green enough to buy a Pacific Coast mine, and California is daily going to the demitition bow-wows. Since it only requires a fool in knee-breeches and long hair to make money, suppose we take a little run over to England, and you shall deliver a series of lectures, and we shall be fabulously rich in an incredibly short time? It only remains for you to lengthen your hair and abbreviate your trousers." For some reason Jack declined further conversation just then, and we did not resume our argument till we had canvassed Oscar with a dozen others. The men, with one accord, assailed him as Jack had done. There is something about him which seems to inflame them to a perfect frenzy of distaste. Question them, and you will find it entirely an affair of hair and trousers. Notwithstanding many distinguished precedents, long hair on a man is caviare to the general. They grow actually stomach-sick over it, and it is accounted the first and greatest of Oscar Wilde's defects. The second is his English affectation. It is simply impossible to convince some people that an Englishman's manner of speech is as natural to him as ours to us. They are like the old Scotchwoman, who having heard that the French people prayed to God in the French language, sniffed with true Scotch disdain, and cried, "He'll no answer siccan a prayer, the jahberin' bodies. Wha could unnerstan' em?" "My dear girl," cries Jack, "you will not pretend to say that he has not a marked English accent?" "My dear Jack," I say, "would it not be stranger if he had a marked New English accent? His next offense is his mode of dress. But who will arise in defense of the pantaloons? It is not a pretty thing. Go down to the School of Design and try a pair of them upon the cast of Apollo, or tangle them in the winged heels of Mercury, and one will realize what an injustice they are to masculine beauty." "Betsy!" roars Jack, "this is too much like one of Wilde's lectures to be borne with. I am not trying pantaloons on plaster casts to discover their becomingness, but I intend to wear them so long as my tailor continues to give me credit." "My dear Jack," I reply, "for the edification of society at large, I hope he is a patient man. Meanwhile, now that we have discussed Oscar's personnel so thoroughly, let us talk of the lecture. What do you think of it? You know the young man may not consider himself a fool." "I think it unmitigated, intangible nonsense; but I suppose you sat at his feet and listened to the pearls of wisdom which dropped from his mouth in the proper æsthetic spirit." "Not so, Jack. He put me out of breath with his unpointed sentences, and gave me a distracting headache with his long, winding sentences, and I found it impossible to find an idea in all those fanciful flights of

words. Yet I do not think him a fool, or a charlatan, or a mountebank." "What do you think him, my dear? If one may ask so pointed a question." "I think him an educated young Englishman, of gentle condition, and average intelligence. If he had ideas he would be a poet, but he has only the gift of words, and is a tuneful rhymester. That he is a notoriety is the doing of others. He comes of an eccentric family, and has that daring independence in dress and manner which consigns some people to the lunatic asylum, and makes others the fashion. It made him the fashion in a small coterie. The coterie got into a newspaper. The newspaper had a big circulation. Wilde became notorious, and here he is." "But why will he lecture?" "My dear," I remonstrated, "he can not go about like Tom Thumb or the Nova Scotia giant, and exhibit himself as a natural malformation. He can't sing a comic song or dance a breakdown. Theatrical-looking as he is, he is quite unfitted for the stage. There is nothing left for him to do but lecture." "Well, he can not lecture, so we are forced to see him under false pretenses." "Not so, again. He is simply advertised as Oscar Wilde. We all went only to see Oscar Wilde. It was a matter of downright curiosity. We gave no thought to the lecture; indeed, for that matter, we knew it all by heart, for it has been published in every paper in advance of his triumphant march through America." "Then you are perfectly satisfied with what you have seen?" "Perfectly. I did not look for any one so superbly beautiful or divinely gifted, but I am not going to call the young man a fool because he is neither of these. I am the fool, if either of us be one, and so are you and all our declamatory friends, for notoriety is cheap stuff. But we have not been able to collect any, and this young man is getting rich off it." "My dear girl," said Jack, relieved, "your sentiments upon the money-making part of this show are so thoroughly practical that I feel quite assured. You will not join the Ruskin school of beauty. I may continue to have a carpet under my feet, and a papered ceiling over my artistic head. I have been dreading an order for a hat-rack from Albania, and I really did not know how I was going to wrestle around for a set of tiles three hundred years old." "My dear Jack, I went to see the London sensation partly out of curiosity, and partly because it was the correct and fashionable thing to do. I was not in any way disappointed. I am even willing to believe that the man is at heart a passionate worshiper of beauty as he sees it. I do not see why he should not be, since he is himself singularly unbeautiful, and we all yearn with infinite longing for that which we have not. At home, in his native atmosphere, in his own rose-lined apartments, and gazing into the chalice of a lily, he may be an invaluable exponent of the Ruskin idea. But when it comes to furnishing houses, this impractical boy would break a Vanderbilt with his simplicity, and give us as a result the very epitome of discomfort—I dare not say ugliness, for every eye makes its own beauty." "Then to return to my original proposition, he really is a —" "He is anything you like, Jack; but remember that calling names is the easiest thing in the world. It is a woman's refuge in argument, and a man's in unreason. As an accomplishment, it has been carried to such an excess during the week as to make it an eccentricity to refer to the *casus belli* as plain Oscar Wilde." "My dearest girl, the subject is becoming wearisome. Besides, I would far rather look at Marie Jansen," said Jack, most sensibly, and we wended our way to the old California.

Marie Jansen is a tidy, trim little prima donna, with a small, sweet voice and a small talent, but with an ingenious charm, and some tricky little ways which are quite captivating. There is no excellent talent in all the troupe, unless it be John Howson as comedian, and he quite ruined the humor of his De Merimac with an apparently uncontrollable propensity for puns and gags. He was always a clever actor, and he sings better than he used. Let us hope the gags will not pass over to Bunthorne. There is an army of pretty girls—not an ugly one among them—and the costumes are all bright, clean, and pretty. The stage is handsomely set, and the choruses well sung. But the action of everything is slow. Perhaps a prevailing haughtiness accounts for it, for Campbell, the tenor, has the same cold which made its debut with the Soldenes, and others of the troupe are similarly afflicted. Miss Laura Joyce is not a dashing countess, but sings the music well in a heavy contralto. Upon the whole, "Olivette" is a pleasant performance, and the stage during the farandole dance is a most brilliant picture.

The Americans seem to be coming over to the German idea of ensemble—the most satisfactory in the end. One wonders to see so good a company at the German Theatre supporting Hasse considering that only weekly performances are given, and their necessarily various nature at that. What a curious effect it has to see Shakespeare's rich English done into German, and how scrupulously exact they are to give it all. Not a scene, not a line, not a word omitted. Friedrich Hasse is too mature a Hamlet in the lines of his face, but he plays it with all the fervor and impetuosity of youth. Some of our American actors should learn to soliloquize from him, and could learn much more as well even in this stage-world than upon which English traditions are encrusted so thickly, for this is a most poetical interpretation of the troubles of this tortured soul. But Hamlet must be English to be quite himself to any of us.

BETSY B.

## DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Mrs. Charles Mapleson is Malvini Cavallaza, the first dancer of the Mapleson Opera Company. In an interview with a Philadelphia Press reporter, she told this story of the time when white, red, and green, the Italian national colors, were forbidden to the ballet in Rome: "Each night three monsignori came into my dressing-room just before I went on the stage, and examined my costume. I could wear all white, or all green, or all red, or two colors, but never three. One night I put on a red bodice and skirt, and underneath the skirt I had white petticoats. My stockings were also white, for flesh-colored stockings were not permitted. In the ballet that I was to perform that night was a man who was to hold me in certain positions. I persuaded him to wear a green suit. Presently I fell back on the arm of my partner in green, and spread out my red skirt, showing the white petticoats, and there was the Italian colors in full view of the audience. In a moment my ruse was noticed. The house rose with a wild shout, 'Viva Italia!' The curtain had to be dropped, and half a dozen officers rushed on the stage. I received them calmly. I showed them that my costume was in red, and that my companion simply wore the ordinary green and spangles dress of a harlequin, and explained that the position was accidental, as I had to wear petticoats. Nevertheless, I received official intimation that a similar accident, if it occurred again, would land me in prison."

"There is no custom more ridiculous than coming out to bow before the curtain," says a writer in the Times. "Many good actors and actresses, who generally recognize the proprieties of the stage, altogether ignore them in this respect. When an actor steps from behind a curtain to the front, he spoils all the illusion of the play. Mr. Tom Keene, the tragedian, I think, is the only actor on our stage who persistently refuses to appear before the curtain or he called out in the midst of a scene to bow. It not only diverts his own mind from his part, but it cuts the thread of interest to the audience. But still more stupid is the coming out to bow after the mimic death. Italian opera is responsible for many things. This is one of them."

The manager of the Chatelet Theatre, according to the *Dramatic Times's* Paris correspondent, is a man cordially detested by a great many of the persons employed on his vast stage. They are "down on him" because he wants to attend to his own business, and to keep out a crowd of loafers who hang about the stage-hands in the evenings. It is usual in Paris theatres for the families of employees to make themselves at home behind the scenes. They do not care much for the piece, but the light and warmth is of great consequence. The women bring their sewing or knitting, and earn honest pennies at the expense of the management. The worst of it is, they are forever in the way, and where so many persons are behind the scenes it is not difficult for an entire stranger to pass unnoticed. When the present manager of the Odeon took charge he found up in the flies a regular shoemaker's shop. Crispin, who had been there for years, made a great noise because he was turned out from his comfortable position. The manager of the Chatelet has been trying to rid himself of some of the nuisances which infest his theatre, but he is being punished for his boldness, several criminal attempts having recently been made to destroy not only stage machinery, but the house itself. On a recent night, at the end of the first act of the "Mille et Une Nuits," as the swimming girls were about to launch into space, one of them discovered that the wire which was to sustain the weight of her body had been filed nearly through, and had she trusted herself to it without previously testing its condition, a fatal accident must have been the result. The evening before the plaster had been carefully removed from a beam upon which a lighted gas-burner had been directed, with a view to causing a fire. The mischief was discovered by the firemen, as they were making their rounds, and the flames extinguished.

A new dramatic star has appeared in Paris in the person of Mademoiselle Feyghine, a young and attractive Russian. Probably her eccentricity has had more effect than her talent in procuring her admission to the boards of the Français. Her father, a wealthy Russian merchant, has had a troublesome time with her, for she often took it into her head to make long journeys on horseback over the steppes of Russia, and for months nothing would be heard of her. At length she caught the stage fever, started for Brussels, and entered the Conservatoire, where she studied assiduously in order to correct her faulty accent, which stood in the way of her debut. Having overcome this defect, she determined to make a bold stroke toward gaining the first rank in her profession, and succeeded in getting an engagement with Monsieur Perrin. Such, at least, is the story that is going the rounds of Paris.

There has been a movement on foot for some time in London to establish a school for dramatic art. The object of the proposed school, as has been set forth by one of the organizers, is to give a broad and technical training to all persons who desire to become players at or after the age of fifteen. The

course of training—though it is to be modified to suit individual cases—will invariably include the study of our language, elocution, mimicry, dancing, stage deportment, dramatic literature, the rudiments of the French language; men will be instructed furthermore in fencing and gymnastic exercise. There will, naturally, be private and separate classes—classes, for example, for the study of old English comedy. There will also be special lectures—lectures on the drama, on costume, on the throat and voice, and on other subjects of use to the actor in his career. It is intended that the governing body of the school shall be wholly disconnected with the stage, while the instructors will be from the most experienced and able members of the theatrical profession. Thus, the governing body is to include men like Lord Lytton, Alfred Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Henry Morley, Wilkie Collins, and Lord Wharncliffe, while the board of directors, who are to manage the study, will comprise Mr. Irving, Mr. Vezin, Mr. Neville, Mr. Farren, Mr. Toole, and other distinguished players. There will be a further sub-committee of ladies who are known to be interested in the drama, and the names of several retired actresses will be found on this committee.

While Ernesto Rossi, like his great compatriot Salvini, has been, until recently, comparatively unknown to Americans, his fame in Europe for over thirty years has been great. He was born at Leghorn, Italy, in 1830, and is consequently fifty-two years of age. His father, a rich merchant, had intended his young son for the law. But Ernesto, by great entreaty, was finally allowed to go on the stage, which he did at the age of sixteen. At eighteen, a member of Signor Marchi's troupe, he won high tributes from eminent critics in his amorous rôles; for his beauty of form and face was the topic among Italian ladies. The Italian drama is noted for its romantic and sentimental plays. Unlike the French school, but in some degree resembling the English, the greatest liberties are allowed stage lovers. It is not strange, then, that young Rossi, in the heyday of youth, brimming with sentiment and afire with passion, his fascinating countenance framed with clustering curls, should move every maiden in the theatre. The ladies of Verona, Mantua, Pisa, and Genoa still assert that there has never been an actor on the Italian stage who in love parts could equal Rossi at the age of twenty. As the actor grew older, he adopted the graver and more tragic rôles. Especially did he study Shakespeare's heroes and the masterpieces of Goethe, Corneille, Schiller, and Voltaire. At the anniversary celebration of Corneille's birthday, at the "Français," in Paris, Rossi, as the "Cid," won from the French critics the honorable title of "the Italian Talma." Winning laurels of equal value from London and Berlin, the actor's fame was rapidly established throughout Europe. Rossi considers Hamlet and Othello his best parts, and his opinion has been seconded by the best critics. In the love passages of Othello he is said to still retain the vigor and passion of his youth; while the address before the Senate is characterized by that dignity which is inseparable from the grandeur of Othello's nature. Of the two plays, however, Rossi prefers "Hamlet." His interpretation of the melancholy Dane is very subtle. Hamlet, he thinks, was possessed of an essentially moody soul; that he was controlled by the gusts of adversity which successively swept over his otherwise buoyant spirits. To the popular mind his "Edmund Kean" probably proves the most attractive, since it is in this play that the actor is given a fine opportunity to display an impetuous vehemence that never fails of applause. In Italy his popular rôle was, until he ceased playing it, Romeo. But of late years his admirers have been deprived of the romance and picturesque enthusiasm with which he clothed the lover.

—THERE WILL BE A SERIES OF FRIDAY POPULAR concerts, given by the well-known tenor, Mr. Ugo Talho, under the management of Marcus M. Henry. The first performance is announced for Friday evening, the 21st of April, at Platt's Hall. They will embrace songs of at least five different nations, rendered by the best available talent. A special feature will be Longfellow's only dramatic work, "The Masque of Pandora," under the direction of Mr. Alfred Cellier, the composer of the music.

—FRIEDRICH HAASE, AT THE BALDWIN THEATRE, will close his successful season with two performances. The first will be given to-morrow (Sunday) evening, April 2d, at which will be played the sensational drama in five acts, "The Rag-picker of Paris." The last performance will be given on Wednesday, April 5th, at which will be played the one-act comedy, "The Bad Stepmother," with Elise Haase in the rôle, and the three-act comedy, "Everybody's Cousin," by Benedix.

There was a very large attendance at Mrs. J. E. Tippet's concert, in Platt's Hall, on last Thursday evening. The beneficiary was assisted by Messrs. Clark, Campbell, and several members of the Loring Club. Messrs. Loring and Schmidt, respectively, led and accompanied the choruses, while Mr. Heyman rendered a violin solo with excellent effect. In the second portion of the programme, Gade's "Comala" was well received.



## A LONDON THEATRE.

A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* has been visiting a London theatre, and thus relates his experience: A small poster in the rotunda of the Continental Hotel announced the play of "The Colonel" at the Prince of Wales Royal Theatre. It was to be preceded by a farce, in which the daughter of the late E. A. Sothern was to appear. Stepping into a tansom cab, I alighted in a short and narrow street. It was dimly lighted, and not overclean. A dozen lamps, shaded with globes of ground glass, marked the entrance to the theatre. I drifted into the vestibule along with the current. It was very small, and contained but one box-office. I asked for an orchestra seat as near the stage as possible. "Two and sixpence, sir," was the response. On passing in the coin I received a dingy pasteboard card, but no coupon. The agent, however, assured me that the ticket called for a desirable seat, and I was directed to the first entrance on the left. On surrendering my ticket I was turned over to a female usher who wore a white apron and a French cap. She assigned me a seat. It was not an orchestra seat; it commanded no view of the theatre, and only a fair view of the lower half of the stage. The curtain was up, and Sothern's daughter was already deep in the merits of the farce. All the orchestra chairs were empty. I pointed to them, and asked the young lady whether I could not secure one of them. "Why, sir," said she, "they are half a guinea." I expressed an entire willingness to pay it, and she led the way to the office. I threw my overcoat over my arm, and moved rapidly toward the door with a flushed face. The girl kept at my side, and induced an attendant to go to the box-office with me and assist me in securing a seat in the parquet. I planked down a sovereign, and received with the change a long strip of blue pasteboard. A uniformed lackey directed me to a carpeted stairway. At the landing I was greeted by half a dozen ladies in white aprons and moh caps, all anxious to take charge of my "top coat" and my umbrella. One took my ticket, and darted down a carpeted corridor, directing me to follow her. On reaching the level of the stage, she turned to the left, and descended a carpeted stairway facing the audience. It led to the parquet. When comfortably installed, she gave me a small programme. It contained the names of the actors and their characters, but no synopsis of the play. After a hasty perusal, I looked up, and found the pretty usher gazing fixedly at me three feet away. I was the only being in the parquet, and I felt uneasy. The uneasiness was intensified by a feeling that everybody in the house was staring at me. At first I fancied that it was a penalty for not wearing a dress suit. I was sure that I was in the right seat. "What's wrong?" I asked, with a burning face. "The play-hill, if you please, sir," she replied. "Don't they play the 'Colonel' to-night?" I inquired. "Oh, yes, sir," she answered, with a faint smile. "A sixpence, if you please, sir." "What for?" I asked. "For the play-hill, if you please, sir," I begged her pardon, and gracefully parted with another shilling. Again fairly composed, I began to examine the theatre. The private boxes were narrow and contracted, and, aside from the stage properties, everything had a cheap appearance. The orchestra seats are not broken by aisles. The rows run clear across the house. The chairs are high-backed and plumply cushioned. They are not folding chairs. Each is an easy Turkish chair. Everything is sacrificed for comfort and convenience. A tiny railing serves as a rest for your feet, and there is plenty of room for passing and repassing. The orchestra is placed under the stage, and the music is distinctly heard in every part of the house. The theatre is lighted by a chandelier and eleven gas-jets. Its drop-curtain is a painting of the "Palace of the Doges of Venice." Sothern's daughter appeared in a farce illustrating the troubles of a newly married couple. She is a pretty blonde, with regular features, and passable degree of talent. At the Prince of Wales the orchestra seats were quickly filled when the curtain fell on the farce. Squads of ladies and gentlemen in full evening dress poured down the carpeted stairways flanking the stage. The ladies wore low bodices and no bonnets. The gentlemen were gloveless. The ladies wore white kid gloves. Canes, overcoats and wraps were invariably left at the cloak-room. All acted as though they were in a drawing-room. The finest acting and the tersest of his drew no applause from the box-stalls. It seemed to be a mark of ill-breeding to either applaud or to laugh heartily. The pit and gallery, however, were in ecstasies. Ladies in hot sections wore their hats or took them off, as they pleased. Between the acts refreshments were served. Many of the ladies in the orchestra seats ate ice-cream, and the popping of beer bottles was heard in the pit. Gentlemen visited the refreshment saloon near the entrance, where three pretty barmaids sold coffee, liquors, and cigarettes. Those who desired visited saloons outside, going and returning without checks.

THE EXCURSION SEASON OF THE NORTH PACIFIC Coast Railroad will open on Sunday next, giving hunters, fishermen, campers, and pleasure-seekers an opportunity to again visit the well-known resorts of Marin and Sonoma counties, all within a few hours' travel of San Francisco, affording a day of exhilarating pleasure and rest in the cool shade of nature's giants, (the redwoods,) and along the fern and moss-covered banks of their crystal streams.

LADY READERS OF THE ARGONAUT WILL remember that the place to buy colognes, perfumery, toilet soaps, brushes, sponges, cosmetics, etc., is at the elegant and well-stocked store of James G. Steele & Co., Chemists and Apothecaries, 635 Market Street, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

WM. H. MEAD, PACIFIC COAST TRAVELING Agent of the Union Pacific and Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroads, accompanied by John Clark, of the Wahash Road, left, on Wednesday last, on an extended tour through Arizona and New Mexico, finally going to El Paso. Mr. Mead was entertained by his friends at a supper on Tuesday evening.

FRANG'S EASTER CARDS ARE THE MOST tasteful of all those that have appeared this season. They embrace as many different styles as did the Christmas and St. Valentine cards, and in several instances surpass them in beauty.

A telegram was received on the 28th ult., from Philadelphia, stating that Rossi had left that city, and would be in San Francisco by the 2d or 3d of April. He will probably open as "Othello," on April 11th.

## The Sunflower Dispensation.

O Wilde Sunflower! O rare!  
Accept the incense late  
From recreant heart, but now  
Converted from the estate

Of darkness where I dwell,  
Nor knew the gloom before,  
Till thou, in pitying love,  
From yon regenerate shore  
The evangel-prophet sent.  
All hail thy robe of green!  
All hail thy crest of gold!  
All hail thou crowned queen!

Canst thou forgive the child  
Whose hand irreverent tore  
That crown to shreds of gold  
About our father's door?

Unto our favorite pets  
We fed thy holy seed,  
Nor wert our ignorant hearts  
Thou wert not common weed.

If thou couldst know the grief  
For that so foul deed done,  
Thy crowned head would turn  
From wandering with the sun,

And flash forgiveness down;  
With peace, thy culprit greet,  
And smiling thus, behold  
Him kneeling at thy feet.

That thou hast lived before,  
And our benighted eyes  
Thy glories manifold  
Have failed to recognize,

Is blindness but akin  
To that which fails to see  
The angels in disguise  
On Heaven's ministry.

On our phylacteries  
Henceforth thy sacred name  
We'll brooder zealously  
In lines of yellow flame.

Thy likeness we, devout,  
Above the doorway hang,  
Beside the storied charm  
Of ancient horse-shoe hang.

In our homes' ancestral hall,  
With memories bringing sad,  
Another hallowed form  
To our Penates add.

To the prophet honor give,  
Of the great unknown, "Esthete!"  
Nor stint full praise to lay  
Before his errant feet.

Without this gospel new  
Our souls had sunk in gloom,  
Like that which still enshrouds  
Our lost forefathers' tomb.

Whene'er I dare to think  
I might have died without  
This light, my voice I raise  
And "jubilate" shout.

In camp, and court, and home,  
For charm of loir or power,  
Let our ensign-embell be  
Henceforth, the Wilde Sunflower.

—Amelia Woodward Truesdell.

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## MANUFACTURING JEWELERS,

Importers of DIAMONDS and other PRECIOUS STONES,  
WATCHES, CLOCKS, and SILVERWARE,

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The Second Edition of this new Novel, by Mary W. Glascock, is now ready. First edition of 400 sold in ten days.

The *California* for April contains a beautifully illustrated article, "Yachting in San Francisco Bay"—the best thing on the subject ever published.

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## CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.

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Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 27th day of March, 1882, an assessment (No. 3) of Twenty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixth (6th) day of May, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 5th day of June, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.  
Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

THERE IS NO MORE DELIGHTFUL PLACE IN THE world in which to spend a vacation than in the redwood forests in the vicinity of Duncan Mills, on the N. P. C. R. R. route. There is good river bathing, beside excellent hunting and fishing. For particulars address Queen & Goode, Russian River Hotel, Duncan Mills, Sonoma County, Cal.

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## BALDWIN GERMAN THEATRE.

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FRIEDRICH HAASE,  
AND OF THE SEASON!

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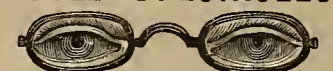
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ANECDOTIC STORYETTES.

A Nonplussed Lah-de-Dah.

The fashion of giving halls at public places, says the London *Truth*, has its advantages, but it ought to make one careful. At the Kensington Vestry Hall lately a young dandy accosted a gentleman who was standing near the doorway: "I think I have met you before several times—a." "Probably, sir," he replied; "I am Gunter's head waiter."

A Heartless Wretch.

First stopping gentleman: "Say, come and dine with us to-morrow—a nice, cozy little party and no end of fun."

Second stopping gentleman: "Sorry I can't, but really it is impossible. You see I am going to hurry my mother-in-law to-morrow morning, and it wouldn't be quite the thing; but if you'll make it the day after to-morrow—!"

A Statesman's Degradation.

A New York journal, in describing Vanderbilt's recent art reception, says that at a turn on the stairway the two ex-Secretaries of State, Mr. Blaine and Mr. Everts, were brought together for a moment, when Mr. Blaine, with a quizzical expression, asked his distinguished predecessor:

"Are houses of this sort contagious in New York?" "No," said Mr. Everts, imperturbably; "we are satisfied here if they are contiguous."

A German Romance.

A boy sits with a cloth-covered hand-cart at the foot of a hill. A walking-goer comes along, at whose approach the boy to weep begins. *Man*—"Young one, why howlest thou, then?" *Boy*—"I can with the cart not the hill up come." *Man* (good-humoredly) "Well, then, see here!" (Pushes the cart till the hill up.) "So, there!" (Himself of the sweat drying.) "Say once, what hast thou then, really, upon thy cart?" *Boy*—"My big brother sleeps thereupon."—*Der Omnibus*.

Compromising with an Absconder.

A short time ago a dealer in Pennsylvania failed, owing a New York house several hundred dollars, and an agent was at once dispatched to see if anything could be saved from the wreck. After the lapse of two or three days he wrote back:

"Complete failure. Can't realize a cent. Debtor skipped the country. Best I can do is to elope with his wife. Fair to medium, and thirty-five years old. Answer by telegraph."

The answer instructed him to return home, and let the debt go.

A Delicate Distinction.

Referring to the East India colonel who lately reported a London policeman to the chief commissioner for addressing the colonel's wife as a "woman," Mr. Labouchere recalls two good old anecdotes—one of the preacher, who said: "Who were last at the cross?—Ladies! Who were first at the sepulchre?—Ladies!" And the other of the Irish sentry when a woman wished to pass him. He told her that no one could go by. "You do not know who I am," she said; "I am the colonel's lady." "Very sorry, ma'am," replied the sentry, "but I could not allow you to pass even if you were the colonel's wife."

A Holy Old Preacher.

An estimable but far from eloquent preacher is sent to deliver a series of Lenten discourses in a rural church, says the *Paris Figaro*.

The congregation interrupts his discourse with many yawns, and much shuffling of feet, and rustling of prayer-books.

"My dear friends," says the orator, with mildness. "You ridicule me because I preach badly. Do you not see, O my dear brethren, that in ridiculing me you cast ridicule upon yourselves? Because, beloved friends, if I could preach well, do you think I would have been sent out here to minister to a lot of lunk-headed ignoramus like you?"

A Narrow Escape.

When Auerbach, the German novelist, was a young man he was persuaded to try his luck in a lottery. He dreamed that 17,586 was the lucky number. He discovered that this had been in the possession of a rich family who had played with it for sixty years, and who, although it had as yet drawn nothing, would not part with it. The agent offered him 17,585 and 17,587, which, in spite of a warning that a refusal of tickets under such circumstances was unlucky, Auerbach refused, and from a package of tickets drew No. 1. No. 1 won nothing; but 17,585 came out with the capital price of one hundred and fifty thousand Prussian dollars. Auerbach never afterward permitted himself to be tempted.

The Charge of the Irish Brigade.

A writer in the *Fortnightly Review*, after describing how, during the last armed uprising in Ireland, in 1866, three hundred peasants, with Enfield rifles, were drawn up in a formidable position on a steep hill-side, thus goes on: "A pig was cooking, and all was festive and hopeful, when the morning light displayed car after car of peelers and red soldiers below. Swiftly the British line was formed—two companies of foot, a handful of constabulary, and a few country gentlemen on horseback. Up they went, but the Republicans were in position, fully extended behind their cover; the distances had been marked with flags, and the rifles were loaded and capped. The Irish leader eyed the approaching host, and without looking behind, or to the right, or to the left of him, began the morning's duties: "Steady—at three hundred yards—prepare to fire. Now—three hundred yards. No man fires till I give the word. Aim low—steady!" A minute passed; the soldiers reached the fatal spot. "Fire!" Not a hit of it. No sound broke the stillness of the morning air. "Fire!" reiterated the little man with the sword, and he turned wildly to look along his line. Alas! the ditch was empty, and Jim Blake, the officer's orderly, 'among the faithless faithful only found,' responded: "If it's firing ye mane, be da'd they're all firin'—over the hill behind, for the devil a wan o' them's left." It was true. The battle was over. The peasants had grasped at facts, recognized the logic of circumstances, and preserved themselves, if not Ireland."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Mexican Ballad.

There was a Greaser bold and staid—  
Don Gomez del Gomazza—  
Who loved a gentle Greaser maid,  
The Donna Frontpiazza.  
Don Gomez rode a mustang proud,  
And wore a bloody slasher,  
Of all the gallus Greaser crowd  
He was the giddiest masher.  
Don Gomez once was tempted sore,  
Despite of law and order,  
To glut his greedy thirst for gore  
And cross the Texas border.  
"So fare you well, me lady fair—  
Me pretty little Donna!"  
In vain she tore her raven hair—  
Her Gomez was a goner.  
Then hied he to the Rio Grand',  
With Yankee hordes to battle;  
He crossed into the promised land,  
And went to stealing cattle.  
And there, with more than royal pluck,  
He did his pleasing duty,  
And, meeting with uncommon luck,  
He started home with booty.  
But, oh! the Yankees, fierce and strong,  
While marching out to battle,  
Beheld Don Gomez come along  
A-driving them there cattle.  
They gathered in the festive steers,  
And snagged that gallus Greaser,  
And, with a round of hoots and jeers,  
They hanged him to a tree, sir.  
Loud wailed the Greaser maiden fair—  
The Donna Frontpiazza;  
Once more she tore her maiden hair  
For Gomez del Gomazza!

—Unknown Liar.

Casablanca.

The nigger stood in the cotton patch,  
Whence all but him had fled;  
The whistle-trees and traces flew  
In circles round his head.  
Yet greasy, sleek, and black he stood,  
As born to rule the storm,  
A nigger of the blackest blood—  
A rough, ungainly form.  
The mule kicked on—he would not go  
Without his master's word;  
The master, in the grass laid low,  
His voice no longer heard.  
He called aloud: "Say, massa, say,  
Mus' I let this mule go?"  
The master trembled as he lay,  
And the nigger hollered "Whoa!"  
"Speak, massa!" once again he cried;  
"If I may yet be gone?"  
Naught but the whistling hoofs replied,  
As fast the mule kicked on.  
Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
And in his kinky hair;  
He looked from that lone post of death  
In still, yet brave, despair.  
He shouted but once more aloud:  
"My golly, mus' I stay?"  
While o'er him fast a dusty cloud  
In billows made its way.  
It hid the nigger from our view,  
And filled his shiny eye,  
And rose above the cotton, too,  
Like clouds across the sky.  
There came at last one monstrous kick—  
The nigger—where was he?  
Ask of those heels that flew so thick,  
Alas! I could not see.  
The work-hands all returned at last;  
The mule could not be found;  
Death held that nigger in his grasp,  
Half hurried in the ground.

—Boston Traveller.

Belisarius.

Pity the sorrows of your poor old Grant,  
Whose limbs so often bring him to your door;  
Give freely to relieve his pressing want,  
And thank your stars that he demands no more.

For now the days of Whisky Rings are past;  
His houses and his lots he has to buy;  
The latest plum he got may prove the last,  
Unless you feed him from the public pie.

Open, kind friends, the public purse again—  
It may be long before he asks for more—  
And give your Grant enough to help him train  
To enter for the race of eighty-four.

—New York Sun Liar.

Democracy to Uncle Sam.

"The government can never be restored and reformed except from the inside."—S. J. Tilden's Letter to the *Freguiois Banquet*.

Give ear, good Uncle Sam, behold us kneeling  
Low at thy feet, with hearts clean purged from pride,  
List to our prayer, our appetites revealing—  
Let us inside.

Since direful '60 we have had no manna;  
Fainting from hunger we have nearly died;  
Too long we've played the rôle of Doctor Tanner—  
Let us inside.

Too long our skies have sunless been and murky,  
In vain our empty mouths have opened wide;  
O Uncle Sam, we're leaner than Joh's turkey—  
Let us inside.

What are our "principles"? Oh, do not ask us;  
To solve that query we have vainly tried;  
We're fairly famished, do not overtask us—  
Let us inside.

For our dear native land—may heaven guide her—  
Reform and restoration we'd provide;  
But such a job appeals the mere outsider—  
Let us inside.

Let Tilden in—he loves his country madly;  
"I cipher her," once ardently he cried;  
"But she ne'er sighed for me," now moans he sadly—  
Let him inside.

For public pip persistently we're pining,  
Some decent bill of fare for us provide;  
On husks—crow—wind—we're dreadful sick of dining—  
Let us inside.

Let us inside,  
Inside. —New York Tribune Liar.

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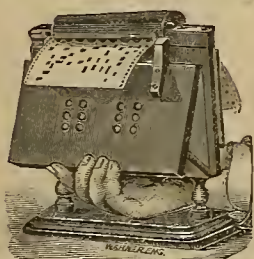
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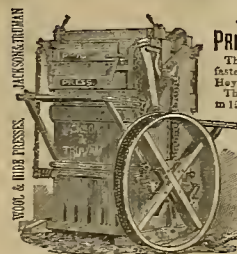
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## THE HATCHING OF THE IGUANODON.

A Primeval Monster Now in New Guinea.

### II.

Well, when they seen what was done, an' the big round hall a-stan'in' where there had on'y hin a heap o' sand afore, they stood dazed like, lookin' at each other, an' at me an' Ben, who was stan'in' there leanin' on his shovel, onconsumed like. It was easy to see they didn't know what to do, 'case the hull thing was out o' their 'xperience, an' so we jest waited to see what would turn up. Arter a few minutes the high priest comes in with a gang o' blacks from the village, an' then the hull o' them stood jahherin' their lingo, an' p'intin' to me an' Ben an' the high hall. Presen'tly the high priest goes to one side with some o' the savages, an' hegins talkin', an' I reckoned they was holdin' a council o' war or suthin' o' that sort. When they got through jahherin' to themselves they turned round, an' the priest made a sign, an' the balance o' the savages formed a circle around us, an' stood threatenin' like. Then Ben says to me:

"Jim, them blacks means mischief, but the fust one as comes at me I mean jest to let him have it good. There's one got to fly up ahead o' me, an' he took a tight hold o' the iron-wood shovel, an' I seen he meant hizness.

"All right," says I, "I guess we kin die jest as hard as the nex' one if it comes to the p'int."

"An' jest at that moment Ben's wife come a-runnin' in through the trees, an' breaks through the circle, an' stands alongside Ben, an' hegins jahherin' like mad. I didn't know what she was a-sayin', but Ben did, an' as I found it all out arterwards I'll give ye the jest of it now. The rules o' the place was that no one should enter that there grove on pain o' death, and the high priest had said that we was to die. When Ben's wife come a-runnin' in, an' seen what was up, she told Ben his on'y chance was to do suthin' that the high priest cudden't do. Ben looked at me sorrowful, an' said:

"What in hizes kin I do, Jim, that them savages will respect, an' that they can't do themselves? The high priest says that there thing's a god, an' if I'm a god I must pe'form a merricle to prove it, for mind ye, them savages had still some ling'rin' idee that Ben was more nor a on'y man.

"Then I thought a minute, an' I says: 'What did ye do with that can o' tar that was lyin' in the hoat when we was wrecked?'

"Ben says: 'I guess it's lyin' there yet.'

"Hold on till I fetch it," says I. "I guess we kin pe'form a merricle with that tar."

"So arter some purlaver they 'lowed me to leave the grove, half a dozen o' the savages goin' with me to see I wasn't playin' to escape. When I got down to the shore, sure enuff there was the tar-can a-layin' in the bottom o' the hoat, an' arter I got it I dug up a lot o' them mangrove roots as grows in the water, and when I got enuff, I starts up back for the grove, an' the savages with me. An' on the way up I smears four o' the wet roots with the tar that was in the can, on the sly, an' unheknownst to the savages, that hedn't no idee what tar was anyways. When we gets back, I hands the roots to Ben, and tells him what to do. Then I waits quiet to see what would happen. Then Ben, an' his wife, an' the high priest got a jahherin', an' Ben hands the wet mangrove roots as hedn't no tar on 'em to the high priest, and axes him if he could hurn 'em, at the same time tellin' him that he could hurn his'n. I could see that Ben's move staggered the priest, for you bet he warn't no fool for a savage; but he put a good face on it, an' sent some o' the blacks down to the camp for firebrands. Bimehy they comes back with the firebrands, an' huilts a big fire on the sand, an' the priest he takes his wet mangrove roots and makes passes over 'em, an' mumbles an' prays as nat'ral as any real priest ever I see, an' then he takes the biggest flamin' brand he could see out o' the fire, an' the littlest mangrove root he could find in the hunch, an' holds it steady in the flame; but it on'y fized and spluttered, an' though he kep' on holdin' it in the flame, there was nary hurn in it; an' at last it put out the fire in the brand, and the blacks as was stan'in' round looked on solemn, as much as to say: 'What are ye tryin' to do, old man? Haven't ye lived long enuff to know that them wet mangrove roots won't hurn?' An' the old priest looked kinder 'shamed of hisself for showin' the people there was suthin' he couldn't do. Then Ben comes for'ard, smilin', with his mangrove roots as had the tar smeared over 'em, an' hows to the comp'ny, an' takes one o' the roots and holds it to a blaze, the same's the priest did, an' in course the tar that was on it caught fire to wunst, an' hlazed up like tinder. An' you jest bet them savages seen the p'int right away, an' every mother's son o' them downed upon his marrow hones, and slammed his forehead into the sand afore Ben, an' the high priest downed hisself too, an' crawled upon his knees to where Ben was a stan'in', an' kissed his toes.

"Now," says Ben, to me, "we got them savages jest where we want 'em, an' I'm a-goin' to spile this god hizness right now." Then he hollers out in their lingo, an' commands 'em all to rise. An' they riz to their feet, an' stood with their hands crossed on their breasts like mummies, the hull gang o' them. Then he sent some o' them down to the village for ropes, for they made tidy strong rope out o' cocoanut fibre, them savages did. An' while they was gone Ben says

to me: 'I guess the best way to stop this murd'rin' hizness is to take that there hall out o' this grove, and cut down the trees.'

"Well, Ben," says I, "you are the boss god now, an' I reckon ye better do it."

"So, when the savages come hack with the ropes, Ben set the whole crowd to work a-tearin' up an' knockin' down the trees with their iron-wood axes. It was purty heavy work, 'case the trees was old an' thick, but soon there was a lane cleared wide enuff to drag the hall through into the open. There was one thing, gen'lmen, that I noticed pertikler, an' that was that at high noon that there hall laid jest on the edge o' the shade o' the cliff, an' this hein' the longest day in the year, an' the sun at its furthest p'int south o' the line, it was easy to see that the sunlight hadn't never shone on the hall so long as it laid in that there place. I didn't think nothin' o' the suckumstance jest then, but arterwards when I seen what happened, I called to mind that very fack for a explanation o' the mist'ry.

"Well, as I was a-goin' to say, when night comed on me an' Ben Baxter an' the savages lef' the grove, an' went down to the huts to sleep, but a lot o' them stayed in the grove around that hall, I s'pose through habit. An' next mornin' we all goes back to the grove, an' Ben an' me twists a lot o' them ropes into a three-strand hawser, for we cudden't tell how heavy the durned thing might be, an' we didn't want for to break the ropes with too heavy a strain. So, arter we got the hawser made, we throws a hitch around the hall, bringin' the two ends inter a slip-noose, leavin' about a hundred feet o' cable for pullin' at. Then we gets about fifty o' the strongest savages an' stations 'em all along the rope, an' Ben gives 'em the word to pull. Jest then the high priest an' a lot o' the old gray-headed men kneeled down afore Ben, who was a-standin' right in front o' the hall, and hegan talkin' their lingo. I didn't know what they was drivin' at, but I heerd arterwards that they was prayin' an' hesechin' Ben not to move the hall, as suthin' fearful would happen then, sayin' as how nobody knowed how long it had laid there, but there was a mound in one corner o' the grove made o' pehhles, an' each year, when the young girls was sacrificed, the high priest put another pebble on the mound. Fust o' all, me an' Ben went an' looked at the heap o' pehhles, which was a sort o' pyramid 'bout ten foot high, an' as far's I could calk'late, must ha' held more nor a million pehhles.

"Why," says Ben, when he seen that mound o' pehhles, 'that there hall must ha' laid there thousands o' years afore Adam an' Eve, or else that high priest is the durndest liar I ever see. Anyways, I reckon the last pebble has been throwed on that heap, an' that hall's a-goin' out o' this here grove this very hour, or my name aint Ben Baxter.'

"So we goes back to the hall, an' Ben he shoves the priest an' the old men out o' the way, an' gives the word to pull; but the durned thing stuck so fast to the sand that there was nary pull to it, till all of a sudden it tilts up, 'case me an' Ben an' 'bout twenty more savages was givin' it a h'ist from behind, an' so it made a roll over, an', in course, the hawser slipped over the top.

"Ye might ha' knowed that, Ben," says I; 'we kin git that there hall out a durn sight easier rollin' it than draggin' it.' So we all gits behind it, an' jest rolled it over an' over, like a big snow-hall, till we got it clear o' the grove, an' right out on the open flat in front o' the village. An', although the thing was about fourteen foot through, it didn't weigh no more nor about five ton, noways.

"Then Ben says to me: 'Jim, I guess we've settled this hizness now; but the idee's got to be kep' up, an' I'm a-goin' to show them blacks the difference atween a real livin' god an' a big, round, horny hall. Jest fetch up that stool that I made when we fust comed here.'

"So I hurned the stool up from the hut; an' Ben takes out his jack-knife, an' cuts steps in the side o' the hall, to climb up to the top o' it, 'case he said it would look ondignified for a god to go sprawlin' an' scramblin' up the smooth side of a hall, a-holdin' on by his teeth an' eyebrows. When he was wunst up I throws up the stool to him, an' then he digs four holes in the top for to steady the stool's legs, an' then wipes his forrid, an' sets down. An' when the savages seen Ben a-sittin' on the top o' the hall what they used to think was their god, when it was a-layin' in the grove covered up with sand, an' nobody knowed what it was, they sets up sech a whoopin', an' a hollerin', an' heatin' o' drums as ye never heerd in all yer horn days. Arter that they huilts Ben a big hut, with four ply o' cocoanut mattin', an' twice as big as any o' the other huts, an' they brings him the best o' the fruits an' sich other grub as there was, an' he hedn't nothin' to do but jest take it easy. An' the high-priest knuckled to him, 'case the folks all knowed how had he was heat a-hurnin' them mangrove roots, an' he seen it warn't no use huckin' agin popylar opinion. Every mornin' an' evenin', hein' the coolest time o' the day, Ben used to climb the hall, an' set down on the stool, an' smoke his pipe—for there was a weed on the island suthin' like 'haccy—an' he laid down the law to them savages if they got quarrelin' or stealin', an' guv 'em fifty or a hundred strokes with a bamboo if they got onruly.

Well, gen'lmen, things goes on jest the same as ever for the next five or six months, an' nary sign o' a ship to be seen in the offin'. We hegun to git 'customed to the kind o' life, an' gradooally got to speak the lingo purty free, an' last o' all, I gets married myself to a purty nice young gal, I tells

ye, take her all-in-all. It was the twenty-second o' Decem-ber when we rolled the hall out o' the grove where, as I said afore, the sun hadn't never shined upon it, 'case it was layin' jest in the shadder o' the cliff; but arter we rolled it out on to the open flat in course the sun kep' a shinin' onto it all the time, exceptin' night times. Ben used to say to me when he comed down from the top of an evenin':

"Jim, no man could go for to mount that there hall durin' the heat o' the day. The horn, or whatever stuff it's made on, gets red hot in the sun, an' hurns ye as had as red-hot iron—which was a fack, for I felt it many a time.

"Well, it comed on to July or August, which is the winter season there, though the sun's jist near as high in the north as at any time o' the year, for there ain't much diff'rence nohow in the tropics, and though I hain't partic'lar sure 'bout the 'xack date, still you kin jist bet I remember what happened then jist as clear as if it was yesterday. It was a stiflin' day; not a breath o' wind stirrin'; an' I kep' in doors all day 'case o' the heat. 'Bout sundown I takes a turn as usual, and when I gets out I seen Ben a-makin' for the hall with his pipe in his mouth, the same's usual. He clumh up to the top by the steps cut in the side, an' sat down, the savages a-stan'in' round, an' talkin' to Ben the same as to a jedge in the court. I was strollin' around, smokin', and not pertiklerly keerin' for what was a-goin' on, havin' seen the same thing ev'ry evenin' for months, when suddenly I hears one o' the savages givin' a yell, an' lookin' round, I seen that there hall a-movin' an' swayin' this-away an' that-away, an' Ben Baxter a-sittin' on the stool a-top with his pipe in his mouth, an' lookin' as white as a sheet, and his eyes a-rollin', and his hull body stiff like. I was parlyzed myself, and cudden't move a muscle, I was so s'prised, an' so was the savages, an' for about five seconds, I guess, though at the time it seemed more like a month, that there hall kep' a-shakin' an' swayin', an' everybody stan'in' lookin' at it, onable to speak or move through s'prise. Then all to wunst one side of it cracked and hust wide open, an' a head looked out, and it was the most hijousest head I ever seen or expect to see. It was flat like a lizard, an' 'bout four foot long, an' two big eyes, like soup-plates, stood 'bout half a foot out from its forrid, an' it had a tusk comin' out from the top of its nose, 'bout a foot long. An' a second arter I hears r-r-rip, an' that there hall or shell hust right in two, an' a tremendous heast comed out and stood upon the sand. Its body was 'bout twelve foot long, dark-brown in the color, an' scaly like a crocodile. Its fore-legs was short, an' its hind-legs big and strong, an' it had three sharp claws upon each foot. An' it had a tail like a lizard, 'bout ten foot long, that wiggled an' curled as it walked. An' jest as the hall hust the second time, the stool as Ben Baxter was a-settin' on fell down, an' Ben with it, an' hit the heast on the back o' the neck, an' Ben rolled over, and lay on the ground like dead. An', meanwhile, all the savages as was in the huts had come out when they heerd the fust scream, an' was a-lookin' on, all a-stan'in' still an' onable to move. An' the high heast stood still for about three seconds a-lookin' about him, an' seemin' puzzled like, an' onsartin' how to act, an' then he moved off, makin' straight for the swamps an' mud hanks as I told ye was covered with sago-palms, an' cocoanuts, an' big thickets o' all kinds o' trees an' hrush. An' the fust move he made was across Ben's body, though he didn't notice Ben, an' seemed skeered an' afereed like. An' as soon's he moved all them savages, ev'ry mother's son o' them, set up sech a yell o' fear as no man ever heerd afore, an' they made a break for the woods, men, women an' children, till the last one o' them was out o' sight, an' I was left alone with Ben Baxter an' the hall. It's no use for me to say I warn't skeered, 'case I was, but when I seen that the heast had went away, I knowed there warn't no mediate danger, an' I went over to look at Ben Baxter. I stooped down an' turned him over on his back—he was layin' on his face—an' tried to rouse him, but he was stone dead. Nary scratch on him, nuther, for the heast, though I seen him walk across his body, hadn't put a foot on to him, or else he would ha' been smashed inter pulp. So I concluded that Ben had jest simply been skeered to death.

"It was three days afore the savages comed back to the village, an' then they was mighty slow an' keeful about it. That's all, gen'lmen, I've got to tell ye about it."

"And did you ever see this monster again?" I inquired.

"Hunderds an' hunderds o' times," replied Captain Sehright. "I lived with them savages for nine years arter that, till a schooner from Australey happened to come up the hay for nutmegs an' spice, an' I got off in her."

"What were the characteristics of the monster?" asked W—. "Did it ever attack the settlement, or make itself onnoxious in any way?"

"I never seen nor hearn tell o' no one hein' hurt by it. It kep' to the swamps and jungles, an' never hothered the folks in the village. It growed very fast, too, for it was on'y 'bout twelve foot long when it was hatched out o' that hall, or egg, or whatever ye may call it, an' the last time I seen it it was 'bout sixty foot long, an' smashin' an' crashin' its way through big forest trees the same as if they was stubble."

"Did you never give the facts of the case to the public before this—I mean, did you never tell the story before just as you have told it to us?" I inquired, after a pause.

"Bless you, yes," returned the captain, smiling, "many an' many a time. But d'ye think they would h'ieve a word o' it? Not much. Some o' them would smile, an' look wise,



as much as to say, ye can't come over *me* with yer yarns; an' some would git mad, and call me a old fool, an' I s'pose you gen'lmen is jest like the balance o' them."

"Have you any immediate use for this paper, Captain Sebright?" asked W——, taking up Mr. Ince's manuscript from the table. "If not I should like to borrow it for scientific purposes."

"You kin have it, sir, an' return it when you git ready," replied the sailor, and without further comment we took up our hats, said good-bye, and left.

\* \* \* \* \*

"This is a most extraordinary narrative," observed W——, throwing himself into an easy chair, when he reached his rooms. "My reason refuses to credit it, and yet its internal evidence corroborates it. Had the story been told by a person of intelligence and education, I should have regarded it with very grave suspicion; but it seems scarcely possible that this ignorant sailor should have so arranged his facts as to tally with what would actually happen had the subject of his theme existed. The second-mate's description of the geological characteristics of that region, too, show that the physical conditions were just such as were essential to the production of such a prodigy. But the idea of an egg lying out upon the sand, and coming down to us from the Secondary Period."

"Hundreds of thousands of years ago," interrupted I. "And its juices not getting dried up—"

"And not getting hatched out long before by the mere caloric of the atmosphere—"

"Why the thing is preposterous!" And W—— went to his bookcase and took down a book. "Still," I ventured to remark, "the vitality of Nature's germs is almost infinite. To destroy species must be a titanic task. Man, at least, has always failed in doing it, and yet he is at constant war with all. Grain seeds which have lain centuries upon centuries in the buried vaults of Pompeii, and in the Pyramids of Egypt, have sprouted with the same vitality and vigor as those of last year's wheat crop; and shall we say that, under certain conditions, the egg of an animal might not preserve the vital germ for an equally indefinite period? Can you assert that such an instance is physically impossible?"

"No," rejoined W——, thoughtfully; "I have no right to do so. Here," continued he, opening a volume, "is a representation of what the iguanodon, that monstrous deinosaurian of the Secondary Period, would look like, were it reconstructed from the few osseous remains found in the Wealden clays and other cognate formations. Let us see what the article accompanying it says, and how far it tallies with Captain Sebright's narrative," and W—— turned over the leaves till he found the place. "Now," he continued, "this monster might possibly have been a teleosaurus, certain species of which, the book informs us, measured as much as thirty-three feet in length, three of which were occupied by the animal's head. Its awful jaws, which were well defended beyond the ears, opened as wide as six feet, through which it could engulf, in the depths of its cavernous palate, 'animals of the size of an ox.' Or, possibly, a megalosaurus, which measured, we are told, thirty-eight to forty feet in length, and which is fully and graphically described in Dr. Buckland's admirable Bridgewater treatise. Cuvier, however, 'from the dimensions of the coracoid, (a process of the scapula,) supposes that the *Megalosaurus Bucklandi* may have been some seventy feet in length.' But neither of these animals possessed the facial horn, and both were carnivorous—two facts which are at variance with Captain Sebright's description. Ah! here we have it—the iguanodon. 'Of more formidable dimensions than the megalosaurus was the *Iguanodon*, (or "iguana-toothed," which, so far as our researches have hitherto extended, must be pronounced the most gigantic of the primeval saurians. Professor Owen differs from Dr. Mantell in his estimate of the animal's length, which the latter makes from fifty to sixty feet. The comparative dimensions of its bones show that it stood high on its legs, the hind-limbs being much longer than the fore, and the feet short and massive. The form and disposition of the feet show that it was a terrestrial, as its dentition proves it to have been an herbivorous animal. The iguanodon carried a horn on its muzzle. A skeleton, nearly perfect, was discovered by Mantell in Tilgate Forest.'"

"It would seem, then," I remarked, "that our savants differ materially in their estimate of the size of these animals, and in view of the old apothegm, 'who shall decide when doctors disagree?' I suppose the testimony of Captain Sebright, and the captain of the Australian schooner who sighted the monster, as reported in the *Brisbane Courier*, both of whom put down the animal's length at from eighty to a hundred feet, is entitled to quite as much respect as inferences merely drawn from an examination of bones, though made by authorities however distinguished."

"Well," responded W——, thoughtfully, "unscientific men, and men untrained in forming nice estimates of dimensions in relation to distances, are more prone to err on the side of exaggeration than diminution of facts. The mere assertion of a parcel of sailors on a matter of size of any object seen would carry little weight in my formation of an opinion. But what *does* carry weight is Captain Sebright's account of the dimensions of the egg. If the captain's measurement of the egg's diameter—fourteen feet—is to be accepted, we must necessarily accept his measurement of the egg's depositor—eighty to a hundred feet. *Ex pede Herculem*—from the size of the egg the size of the animal. The captain's testimony is unimpeached, yet it is not corroborated. Its strongest title to belief lies in the internal evidence of the story backed up by the credibility of the narrator. Meanwhile, I shall lay the facts before the Academy of Sciences, and await further accounts in the Australian papers."

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1882.

Monsieur Villain, the well-known sculptor, has just finished a bust of Victor Hugo. There was a dinner given in honor of the event, at which the poet and many of his most intimate friends were present. At the end, several of the most enthusiastic placed a wreath of hays upon the bust, and insisted, against the poet's will, that it should remain. Hugo finally consented on the ground that D'Angers had many years ago performed a similar act, and it would not do for a poet when old to have lost the laurels of his youth.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Lo the Poor Indian.

Many years ago, when Denver didn't have any opera house, there wandered out to the region of Fort Benton a man named Exbeadle, who made himself unpopular among the Shoshones by killing some of their most prominent men whenever he could catch them away from home. Mr. Exbeadle was a speculator, and one day fortune threw in his way a lot of fireworks. These he put to one side, and didn't think of them again, until one day there was a council of war in the Shoshone tribe, at which it was resolved to extinguish the light of Mr. Exbeadle, and send him across the mysterious river. They notified him that the intention was to make him climb the golden stair in about fifteen minutes, Western time. It was a dark night in autumn, and Mr. Exbeadle felt that the morrow would be of very little interest to him. Like an inspiration, however, came the recollection of his fireworks. He rose, and said: "Gentleman of the forest, you apparently have the bulge on me, and I admit that you are largely in the majority; but you do not know me. If you take out my vitals and feed them to the vulture, I will linger near you in the spirit, and I will annoy you pretty plenty. I am aware that I have planted some of your leading men in the cold, cold ground, but that isn't a marker to what I will perform when I get out of the flesh, where I won't be delayed by the inclemency of the weather. I will now proceed to show you a few little amateur efforts of mine as a medicine man from away back." Mr. Exbeadle then let off a new style of sea serpent. It shot out into the darkness about nine feet like a cart-load of delirium tremens, and squirmed through the inky bosom of night like an uneasy demon walking in his sleep. The gathered warriors of the tribe took one horrible look at the hissing emissary of hell, and lit out. They left all their baggage that didn't happen to be tied to them, and there hasn't been a Shoshone Indian seen there since. Mr. Exbeadle picked out the best ponies belonging to the tribe, loaded up the rest of his fireworks, and went home. He lived many years after, and became one of the most trusted Indian peace commissioners known in history.—*Bill Nye*.

The Railroad Velocipede.

There was a good deal said a year or two ago about "railroad velocipedes," which run on the rails, and which are said to be just the thing for superintendents to use in running over the track to inspect it. There were two wheels on one rail, and one on the other, and they were worked by treading, like a bicycle. We asked a railroad superintendent the other day if he used his railroad velocipede much to run around with, and he said he wouldn't have one of them on the road for a thousand dollars. "Why," said he, as he rubbed a lame hack that he had got on one of them, "they are worse than a balloon. They run like the very old Nick, and you can't stop them quick enough to keep from running over a cow, or if you *do* stop them quick, you go right over the dash-board, and run into the cow yourself. I was running one last year by Wyocena, and struck a farmer who was walking the track, and knocked him over the fence. When he struck the ground, he looked around and saw what he thought was a wild man walking in the air, and he ran across an eighty-acre field yelling murder. He has had fits ever since. One day I was treading along about eighty miles an hour, up there by Fall River, and a switch was turned, and before I knew it the velocipede was side-tracked, striking a flat car loaded with steel rails, and threw me clear over the car and into a load of hay that a fellow was pitching into a hay-press, and if he had not happened to see my feet sticking out of the side of the load of hay, I should have been haled up with the hay, and made some cow sick when she came to try to eat me this winter. The superintendent of the southern Minnesota division had one, and he was running out West to connect with a freight-train wreck, when his hat came off, and the settlers along the line of the road, lots of them, moved away. He is as bald as a wash-howl, and the people thought it was a sign that the grasshoppers were coming this year."—*Peck's Sun*.

The Daily Squint-Eye.

The following interesting local items, discovered by the *Harvard Herald*, are from the *Daily Squint-Eye*, published in Rome, A. D. 125:

FINE SPORT.—A large and brilliant audience assembled yesterday at the Coliseum to witness some gladiatorial contests that were given by our popular friend, Quintus Publius, recently elected to attend to the removal of ash-barrels from the side-walks, and the arresting of students, who—to use the splendid words of the orator—must be destroyed. The receipts of the box-office show that there were nearly thirty thousand persons present, and an equal number of slaves and women. Chief interest centered upon the young gladiator, Magnus Pugnus, whom the management has been so judiciously advertising. After killing three lions, an elephant, six leopards, crushing the skull of an ox, kicking down a frame house, and eating ten or twelve slaves, he was pitted against one of the stock company of gladiators, Totus Idem. We can not speak too highly of the ease and grace of Pugnus. After some amusing by-play, such as gouging out each other's eyes, tearing ears, etc., the combatants went at it in earnest. It was a royal fight, and the emperor showed his appreciation by now and then throwing a virgin into the bear-pits.

PARTY ON THE VIA GABINA.—An elegant reception began last evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Junius Antoninus. Dancing will be kept up until next week. The banquet is being furnished by the caterer Lucius. Among other things on the menu, which was engraved on gold, we notice: "Perfumes of Araby, fried in crumbs," "Phrygian zephyrs, with June-bug wings," "Hum of Cicadas, with dissolved pearl sauce," besides many other rare and novel dishes. As we go to press the company are enjoying themselves immensely. Three have been poisoned, and the rest are all drunk.

COURT NOTES.—An interesting case is being tried in the Forum. It seems that a young man has been for some time paying attention to Julia, the daughter of Flavius. The latter had agreed to give the girl to the young man Lentulus, but in the meantime another lover offers several millions more sesterces for the girl, and Flavius, of course, agreed he should have her. Flavius now sues Lentulus for the cost of oil burned during his calls, some of which, says the prosecutor, lasted three weeks. Lentulus put in a rejoinder, and says that on three several occasions he kissed the girl, who is homely enough to quiet the Delphic oracle, and that in consideration of this he ought to be let off.

PERSONAL.—We ought to acknowledge the receipt from the emperor of an order not to publish the names of his guests at dinner who happen to die rather suddenly. We would like the emperor to understand that we run the paper, and don't care a nightingale's eyelash what he says. Our funeral will take place day after to-morrow, and all those who have paid up their subscription to date are invited. We are at present receiving bids for the widow.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is said to have learned Greek after she was fifty years old.

Mr. Montagu Williams, of the English bar, is a versatile man. Before becoming a barrister he was a tutor, an officer in the army, an actor, a dramatic critic, and a dramatic author. He was successful in all, but most in the last capacity.

The Rev. Robert Collyer is an industrious worker in his library. He usually has a box of cigars near at hand when writing. Recently he said that his old way of getting up sermons at the anvil was the best, as during physical exercise thoughts came without seeking for them.

The Tichborne claimant is sawing wood and unloading timber in the dockyard at Portsmouth. He weighs about sixteen stone, as against twenty-five when he was first sentenced, but is in good health, and thrives on a prison ration a quarter larger than that allotted to the other prisoners.

The Emperor William has an insurmountable disinclination to affix his signature to sentences of death, and indeed to any penal decrees of unusual severity. Whenever, therefore, such documents are laid before him by his ministers of state, he is accustomed, after perusing them, to hide them away under an old cavalry helmet that always lies upon his study table.

Carolus Duran, the painter, is described as the possessor of a masculine beauty like that of the feudal chevaliers; with abundant black hair and crisp beard; with brilliant and violent black eyes; a figure that should wear a Spanish mantle and carry a rapier. He sings, dances, and fences to admiration, and in his velvet coat with lace ruffles at his wrist he looks all artist.

Mr. Edward A. Freeman says that "there is little difference between England and America. One would see more of a change between England and Scotland." Speaking of the "English Renaissance" and of Mr. Wilde to a reporter, Mr. Freeman said: "I never heard of Oscar Wilde until I reached Boston. He may be a great swell in England, but I never heard of him there."

Worldly mutation never had a more powerful illustration than in the death in London, the other night, of Lady Agnes MacLean. She was the daughter of an English marquis, the widow first of the Comte de Montmorency, and afterward of a clergyman named MacLean; and she was ejected from her poor tenement in London, and died in the waiting-room of St. Pancras Workhouse.

The most extraordinary hallot in the history of the Athenæum Club of London took place when Doctor Cumming came up for election. Two-fifths of the whole number were black-balls. Lord Houghton excused himself for having proposed this candidate by stating that he "had been led by the doctor to believe that the world would have come to an end before the time would arrive when he would come up for hallot."

They tell this story of the young sister of the Sultan, who died not long ago in Constantinople. The Princess Naile, as she was called, loved a young Turk, Sadyk Bey, but without ever having exchanged a word with him. Sadyk Bey, on his side, was desperately enamored of the princess. Seven months since the Sultan gave his sister to be married by Mehemed Bey. When Sadyk heard of the marriage, he resolved to put an end to himself, and sent a letter to the princess stating his purpose. The princess, who was of a delicate constitution, fell sick with grief and died. The Sultan is inconsolable. He adored his sister, and every one believes that if she had dared to confide in him the deplorable tragedy would have been avoided.

The late Earl of Wilton was throughout his life a steady patron of the turf. At one time he had a colt entered for the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood, which had not been named, but had run for some time as the colt by Cotherstone out of Duchess of Lorraine. Shortly before the race, the earl received a letter from Lord Chesterfield informing him that a friend of his had dreamed that Punicestone had won the cup, and as he could not see a colt by that name among the entries, he presumed that it was the earl's. His lordship, thinking that Punicestone was not a bad name for a colt by Cotherstone, so named him then and there, and, much to his and everybody else's surprise, the colt, which had hardly been quoted in the betting, won the race with ease.

It is related of Skobeleff that at some date previous to the Russo-Turkish war, and before he had attained a general's rank, he sent notice to all the newspapers published in Warsaw that he would on an appointed day at a certain hour, cross the Vistula on horseback, equipped in full regiments. Before the day fixed upon had arrived the chief of the Warsaw police got wind of the project. Scandalized at the notion that an officer of the garrison should thus degrade himself in order to entertain the public, he sent notice to the papers threatening them with a fine if they published the advertisement. Unluckily the police had neglected to send the notice to the *Official Gazette*. The advertisement therefore appeared in proper time, and in presence of several thousand persons Skobeleff performed the feat.

The Empress of Austria, during her recent visit to Paris, accepted no invitations. She has no taste for festivities. She is an early riser, and those accustomed to take a morning ride in the avenues of the Bois de Boulogne have frequently met her riding "Nihilist" or "Molda" her two favorite horses. She is rarely to be seen at the theatre; her whole pleasure is to be found on horseback, riding to hounds, or wandering through the tan gallops followed by her dogs. On her last visit but one an unfortunate English lady, staying at the Hotel Bristol, was bitten by one of the four-footed companions of the empress, and at Sapetot, where she stayed for the benefit of the sea-bathing, no one dared to venture near the house, while the owner had, like most Frenchmen, his revenge on royalty by bringing in a long bill for damages done to his salon by the four-footed body-guard of her majesty.



## AMERICA'S LAUREATE.

## Longfellow's Funeral, and Some Anecdotes Concerning His Life.

The death of Henry W. Longfellow, on March 24th, called forth from the Eastern press a mass of interesting anecdotes concerning his life and works. The funeral, which took place at Cambridge, on March 26th, was attended by all of Boston's prominent poets, scientists, and writers. Immediately after the interment a memorial service was held at Appleton chapel. Concerning this the *New York Times* says:

It was attended by those who had been present at the funeral services, and a crowded congregation, many who desired to attend being unable to get inside of the hall. On a table in front of the altar was a harp, nearly three feet in height, made of white and yellow roses, white lilies, and smilax, with one broken string, signifying the loss the public mourn. It was the only floral tribute permitted, and was the gift of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco. The services began with music, and Rev. Dr. C. C. Everett, a son of the late Edward Everett, then delivered an eloquent address.

The *Tribune* publishes a description of Whittier's reception of the news:

The news of Mr. Longfellow's death was particularly painful to the venerable poet Whittier, although not unexpected, as on the Saturday preceding his death he had visited Mr. Longfellow's home, and was unable to see him. He first met Mr. Longfellow in 1845, at the residence of the late James T. Fields, with whom Mr. Whittier was then making his first arrangement for the publication of his works. One week ago Mr. Whittier met Dr. Holmes in Boston, and conversed with him in regard to the inevitable separation that must come sooner or later, and said no one could tell who would be called first. Longfellow once visited Mr. Whittier at his residence in Amesbury, in company with his lifelong friend, the late Charles Sumner, and all their meetings had been unusually pleasant.

A Boston gentleman writes an interesting communication relative to a celebrated poem:

It is related of Mr. Longfellow that when his poem of the "Village Blacksmith" was going through the press, he read the first two stanzas to a hairdresser in Cambridge. The barber criticised the first line of the second stanza, "His hair is crisp, and black, and long," by saying that crisp hair is never long. Mr. Longfellow was struck with the merit of this criticism, and instructed his publisher to substitute the word "strong" for "long" in that line. The next day, however, he reconsidered the matter, and sent word to his publisher: "I wrote you yesterday to have the word 'long' changed to 'strong' in the 'Village Blacksmith.' The word 'strong' occurs in the preceding line, and the repetition would be unpleasant. It had, therefore, better stand as it is, notwithstanding the hairdresser's criticism, which, after all, is only technical, for hair can be both crisp and long."

Of Mr. Longfellow's method when professor of modern literature at Harvard, Dr. Edward E. Hale, one of his pupils, gives this account:

We sat round a mahogany table, which was reported to be meant for the dinners of the trustees, and the whole affair had the aspect of a friendly gathering in a private house, in which the study of German was the amusement of the occasion. He began with familiar ballads, read them to us, and made us read them to him. Of course we soon committed them to memory without meaning to, and I think this was probably part of his theory. At the same time we were learning the paradigms by rote. His regular duty was the oversight of five or more instructors who were teaching French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese to two or three hundred undergraduates. We never knew when he might look in on a recitation and virtually conduct it. We were delighted to have him come.

Mr. G. W. Childs, who several years ago entertained the poet in Rome, writes the following communication concerning a certain dinner:

We were walking to the dining-room, and on our way through the corridor of the hotel passed a series of lighted wax candles placed in candelabra surrounded by flowers. Mr. Longfellow immediately shaded his face with his hand, and begged his companion to hasten his footsteps. It was through the flame of a lighted candle, when in the act of melting some sealing wax, that Mrs. Longfellow was burned to death.

Perhaps some of the most interesting facts are given by Mr. Sam Ward, in the *World*:

I met Longfellow for the first time in Heidelberg, in March, 1835, since which time I have possessed the now mournful, though always pleasing, treasure of a friendship which has lasted, without a shade or ripple, for forty-six years. He was my guest in New York when his "Hyperion" was going through the press, and many of his poems I saw in manuscript before they appeared in print. I called his attention to some of the subjects which became Poems in his hands, especially among the translations—for example, the "Two Locks of Hair," and the "Children of the Lord's Supper." Baron Nordin, then Swedish Minister at Washington, gave me Tegner's poem, which I took to my dear poet, and found it, a fortnight after, done into English, and heard the verses ring with all their tender sensibility when read by him. I used to go once a month to spend Sunday with him in the Craigie House. After breakfast one day he made haste to read me the "Skeleton in Armor," with which his Boston admirers had found fault as not being up to the standard of the "Psalm of Life," "The Reaper and the Flowers," etc. I was greatly stirred by the dash of the verse and the symmetry of the series of pictures it so graphically presented. I carried it to New York, where, having shown it to the poet Halleck, and obtained a certificate from him of its surpassing lyric excellence, I sold it to Mr. Lewis Gaylord Clarke, of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, for fifty dollars, a large price in those days for any poetical production. About ten years ago, when paying him my usual Christmas visit, he read me the "Hanging of the Crane" two hundred lines, for which Mr. Bonner, of the *New York Ledger*, paid me four thousand dollars, having offered one thousand dollars when I mentioned the existence of the poem. Mr. Longfellow declined that price, when the owner of *Dexter* quadrupled his bid, and obtained the prize. The *Cornhill Magazine* paid Mr. Tennyson three guineas a line for "Tythous," and it was reserved for the *New York Ledger* to add a pound to the laureate's price. Mr. Longfellow was extremely methodical, and could lay his finger at a minute's notice upon the minutest memorandum, however long it might have lain in his hiding place. His translation of the "Inferno" was the result of ten minutes' daily work at a standing desk in his library, while his coffee was reaching the boiling point on his breakfast table.

A New York paper prints the following extract from the notes of the late James T. Fields:

I have heard Longfellow quoted by an Armenian monk with a cowl, and sung at camp-meeting on the hills of New Hampshire. As I happen to know of the birth of many of Longfellow's poems, let me divulge to you a few of their secrets: The "Psalm of Life" came into existence on a bright summer morning, in July, 1838, in Cambridge, as the poet sat between two windows, at a small table, in the corner of his chamber. It was a verse from his inmost heart, and he kept it unpublished for a long time. It expressed his own feelings at that time, when recovering from a deep affliction, and he had it in his own heart for many months. The poem of "The Reaper Death" came without effort, crystallized into his mind. "The Light of the Stars" was composed on a serene and beautiful summer evening, exactly suggestive of the poem. The "Wreck of the Hesperus" was written the night after a violent storm had occurred, and as the poet sat smoking his pipe the *Hesperus* came sailing into his mind. He went to bed, but could not sleep, and wrote the celebrated verses. It hardly caused him an effort, but flowed on without let or hindrance. On a summer afternoon in 1849, as he was riding on the beach, "The Skeleton in Armor" rose as out of the deep before him, and would not be laid.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## Easter Morning.

Ostera! spirit of spring-time,  
Awake from thy slumbers deep;  
Arise! and with hands that are glowing  
Put off the white garments of sleep;  
Make thyself fair, O goddess!  
In new and resplendent array,  
For the footsteps of Him who has risen  
Shall be heard in the dawn of day.  
Flushes the trailing arbutus  
Low under the forest leaves—  
A sign that the drowsy goddess  
The breath of her Lord perceives.  
While He suffered, her pulse beat numbly;  
While He slept, she was still with pain;  
But now He awakes—He has risen—  
Her beauty shall bloom again.  
O hark! in the budding woodlands,  
Now far, now near is heard  
The first prelude warble  
Of rivulet and of bird.  
O listen! the jubilate  
From every bough is poured,  
And earth in the smile of spring-time  
Arises to greet her Lord!  
Radiant goddess Aurora!  
Open the chambers of dawn;  
Let the Hours like a garland of graces  
Enrich the chariot of morn.  
Thou dost herald no longer Apollo,  
The god of the sunbeam and lyre;  
The pride of his empire is ended,  
And pale is his armor of fire.  
From a loftier height than Olympus  
Light flows from the Temple above,  
And the mists of old legends are scattered  
In the dawn of the Kingdom of Love.  
She comes! the bright goddess of morning,  
In crimson and purple array;  
Far down on the hill-tops she tosses  
The first golden lilies of day.  
On the mountains her sandals are glowing,  
O'er the valleys she speeds on the wing,  
Till earth is all rosy and radiant  
For the feet of the new risen King.  
Open the gates of the Temple;  
Spread branches of palm and of bay;  
Let not the spirits of nature  
Alone deck the Conqueror's way.  
While Spring from her death-sleep arises,  
And joyous his presence awaits,  
While morning's smile lights up the heavens,  
Open the Beautiful Gates!  
He is here! The long watches are over,  
The stone from the grave rolled away.  
"We shall sleep!" was the sigh of the midnight;  
"We shall rise!" is the song of to-day.  
O Music! no longer lamenting,  
On pinious of tremulous flame  
Go soaring to meet the Beloved,  
And swell the new song of His fame!  
The altar is snowy with blossoms;  
The font is a vase of perfume;  
On pillar and chancel are twining  
Fresh garlands of eloquent bloom.  
Christ is risen! with glad lips we utter,  
And far up the infinite height  
Archangels the psalm re-echo,  
And crown him with Lilies of Light!

—Frances L. Mace.

## The Legend of Easter Eggs.

Trinity bells with their hollow lungs,  
And their vibrant lips and their brazen tongues,  
Over the roofs of the city pour  
Their Easter music with joyous roar,  
Till the soaring notes to the sun are rolled  
As he swings along in his path of gold.  
"Dearest papa," says my boy to me,  
As he merrily climbs on his mother's knee,  
"Why are these eggs that you see me bold  
Colored so finely with blue and gold?  
And what is the wonderful bird that lays  
Such beautiful eggs upon Easter days?"  
Tenderly shine the April skies,  
Like laughter and tears in my child's blue eyes,  
And every face in the street is gay,  
Why cloud this youngster's by saying nay?  
So I cudgel my brains for the tale he begs,  
And tell him this story of Easter eggs:  
You have heard, my boy, of the man who died,  
Crowned with keen thorns and crucified;  
And bow Joseph the wealthy—whom God reward!—  
Cared for the corpse of his martyred Lord,  
And piously toiled it with the rock,  
And closed the gate with a mighty block.  
Now, close by the tomb a fair tree grew,  
With pendulous leaves, and blossoms of blue;  
And deep in the green tree's shadowy breast  
A beautiful singing bird sat on her nest,  
Which was bordered with mosses like malachite,  
And bled four eggs of an ivory white.  
Now, when the bird from her dim recess  
Beheld the Lord in his burial dress,  
And looked on the heavenly face so pale,  
And the dear feet pierced with the cruel nail,  
Her heart nigh broke with a sudden pang,  
And out of the depths of her sorrow she sang.  
All night long, till the moon was up,  
She sat and sang in her moss-wreathed cup,  
A song of sorrow as wild and shrill  
As the homeless wind when it roams the bill,  
So full of tears, so loud and long,  
That the grief of the world seemed turned to song.  
But soon there came through the weeping night  
A glittering angel clothed in white;  
And he rolled the stone from the tomb away,  
Where the Lord of the Earth and the Heavens lay;  
And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom,  
And in living lustre came from the tomb.  
Now, the bird that sat in the heart of the tree,  
Beheld this celestial Mystery,  
And its heart was filled with a sweet delight,  
And it poured a song on the throbbing night;  
Notes climbing notes, till higher, bigger,  
They shot to Heaven like spears of fire.  
When the glittering white-robed angel heard  
The sorrowing song of the grieving bird,  
And heard the following chant of mirth  
That hailed Christ risen again on earth,  
He said, "Sweet bird, be forever blest,  
Thyself, thy eggs, and thy moss-wreathed nest!"  
And ever, my child, since that blessed night,  
When death howed down to the Lord of Light,  
The eggs of that sweet bird change their hue,  
And hued with red, and gold, and blue—  
Reminding mankind in their simple way  
Of the holy marvel of Easter day.

—Anon.

## PARISIAN SHOWS AND SHAMS.

## A Chronicle of Ballets, Plays, and Weddings in the French Capital.

I wonder whether San Franciscans remember much of the graceful and fascinating danseuse, Rita Sangalli? I know that she spent quite a season in your city, for I was there at the time. She was unequaled as a dancer then, but she has vastly improved, and now holds the first place in the dainty Parisian ballets which are brought out periodically. On Monday night the last one which has been written was produced. It is called "Namouna," and is a dramatization of Alfred de Musset's poem of that name, set to sparkling music by Edouard Lalo. Everybody was there. The Duchesse de Rochefoucauld was dressed in the latest shade of garnet-tinted satin. It is a shade which can hardly be called garnet, but yet which was matched in the graded colors of her nodding plumes. Madame Mackey, as usual, looked as if she had stepped from an old painting of Watteau's. Her robe was of light-blue satin. It was caught with the most delicate pink roses. She wore a coronet of turquoises, with bracelets, pin, and earrings of the same gem. I forgot to mention that the blue satin was the exact tint of her turquoise jewelry. The daughter of Alexandre Dumas was present, as were also President Grévy, and Gambetta who, as usual, eyed from his *loge* the group of ladies who set the fashions for everything save virtue. There has not been such a gathering of fashionable at a *première représentation* for many a day. Every one was delighted with the ballet. It is the story of a beautiful Greek slave, "Namouna," (Rita Sangalli,) who is gambled away by her profligate master to a young chief. The man repents of his folly, and tries to get her back. But she loves the young chief, and wishes to remain with him. A duel ensues, in which Namouna passes between the swords of the combatants. Finally, the old master is wounded, and the lovers happily escape. It contains several very taking airs. One particularly is when Sangalli and the ballet dance between the combatants, and interfere with the battle between the masters and followers.

Previous to the production of "Namouna" there was a pitched battle between Sangalli and Rosita Mauri, the Spanish danseuse. Rosita wanted the rôle of Namouna. The papers took sides in the contest. Some said Sangalli was too fat and that Rosita was thin, while others asserted that Rosita could not dance with any better grace than a giraffe. The two women met, and bit and scratched each other. Rosita damaged Sangalli's great toe, and the Italian was near being laid up. But skillful doctoring rendered her able to take her place on Monday night.

Speaking of ballets reminds me of the destruction of Mabilie. Foreigners are mourning it much, but not so the Parisians. For they seldom went near it. Those who visited its immoral precincts were young and dissipated Englishmen, moneyed Americans, or wild Swedish noblemen, who thought that in seeing Mabilie they were seeing Paris. It was all a sham. Its avenues and arbors were made of painted zinc. It had a big tub for a fountain, and altogether it was entirely contrary to true Parisian notions of beauty. The provincial might visit it, and revel in its plump can-can kickers; but the Parisian would rather find such amusement elsewhere than in the brazen flauntings of such a resort.

The Frenchman, however, always loves a dance, and when, the other day, a detachment of the English shouting "salvation army" paid Paris a missionary visit, and opened their performance with a Moody and Sankey hymn, played upon a cracked accordion and an old cornet-a-piston, a lot of graceless young couples rose and danced to the music. It was some time before quiet was restored; but the army did not try the cornet-a-piston again that night.

The latest craze in Paris fashions is for Turkish bangings and basket furniture. Chairs, tables, and all sorts of household articles are made of wicker-work. They are embroidered and painted in gorgeous colors. All sorts of Persian rugs adorn the floor. Cashmere shawls are used for curtains, and chair-drapery. This is carried out on the stage, and in operas and dramatic spectacles.

The *Figaro* seems to have made a new departure. At Christmas time it surprised every one by publishing, as a *feuilleton*, a translation of Miss Braddon's "Aurora Floyd"; and now it comes out with the announcement that next week it will begin a story by Bret Harte. But I learn that it is only a translation of one of that author's old stories, and not written especially for the occasion. However that is, it will be rather amusing to read the French translation of California mining slang and profanity.

A little town in the suburbs of Paris, called St. Denis, was the scene of an amusing anniversary the other day. Every year the authorities award three prizes to the three most virtuous maidens in the town limits. How they are enabled to decide whom to select from the village girls, I do not know. But there were three pretty and exemplary young women on hand to be crowned as *rosières* when the time came, and, according to custom, immediately after the ceremony, they were taken and carefully married to three upright and promising youths.

The last American heiress to catch a foreign title is Miss Medora, daughter of Louis Von Hoffman, of New York, and grand-daughter of Mr. Grymes, the New Orleans magnate. She was married the other day at Cannes, by the Bishop of Tréjus, to the Marquis de Mores, son of the Duc de Vallombrosa, of Aragon. The bride is young and very beautiful. She is a niece of Mr. Corcoran, of Washington. She has a glorious wealth of golden hair. Her dress was entirely of white velvet. On her head was a coronet of orange-flowers, which held in place a delicate veil of old lace. The groom is very rich and remarkably handsome.

On account of the recent death of Léon Escudier, the great Paris music publisher, there has been an executor's sale of the copyrights of many famous operas. The copyright of "Rigoletto" sold for sixty thousand francs; "Traviata" went for seventy thousand francs; "Aida" was withdrawn at ninety thousand francs; "Ernani" and "Don Carlos" were withdrawn; "Il Trovatore" had been previously disposed of at private sale for one hundred thousand francs; the beautiful "Requiem" was withdrawn at five thousand francs.

BAILLARD.

PARIS, March 9, 1882.



## SOCIETY.

April 8, 1882.—The austerities of the penitential season disappear to-day, and Lenten tranquillity is at an end. The glad festival of Easter, the anniversary of the resurrection, and the forerunner of sunshine and flowers, commences to-morrow. There will be special services in the churches of many denominations. The altars and chancels will be decorated with beautiful flowers, and music of the choicest character will enliven the occasion. The ladies of all Christian lands generally honor Easter by appearing at church in new toilets and the latest novelties from the millinery mart, which, in addition to the religious festivities enumerated above, make Easter, next to Christmas, the gladdest day in the calendar.

Already the subdued habiliments of the abstemious season have been willingly laid away; and laces, ribbons, silks, satins, and other paraphernalia of fashionable routine, may be seen airing in many a drawing-room and boudoir. The first thing on the social programme will be the closing of the delightful series of informal parties given by the ladies of the Grand and Palace hotels during the winter, and which would have taken place previous to the commencement of Lent had not the melancholy death of Mrs. Newlands caused a cessation of festivities.

On Thursday evening next Mrs. Atherton will throw open the doors of her handsome mansion on California Street in aid of a charitable venture on the part of the Misses McAllister, of Benicia; these ladies, with the aid of the Misses Asbe, Page, Friedlander, and other society ladies in the city, having accepted the generous offer of Mrs. Atherton, kindly permitting them to transform her elegant establishment into a bazar, for the purpose of obtaining funds to found a sewing-school for poor children at Benicia. The entertainment is for that evening only. There will be articles on sale for five dollars and under; refreshments will be served at moderate rates, and tickets of admission will be fifty cents. Of course, there will be no tickets for sale at the door, and none sold except to such as a committee appointed for the purpose may deem proper to invite under the circumstances. Already a number of ladies and gentlemen have contributed articles, for which the ladies extend thanks, and there can be no doubt whatever of the success of the entertainment.

Hymen's torch will burn brightly next week, for there will be quite a number of weddings among well-known society people, the most brilliant and fashionable of which will be that of Mr. Ogden Mills Jr., of this place, and Miss Ruth Livingston, of New York. The wedding will take place next Tuesday afternoon, the eleventh inst., at Grace Church, New York, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Gertrude Hoyt, Miss Estelle Livingston, Miss Ogden, and Miss Baylis. A reception will follow the church ceremony at the residence of the bride's father, and the young couple will sail for Europe in the steamer of the twenty-second, and hope to spend a portion of the London season with Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck at her town residence, returning to the United States in time for the August gayeties at Newport. On the day following, Wednesday, the twelfth inst., Mr. George Raum, of New York, and Miss Mamie Woodward, of this city, a sister of Mrs. Drury Melone, will be united in marriage at Oak Knoll, Napa county, the summer residence of the bride-elect, in the presence of a few friends. Immediately after the ceremony the newly wedded will come to this city, and soon after depart on a bridal tour, which will embrace the principal places in the East and in Europe. Hon. John Russell Young, who is well known in this city, and who has been a widower for about a year, will be married in a few weeks to Miss Colman, a niece of ex-Governor Jewell, of Connecticut. The lady is said to be young, handsome, and accomplished; but we may see for ourselves in a month or more, as she will accompany the new Minister to China, and will arrive here early in May. Lieutenant Percy Parker, U. S. A., well known in San Francisco society circles, will soon lead to the altar Miss Annie G. Butcher, of Lowell, Mass.

General Beale, one of the most elegant and princely entertainers in the country, gave a princely repast at his residence on Lafayette Square, Washington, to a number of persons well known here, among whom were Senator and Mrs. Miller, of California; John Russell Young, the new minister to China; General and Mrs. Grant, in whose honor the dinner was given, on Friday evening, the twenty-fourth ultimo. There were thirty-eight ladies and gentlemen present, in all, in which the army and navy, the national legislature, and literature and journalism were represented. A full brass band made music for the occasion, and the dinner was another one among the many famous repasts which have made the old Decatur mansion celebrated. Mrs. Beale, who has not been in the best of health for the past year, and Miss Beale, her daughter, were both present, and two pleasanter ladies do not live. Truxton Beale, a son, is at present in this city. Senator James G. Fair, of Nevada, is making himself famous in Washington as an entertainer; and the person is fortunate who receives an invitation to one of the senator's delightful Saturday-night dinners at the Arlington. He has given four elaborate dinners so far since the holidays, at three of which he has brought most of his brother senators together, and other noted sojourners at the national capital. His fourth dinner, however, which took place on Saturday evening last, was a departure, so to speak; and, instead of propping up the festive board with grave and reverend Solons, he surrounded himself with a cordon of imperial beauties, with Miss Morgan, a daughter of Senator Morgan, of Alabama, on his right, and Miss Bayard, daughter of the eminent senator from Delaware, on his left. It is said that the floral decorations were profuse and costly, and that to each young lady was given an exquisite girdle bouquet with cords of silk, and the names of the fair recipients surrounded by a pointed wreath of flowers.

One of the most delightful affairs of the season was the celebration of the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Carroll, of Sacramento, which took place at their residence in that city on Sunday evening last, the second instant. On account of the strict episcopal views of the happy couple, Mr. and Mrs. C. had set apart next Monday, the tenth instant, upon which to receive congratulations; but the occa-

sion was too joyous a one to their sons, Harry and Edgar, and their daughters, Minnie and Flora, who early in the day removed many of the religious barriers that the parents had erected, and the event of that twenty-fifth anniversary was made the order of the day in that household from sunrise until midnight. And notwithstanding the informality of the demonstration large numbers of friends called and offered congratulations, while Mrs. Carroll was the recipient of a great number of presents, conspicuous among which was a rich *tête-à-tête* set on a silver inlaid with gold, a present from twelve former residents of Sacramento, now residing in San Francisco, among whom were Governor and Mrs. Stanford, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, W. E. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Torbert, and others. Accompanying this massive gift was a poem by W. E. Brown, printed in silver letters; also a poem by J. W. Winans, (a brother of Mrs. Carroll), set to the air of "Auld Lang Syne." They received more than a hundred presents in all, among which were a rich silver and porcelain vase from their sons, Harry and Edgar, a silver-mounted tambourine from their daughter Flora, and a panel painting from Minnie.

B. C. T.

## Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Hays Jr. have gone to Southern California to permanently reside, Mr. H. having lately purchased a large tract of irrigable land in Tulare county, upon which he expects to have his own vine and fig-tree. Captain and Mrs. John F. Wright, of Oakland, are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. Miss Julia Sterling, of Napa, who is spending the winter with Mrs. Senator Jones at the capital, is visiting in New York just at present. Hon. Delos Lake and two of his daughters, the Misses Helen and Annie Lake, are spending a short time in Southern California, and were at the Pico House, Los Angeles, on Sunday and Monday last. Governor and Mrs. Rice, of Minnesota, are also in Los Angeles. George S. Ladd has just returned from New York. Oscar Wilde was handsomely entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCreery, while in Sacramento, during which Mrs. Henry Edgerton and Miss Minnie Clark gave an instrumental duet, and Mrs. J. F. Cooper and others sang. General O. H. La Grange has been at the Palace for a week or more. Paymaster Sullivan, U. S. N., who has received a three-months' leave of absence, departed for the East on Monday last. Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Turner, who have been enjoying their honeymoon at Monterey, have returned to the city. George Crocker left on the Oregon steamer of Tuesday last on a business trip to Washington Territory. Senator Sargent and family left for the East on Monday last. Mrs. Colonel Frank Sbay has returned to Los Angeles. Mrs. Frank Staples has gone to Tucson, to join her husband, who has taken up his permanent residence at that place. Major Whipple, U. S. A., has returned. Commander J. H. Sands, U. S. N., arrived here from the East on Thursday last. J. S. Slauson, president of the Los Angeles County Bank, and Mrs. Slauson, of Los Angeles, have been at the Palace during the week. G. P. Colton, U. S. A., arrived here on Monday last. Lieutenant-Commander Stockton, U. S. N., arrived in this city from the East on Thursday last. Mrs. Robert C. Johnson, who has been visiting many of the principal Chinese and Japanese cities for more than a year past, has returned and brought with her, so some of her friends declare, many marvels of curiously-wrought wares and works. Miss Kate Beaver left here on Thursday last for Europe, returning late in the summer. Miss Kittie Campbell, of Sacramento, who has been visiting friends in Oakland lately, has returned home. Ensign Rose, U. S. N., has been granted leave of absence. Mrs. Charles Sonntag is visiting Mrs. General Stoneman at San Gabriel. Mr. and Mrs. Mark McDonanld will take up their residence in Santa Rosa for the summer in a few weeks. Mrs. Monroe Salisbury has returned from Monterey. Mrs. Bourne and her daughters have also returned from Monterey. Mrs. William Freeborn and children, and Mrs. Fisher, who left here for the East last week, have arrived in New York. S. O. Robinson, and F. Gardner, U. S. A., arrived here yesterday. Eugene Dewey and W. B. Lent have returned from New York. The latter has lately purchased a residence in the Eastern metropolis. Mrs. Dr. Hitchcock, of Napa, is at the Grand. Miss R. D. Hunt, of Woodland, is visiting in this city. O. S. Melley, of the marine corps, is at the Occidental. Miss S. Kelley, of Woodland, is at the Grand. Mrs. Henry Wetherhead, who has been spending the winter at the Palace, has returned to her beautiful summer home at Fruit Vale. George J. Gee and family have returned from Europe, and have taken up their residence at No. 418 Sutter Street, for the present. Mrs. Pillsbury, at last accounts, was in London. Colonel Wilkins, U. S. A., will shortly go East on a year's leave of absence. Mrs. William Randall, of Guaymas, is in the city, on a visit to her parents. Colonel and Mrs. Charles F. Crocker and Mrs. Easton, who left here on the twenty-fifth instant, have arrived in New York. B. A. Haggin, who is engaged in business in New York, but who has been in San Francisco for some weeks, departed for the East again on Sunday last. Mrs. Judge Hager and Mrs. Lillie Coit have been spending a few days at Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs and family have gone to Monterey for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Holladay, accompanied by their charming daughter Ruth, leave on an extended Eastern tour on Wednesday next via New Orleans, Atlanta, Richmond, and Washington. Their daughter Louise is still in London, studying music and being chaperoned by Mrs. Montgomery, wife of Colonel Montgomery, the London correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*. James Freeborn and family have been spending a few days at Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker and wife, who have been staying a few days at Monterey, have returned. Commander Coghlan has been placed on waiting orders. Mrs. Tod Robinson is at Monterey. Colonel and Mrs. Horace Fletcher go to Monterey this afternoon to remain a few days. Captain R. S. Floyd has been elected commodore of the Pacific Yacht Club. General Daniel Butterfield, of New York, is at the Palace. Mrs. Hamilton, Miss Hamilton, and Mrs. George Hearst are in London. Mrs. Rosenstock, Miss Rosenstock, Mrs. J. H. Maynard, and Miss Houston were in Rome on March tenth. Mrs. Colonel Eddy and Miss Eddy will soon leave Constantinople for Egypt. Mrs. A. Patten and family are in Paris.

## MUSIC.

## Mrs. Tippet's Concert.

Nothing in the world is more shy of committing itself to visible form than a compliment. People may say nice things of each other, and believe them, too; but words and thoughts are so cheap and so manageable in comparison with deeds of corresponding expression, that very few of us are ever lucky enough to behold the material embodiment of the united regard professed for us by our friends. Fortune, however, has extended a kind hand of favor to Mrs. Tippet in this respect; for if any one ever saw before her eyes, in a brilliant gathering of many cultivated and musical people, the tangible evidences of admiring appreciation and friendly interest, surely she is that happy person. Platt's Hall has certainly never held a finer concert audience than that which assembled last week upon the occasion of the one tendered to Mrs. Tippet; and in looking back upon the event one can only regret that an affair of such delightful possibilities should have proved at all unworthy of its patrons. A number of the latter may have been partly to blame for the delay in beginning the programme by their tardy arrival upon the scene of well-filled seats, bright lights, and palmy decorations; but the tediousness of the intervals between the first numbers of the evening was a fault that can not be laid at the same door. The spirit of detention seemed to be a pervading presence, and at the outset visibly chilled the warmer impulses of enthusiasm. When it was once entered upon, the introductory male chorus, "Three Chafers," by Trübn, under the leadership of Mr. D. W. Loring, was given with good effect. This was followed by a song from Mr. W. C. Campbell—an admirable setting by Alfred Pease of Bayard Taylor's "Bedouin Love Song," with its beautiful and classic refrain:

"Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the judgment-book unfold."

A composition so well adapted to Mr. Campbell's voice, and sung by him with great good taste, could not fail to give pleasure. The practice, however, of reaching after all but unattainable notes above or below the staff, is a source of distress to musical ears, when indulged in by any singer. These final tones (as in Mr. Campbell's case) are so apt to be untrue and incomplete, that (to borrow an altered quotation from the great poet) "while they make the groundlings applaud, they make the judicious grieve." Mr. Campbell was recalled, but sensibly declined an encore.

The appearance of Mrs. Tippet was the signal for an outburst of greeting from her multitude of friends; and with the captivating simplicity so entirely her own in manner and musical method, she sang, successively, "Reminiscence," by August Mignon, "Highland Laddie," by Bruch, and "Gold Rolls Here Beneath Me," by Rubinstein. The first selection is an interesting song, written expressly for Mrs. Tippet by a gentleman of this city, under the *nom de plume* above given. Although rendered with feeling and that fine appreciation of the best points which is a characteristic of all Mrs. Tippet's interpretations, "Reminiscence" was less warmly received than the "Highland Laddie." Into this vehement little song of daring intervals and ardent spirit, Mrs. Tippet threw that quality of magnetic fervor which, after all, is the distinguishing charm and fascination of her singing. At least magnetic fervor must answer the purpose of a name; the electric thrill for which it stands evades analysis, and shuns still more a formal christening. It is sufficient to say that its influence was responsively acknowledged, and that at the conclusion of her third number, "Gelb rollt mir zu Füssen," Mrs. Tippet was impetuously recalled and presented with a quantity of elaborate floral tributes. As an encore she gave Sullivan's "Lost Chord," playing her own accompaniment. Evident fatigue placed Mrs. Tippet at something of a disadvantage, and though her songs were thoroughly enjoyable, her chief success was further on in the cantata. Much curiosity had been manifested in regard to Miss Eleanor Briggs, who was announced to play the Andante Spianato and Polonaise, Op. 22, by Chopin. Why she was not known to fame until last week immediately became obvious, however, to the mind of inquiring concert-goers; for Miss Briggs appeared before their unprepared eyes in the shape of a young girl who has probably been in the world fewer years than can be counted to the public career alone of many local celebrities. But if so far as life-time is concerned Miss Briggs's opportunities have been limited, she has plainly made the best use of what she has had; otherwise it would have been impossible for her to play, as she did, with composure, accuracy, and intelligence. All who were familiar with the difficulties of the Polonaise could not but be surprised at the force, expressive touch, and real brilliancy of execution brought by a mere child to the task of successfully rendering this famous composition; and the encore that she received was evidently a genuine tribute to her talent and musical promise. It was unfortunate that Miss Briggs should have responded with so long a selection as the "Minuet," by Mozowski. Determination held nervousness at arm's length to the end of the Chopin number, but the second strain upon her will-power was a little more than she should have asked of herself. As yet Miss Briggs is an immature, and to a certain extent, a mechanical pianiste. She possesses a fine technique, however, and a delicacy of comprehension that is remarkable in one so young. Miss Briggs is a pupil of Mr. Lissner, and shows the training of the modern school, whose characteristics were brought to public notice so prominently last winter in the playing of Joseffy. Mr. Heyman's violin solo, a "Legende," by Wieniawski, was accompanied by Mrs. Tippet, and received an encore. In response, the air "Tre Giorni Son Che Nina," from the song of that name, by Pergolesi, was given. Mr. Ben Clark followed in a song by Sullivan, "Thou Hast a Power," which was a very unsatisfactory effort, indeed. It seemed an exertion for Mr. Clark to make even the poor tones he succeeded in producing; and he was so badly out of tune as to be positively unkind. With an irresolute and uninspiring rendition of the "Sextette," from "Patience," the first and miscellaneous part of the programme came to a lame close. Gade's interesting and beautiful cantata of "Comala" concluded the concert. As a whole, the work was poorly given. Insufficient rehearsal and hasty



preparation seemed to be at the root of the trouble, for the chief deficiencies were noticeable in the choruses and accompaniments. Mr. Louis Schmidt was solely responsible for the superficial, wooden, and really careless playing of the latter. With the former, perhaps, the fault should be divided round. Mrs. Tippet, in the part of "Comala," was wholly delightful. All her solos were models of feeling, and true, unerring insight. Especially touching was the lament, "Oh, would I were sitting by Carun's waters!" Mr. Tippet, as "Fingal," also gave much pleasure. The ballad for "Dersagrena" was carefully sung by Miss Eliza Brown, of Oakland; indeed, all the solo parts were well taken. To sum up: the concert was scarcely what one would have expected in its particular connection. Yet, after all, its saddest feature was the fact it brought to notice—the fact of Mrs. Tippet's coming departure. That is surely the most grievous suggestion its memory can make. F. A.

#### Coming Concerts and Recitals.

On next Monday evening, April 10th, the Orchestral Union will give the third of their second series of concerts at the Metropolitan Temple. The full orchestra will perform various classical selections, among which are Schubert's Symphony in B minor, and Chopin's Polonaise, No. 1. Mrs. L. P. Howell will sing a cantata, by Pacini, and White's "Waltz Song."

On Friday evening, April 14th, Mrs. Henry Norton, assisted by Mr. Julius Hinrichs, the violoncellist, and accompanied by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, will give a second "Song Recital," at Dashaway Hall. Mrs. Norton will give, among other numbers, Marzials's dainty setting to Christina Rossetti's "My Love is Come," besides various songs by Schumann, Schubert, and Verdi. Mr. Hinrichs will perform several solo selections on the 'cello, and duets with Mrs. Carr.

On Wednesday evening, April 19th, Mr. Ernst Hartmann, assisted by Mrs. Nina R. Trow, the pianist, and Miss Alice Dyer, as soloist, will give a piano recital. Many classical selections are promised.

Mr. Ugo Talbo announces a series of six "Friday Popular Concerts," at Platt's Hall, commencing Friday evening, April 21st. The concerts will successively embrace old English ballads, Longfellow's dramatic work, "The Masque of Pandora," with music by Alfred Cellier, who will personally supervise the production, Irish melodies, Scotch ballads, German songs, and selections from Italian operas. On the occasion of "The Masque of Pandora" there will be a chorus of one hundred and fifty voices, and an orchestra of fifty performers. This particular performance will be the only one of the series which will take place in the afternoon.

Mr. Charles Crocker has in contemplation the erection of a building devoted to art, on his property on the north side of Post Street, midway between Kearny and Dupont. The lot is large and L shaped, extending around nearly to Dupont Street, and almost encircling the corner of Dupont and Post streets, on which the Pacific Club building is being erected. It fronts seventy-four feet on Post Street, one hundred and thirty-seven and a-half feet on the small street which runs from Post Street into the Central Market, and has a north exposure of one hundred and thirteen and a-half feet toward Sutter Street, and faces forty-five feet on Ashburton Place. The surface area of the lot is nearly thirteen thousand feet. The whole construction of the building, as planned, will be exceedingly novel, highly ornate, and in keeping with the artistic uses for which it is intended—viz., the home of the Art Association, the Society of Decorative Art, and other kindred organizations. Three of the five stories will tower far above the surrounding buildings, and each present an unbroken line of two hundred and fifty-one feet of north and east light, which will be utilized for studios on two floors. The upper floors will be made easily accessible by the aid of elevators, and the rents will be so low as to make them available to artists. The desirability of centralizing the studios so as to have a regular reception afternoon, when all will be thrown open to the public, has long been felt here, where most of the artists are housed in out-of-the-way corners, much to the prejudice of their sales. The rear of the second floor will be converted into a concert-room, one-third larger than Dashaway Hall, and most artistically decorated and furnished. The building will be fire-proof, with ample exits on three streets. The larger part of the ground floor will be occupied by Ichi Ban, and Col. Horace Fletcher, Vice President of the Art Association, has entire charge of the enterprise as to tenancy, etc.

Mr. Philip Van Rensselaer, who accidentally shot himself at the Hotel Brunswick, in New York, was well known in this city, which he left only a few months ago. His father, Mr. Philip Van Rensselaer, was a most charming and courteous gentleman, of the old school. He married, when a young man, Miss Mary Talmadge, a lady of beauty so striking and unusual that the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, to whom she was presented in the days when Americans were rarely sent at foreign courts, complimented her father on the possession of so fair a daughter, and requested to have her likeness painted for his own private gallery. At the English and French courts she excited the same degree of admiration, and there are many now living who can recall her queenly face and figure. She survived her husband but a short time, and died in the West several years since. Mr. Van Rensselaer's death is asserted by many to have been a suicide. Various stories are rife concerning the family. In 1845, an old woman named "Granny" Saunders who, together with her son, had been evicted from her farm on the Van Rensselaer estate at Albany, predicted the violent deaths of both Philip and his cousin Stephen, and cursed the family generally. In 1861, Stephen Van Rensselaer, with motives which were inexplicable, committed suicide in a fashionable New York bagnio. And now the mysterious death of Philip is alleged to be the accomplishment of the fateful curse.

Mr. Tennyson, observes the *Hawkeye*, very wisely deferred publishing "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade" until all of the members of the brigade were dead.

#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

We are accustomed to look to the *Record-Union* for sound argument and healthy common sense in the discussion of constitutional questions. How is this of April 5th as an interpretation of the high prerogative with which the Constitution has clothed the President: "There is no ground for believing that a Chinese bill can not be passed at this session. The President has on the contrary pointed out very clearly what kind of a Chinese bill he is prepared to sign. It remains, therefore, for our senators and representatives to prepare such a bill promptly," etc. We will be obliged to the *Record-Union* if it will explain the executive functions, and inform us upon what constitutional argument is based the idea that on questions of national policy, of expediency, and of international intercourse the opinion of the President should be allowed to prevail over the opinion of Congress? What right—within the constitution—has the President to indicate to Congress what kind of a bill HE is prepared to sign? What authority of law is given to him to override the national will expressed in party conventions and in congressional acts? What other man in the nation would have had the presumption to have said that a twenty-years' limitation demanded the interposition of a veto, when ten years would not have justified it? Was it left for the late collector of the port of New York to discover that this law was in conflict with the spirit of the Chinese treaty? Was it for him to discover that passports were vexatious and undemocratic? What marvelous wisdom enabled him to find that after the passage of this law Chinese travelers might not pass from Cuba and Peru through the United States to their homes in China? In what clause does this most wise Daniel of the law find Chinese restricted from travel or change of residence, when no longer desirous of remaining on the Pacific Coast? How does Mr. Arthur know that these people have been so useful in the past, that to limit their immigration would be hurtful to our Pacific Coast immigration? If he thinks he knows this fact, what sublime impertinence of egotism, what colossal cheek it is for him to assert his opinion against that of an intelligent community that has been for a generation in practical contest with Chinese labor. What does the President of the United States mean when he says, in an executive message to Congress, "My attention is called by the Chinese minister to the fact that the act," etc.? Is it the custom of American presidents to consult with foreign ambassadors as to the propriety of giving their sanction to acts which Congress submits to them? What does the President mean when he declares that if the Chinaman is an unwelcome laborer upon our coast he may be needed elsewhere? This will be an immensely catching party slogan with which to win Republican votes from the laboring masses in the Northern States—good party salt to sprinkle upon the tail of negro laborers at the South. When the President declares, as he does, that Chinese labor has been profitable to our State; that the Chinese have built railroads; that their industry and enterprise have contributed to the interests of our capitalists and laborers, he simply discloses the fact that in the contest between white and Chinese labor he has taken the side of the Mongolian; in the contest between capital and labor he has taken the side of capital, and that in taking this position he is supported by a nearly unanimous Republican senate. Every prominent party leader upholds his position. Thus has the Republican national party taken sides in favor of slave labor as against free labor; Chinese against Caucasians; Mongolians—who are not and can not become citizens—as against native and foreign-born who are citizens or eligible to citizenship. It is over these issues that future party contests are to be fought.

Perhaps the most humiliating feature of the late Mr. Arthur's veto was the admission that he had consulted the Chinese ambassador, and reflected his opinions and accompanied his message to Congress with a memorandum from the Chinese embassy. We believe this has never been done before, and we have a dreamy recollection that one of the English premiers was hurled from power because an impression had gone abroad that he had introduced a measure to the English parliament at the dictation or suggestion of the French emperor.

Hawaiian politics must, of necessity, always interest Americans who live so near to the Sandwich Islands as we of California. Our business interests are intimate. Our social intercourse involves us in all questions which concern them. We desire for them prosperity, progress, and material advancement. We are interested in their social order and good government. Every political, social, and economical question which concerns them concerns us. We regard Honolulu as an American city. We look upon Hawaiians as of our family. We desire that country to maintain its independence, in order that it may maintain friendly intercourse with us. We would not, nor do we think our government would, willingly consent that any other nation should undertake to obtain political supremacy over any part of the island kingdom. It will be regarded as the privilege of the Government of the United States to watch with some degree of jealousy the intrigues which may be plotted in Honolulu, and to see that there shall be no treason developed against American institutions. It will be the duty of our government to aid the white residents who are American by their associations, their birth, and their interests, and to see to it that neither their king, their nobles, nor the strangers that are within their gates shall be permitted to do anything which shall imperil the friendly relations now existing between the government of Hawaii and the government of the United States, the people of Hawaii and the people of America. This relation is not to be disturbed by domestic intrigue or foreign interference. It is not to be governed by considerations of finance or questions of revenue. There is no disposition abroad in our land to interfere with the independence of the Hawaiian kingdom, the authority of the Hawaiian king, or the people of the Hawaiian realm, so long as its people, its politicians, and its king do not undertake to Asiaticize or Indianize its population, or submit realm, king, and people to English influence. The United States of America does not contemplate floating its flag in authority over the island,

and it will not permit a recurrence of an early incident in the history of that country, when a foreign flag was raised over it. The independence of the Hawaiian people is only in a degree more highly appreciated by them than by us. We are glad to know that our national holiday is cherished there. We are glad to know that our friendship is appreciated, that American feeling has prevailed, and that men of American birth have been honored. In order that this condition of things may continue for the mutual benefit of each nationality, we are glad to know that *certain things will not be permitted in Hawaii, even with the consent of the Hawaiian government.* It is not a question of interfering with the national existence of that people. It is not an exhibition of "domineering arrogance of power." It is not "threatening the liberties of the little kingdom." There will be no show of "intimidating force." There will be nothing done to "embitter and harden the Hawaiian heart." It will not be done with any idea of forcing neighbors into unwilling association, but it will be done—if it must be done—in assertion of the dignity and sovereignty of a strong and generous commonwealth which will not permit English influence to control the postern door of our continent, or English guns to sweep our Western seas. It is the assertion of that power which will not permit English politicians to manage the domestic affairs of any island in our American archipelago. The life of the little Hawaiian kingdom does not hang by a thread. It is united to the great republic by a cable of interlinked and twisted interests. It is a bond which can not be dissolved by any small intrigues set on foot by small politicians anxious to feed as body-lice upon the royal person of the Hawaiian king.

The *Independent*, which paid for the right and labor of cabling Tennyson's new poem to this country on the day of its appearance in London, and which described "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade" in words of eloquent praise, has backed up its enterprise by printing a large number of opinions, English and American, upon the merits of the poem. One of the English journals quoted (says the *New York Times*) doubts whether the poem is "verse or prose," and another expresses an amiable desire to speak of it "with modest deference." On the other hand, our own poet Whittier writes that the poem is itself "a half-battle"; while a Baltimore journal goes so far as to suggest that "Tennyson has got out of the habit of writing good poetry." A *New York* contemporary calls it an "imitation," while still another describes it as "dull, labored, and clumsy." One of the Boston journals is better pleased, and thinks that it "is full of martial vigor and strength." A second thoughtful Boston inquirer holds the opinion that "it is a skillful production, but it will not fill the mouths of as many school-boys on declamation days as the other has done." A Springfield newspaper asserts roundly that "the laureate shouldn't have tried it," and by way of contrast, a Philadelphia editor remarks: "The present poem is a striking evidence of the fire that still burns in that noble (Tennyson's, not the editor's) intellect. The effect of the lines will be quite as great as the original poem produced." The same journal makes the queer discovery that the poem has "the chief interest to Americans because of the palpable marks which it bears of Whitman's influence." Perhaps this may account for the opinion previously expressed that the poem is "dull, labored, and clumsy." Another newspaper critic is convinced that "The Charge" will "rank high among the laureate's poems," and this judgment is seconded by a Southern journal, which finds in the poem a close match to an old masterpiece.

A gentleman writing from England to the *New York Sun* remarks that the favorite amusements in country houses have been latterly bear-fights and hare-and-hounds—not the out-door sports, or a reminiscence of gladiators, far from it. The scene is the drawing-room; the time, postprandial. Actors, men more or less—often more—flushed with wine; women, in full evening dress, flirting desperately, unceasingly, ardently with youths who steadily nurse their right leg, and try to catch the reflection of their gardenia in the matchless lustre of their shoes. Watching his opportunity, some cheerful, animated guest playfully hurls a small ornament at a "dear fellow's" head. This is the onset; promptly other missiles follow; étagères, tables, consoles are stripped of their articles of *virtu*, and a curious confusion follows. It is considered uncourteous in the mistress of the house to object to this destruction of her property. The housemaid is dismissed for breaking a china cup; the lords and ladies are smiled at for smashing the furniture. This is the bear-fight. It has no fixed rules and no limitations. For hare-and-hounds the preparations are still more simple. The lights are suddenly put out, and every man is supposed to possess a sufficiently keen scent to catch the hare he covets. In this novel chase the game rarely doubles, and soon falls a willing prey. At a second signal light floods the scene, and every one is made judge of the success of everybody else. The escutcheons on the walls, the ancestral pictures in their frames, the armor-clad effigies in the old halls, must tremble in dismay at these unhallowed sports; but could they lift their voices in reproach, one word would silence them all: "It is the fashion!"

The Mayor of Lyons, influenced by the Jesuits, has ordered the ball-room of Perrache to be closed, in consequence of its being situated behind the garden of certain seers of the parish of Ainay, who keep a charity-school for young girls. For a long time the windows looking into the garden had been walled up by municipal authority, but that could not prevent the music of the orchestra and the noise of the gayety of the company reaching the chaste ears of the damsels brought up under the tutelary wings of the respectable sisters. These prudent instructresses had remarked that their pupils lent too eager an attention to the waltzes and country-dances performed by the orchestra, and their poor little hearts too often sighed after worldly pleasures. It was high time to put an end to this state of things, which was eventually accomplished by the only measure which could satisfy the Jesuit sisters—stop the dancing.

One of the medical journals says: "There is no limit to the ingenuity of a hysterical woman when once she commences to deceive."



## VANITY FAIR.

The London *Figaro* thus states the condition of dancing in English society: The waltz question still fiercely agitates society, and the patrons of the rival *deux temps* and *trois temps* divide dancers into hostile camps. The fact that the *deux temps* party—the “two-twoers,” as they are called—claim the Prince of Wales as an adherent, has, of course, highly elated them; but even H. R. H.'s great Terpsichorean influences will scarcely avail against the largely preponderating numbers who favor the quicker steps; embracing, as those numbers do, by far the larger portion of the beauties of the day. Some of the leading ladies of fashion intend inaugurating, this season, subscription balls very much after the manner of the Almack's of our grandfathers and grandmothers. A list of lady patronesses will be made out, and without a voucher from one of these no one will be allowed to subscribe to the entertainments; nor, except on this condition, will any subscriber be permitted to ask anyone as a guest. A very influential committee has been formed, and the first of these entertainments will come off soon after Easter, in honor of the Duke of Albany's marriage. There are to be six of these balls during the season. The subscription will be five pounds for each person; tickets will be transferable. To families of position who have daughters who must dance, the saving between these reunions and balls or large evening parties at their own house, will be considerable. There is still a difficulty to be overcome. The golden youth of the period are getting less and less anxious, or even willing, to go to halls. It remains to be seen whether the vouchers will act beneficially upon them. If this has no influence, and they still continue to prefer their clubs, their whist, and their cynical remarks about the fair sex, what is to be done?

The art of the Manicure, new as it is, is developing astonishingly. The latest implements, if they may be so called, of the artists are gloves. Not the mere kid gloves which many a young lady puts on regularly at night in an effort to keep her hands fair to look upon, but medicated contrivances, spread inside with the yolk of an egg, oil of sweet almonds, and tincture of henzoine. These whiten the hands. There are others coated inside with a mixture of honey, myrrh, wax, and rose-water. These soften the hands. There are very powerful gloves, used only when the condition of the hands is very rough, but they must never be put on if there are any chaps or sores. They contain tartaric oil, lemon juice, oil of bitter almonds, and brown Windsor soap. There are, besides, “bran mittens” and finger-tips for shaping the ends of the fingers. “Taper fingers,” it is said, are not in the least an impossibility.

It is thus that an indignant and “elderly chaperone” writes to London *Truth* on the manners of the English gilded youth: “I write as one of that noble army of martyrs—the elderly chaperones—who, having little to do at society gatherings, (the chaperone is becoming more and more a sinecure,) have all the better opportunity for observation and reflection. These faultlessly got-up young exquisites, as they loiter about the doors and take stock of the girls, as if they were a promising lot of two-year-olds at Tattersall's, seem supremely conscious that they have conferred an immense favor upon their hostess by honoring her dance; and should she propose to introduce one of these carpet knights to some charming young debutante, whom she may have observed sitting out, he will probably reply, as, indeed, I heard one the other night: ‘Ah, thanks! Ah, I'm quite full! Haven't a dance—absolutely couldn't offer her one; know so many here, don't you know.’ This to the lady of the house, if you please; and I happened to know that this young spark had been brought by a friend. Should he permit himself to be presented to a lady outside his special set, you may hear him say: ‘I really can't offer you a waltz till No. 16, or perhaps I might give you the third extra,’ (with a mental reservation that he may probably be at supper). Give, indeed! Why, in my dancing days, it was always: ‘May I ask the favor, or the honor, of the next dance?’ A well-known proficient in fashionable ‘swim,’ I am told, will accept as many as six invitations for the same evening, and then, perhaps, when the night arrives, select the two which are nearest, or dearest, to honor with his presence, never giving a thought to the other four, where at least his company has been reckoned upon as a dancing ‘factor.’ You can understand that when a dozen or two have done this sort of thing, the poor deluded hostess finds herself in a predicament, and the success of a dance is often marred, if not spoiled, by this most inexcusable lack of politeness, or shall I say excess of puffed-up-ness?”

A New York correspondent writes to the Cincinnati *Commercial*: “I cannot refrain from giving you a picture of a society beau, as he appeared in after-dinner costume to bid a young lady good-bye, before sailing for England. He is tall and very slender, and his chestnut hair is parted in the middle. His white vest is cut low, and his dress-coat and trousers are of the freshest broadcloth. On the first finger of one large, shapely hand, sparkle diamonds, sapphires, rubies, and cat's-eyes. On the other hand is a large red cat's-eye. His patent-leather ties show embroidered silk hose. He enters the drawing-room with his opera hat in his hand, a jeweled match-box with his monogram upon it, and his cane with a large topaz in its head. This latter he is careful to keep in his hand, if he is unattended by his valet, although it is usual for that functionary to await him in the hall, holding cloak and cane.”

Among the fashions of the last London season which achieved great popularity, and which, it is said, will be a prominent feature in the season just about to begin there, says a New York journal, were “Cinderella” parties, as they were called. The excellent and appropriate title will suggest their distinguishing characteristics; namely, an early beginning and ending. They are the protest of society, as it were, against the absurdly late hours which have been so prevalent the past few years, and which, while every one decried on the score of their evil effects both on mind and body, yet none ventured to be the first to oppose. Finally the matrons in London decided that the only way to ac-

complish the desired end of earlier hours was to appeal to society in a novel way, and accordingly “Cinderella” parties were announced, and met at once with popular favor. In accordance with the legend, no guest was supposed to linger after the last stroke of twelve, and, to give sufficient time for an evening's entertainment, eight o'clock was generally set for the hour of arrival. As the majority of new English fashions now-a-days, whether suited to our society or not, are eagerly adopted here in the shortest possible time, we may expect to see “Cinderella” parties all the rage next winter.

The embargo laid on low-neck “waists” for the last two years has been completely removed, and the violent reaction in the opposite direction, taken in connection with the already existing absence of sleeve, has produced what the French boldly pronounce a “triumph of nudity.” Of course, fichus and scarves do what they can to atone for the lack of material in what continues to be called a corsage, though if the price of a dress were in proportion to the amount of stuff in use, there would be a perceptible diminution at the present moment in the cost of hall costumes. The fashion of epaulettes is a necessity with the low-cut waist, since there is frequently nothing but a bit of lace or ribbon to fasten together the front and back of the dress. A bouquet of flowers, or a jewel, is considered an ample substitute for a sleeve. A very pretty dress, adapted to light mourning, may be composed of black grenadine, disposed in scarfs, crossing over a skirt of black striped moire. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with ruches mingled with jet. A wreath of silver wheat extends from the waist down to the edge of the skirt on the left side, and bouquets of the same attach the berthe of grenadine to the shoulders. The corsage is of striped moire, and the basque edged with jet and silver wheat. Diamonds, mingled with the wheat, are worn in the hair.

Louise Chandler Moulton writes in the last number of *Our Continent* that “among the cards it is allowable to send by post, P. P. C. cards are included. It is not expected that people in the hurry of departure can find time to make visits; and all current social obligations are fulfilled by the recognition conveyed in the card of farewell. A movement is being made in certain quarters to make cards sent by post do duty instead of formal visits after an entertainment. As yet, however, this suggestion finds little favor, but I think it an extremely sensible one. Life is so short, and duties as well as pleasures are so numerous, that it seems to me desirable to remit as many social taxes as possible. There is no danger that we shall not be drawn, whether ceremony demands it or not, to the houses of those people who have something for which we wait, and to whom we have something to give in our turn. The people we can not afford to lose we shall always find, whether the thing which makes them important to us is sympathy of ideas or only that indefinable something which draws two people together without special reason, and gives to the briefest meeting the character of a festival.” If the practice of sending cards by post after an entertainment should replace the formal call, it would relieve the minds of a great many young men.

Some one asked, the other day, says the Boston *Gazette*, what had become of those useful, though unwieldy, palm-leaf fans which were in vogue many a year ago. In the rage for color that set in soon after Japan was discovered by decorating Americans these fans disappeared from sight and hearing. For years they have not been heard from, until an inventive genius finds out that palm-leaves can be decorated, and thus brought within æsthetic laws to be too all-but for anything. This pale-hued, slippery, awkward fan, suggestive of peppermint and moreen pew cushions, has suddenly bloomed into a gorgeousness of coloring positively alluring. It is boldly painted with shadowy sunflowers on a deep-red ground, and tied with a stunning bow of shaded plush ribbon that gives it a very oriental appearance. The whole army of amateur decorators will, of course, seize upon this new medium to display their art, and much paint and patience must be exhausted in rendering the palm-leaf beautiful.

Pale rose is the leading evening color.—Pearl combs are a Parisian novelty.—It is claimed that Easter will decide the fate of the crinoline.—Queen Victoria remains faithful to that ideal material of elderly ladies, black silk.—A comb of roses fastens up low coiffures.—The oleander is now a fashionable flower for parlor decorations.—The reading of French plays at private houses is the latest fashionable freak.—At spring dinners crisp lettuce and strawberries will be served with the fish.—The newest thing in wall decoration this spring is papier-mâché.—The Chinese Minister at Washington does not allow his wife to receive cards or callers. There are no ladies at his receptions.—Sulphur lace is a new importation.—Mrs. Mackey, the American “millionaire,” is going to give a fancy-dress dinner under a tent, on the same plan as that of the Viscountess de Courval, two years since. She can entertain two hundred guests in her own garden, which is a spacious one.—Henceforth breakfast and luncheon parties are to be adorned by a distinctive title, such as a “pink” breakfast, or a “yellow” luncheon. The colors refer to the prevailing hue in the table decorations, that is all.—London *Truth*'s editor saw at a fashionable wedding that the bride's waist was at least three inches smaller than he had ever seen it before. She had always objected to tight-lacing, and on her return from the church she fainted. It appeared that the fashionable milliner had refused to send out of her establishment a dress to be worn in public measuring twenty-seven inches around the waist, and the bride was fitted to the one she sent.—The children are as wild over fancy dress balls as their elders. White Dresden china is a favorite costume, appearing at each chronicle ball. Among the attractive dresses for little folks are those of Bopeep and the King of Hearts.—According to the latest English dancing fashions, courtesying and bowing are all but dispensed with in quadrilles and lancers, the best style being to walk through or saunter through these dances with well-bred nonchalance. The sixteen lancers have entirely superseded the original lancers of eight, but it is not considered fashionable to have more than two sets, and sometimes only one.

## LITERARY NOTES.

“Great Movements, and Those Who Achieved Them,” by Henry J. Nicoll, is a review of some of the pioneers of nineteenth century progress. Howard, Fulton, Wilberforce, Romilly, Stephenson, Hill, Cobden, Bright, Gibson, Gladstone, and others, are successively treated, together with the causes which they have advocated. As a condensed review the book is admirably written, and possesses both interest and use. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft.

The Rev. Dr. Fitzgerald lived on this coast for many years. He has had long experience in the educational, religious, and political life of this State, and has already, on a previous occasion, collected his reminiscences in book form. Encouraged by the reception of the first volume, he has added to its number another book of character sketches, taken throughout the State. It is entitled “California Sketches.” Published by the Southern Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.; for sale by Bancroft.

The last number of the History Primers is “A History of France,” by Charlotte M. Yonge. Miss Yonge has already written a longer history of the same country, which partook too much of anecdotes. This later book is an improvement on this score, but, nevertheless, is in too detached a shape, and is not sufficiently consecutive. The form, however, is neat, and treats the subject with admirable thoroughness for such little space. Published by D. Appleton, New York; for sale by James White, 23 Dupont street.

There has been in the last year a great influx of stories illustrative of Southern life. The South seems to have become a fertile field for the imaginations of American novelists, who seek to develop passions and characters which the phlegmatic North does not give. The traditional romance casts a glamour about the plot of almost any Southern tale, and this gives it the advantage in point of interest over a Northern novel. Of the eight novels published in the “Round Robin Series,” the plots of one-half have been laid, either partially or entirely, in the South. The last number is “A Tallahassee Girl.” As its name shows, the scene is laid in Florida. It deals chiefly with the Southern type of character, but introduces into the story several Northerners by way of contrast. The plot is rather quiet, but nevertheless artistically wrought out. The descriptions of balmy night scenes and tropical glades are well written. Published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston; for sale at the bookstores.

Books to Come: Under the somewhat absurd title of “Vieux Salons” Lord Ronald Gower is about to publish in London his autobiography. It will include accounts of many eminent persons now living.—Justin McCarthy is finishing his “History of the Four Georges,” a book which will be welcomed with a great deal of curiosity.—Mr. Tennyson is making another contribution to Victorian literature. In his character of Laureate he is writing an epithalamium for Princess Helen and Prince Leopold.—The next volume in the new “Plutarch” series, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, is to be Edward Dicey's “Victor Emmanuel, and the Forming of the Italian Kingdom.” The life of Marie Antoinette in this series is to be written by Sarah Tytler.—The industrious Miss Braddon has written a novel the scene of which is laid in one of the wildest, most beautiful, and least visited parts of Cornwall. The book is called “Mount Royal,” and is nearly ready for publication.—The Reverend Leonard W. Bacon has in the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons a volume on the “Sunday Question,” which he has treated in a liberal spirit. The same firm will shortly publish a volume of dramatic poems by Anna C. Green, the clever young author of the successful novels, “The Leavenworth Case” and “The Sword of Damocles.” Miss Green's book is called—from the leading poem—“The Defense of the Bride, and other Poems.”

One who has traveled with De Amicis through “Turkey” and “Spain” will be eager to accompany him in his pleasant jaunt to “Morocco.” In this book this delightful author sustains the same graphic method of description. When he describes a beautiful woman in some rich Mussulman's palace, the reader realizes with the writer that she must have been “a creation of Paradise.” From a glowing word-picture of the gilded hangings of a Moorish *penetratia*, where, seated on a divan, he swallowed successive libations of wine while listening to the mournful music of the Arabian mandolin, and inhaling the flowery odors of burning aloes, the author suddenly transports one to a religious celebration in the streets of Tangiers, where uncanny creatures, with livid faces and skeletons, fever-stricken limbs, are whirling in a wild, chaotic maze, like skeletons in a dance of death. Suddenly the vast crowd parts with a rush. Wild yells and strange screams of admiration are heard from every mouth. Galloping at their utmost speed, there come twelve foaming horses over the stony pavement of the street. On them are mounted the son of the governor of Rif, and eleven beautiful girls, all tall of stature, and costumed in gay caps and brilliant caftans. Long, white mantles wave in the wind behind. On they come, and as they pass raise queerly shaped muskets in their hands, and discharge them with shrieks of triumph. In the same glowing manner does De Amicis carry the reader along; sometimes relating an anecdote, sometimes calling attention to a gorgeous spectacle. Morocco gave him full sway for the exercise of his imaginative talents, and he made good use of his materials. De Amicis is noted for the truth of his statements, so that he combines the two elements of fidelity to facts and grace in their treatment. Translated by C. Rollins Tilton. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbottle & Co.

Literary Miscellany: An American edition of Halkett and Laing's “Dictionary of the Anonymous and Pseudonymous Literature of Great Britain” is issued by Lockwood, Brooks & Co., of Boston.—Matthew Arnold's “Irish Essays and Others” have just appeared in England.—Louise Michel, the French Communist, has written a book in the intervals of her inflammatory speech-making. It bears the title of “Les Méprisées,” and is a story of low life in Paris.—The original manuscript of Major André's satirical poem, “The Cow Chase,” is owned by G. W. Childs. It is found in a volume containing several portraits of André, and of noted Americans who had some association with his career or his ignominious end.—James Spedding's “Evenings with a Reviewer,” which for some time existed only as a privately printed book, has lately been published in England. It presents compactly and pointedly many of the reasonings which are given in a more scattered and indirect form in the same author's elaborate “Life of Bacon”; and it makes him more of a vacuum upon which they are grounded.—Joseph A. Hoffman, of this city, has just patented and issued a “Cover and Binder” for magazines, journals, and pamphlets. There are a number of sizes, including those made to suit the usual magazine, *Harper's Weekly*, the *Argonaut*, and like journals, the “Franklin Square Library,” and other periodicals.—The collection of sonnets lately published by T. Hall Caine in London contains many unpublished specimens of this form of verse.—Mr. Swinburne has furnished a pair on Carlyle's “Reminiscences,” which are full of virulence. D. G. Rossetti's contribution is a sonnet on “Raleigh's Cell in the Tower,” and Austin Dobson's is one on “Don Quixote.”—The entire manuscript of Dickens's “Christmas Carol” is said to be in the possession of Mr. Bennett, a bookseller of Birmingham. This is the only manuscript of Dickens's not included in the collection of South Kensington Museum, except that of “Our Mutual Friend,” which is now in the possession of Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, by whom it was acquired at a cost of fourteen hundred dollars.—Professor Mommsen is about to spend several months in Italy, in order to repair in some measure the losses occasioned by the burning of his library.—The proprietors of the *Cologne Gazette* have started a branch paper in Strasburg. The new paper is to be liberal in principles, and independent of the government; but its main object is to promote the interests of Germany in Alsace and Lorraine.—A handsome library edition of Napier's “Peninsular War” is announced by A. C. Armstrong & Son. It will be in five volumes, with fifty-five maps and five steel portraits.



## A PENITENT IN PURGATORY.

His Failure to Get His Masses.

Mr. Vertwell lay very ill in the bedroom of a French hotel. His wife tried to soothe him by assuring him that if he died she would have a thousand masses said for his soul. This did soothe him. He had lately been converted with his wife to Catholicism, and had been on a pilgrimage to Rome, whence he was returning home through France.

"A thousand masses!" he echoed with a gasp. "Mind you do!" And closing his eyes, he experienced a sudden, languid sensation of floating away through space. His last words had been very faint, and sounded to him as if they had been spoken in the open air, to some one far away.

Mr. Vertwell was dead.

This did not dismay him; his sensation was rather one of comfort to have got the thing so quickly over, and of surprise to find himself floating away so smoothly and rapidly, as if he were in a boat, keeping a straight course down a broad, swift stream.

"Stop here!" cried a voice; and without any effort of volition Mr. Vertwell found himself standing on his legs under a cold, draughty archway, where a man in a black gown gave him a nod of welcome, and requested him to step this way. Mr. Vertwell thereupon entered a large hall, like an office, where a number of men with serious faces were writing in ledgers. One of them asked what his name was, and when Mr. V. had given him all the information required as to circumstances on earth, the conductor who stood by his side inquired whether he expected any remittances.

Somehow Mr. Vertwell understood that no allusion was being made to pecuniary remittances, but to spiritual assistance. "Yes," answered he; "my wife is going to have a thousand masses said for me."

"A thousand? Oh, that will be more than enough to get you out of here."

"Where am I, then?"

"In purgatory."

"Oh, indeed!" replied Vertwell.

In the course of the day Mr. V. was installed in the lodgings where he was to reside during the term of probation. They were not comfortable; but then, as his mentor in the black gown pointed out, the arrangements in this place were not designed with a view to the comfort of residents. Mr. V. had been a somewhat luxurious man on earth, so he was placed in a room where the chimney smoked, where the chairs limped, and where the bed was hard and had coarse sheets. Presently they brought him some dinner—lukewarm soup and a slice of cold boiled mutton—which was a dish he had never been able to endure. "Remember that if you grumble too much, or swear, you will have a bad mark set against you," remarked his instructor, as he deposited the food on the table; "and bad marks will prolong your stay here."

"Couldn't I have a pickle or something with this mutton?" asked Mr. Vertwell, ruefully.

"There are no pickles here," said the other. "You must take what is given you, and try to look happy." After which he proceeded to inform the new-comer of the penances he would have to undergo. As Mr. Vertwell had been a man full of vanity, fond of attracting attention, and of hearing people talking about him, he was to be talked of and stared at in purgatory to his heart's content. Even as his instructor spoke Mr. Vertwell heard his name being bandied about pretty freely in the passage and in the street under the window. There seemed to be quite a crowd of people discussing his character and doings. It was said that he was a conceited person, who had changed his religion on earth simply to make a fuss; that he was hypocritical, stupid, but, above all, ignorant and vulgar. Now, no man can be expected to hear such things said of him with composure, and Mr. Vertwell got exceedingly angry. "I don't know where those uncharitable people got their information about me; but, if they had inquired in the parts of the world where I was known, they would have heard a very different story." "There you are wrong," replied his mentor; "those voices which you hear are only echoes which come from earth, and if you look out of the window you will see the reflected faces of a great many people whom you knew above."

Mr. Vertwell did look, and was infinitely disgusted to behold in the throng who were speaking ill of him numbers of his old friends, servants, and acquaintances. The intrusion of several pompous titled persons, whom he had toadied, and who now showed that they had seen clearly through the meanness of his character, shocked him particularly, and deprived him of what little appetite he had for the cold mutton.

Mr. Vertwell did not sleep well, for two large rats made a noise in his room; but when he rose in the morning his instructor bade him be of good cheer, and promised to take him to the mass office after breakfast, to ascertain if any remittances had arrived. Accordingly, when Mr. V. had refreshed himself with some weak, lukewarm tea and a piece of stale bread, he and his companion set out together for the mass office, outside of which they saw a large crowd standing.

People went to the mass office in purgatory as they do to the postoffice in other countries, to ask after remittances from friends. Many were there every day expecting something, and were always disappointed. A doleful looking old man said to Mr. V.: "Would you believe it, sir? I've been waiting five years for more than a hundred masses which are due to me, but never come." Another affirmed that his case was worse. "Five hundred masses would have been enough to get me out of this place; and four hundred and fifty have been said; but a dishonest priest, who had been paid to say the other fifty, doesn't say them, and here I am." "Stand aside there!" cried Mr. V.'s conductor, and he elbowed his way into the office, where a clerk told him that a mass had just arrived for Mr. V., and had been duly placed to his account.

"Only one?" said Mr. Vertwell; "at this rate I shall have to stay here nearly three years."

"No, for it seems that seven hundred and fifty will be enough to get you clear. Besides, your wife will probably order your masses of a monastery, and the monks will distribute them among a great number of churches, so that you

may expect to see ten or more come down every day soon." "But will the priests who are paid to say them be sure to do their duty?"

"Ah! that depends a good deal on the price your wife pays for the masses. If she is at all stingy—"

"My wife is not in the least stingy," replied Mr. Vertwell. "But couldn't I send a message to her, begging her to be liberal for my sake?"

"No—that's against rules," answered the other. "Those people there would be constantly sending messages up above and worrying their relatives considerably if we allowed it. They must take their chance."

"But it's very hard that, if they paid for masses, those remittances should not be forthcoming," observed Mr. V. "Do you mean to say that those poor wretches will never get out of here if their masses are not sent them?"

"Oh, they will get out in time, because they will be put on the poor-list," said the man in the black gown, speaking in a careless, official tone. "There are pious people who order masses to be said for the souls in purgatory, and when a batch of these come down, we distribute them among the most deserving of our poor; but of course this method of getting out takes long—very long."

Mr. Vertwell felt rather uneasy at this communication. However, next day he had the satisfaction of hearing that five masses had been put to his account; and on the next day, and for several days afterward, ten masses came down regularly every morning.

"Your affairs are getting on very well," said his mentor, congratulating him. "If this punctual delivery goes on, you will be able to make a present of your spare masses to some of these poor people who have no friends."

"I shall be very glad to do so," replied Mr. Vertwell, "for, frankly speaking, this is a horrid place."

"We try to manage it as well as we can," replied the mentor, "and we relax our rules a little in favor of well-meaning souls; but, of course, we know the place is not nice."

Thus ten weeks went by, and Mr. V. was at length informed that there were five hundred masses to his credit. For the last week or two masses had been coming in rather slowly—one day five, another three, another two or only one. A day came, however, when the clerk at the office told him in an abrupt way that there was nothing for him that morning.

"Are you sure?" asked Mr. V., dismayed.

"Quite sure; you can look at the ledger if you like," responded the clerk, rather testily, for clerks are not more polite in purgatory than elsewhere. "I suppose you'll say we don't know how to keep our accounts."

No masses came for Mr. V. on the following days. Every morning he walked down to the office as soon as the doors were open, and in answer to his anxious inquiries the clerk would say again: "There's nothing come for you."

"This looks bad," remarked Mr. V.'s mentor, who till then had given him every consolation. "You say you died at Nice. H'm! It looks to me as if your wife had taken your masses to the Trappists, and they must have given some of them to the Abbé Benjoin and the Curé Grosbon—two very old offenders."

"Couldn't you inquire if such be the case?" asked Mr. V., wistfully.

"Well, it's against rules; but just to oblige you—wait here a minute."

The mentor went into the office, and presently returned, shaking his head. "It's just as I feared. Benjoin and Grosbon have got your masses, and there's little chance of their ever saying them, they are so hopelessly in arrears with others already."

"What an infamous swindle!" exclaimed Mr. V., in consternation.

"Well, it is too bad," agreed the mentor; "but you see how it is. A great many more masses are ordered in France than the clergy can possibly say. You know a priest can only say one a day. The Abbé Benjoin is a worldly-minded young priest who requires a good deal of pocket-money, and when he requires a couple of hundred francs he goes to the Trappists, and asks them to give him a lot of masses at two francs apiece. Grosbon is a country priest, who offers to say masses cheap at seventy-five centimes each, and that is why he gets so many; but as he takes more than a thousand a year, right and left, you can easily imagine how muddled his accounts are."

"It's a crying shame!" exclaimed poor Mr. V., in his despair. "If only I could send a message—"

"No, you can't do that," replied the mentor, drily. "I am afraid you had better lodge an application to be entered on the poor-list."

The idea of being put on the poor-list was so grievous to the soul of Mr. V. that he burst out crying, and his emotion produced a shock in his frame which made him feel as if he were in some new place. It was quite an earthly sensation of warmth and languid weakness which he suddenly felt. He stared through his tears, and found himself lying in his room, with his wife seated at his bedside.

"Where am I?" he faltered.

"Oh, dear, you have been so ill and delirious for several days," answered his wife. "Do you feel better now?"

"I am not in purgatory then?" groaned Mr. V.

"No, dear," said his wife; "you are home with me."

"Oh!" said Mr. Vertwell.—*London Truth.*

Some thirty years ago Mr. Green, an amiable Englishman seeing a rather shabby old man looking for a seat in church, opened his pew door, beckoned to him, and placed him in a comfortable corner, with prayer and hymn books. The old gentleman, who carefully noted the name in these latter, expressed his thanks warmly at the close of the services. Time had effaced the incident from Mr. Green's recollection, when he one day received an intimation that by the death of a gentleman named Wilkinson he had become entitled to thirty-five thousand dollars a year. Mr. Wilkinson was a solitary old man, without relatives. Green's act prepossessed him in his favor; he inquired about him, and found that he bore the highest character. There was a marvelously courteous hospitality in the matter of pews for some time after that bequest, but nobody else has yet got thirty-five thousand dollars a year for a seat.

## BEFORE THE BALL.

The Story of Two Lovers and Two Roses.

Countess Marie Antoinette Helversen was indisputably beautiful. She possessed the rare beauty that no one questions—not even women. When such a beautiful woman passes along the street all turn to look at her, just as in the morning when their paths lead in an opposite direction, they turn to behold that spot in the east where the sun rose clear and radiant.

Countess Marie Antoinette knew how beautiful she was. How would it have been possible for her not to know it? Was she coquettish! Certainly, but not in that unpleasant way that is often obtrusive. She rejoiced in her pretty face; she rejoiced, as a consequence, in all that tended to enhance its prettiness—in adornment, ornament, and fine toilets.

Naturally, Countess Marie Antoinette had endless admirers and suitors. The most earnest of them were the two neighbors of her parents, Camill von Leeringen and Ernst von Prinzthal. Camill was the most dashing officer that could be imagined; he was not only a famous dancer and horseman, but he talked well, and played the piano brilliantly. His castle was magnificent, and superbly arranged. His stables were well supplied. He had, indeed, debts, but debts are for the most part an evidence of riches. Ernst von Prinzthal was, on the contrary, quiet but earnest.

Both sued for Marie Antoinette's hand, and each in his own way was filled with distrust and jealousy toward the other. This uncertainty could not continue longer. One of them must yield his place, if murder or a death-blow did not remove him. But which one? The parents permitted to the daughter her free choice. And Countess Antoinette? Really she had not considered whom she would choose.

The day before the garrison ball (before a ball Antoinette was more radiant, more joyous, and more conquering than ever) the two suitors came to Castle Helversen at the same moment, and almost attacked each other in the salon. The result was that they urgently and earnestly begged Countess Antoinette to render her final decision.

"Make known to us by some token which of us is the favored one—which of us you will make happy with your hand," cried Camill von Leeringen.

"Yes, let us know our fate to-day, for only under this condition can we give up the duel which the scene of to-day has rendered almost unavoidable. The one whom you reject will leave the scene of combat. Will you do so?"

"Oh, you must, indeed," cried Ernst von Prinzthal, "for, Antoinette, I can not endure longer the torments of this uncertainty. I love you. Do you understand what that means? It means that I shall suffer always if you do not say, 'You shall find new life with me.'"

"Well, for my part," said Countess Antoinette, laughing, "I will give my decision this evening. At this moment I really have not the time. My head is so full. The modiste has promised me my ball-dress at noon, and it is now eleven o'clock. It comes direct from Paris, and I have no idea of the style, scarcely of the color. Then, until this evening—"

"And let us know at the first glance which of us has to hope, and which of us has to despair," said Ernst von Prinzthal, in a hoarse voice, while his breath came fast. "If I am the one to whom you will give life and happiness, then wear a red rose in your hair. Will you? But if it is Cavalier Leeringen then—"

"Then, of course, wear a white one," smiled the officer, showing his whitest of teeth. "Roses vary commonly in these two shades, as does wine."

"So let it be, so let it be," merrily said the Countess Antoinette. "But now adieu. I hear a carriage in the court. I wager it is the modiste and my ball-dress."

The evening came. Antoinette stood before her mirror in all the magnificence of the dress from Madame Leontine, of Paris. She was beside herself with delight. In its style, material, and shading of colors the ball-dress was a masterpiece of elegance. It was of the palest rose tint, not the rose red that recalls the color of the hundred-leaved rose, but the shade that suggests either the winter-rose, when fully blown, or the tip of the diamond petal that has almost a yellowish shimmer. In this toilet, which harmonized wonderfully with her complexion, her eyes, and her chestnut-brown hair, Antoinette was sweet enough to kiss. There remained only the question of the flower for her hair. Before her lay a cluster of dewy roses that the gardener had just brought. She must choose. She thought of the important rôle the color of her flower must play this evening.

But did she think of the woeful selves? Did she love one more than the other? She was extremely fond of both, but of which one particularly? That she scarcely knew. Did she think that the handsome officer was a little fickle, and a little frivolous—that he was somewhat skeptical, as well, somewhat reckless, and somewhat extravagant? Did she remember that a true heart-tone had sounded in the voice of Ernst von Prinzthal; that he was benevolent to the poor; and that on this very morning she had seen a tear sparkle in his eye?

No. Who thinks of such things before a ball?—who thinks of such things in the blissfulness of a new toilet.

It was really impossible to wear the red rose with the blossom tint of the dress, that shaded so softly. But the tea-rose, the heart of which softly glowed into a creamy shade, completed her toilet in the most enchanting manner.

"Oh," murmured Antoinette, as she fastened the rose in her hair. "Triumph for the cavalier! The prize is his."

Many years after, a woman sat grieving in a cold back room of a great house in a large city. She was sick, and suffering, and aged before her time. She was a widow—although her husband lived somewhere in the world outside, in disgrace and degradation. After he had spent her fortune, deceived and scorned her, he had left her. The deserted woman, now sick and poor, turned the leaves of a prayer-book by the feeble light that a street lamp threw in the miserable room. Her glance was attracted by a dead blossom that lay, dry as dust, between the leaves. It was black and dry from age, but it had once been beautiful.

It was the wreck and ruin of a once white rose.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the German.*



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FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

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A civic banquet had extended itself toward the later hours; the hue of the wine cup grew deeper with the coming light of the rosy dawn, when one of the most eloquent of our gifted citizens was called upon to respond to the toast, "THE PRESIDENT." We quote from him, and applaud his sentiments: "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: There is an unspeakable moral grandeur in the view of a ruler of fifty millions of free people, inhabiting the best part of a continent unexampled in resources, who is no hereditary ruler, but their voluntary choice. Nor can we exaggerate the direct and indirect influence he exerts over the destinies and progress of the nation." And then in eloquent language the orator described the bewildering character and extent of his various powers: "Within his breast must reside a knowledge of the state of the entire Union, and sometimes his will must be greater than that of the majority of both Senate and House of Representatives. From his exalted station he must survey all the continent, its entire population, all the conditions of labor and capital, everywhere. It is for him to guide, to spur, to check, it may be, to control, the vast autonomy of the entire nation. He is the very voice of the popular will, and the safe and serene majesty of national sentiment. He is the priest of constitutional liberty, keeping alive the fires lit by the fathers upon the altar of the constitution, and fed by every sacrifice of treasure and blood which has sprinkled the battle-fields and incarnadined the seas in its defense." In the mournfulness of a conviction that a veto of the Chinese bill was impending, the orator concluded by saying: "Let us show the President and our law-makers that whatever the law may be declared to be, we will take care that it is faithfully, though sorrowfully executed, waiting till there shall be legislation and an administration whose banner shall become our cloud by day and our pillar of fire by night, and lead us to deliverance from our present bondage." And then, turning to the presiding chief of the banquet, he thus addressed him: "When you shall again stand in the presence of the President, tell him for the people of California that we believe he has done, or will have done, as his best judgment has dictated; that we shall rejoice with exceeding joy if his will shall be our will; and that if not, we shall live in hope, undismayed by the disasters now oppressing all Western labor, and the dangers yet to come."

All of this is exceedingly fine and exceedingly appropriate. It is just what ought to be said, and we hope our eloquent

friend, General Barnes, feels just as mournfully resigned as a proper degree of Christian humility justifies. Nothing could have been said more eloquent, nothing which could breathe a loftier loyalty to the law, or a more profound obedience to its grim majesty. We bow with humble deference to the law. In our hearts there is no dream of possible resistance to it. But we do not kiss this rod of scorpions with which Mr. Chester Arthur has scourged our backs. We do not bow with reverent respect to the traitor President or the traitor senators who have so infamously disgraced and dishonored themselves, and destroyed their party by their conduct in reference to the Chinese bill. The President, in the selfish hope of promoting his own presidential nomination by pandering to a spurious and morbid sentimentality and the selfish greed of rich men, has abused his constitutional prerogative, and violated his oath of office. He has exercised his veto power in the face of two decisions of the national Congress, and of the unanimous opinion of the two great national parties, twice expressed in national convention, and twice confirmed at the electoral urn. He has done that which no constitutional monarch on earth would have dared to do. It would have been a bold premier who would have advised the Queen of England thus to have set at defiance the will of her lords and commons, twice submitted to popular decision, and twice expressed by act of law in accordance with the constitutional forms of England's Parliament. There is no government on the civilized earth over which rules emperor, kaiser, or king, and which pretends to have given a written constitution to its people, which could have survived the shock of so monstrous an outrage as is this insolent exercise of Republican party treachery. It is only the citizens of a republican government, and that administered by an American people, who would tamely submit to this unparalleled outrage; and they submit only because the consequences of this most shameful veto are for the present confined to the Pacific Coast. To the other ingredients which go to the make-up of this most treacherous betrayal is that of cowardice. If New England and the East had felt the pressure of the Chinese invasion, there would have been scenes of violence which could not have been restrained by law. They have not felt the present inconvenience. They have not been menaced by the coming danger. They have been unmindful of our troubles, and indifferent to our complaints. When we say they, we mean the Republican President, and the Republican party; President by act of God and the accident of assassination; the Republican party, victorious by a betrayal of its platform and principles. Had General Garfield declared during the presidential canvass that, in event of the passage of a bill restricting Chinese immigration for the term of twenty years, he would veto it, he would not have received ten thousand votes within the Chinese belt of States. If senators Edmunds, Sherman, Hoar, and other Republican leaders had declared themselves in opposition to a restrictive measure embracing the provisions of the one vetoed, a Democratic administration would to-day have been in power at Washington. The fact can not be disguised that a Republican senate has refused to assist in the enactment of a law deliberately and intelligently promised. There is no possible mode of suppressing the fact that Mr. Arthur has, for his own self-advancement, been guilty of abandoning one of the principles which his party pledged itself to maintain.

The veto is an accomplished fact. That it is a wanton violation of an honorable and intelligent political compact entered into between the Republican party and the people, no intelligent Republican doubts, and no honest one will deny. That it is a gross abuse of the constitutional prerogative of the presidential office, by a Republican president, we can not ignore. That leading Republicans of all parts of the country, outside of the Chinese belt of States, have betrayed their party, forfeited their personal honor, it is not necessary to attempt to conceal. That it is a piece of impertinent egotism for Mr. Chester Arthur to have set up his opinions upon such a question as this, his most ardent personal admirers will not dispute. That the term of twenty years' restriction of Chinese labor importation is the cause of objection to the bill is worse than an evasion; it is a deliberate lie. A bill for twenty years may have been repealed in twenty days if Congress had so desired. To say that it is an evasion of the treaty, or in violation of its letter or its spirit, is another lie, the proof of which is embodied in the treaty itself, and further proof of which is afforded by the testimony of the commissioners who negotiated the treaty. To say that any of the provisions of the restrictive measure are in violation of law is the afterthought of no honest mind. No lawyer in either branch of Congress made the suggestion. Edmunds declared its validity. There is not a law student in America who does not know that a treaty may be abrogated by a law of Congress. To avoid even the appearance of an advantage, this treaty was negotiated for the purpose of framing this very bill. It was the final answer to the last objection toward restricting Chinese immigration. It was so accepted by the Republican leaders in all parts of the country, and when, after the last Republican national convention, a resolution was passed restrictive of Chinese

immigration, the issue was fully and fairly made. It was the most prominent in the last Presidential campaign. The two parties, having cleared their decks for action, fought out the campaign in the endeavor to load their broadsides with the strongest arguments upon this question of labor. It was an open contest for the support of the labor interests of all the States. The argument was made in every manufacturing community. Wherever men toiled for wages, there Democratic and Republican orators vied with each other in the endeavor to prove that his party was most sincere and most honest, and that it had the best historical labor record. The Republican party leaders bent their every exertion to prove the sincerity of Garfield's convictions. Rewards were offered to discover the Morey forgery. Detectives were employed, arrests made, suits brought, and investigations had upon this matter. All over the country, all over the party, up from the throat of every orator, from the pen of every writer, with the beer of every ward statesman, and with the cheer of every primary magnate, was mingled the indignant denial that the Republican party, or any prominent member of it, did not desire to restrict Chinese immigration. "IT IS A GREAT EVIL," declared the platform. "It is an INVASION," declared Garfield. It must be restrained in the interest of the white laboring men of the Saxon race, and in the interest of the Africans who are to the land native born. It was the parallel of the early African importation. It would, in its consequences, repeat the history of slavery. It would degrade labor. It must be arrested. The Democratic party has been true to its pledges in this respect. The Republican party has been false to all its professions. It has betrayed the people, and it has done it under false pretenses, and with lying and false excuses. The facts are before us. It is the first time that a party President has, in ignorance and for self-advancement, destroyed his party by the treasonable betrayal of a declared and accepted political principle. It is the first and only time in the history of American politics that party senators and a party President deliberately planned to immolate a portion of the party, because the States directly involved had not enough Presidential electors to make them formidable in a Presidential campaign, or enough delegates in a national convention to make their votes decisive of a candidate. What we ought to do—that is, what we Republicans ought to do—may not be hastily determined. Our party on this coast has been loyal all through this contest. It went down with its colors nailed to the mast and flying. Our senators and members of Congress will remain with the wreck, and endeavor to save what they can—perhaps ten years, perhaps five, perhaps nothing. To those Republicans who have labored so long and so earnestly; who have resisted agitation and exposed their lives to prevent violence and to uphold the law; who have been the friends of social order, and soldiers for the protection of property and the maintenance of government; who have believed in the sincerity of Republican party promises, and have been the interpreters of them to the voting public, the present is an embarrassing position. That this veto has struck a fatal blow at the Republican party in California no one can doubt. That it can rally and survive for the purpose of maintaining the skeleton of an organization may be possible. Whether even so much of an effort is desirable may be an open question. We are not prepared to admit that we are willing to become the tail of a national organization which has so shamefully betrayed us. We are not to-day in that mood of humility which would enable us to gracefully follow where Arthur leads, or to get down upon our knees, and raise our eyes to the Hoar of Massachusetts in adoration of that Puritanical sentimentality which has intermarried itself to commercial greed, and whose first accouchement is the deformity of an increased Asiatic invasion. What we will do, and what we ought to do, we can not now determine. What we will not do, for the present, is disobey the law. We will not countenance any disturbance or violence. We will not agitate in any other than a peaceful way. It is not improbable that the time may come when the people of this coast will, in defense of their interests, be compelled to resist Chinese invasion, and will be compelled to resort to measures not in harmony with the laws of Congress. This time will not come so long as there is any hope of relief from the government to which we owe allegiance. It will not come until, after careful deliberation, it is apparent that national allegiance is incompatible with the preservation of natural rights. It will not come until we are prepared to sacrifice our lives and our fortunes for the maintenance of our honor, and to maintain the lives and fortunes of those who are to succeed us. At present this Chinese question is a political one; it is to be worked out by political methods; and it will not become any who are Republicans to blame other Republicans, if they shall deem it best to cast their destinies with a party which, on this question, has never betrayed the people, and never violated its pledges.

A reader of the Argonaut from West Oakland asks us to give the names of Republicans voting for and against the Chinese bill. In the Senate there were twenty-nine votes



for the bill and fifteen votes against; absent, thirty-two. The votes for the bill and those paired for it are forty. We give the names of those who voted, or would have voted for it had they been present: Bayard, Beck, Call, Cameron of Wisconsin, Cockrell, Coke, Fair, Farley, Garland, George, Gorman, Hale, Harris, Hill of Colorado, Jackson, Jones of Nevada, Miller of California, Miller of New York, Morgan, Pugh, Ransom, Sawyer, Slater, Teller, Vance, Vest, Voorhies, Walker, Camden, Hill of Georgia, Hamptoo, Butler, Lamar, McPherson, Maxey, Pendleton, Johnston, Jones of Florida, Grover, and Davis of West Virginia. The senators who voted against the bill, or who cowardly ran away from the responsibility, are as follows: First we give the cowards and sliokers: Don Cameron of Pennsylvania, Ferry of Michigan, Groome, Logan of Illinois, Mahone, Plumb of Kansas, Saulsbury, Saunders, and Williams. The recorded nays are: Aldrich, Allison, Blair, Brown, Conger, Davis of Illinois, Dawes, Edmunds, Frye, Hoar, Iogalls, Lapham, McDill, McMillan, and Morrill. The pairs against the bill were: Anthony, Fry, Mitchell, Hawley, Sewell, Harrison, Sherman, Platt, Rollins, Van Wyck, and Windom. The vote in the lower house was: For the bill, one hundred and seventy-seven; against the bill, sixty-five—a majority of one hundred and twelve. It will be observed that every Democrat in the Senate, except Brown of Georgia, Lamar, and Saulsbury, aided in the passage of the bill. Lamar is at home ill from an accidental hurt. The following members of the Republican party, in the nation and in the Senate, are conspicuous for their treason upon this bill: Don Cameron, Joseph Hawley, Edmunds of Vermont, Logan of Illinois, Plumb of Kansas, Frye of Maine, John Sherman of Ohio, and Windom of Minnesota. In this list are four candidates for the Presidency. The final vote upon the veto emphasizes the position of parties. The Chinese has practically become a party question. East of the Rocky Mountains only two Republican senators are found supporting the bill, while every Democrat sustains it.

The *Morning Call*, in the exercise of a practical wisdom that has ever distinguished its treatment of public questions, suggests that we all decline to employ Chinese. This would solve the problem. So might the temperance question be solved if everybody would decline to drink alcoholic liquors. There would be no need of hell if we would all omit to sin. A political evil that has existed for a generation, and which has sent one hundred and fifty thousand adult laborers into all our industrial arteries is not so easily disposed of. Harvests are to be gathered, fruits to be marketed, mechanical pursuits to be continued, dinners to be cooked, and shirts to be washed. The Chinese at present among us could have been distributed, would have returned, would have died, and their places gradually supplied. It is to restrict further and future immigration that concerns us. We must educate the people of the East to view this question as we view it. Boston is the East. The *Argonaut* would be practical. Let us send to Boston some examples of our Chinese population; let us give them a taste of the superior quality of these specimens of brotherhood. The *Argonaut* will take pleasure in heading a subscription list with five hundred dollars to send some car-loads of our Asiatic brothers and sisters for adoption into Beacon Hill society. Let us send one special car filled with gamblers, accompanied by a one-stringed fiddle, to teach the game of tan; one car with prostitutes, to open up their vocation in Milk Street or Maiden Lane; one car as a "smoker" for opium, and when Boston is reached let it be thrown open for the use of its boys and girls; one car we would fill with lepers, and with those diseased with syphilis, small-pox, and the other terrible maladies that are the resultants of four thousand years of crime, poverty, hunger, and neglect. Let a colony be formed, a Sunday-School be opened, and a kindergarten for object teaching. Let every pious old maid of Yankee-land tackle an Asiatic sinner, and wrestle with him for his soul's salvation. Let every New England preacher pitch into and try his luck at snatching an Asiatic brand from the everlasting burning. Let the gospel sharps go for the heathen Chinese, and rescue them from the wrath to come. These cars we will send through in bond, dropping a specimen of the females for Plum, of Kansas, and one of the fat and well-fed for Ingalls. Logan should have some dropped down upon him in Illinois. We would not pass John Sherman, of Ohio, without one of each kind. Little Mr. Harrison, of Indiana, should have a small boy, and Don Cameron, of Pennsylvania, should have the fiddler to make music for his clans. To Anthony, and Edmunds, and Lapham we would give invitations to the smoking-car. There is no drunk that brings after it so acceptable an afternoon nap as that of opium. To Joe Hawley and other small Fry of New England and elsewhere we would give the run of the shebang, and when there was no further demand for the prostitutes, we would turn them all over to Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, and his accomplished associate, Mr. Dawes. There is no education like that of experience. No one knows all about the small-pox until he has had it. We would be delighted to inoculate New England with the virus of our Chinese diseases. We

would be glad to make Boston the dumping-ground of our Asiatic nasties. And for this purpose the *Argonaut* would be glad to head a mooneyed subscription.

Every citizen owning property in this city or State is interested in its just, impartial, and equal taxation. The cost of maintaining the government being once ascertained, it is only necessary to so arrange for collecting the amount required that the burden shall fall like the dew. If no property escaped taxation; if none should be over or undervalued for the purpose of imposing the tax; and if there were no failure of the machinery of collection, there would be no just cause of complaint. But when everybody looks upon the tax-gatherer as a publican and sinner, and a public enemy, and thinks that in the exercise of the principle of self-defense he may outwit him and hide from him; when every citizen thinks that, in his war upon the tax-collector, he may suppress the true, suggest the false, exercise all the ingenuity of diplomacy to avoid assessments, and invoke all the strategy of law to avoid the tax-collector, then it is not surprising that entanglements follow, and rank injustice in many instances results. One of the most difficult problems which civilized government has ever encountered is to impose upon property and property-owners equal and just taxation. It is the never-ending conflict in this State and city. All the meaner passions have been aroused in the contest. It has provoked more resentment and bitterness than all other causes combined. We look with comparative indifference upon the official who steals, squanders, or misappropriates money once in the treasury; but we resent with jealous indignation every official attempt to take money out of our pockets by taxation, and place it in the treasury. It is a noticeable fact that the newspapers and the utterly impetuous political demagogues are the most active advocates of the principle that everybody but themselves should be taxed. To the man who has nothing, there is evident satisfaction in seeing that the man who has something shall pay. The average newspaper proprietor always exhibits his public spirit, and demonstrates his active regard for the public welfare, by compelling everybody but himself to stand cheerfully up under public burdens. When to this general effort to escape taxation there is superadded a conspiracy on the part of newspapers, demagogues, and political adventurers to secure the imposition of unjust taxes upon legitimate business enterprises, there result all sorts of evil complications.

These reflections are suggested by the fact that the assessor of San Francisco, having estimated the value of the San Francisco Gas Company's franchise at five thousand dollars, and the Spring Valley Water Works Company's franchise at the same figure, the Board of Supervisors acting as a Board of Equalization raised the gas company to over six million dollars, and the Spring Valley company to five million dollars. The same rule is applicable to all the various corporations doing business within the State. It may be applied to the sugar-refining enterprise of the Hawaiian Commercial Company, to the banks, the insurance, commercial, and manufacturing companies, to all mining stock companies, and, indeed, to all corporations doing business under the general laws of the State of California. The city and county attorney of San Francisco brings suit to compel the payment of this tax, which suit is now pending. One Barney Dougherty, catching inspiration from the newspapers, endeavors to compel the assessor to include in his property valuations for the purpose of assessment, the franchise value of all corporations, and the good-will of all business houses and individuals operating in our city. If one rule is correct, we do not quite see why the Supreme Court will not have to take its law from Barney Dougherty, and by its process of mandamus compel the assessor to make a moneyed estimate of the franchises of all corporations, and of the good-will of all business copartnerships and individuals for the purpose of taxation. It is a popular idea that a franchise granted to an incorporated company to introduce water, manufacture gas, refine sugar, carry passengers, engage in trade, or to pursue any commercial, manufacturing, or mechanical industry, is in some sort an exclusive privilege. It is the general impression that it confers upon the persons thus associated some peculiar right, not enjoyed by any one else, to make money, and that it is therefore property; and as all property is assessable, it follows that franchises should be assessed and taxed. This is fallacious reasoning, because based upon a false assumption. There are no exclusive privileges granted by our laws. All the pursuits enumerated are conducted under general laws, which may be made available by any citizen. Any association of citizens may, under our general laws of incorporation, engage in any of the industries we have named. Any one can obtain a "franchise" to do any of the things we have set out in the foregoing. There was a time, in the earlier history of governments, when certain royal privileges were granted subjects to do certain things. It was assumed that certain prerogatives belonged to the king; that by his grant they could be transferred to the subject, and that he alone could exercise them. In those early times all sorts of patents were granted which conveyed

to royal favorites the monopoly of trade, commerce, and manufactures. Even the necessities of life were compelled to pay a royalty to the grantee. They were not unknown to our earlier history, and perhaps the Alaska concession is suggestive of a monopoly of the Elizabethan era. Such grants were monopolies in the severest sense of the term. Under our laws, which are the growth of a more generous age, and under our new Constitution, the legislature can not pass any act conferring upon corporations, associations, or individuals any exclusive right, privilege, or immunity. Franchises are not property unless they are in their nature exclusive, or in some sense special. A privilege which is conceded to all alike, which may be taken away by the law-making power at any time, which gives no favor, or power, or immunity to an individual or association of individuals, and which any one else may have by the asking, is not taxable. That is, it ought not be taxable. If such a rule prevails, then it is taxing the enterprise of the community. It is a declaration to the enterprising and adventurous element of society that if it ventures its capital and brains upon any industrial pursuit, then the tax-collector will lie in wait for it, and, if it is followed by success, he may pounce upon it and rob it.

This principle of political economy should have been declared some years ago, when we had no railways, steamships, water works, gas works, sugar refineries, hanks, mines, or mills. We should have served notice upon the public that, in event of the establishment of a railway system which should do away with the Spanish donkeys, or a water-works company which would take the place of mules and water-carts, or a gas company which should redeem our streets from utter darkness, the State and city would not only tax the promoter upon his roads, engines, and equipments; upon his lands, pumps, and distributing pipes, and upon gas-works, mains, and metres, but that this same State and city would estimate the "privilege" which the owner had in common with every other citizen, at a property valuation of just as many millions of dollars as would satisfy the jealous and ignorant idlers who did not build roads, water works, ships, or manufactories. The cases of the Spring Valley Water Company and the San Francisco Gas Company illustrate this argument better than any hypothetical case. These companies, at a time when money was worth three per cent. a month, engaged in the enterprise of supplying our city with water and gas. The Spring Valley Company, having bought sufficient lands in an adjoining county upon which to catch the rain-fall, constructed reservoirs, and laid pipes to distribute it to our houses. Any other company or individual can do the same thing under our present law. Their lands, reservoirs, pumps, pipes—large and small—their machinery, and everything they have in the way of tangible property, is estimated by the assessor, and taxed as all other property is taxed. Then comes along the higher tribunal, and arbitrarily declares that the "franchise" or privilege under which they have been permitted to take their risk in furnishing water and gas, has proved to be worth to them some five or six million dollars, and that they must each pay one hundred thousand dollars as the penalty for the enterprise which crowned their efforts with success. And then along comes Barney Dougherty, and files his caveat upon the new discovery in the science of political economy, and takes out a patent for assessing every one else in the community who has been successful, for the "good-will of their business." If the Supreme Court will support the "franchise" tax upon business and corporations, the franchise valuation upon railways and ships, the franchise of the woolen mills, hanks, and manufacturing associations, then why not give Barney Dougherty a seat upon the supreme bench, and follow the Sand-lot ratiocination into the counting-room and private office of every firm and individual doing business in the city? Tax every citizen engaged in any occupation, not only for his lands and merchandise and material wealth, but for his good-will—and that means the success which is the growth and result of his brains, industry, toil, economy, and luck.

Let us tax the judges of the Supreme Court for the popular good-will which placed them on the Bench. We will assess Dennis Kearney for the good-will which drops dimes into his hat when passed upon the Sand-lot on a Sunday. Let us tax the shop-keeper for his polite conduct and popular manners which bring to him customers. We will tax the preacher who by his eloquence and godliness fills his pews and his contribution-box. We will levy duty on the lawyer and the doctor for the property value of the good-will which gives them clients and patients; and assuredly let us tax the newspapers for the good-will, or perhaps, let us say, for the good nature that enables the community to endure the devilish malignity of their assaults upon property, upon prosperous enterprises, and upon successful men. When Claus Spreckels comes to be assessed upon his franchise for refining sugar, let the *Chronicle* he brought up to the affidavit-block, and be asked what part of its value is in press, print, type, and office furniture, and what in that intangible essence which it calls "good-will"? Let the *Bulletin* Publish-



## GOSSIP FROM GOTHAM.

Our Correspondent Chats about Californians and New Yorkers.

Company—for it is an incorporated company—let its president, vice-president, and treasurer—Fitch, Pickering, and Simonton, for there are just enough stockholders to fill these offices—he sworn as to the value of the two properties known as the *Bulletin* and *Call*; then produce the assessor's books as to the value put upon all the material used in the production of those daily journals, and it will be found that the difference is not less than half a million dollars. More than nine-tenths of the *Bulletin-Call* company's value of property is that same intangible something which comes from the learning, genius, intellectual capacity, industry, careful economies, and the thousand other virtues which go to make up the individual character of their proprietors. We should like to have these virtues assessed at the value placed upon them by their owners. We should be glad to have them offered for sale by the tax-collector. If they went at their full value, thus estimated, the problem of taxation in San Francisco would be forever solved, and the treasury would be plethoric with coin. We hate to spoil an argument by confessing that all these *Bulletin-Call* virtues, disconnected from ink, paper, types, and presses, are as unmerchandiseable commodities as other and more modest men's virtues. If they were exposed and sold at auction they would not bring the value of a tinker's imprecation. There is another kind of journalistic "good-will" which commands a price in the market that makes its proprietors rich. It is that destructive and devilish spirit which assaults every enterprise, questions the motives of every successful man, attacks every flourishing industry, and by lies, insinuations, detractions, abuse, vituperation, and slander, blackmails every person, corporation, and enterprise which has the ability to pay. It is that spirit which places itself upon the highway, and compels every prosperous passer-by to stand and deliver; which has hunted to the death and to exile some of the most enterprising of our pioneers; which defeated some of the most promising of our early projects; which assaulted the railroad from the day of its inception, and denounced it as the "Dutch Flat swindle"; which pursued its credit to foreign lands; which opposed its obtaining depot accommodations at Goat Island or Mission Creek; which has driven the grain trade from our port; which has attempted to break up our reciprocity treaty with the Sandwich Islands, and destroy our commerce, because an enterprising merchant who has made money in that commerce will not submit himself to be plundered by the type and ink banditti. It is that spirit which, in its selfish rivalry, has incited the vulgar and cowardly Irish to insurrection and violence to the depreciation of tens of millions of our property values, and which has pursued the Spring Valley company with a devilish malignity that indicates blind passion and unreasoning personal hate. This might not concern us if all the burdens of this kind of journalism did not at last fall upon the community at large. Every sensible man knows and appreciates the fact that all the cost of lobbies, courts, and lawyers which come from these blackmailing exactions is an added burden to the people. If the gas and water companies can be compelled to pay an additional one hundred thousand each, it is so much more to be added to our gas and water rates. With free water to the city, and with the great bulk of property escaping water taxation, a burden which is now heavy will become insupportable. The longer the *Bulletin* and *Call* are encouraged to keep up this water war, the longer they can make it a prominent political issue, the more deeply they can involve the water works company in legal controversies, the more money they can compel the company to expend in courts and lobbies, for law and politics, so much the more will they compel the consumers, householders, and property-owners to pay for water, which is the first necessity for protection and comfort to every citizen of San Francisco.

Another suggestion which occurs to us is this: If the franchise of the water company is worth five million dollars, and the franchise of the gas company is of the value of six million dollars, then, in event of the purchase by the city of either of these companies, would it not be compelled to pay the companies this additional amount? In fixing water rates, or gas charges, or the price of fares or freights, it is generally conceded that the companies or corporations are entitled to receive fair compensation as interest upon the value of their respective properties. If this rule is recognized, then, if San Francisco desires to purchase the Spring Valley Water Works, it must pay the added value of the franchise, to wit, five million dollars. Supervisors, in fixing rates for water or gas by ordinance, must impose enough additional to remunerate for this added value of property, which in negotiations and legislation concerning these properties has not been heretofore considered. Barney Dougherty has struck a popular chord in his endeavor to tax the good-will of private business concerns. It is the legitimate and inevitable logic of the decision of the Supreme Court, if it shall determine that the franchise of corporations engaged in private commercial or business enterprise may be estimated at a property value and taxed, that the good-will of every copartnership concern, and every individual, shall be measured by the same rule and plumbed by the same rod. Barney is right when he declares that there should be added to the *Chronicle's* assessed value of type and presses the value of its "good-will." If to fifteen thousand dollars should be added the sum of two hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars, it will become very lively for the "live paper" to pay its taxes. It will undoubtedly be very nice for the *Chronicle* to compel the Hawaiian Commercial Company to pay a tax on its franchise, and itself escape the consequences of a general rule. It would undoubtedly be very gratifying if the *Bulletin* Publishing Company could compel the Spring Valley Water Company to pay a tax upon a franchise valued at five million dollars. But it would not be so comfortable for it to pay upon its own franchise, valued at half a million. Barney Dougherty is clearly logical, and the Supreme Court judges have afforded them the opportunity of following Barney and their own logic through the popular pursuit of finding the commercial value, for the purpose of taxing them, of all the corporation "franchises," and the value of the "property" known as "good-will" among all the copartnerships and individual concerns doing business in San Francisco.

A man apparently young in years, with a face of rather feeble cast, passed me on Fifth Avenue yesterday, with his nose in the air, and a contemptuous smile that indicated how far above the herd of common Americans he stood. He wore an imported English hell-crown and curl-rimmed beaver hat of the ultra fashionable form, and shoes so narrow and pointed that they were little less than monstrosities. The soles were very thin, the body was patent-leather; there was a rim of yellow leather and upper of white cloth, with mother-of-pearl buttons. His coat was made of green cloth, buttoned up to his chin, and his trousers were so tight that the muscles of a pair of not-too-muscular legs could be seen as he pranced along, holding a yellow cane by the lower end, so that the handle, which was a cross-bar of elaborately chased silver, came within an inch of the ground. That was supposed to be the stylish way of doing it. His collar was painfully tight. In his purple-and-gold scarf was a pin of a terrier's head, of massive gold, exquisitely modeled, cast, and chased. It had eyes of rubies, and held a diamond in its mouth. He wore a fob of an antique Greek coin. I saw him later in Delmonico's, and noticed that the reverse side of the fob had a blazing coat-of-arms. His gloves were bright red brick-dust in color, with three buttons at the wrist. He talked with an affected English accent, and ordered the waiter about with an insolent scowl. It was D. O. Mills Jr.

Anna Dickinson has made her *debut* here as Hamlet. The failure was stupendous. I have seen many, but this was the greatest of all. The poor little woman has been so overwhelmed by the flood of derision, contempt, and abuse that has poured in upon her, that the intense disgust I felt for her as Hamlet on the first night is being replaced by pity. I don't wish to forget that she is honest, clever, and good, and an uncommonly brilliant lecturer. But her Hamlet! Why is it that any one palpably unfit, through every attribute of voice, presence, and ability, will insist upon going on the stage? The most beautiful, poetical, impassioned, and tender of Shakespeare's characters was, in Miss Dickinson's hands, an overstrung, squeaking, hybrid, mawkish, screaming creation, born neither of heaven nor earth, and destined, God knows whither. It produced such an effect as I never imagined could be produced by any living being, and those who heard and saw her will never forget their impressions. I wish to recall the fact that her career on the rostrum entitles her to limitless admiration and respect. The Fifth Avenue Theatre was packed that night by the personal friends of Miss Dickinson, from Theodore Tilton to Jenny June, and their faces reminded me of the belligerent times of '64, and their "movements" in '71, when their names were everywhere. George Francis Train, who is now a driveling idiot, was also there. These people are all of bygone years, and now look faded and worn. No one pays them any heed. When Miss Dickinson came on there was an enthusiastic roll of applause. Then she began. She was dressed in purple velvet, with a short cloak, trunks and hose, that revealed not too symmetrical extremities. Her hair was parted on one side and plastered over the forehead, after the fashion affected by German barbers' boys, and she used her arms with jerky gestures that suggested hidden wires. When she walked she seemed painfully aware of her awkward apparel, but at the same time wore a defiantly masculine look, that caused a very disagreeable combination. I never witnessed anything so remarkable as her "business" when killing Polonius. She first grasped the sword as though it were loaded with dynamite, carefully swung it around her head, as though actuated by an incipient desire for broad-sword exercise, and then made an indescribable lunge at the poor old man behind the curtain. Her apparent desire to avoid the explosion which she expected from the sword was only equalled by her earnest effort to avoid doing Polonius any harm. Her voice was simply atrocious. She delivered her lines in a shrill, nasal tone that chilled the marrow in your back-bone, and expressed passion by screaming. Remorse was shrieked. Anger was squeaked. The audience applauded her a little during the first act, looked unhappy in the second, and in the third began to go out by the score. Even her personal friends could not stand it, and the curtain rose on the fourth act on an almost depopulated house. She has proved the most complete failure on record.

Jay Gould's son is beginning to attract attention. He was first noticed when his father put him into the firm of William E. Connor & Co., with a clean-cut half-million and unlimited backing. Then every one forgot "young George" until a youth of about twenty-three years, with a dull, heavy face, sleepy eyes, and a sensual mouth became a *habitué* of variety theatres and leg-shows. It was soon whispered about that it was "young George," and now he is known from one end of the town to the other. I saw him at many of the French balls last winter. He had different girls at each one, and candor compels me to admit that they were all rather ugly. Now he is one of the prominent movers in sporting circles. He is a promising pupil of Billy Madden, the trainer of the champion pugilist, John L. Sullivan, and is said to be a very fair boxer. His latest wrinkle is the Grand Opera House scheme. Jay Gould is its owner, but the son has leased it to Manager Abbey. Abbey says that he will run the house, but no one believes that he will do more than act under "young George's" orders. The youth has started in with the construction of an entirely new and costly green-room, and the probabilities are that the saturnalia of vice which was held there by Jim Fisk before his murder, will be repeated, with modifications, by "young George." In the old days, Fisk had his private passage-way between his Twenty-third Street residence and the stage beautifully decorated and upholstered, and the ballet girls would trip along from the stage to his dining-room by the dozen. Fisk's friend then was the unassuming, stunted, and unimportant Jay Gould, who was scarcely noticed in the gay throng that was headed by Josie Mansfield. He is noticed now, though. Is there any one man in America who is more feared than he? He was fond of the ballet then, and he is fond of it now. "Young George" inherits his tastes, and is plunging in boldly. Perhaps he will go too far. But then, the old man is right there.

The Melville Opera Company dropped suddenly out of sight after the failure of "Apajune," at the Bijou Opera House—a failure, by the way, which must be laid to the piece, and not to the company. So complete was the retirement of Emilie Melville that it was spoken of as an extraordinary disappearance. Here was a charming woman, and a clever actress, but what has become of her? Her managers were known to have lost heavily on the Melville season—a fact that unquestionably had something to do with her mysterious disappearance. Almost everybody had made up his mind that Emilie would not be heard of again until safe at home in California, when it is made known that the omniscient Haverly has been after the company, and hagged the whole game. There has been much talk of Haverly heing in a broken-down condition from overwork, but the spry manner in which he springs at an opportunity is at variance with this report. Returning to the missing Emilie, she emerged from obscurity to join her forces with the Haverly Comic Opera Company. Mr. Blanchett, I understand, is to be manager, and the company will go through the country, taking up Haverly's dates. Among those in the new company are Emilie Melville, Tom Casselli, Charles Dungan, W. H. Seymour, Dora Wiley, Richard Golden, Lillie Post and Antonio Reiff. The company will first make a tour through the East, and later in the season it will run through the West. A tour through Australia is talked of for next winter. This happy deliverance from her troubles has put Emilie in jubilant spirits.

Lady Habberton's invention has had a good introduction, vigorous pushing, and much laudation, but it has turned out a dismal failure. No wonder; it's the most stupendously ugly garment ever devised. She calls it the "divided skirt," and claims that it combines all the best features of the gown and the trousers. It is a dress cut in two. This simply means that it is two trousers' legs with pleats, ruffles, etc., covered for a short distance by a compound over-skirt, and called an invention. Lady Habberton claims that it will prove the connecting link between gowns and knee-breeches, which are to her mind the most beautiful of leg-coverings. She says that when women once begin to wear the "divided skirt" the fashion will gradually cause them to make the two sections narrower and narrower, until trousers are adopted. From that point to knee-breeches is but a step. Perhaps so. The spectacle of the entire human race—knock-kneed, knee-sprung, and otherwise; male and female, young and old—dancing through the world in knee-breeches would be amusing, to say the least. Miss Kate Field is pushing the invention, through the medium of her Coöperative Dress Association. As I said before, the thing is a dismal failure. No one has dared to wear one in the streets, and if any one does, she will stand a fair chance of being mobbed at sight.

Our policemen over here are luxuries. We never expect them to do their duty, and similarly they never think of doing it. Their records of the past two weeks would dishearten a moralist, and reduce a political economist to tears. In Philadelphia the mayor discharged the entire detective force in one day for the entirely adequate reason that one and all of them had been in collusion with thieves, planning burglaries, and receiving "hush money" for several years. Three days later a store was robbed in Brooklyn. It stood directly opposite a police station. The burglars were disturbed, (not by the police), and after carefully shooting the owner of the shop for his impertinent interruption, the whole three of them slid down the awning post and walked away, while the police looked on. On the following Monday a man, who is still at liberty, murdered Mrs. Bell, in Boston, and then walked up the street. A citizen who saw the brutal crime ran after the murderer, but was afraid to tackle him, and called upon two policemen, a sergeant and a patrolman, to assist him. The officers told him to mind his own business, and allowed the criminal to walk out of sight. In New York we view police outrages with a calmness bordering on complacency. They club a poor barber to death because he makes a noisy speech, and remain unindicted; they club a woman inhumanly because she is out of her mind, and cherishes a delusion that the mayor is in possession of some mythical papers, and they insult, brow-beat, and snub respectable men indiscriminately. This is not idle talk. It is sober truth. The policemen here are not only nuisances, but are also sources of political and official corruption, and in many cases "standing terrors."

Sir John Lister-Kaye is now in your city, and on his way back to England. If he does as every one expects him to do, a howling sensation will be the result. He will either horsewhip the editor of the New York *Times*, or institute a suit for libel against that paper. His treatment by the journal was so outrageous that a protest went up on all sides. He is a simple, good-hearted, manly young baronet, as unassuming as he is well bred, and as jolly as a king. He married one of the most beautiful girls in the city, Miss Yznaga, after an honorable courtship, and took her to England. Then the brutal and caddish action of the *Times* began. It was utterly without justification. The insinuations against the honor of the bride, and honesty of the groom, were without the faintest shadow of truth, but they were repeated day after day. Now, Sir John is coming back, and there is a strong probability of a rise in the temperature of the *Times* office. HALL HAYNE.

NEW YORK, April 1, 1882.

The London papers of latest date deal largely with the question of the disposition of the elephant "Jumbo." Mr. Ruskin writes excitedly against his removal from the Zoölogical Gardens, *Land and Water* is in favor of it, and a writer in the *Field* thinks that, in view of his growing infirmity of temper, Jumbo had better be got rid of at once. "In America," he says, "with Barnum's traveling circus, much more scope can be given to the muscular power of the animal, and, by dint of harder work than it is possible for him to have in the Regent's Park, he may be kept within reasonable bounds; whereas, in the Gardens his fits of irritability would have gone on steadily increasing in intensity, and, like all other old males in confinement, he would have had to be destroyed, but probably not until after he had caused some fatal mischance." A noble peer, with a knack at verse making, writes to the London *Post* in rhyme, suggesting that Barnum take Gladstone and leave Jumbo.



## VERSE-WRITING.

Some Peculiar Specimens, Chosen for their Difficulty.

Among the many melancholy features connected with the reception of "original verse" by newspaper editors, not the least melancholy is the fact that many of the writers do not know what verse is. The folly of attempting to write "poetry" when one does not even know the rules of verse-making, can only be appreciated by those who are conversant with such rules. It is as absurd as it would be for a man to attempt to paint before he had learned to draw. Yet every day editors receive MSS. over which they are sometimes amused, and sometimes disgusted; the utter lack of knowledge of even the merest rudiments of writing verse is so apparent in many of them. There are people who do not know trochaic from iambic metre; who have not an ear sufficiently delicate to distinguish the difference, even if they knew the names; who can not see anything wrong in a line which has a couple of feet too much or too little; yet these people will sit down and write things in lines, with capital letters on one end and rhymes on the other, and expect to have them printed. And they sometimes are—we do it ourselves.

We do not intend to enter here into any discussion of metre, rhythm, or rhyme. These remarks are merely preliminary to the printing of a number of peculiar pieces of verse, some of which are ancient forms revived. The minute details which they involve may serve to show some very worthy people that verse-writing is an art which must be studied; that it has rules which must be followed; that one is not born with it, nor does he catch it, like the measles; and, finally, that one may acquire it and still not be a poet. The writer has an intimate knowledge of the technique of verse-writing, and has even written verse, but he has no more poetry in him than has a coal-scuttler.

The various forms of which we will give specimens are the *rondel*, the *rondeau*, the *ballade*, the *villanelle*, the *triolet*, the *chant-royal*, and the *sestina*. Of the *pantoum* we gave a specimen two weeks ago. There are, we believe, but three in English.

To begin with the *rondeau*. It has thirteen lines, with but two rhymes—eight of one and five of the other, in a rigidly prescribed order—and the first four syllables are repeated as an unrhymed refrain after the eighth line and again at the end.

Here is an example—a transcription by Mr. Dohson of a French *rondeau* of Voiture's:

YOU BID ME TRY.

You bid me try, blue eyes, to write  
A *rondeau*. What?—forthwith?—to-night?  
Reflect. Some skill I have, 'tis true;  
But thirteen lines—and rhymed on two—  
"Refrain," as we call it. Ah, hapless plight!  
Still, there are five lines—ranged aright.  
These Gallic bonis, I feared, would fright  
My easy Muse. They did till you—  
You bid me try!

This makes them nine. The poet's in sight;  
'Tis all because your eyes are bright!  
Now, just a pair to end with 'oo'—  
When maids command, what can't we do?  
Behold! the *rondeau*—tasteful, light—  
You bid me try!

The *rondel*, of which the earliest English examples were perhaps written by Charles of Orleans during his residence in England, is closely akin to the *rondeau*. It is a poem of two rhymes and fourteen lines, with a repetition of the first and second lines as the seventh and eighth, and again as the thirteenth and fourteenth. This is by Mr. H. C. Bunner:

READY FOR THE RIDE.

Through the fresh fairness of the Spring to ride,  
As in the old days when he rode with her,  
With joy of Love that had fond Hope to bride,  
One year ago had made her pulses stir.  
Now shall no wish with any day recur,  
(For Love and Death part year and year full wide),  
Through the fresh fairness of the Spring to ride,  
As in the old days when he rode with her.

No ghost there lingers of the smile that died  
On the sweet, pale lip where his kisses were—  
Yet still she turns her delicate head aside,  
If she may hear him come, with jingling spur—  
Through the fresh fairness of the Spring to ride,  
As in the old days when he rode with her.

Closely allied to both *rondeau* and *rondel* is the *triolet*. Here is an example, also by Mr. Bunner:

A FITCHER OF MIGNONETTE.

A pitcher of mignonette,  
In a tenebrous highest casement;  
Queer sort of a flower-pot—yet  
That pitcher of mignonette  
Is a garden in heaven set,  
To the little sick child in the basement—  
The pitcher of mignonette,  
In the tenebrous highest casement.

Another form, the *ballade*, consists of three stanzas, and a half-stanza, called an envoy, and generally addressed directly to some prince or power. The rhymes and arrangement of the first stanza are repeated in the others; and the refrain concludes all three stanzas and the envoy. Eight-line stanzas with only three rhymes are the most often seen; but ten-line stanzas using four rhymes are also permissible.

Two other varieties are known. One is the double *ballade*, which is simply a *ballade* with six stanzas, (all repeating the rhymes and arrangement of the first of either eight lines or ten,) and with or without an envoy, as the poet pleases. And the other is the *ballade* with the double refrain, in which the fourth line of the first stanza (always of eight lines) is repeated in the other stanzas, while the envoy consists of two couplets in which both refrains occur in order. Here is the best attempt at the *ballade* with two refrains, and one of the most blithesome and delectable of Austin Dobson's poems:

THE BALLADE OF FROSE AND RHYME.

When the ways are heavy with mire and rut,  
In November fogs, in December snows,  
When the north wind howls, and the doors are shut—  
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;  
But whenever a scent from the whiterhorn blows,  
And the jasmine-stars to the lattice climb,  
And a Rosalind-face to the casement shows—  
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!  
When the brain gets as dry as an empty nut,  
When the reason stands on its squarrest toes,  
When the mind—like a beard—has a "formal cut"—  
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;  
But whenever the May-blood stirs and glows,  
And the young year draws to the "golden prime,"  
And Sir Romeo sticks in his ear a rose—  
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

In a theme where the thoughts have a pendant strut,  
In a changing quarrel of "Ayes" and "Noes,"  
In a starched procession of "If" and "But"—  
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;  
But whenever a soft glance softer grows,  
And the light hours dance to the trysting-time,

And the secret is told "that no one knows"—  
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

ENVOY.

In the work-a-day world—for its needs and woes,  
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;  
But whenever the May bells clash and chime,  
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

Just as the *rondel* and the *triolet* seem variations of the *ballade*, so is the *chant-royal* a development of the *ballade*. It is to be defined roughly as a *ballade* of five stanzas of eleven lines, with an envoy of five lines. It is said that, according to the strict rule of the older French writers, the *chant-royal* should be an allegory, the solution of which is contained in the envoy. There are but few English *chants-royaux*, for the making of them is a hard and thankless task. In America but one has been written; and it is this which we quote, for it shows how readily even the most difficult form lends itself to satire and humor:

BEHOLD THE DEEDS!

(Being the plaint of Adolphe Culpepper Ferguson, salesman of fancy notions, held in durance of his landlady for a failure to connect on Saturday night.)

I would that all men my hardcase might know;  
How grievously I suffer for no sin:  
I, Adolphe Culpepper Ferguson, for lo!  
I of my landlady am looked in  
For being short on this sad Saturday,  
Nor having shakels of silver wherewith to pay,  
She has turned and is departed with my key;  
Wherefore, not even as other boarders, free,  
I sing (as prisoners to their dungeon-stones  
When ten times they exclaim a spree):  
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

One night and one day have I wept my woe;  
Nor wot I, when the morrow doth begin,  
If I shall have to write to Briggs & Co.,  
To pray them to advance the requisite tin  
For ransom of their salesman, that he may  
Go forth as other boarders go away—  
As those I hear now flocking from their tea,  
Led by the daughter of my landlady  
Piano-ward! This day, for all my moans,  
Dry bread and water have been served me.  
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

Miss Anabel Jones is musical, and so  
The heart of the young-he-boarder doth win,  
Playing "The Maiden's Prayer," *adagio*—  
That fetcheth him, as fetcheth the banco skin  
The innocent rustic. For my part, I pray  
That Badarjewska maid may wait for aye  
Ere sits she with a lover as did we  
Once sit together, Anabel! Can it be  
That all that arduous wooing not avenges  
For Saturday's shortness of trade dollars three?  
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

Yea! she forgets the arm was wont to go  
Around her waist. She wears a buckle, whose pin  
Galleth the crook of the young man's elbow.  
I forget not, for I that youth have seen.  
Smith was aforesome the Lothario gay.  
Yet once, I mind me, Smith was forced to stay  
Close in his room. Not calm, as I, was he,  
But his noise brought no pleasure, verily.  
Small case he gat of playing on the bones  
Or hammering on his stove-pipe, that I see,  
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

Thou, for whose fear the figurative crow  
I eat, accused be thou and all thy kin!  
Thee will I show up—yea, up will I show  
Thy too thick buckwheats, and thy tea too thin.  
Ay! here I dare thee, ready for the fray:  
Thou dost not "keep a first-class house," I say!  
It does not with advertisements agree.  
Thou lodgest a Briton with a pugaree,  
And thou hast harbored Jacobites and Cohns,  
Also a Mulligan. Thus denounce I thee!  
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

ENVOY.

Boarders, the worst I have not told to ye:  
She hath stolen my trousers, that I may not flee  
Privily by the window. Hence these groans.  
There is no fleeing in a *robe de nuit*.  
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!  
—H. C. Bunner.

The *villanelle*, like the *rondel*, *rondeau*, and *triolet*, has but two rhymes. Its peculiarity is the alternation of two refrains. It consists of five triplets, followed by a quatrain. The opening line is repeated as the third of the second and fourth triplets, and as the final line of the concluding quatrain. The third line reappears at the end of the third and fifth triplets, and as the next to last of the third and fifth triplets, and the second lines rhyme with one another. The following graceful example is not absolutely exact in form, as the writer, Miss May Probyn, has wilfully, and without warrant, varied the rule:

IN EVERY SOUND.

In every sound I think I hear her feet—  
And still I wend my altered way alone,  
And still I say: "To-morrow we shall meet."

I watch the shadows in the crowded street—  
Each passing face I follow one by one—  
In every sound I think I hear her feet.

And months go by—bleak March and May-day heat—  
Harvest is over—winter well nigh done—  
And still I say: "To-morrow we shall meet."

Among the city squares, when flowers are sweet,  
With every breath a sigh of hers seems blown—  
In every sound I think I hear her feet.

Belfry and clock the unending hours repeat,  
From twelve to twelve—and still she comes in none—  
And still I say: "To-morrow we shall meet."

Oh, long-delayed-to-morrow! Hearts that beat  
Measure the length of every minute gone—  
In every sound I think I hear her feet.

Ever the suns rise tardily or fleet,  
And light the letters on a church-yard stone—  
And still I say: "To-morrow we shall meet."

And still from out her unknown, far retreat  
She haunts me with her tender undertone—  
In every sound I think I hear her feet—  
And still I say: "To-morrow we shall meet."

The *sestina* is even more complicated and difficult than the *chant-royal*. It was invented by Arnaut Daniel, a Provençal troubadour of the end of the thirteenth century; and from him it was copied by various Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese poets. It consists of six six-lined stanzas, each of which ends with the same six words, not rhyming, but arranged in a prescribed order, and it concludes with an envoy of three lines, containing all six of the final words—three at the end of the lines, and three in the body of the lines. We give one stanza:

In fair Provence, the land of lute and rose,  
Arnaut great master of the law of love,  
First wrought sestines to win his lady's heart,  
For she was deaf when simpler staves he sang,  
And for her sake he broke the bonds of rhyme,  
And in this suture madder hid his woe.

In the remaining five stanzas the end-words, "rose," "love," "heart," "sang," "rhyme," "woe," reappear in a different order, and in the envoy of three lines they again appear—three at the end and three at the caesural pause.

## THE INNER MAN.

The Boston *Transcript* has discovered that the eating of beans on Mid-Lent Sunday has a special significance. "Several centuries back," says the *Transcript*, "this Sunday was known as 'Carl Sunday,' for beans, called 'carlings,' were eaten on that day, and in an old translation of the 'Quadragesimal Spirituale,' of 1565, is this passage: 'We eat fried beans, by which we understand confession.' 'When we would have heaves well sooden, we lay them in steepe, for otherwise they will never seeth kindly. Therefore, if we purpose to mend our faults, it is not sufficient barely to confess them at all adventure, but we must let our confession lie in steepe in the water of meditation.' Now, the good people of Boston have immortalized beans as a national dish, and, while they cling to the toothsome mass as a precious relic of Plymouth Rock, it proves, after all, to be a relic of centuries gone, very much mixed up with penance and popish customs."

Buyers of sardines are cautioned by the Brittany manufacturers to be careful as to the brands they choose. If they want the best fish, preserved when fresh in the best olive oil, they must get them from a house which has a name to lose. The cheap kinds are made with fish that have "turned," or have been spoiled by salting on board the snacks, and the oils used are those of the cotton-seed or the Senegal ground-nut. But this is not all. The brands of established firms are imitated, and the worst qualities of all are prepared "for exportation." The sardine traders think it necessary just now to give a warning against these export sardines, and advise foreigners to buy only those which are produced for the home French market. The current wholesale prices of these are given. There are three sizes—small, medium, and large, (known as 4-6, 6-8, and 8-12)—and only two qualities—first and second. The largest and best are now fifty-two shillings (sixty-five francs) the hundred tins, while the smallest are sold by the makers at forty-six shillings and six pence. But the "export" kinds can be bought as low as thirty-one shillings the hundred.

Baron Brisse's culinary glory is now forgotten, though during the last years of the Empire he enjoyed great popularity, owing to his invention of a different dinner for every day of the year, says the *Paris Figaro*. The review, *Le Livre*, gives some particulars about him that are not generally known. Baron Brisse was a sort of Grimod de la Reynière, adapted to the requirements of daily journalism. Like Grimod, he was accustomed to do his own marketing—very cleverly, too—at the Halles, never forgetting to kiss the prettiest market-woman after effecting his purchases. He invented certain maxims, like Brillat-Savarin, and what is more, used to put them in practice. "To him," says *Le Livre*, "is due the celebrated aphorism, 'A chacun son canard,' which appeared for the first time in the *Liberte*, with the following explanation: 'People do not generally agree upon the merits of ducks. Some prefer the breast, some the *abatis*. For my own part, I maintain that everybody ought to eat the whole duck. Therefore, a *chacun son canard*.' Friends of Baron Brisse know that this was no mere rhodomontade, and that he joined his example to his precepts. He always used to eat the whole of his duck, and very little pressing would have induced him to consume several." With a further resemblance to Grimod de la Reynière, Baron Brisse had a horror of repasts being served by *maitres d'hotel*, and his house at Chateillon became a sort of academy of cookery, where the diners were the lectures. "The host supplied the soup and the *bauf garni*. But what soup and what beef it was! Every guest, moreover, brought the *plat* in which he excelled. The *potage* and the *heef* were approved in silence, and quietly, but the rest of the viands were consumed critically; each specialist, such as Gouffe and Magny, offering his remarks on the dishes."

The old French gourmands held that the honors of April were divided between ham and lamb. At Easter it was always thought that the hams of Mayence and Bayonne were in all their savory glory. Early month the Easter holy-days will break up the long hut sanitary Lenten fast. The old English custom of eating "hot-cross buns" on Good Friday does not seem to have grown into as reverential a remembrance with us, but they are, nevertheless, to be obtained by the faithful. The origin of the hot-cross bun seems involved in doubt. On the Christian side of the Museo Lapidario of the Vatican there is a table representing very roughly the miracle of the five barley loaves. The loaves are round, and bear a cross upon them, such as our symbolical huns bear. The Christian biography of these huns, however, has received a very rude shock, for it appears that they have descended to us not from any Popish practice, as some pious souls affirm, but from one which was actually Pagan, and to a Paganism as ancient as the worship of Astarte—in honor of whom, at the time of our more modern Passover, the Saxons haked and offered up a certain kind of cake. Jeremiah, too, speaks of the Israelitish women kneading their dough to make cakes as offerings to the queen of heaven. The shock about the origin of the buns, however, is, after all, not very terrible, for that origin remains, at any rate, a quite respectable one.

CCXXIII.—Easter Sunday, April 9.—Bill of Fare for Ten Persons.

Oysters on the Shell.  
Potage à la Reine.  
Fried Flounders. Excelsior Sauce.  
New Potatoes fried in butter. Stuffed Eggs.  
Beefsteak with Mushrooms and Truffles.  
Green Peas. Stewed French Carrots. Roman Punch.  
Roast Turkey.  
Currant Jelly. Indian Salad.  
Swiss Cream, Branded Peaches, Cake, Raisins, Almonds, and Dates.

POTAGE A LA REINE.—Boil a large fowl in three quarts of water until tender. Skim off the fat, add a tea-cupful of rice, and also a slice of carrot, one of turnip, a small piece of celery, and an onion, which have been cooked slowly for fifteen minutes in two large tablespoonfuls of butter. Skim this butter carefully from the vegetables, and of the pan in which it is stir a tablespoonful of flour; cook until smooth, but not brown. Add this, as well as a small piece of cinnamon, and of mace, and four whole cloves. Cook all together slowly for two hours. Chop and pound the breasts of the fowl very fine. Put the soup through a fine sieve; add the pounded breast, and again rub the fine sieve. Put back on the fire, and add one and a half tablespoonfuls of salt, one-fourth of a tablespoonful of pepper, and a pint of cream, which has just come to a boil. Boil up once and serve.

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I was having a chat with some one the other day about "Patience," which has been really quite the sensation of the week, and I remarked that it was very odd the new Patience did not change her dress when she became æsthetic. I fancy we had all been looking forward a little to seeing pretty Marie Jansen in the clinging flowing robes of the new dispensation. But she remained a simple dairymaid in flowered chintz throughout the long evening, and our petted eyes have become so used to a kaleidoscope of dry-goods on the stage, that so small a matter gave us a very genuine twinge of disappointment. "But Patience does not become æsthetic," said my friend; "it is because she is so different from the sighing nymphs around him that Bunthorne loves her, and he loves her to the end of the opera." Perhaps it is so; and yet the cream white wool and sunflowers of Emile Melville's second dress did not seem to sit amiss upon the awakened Patience when she had her Florentine fourteenth-century attack. What a very enjoyable performance "Patience" was, by the way, considering that there is not a voice in the entire company. But they are so admirably drilled, and so prettily costumed, and the stage groupings are so very effective that one can not help taking a pleasure in them. I do not think people ever realized till now what a sad burlesque was Freeman's Bunthorne. But with the original here among us there is a new point given to John Howson's very clever travesty of the fleshly poet of the new day. Oscar Wilde's offending locks seem to have been transferred bodily, and the melancholy droop of his lower lip has given them company. There are his handkerchief and neckcloth of pale Vesuvian flame, his toothpick pumps and silver buckles; there even the stiff-kneed straight-toed walk with which he advances upon an audience; there, too, the caressing gesture with which he puts back his locks, like a sweet, ringletted young thing, yet never puts them back too far. But where, oh where is his sleeve lace? I have heard irate heads of families pardon him many things, but not one of them will condone the lace in his sleeves, and John Howson and all the other stage æsthetes leave it out, and display a very liberal amount of linen, stiff and glossy with starch. An advanced æsthibete, who has the indefinable incomprehensible too-too in all its degrees, has no business to wear starch anyhow. It is modern, domestic, kitcheny, commonplace, uncomfortable, and unpicturesque. Friedrich Haase, in his Hamlet, getting into a state of mental and bodily deshabille, tears open the throat button of his black tunic, and reveals an inner vestment of soft, white muslin in limp, generous folds. It should delight the soul of an æsthibete, and a modern stiff shirt hosom should freeze his poetic soul to agony. Yet he clings to starch, and calls himself a lover of the beautiful. Perhaps John Howson's collar and cuffs would be a lesson to him in his own lore, for the æsthetic costumes in "Patience" are their own strongest pleaders, but the linen is inharmonious. It would be very difficult to get up a symphony in starch. The fleshly poet is not well offset by the idyllic poet at the California. Fleshly poets are all very well, but fleshly poets are not. Mr. Barton would have made an admirable looking Colonel Caverly if he could have struggled with the low notes of the music, or a commanding-looking Duke if he could have conquered the high notes in that pretty appeal to the love-sick maidens, while Digby Bell, or possibly Campbell, would have been better set as the idyllic poet reading simple verses to sighing maidens. Mr. Barton can not sing, but neither can any one else, as it appears upon the stage. Yet it is astonishing, considering the feeble plaints those maidens put forth when a solo falls to them, how well the choruses sound when they join their forces. Mr. Alfred Cellier is indeed the ideal leader to bring so much out of such unpromising material. Neither are there any actresses among them, except Miss Laura Joyce; for, although Miss Marie Jansen is the most charming little prima donna who ever did nothing in particular, she certainly does nothing in particular. As for Miss Laura Joyce, she made no impression whatever as the countess; but she is unapproachable as Lady Jane. Not a line in the text is slurred, not a point unmade. She sings well in a voice which is big and deep, but has no resonance; and with her acting assists John Howson in carrying off all the honors in that line.

How much stronger the dramatic instinct is in the woman than in the man! Now and then one sees a great actor, and now and then a clever one, but one rarely goes to the play without seeing one clever woman in the cast—not often a great one

In point of fact, great women are uncomfortable creatures, and no one seeks to be where they abound. One is willing to make a pilgrimage to see them now and then, as one would go to see the Yosemite, or Niagara, or the icebergs of the Arctic seas; but no man wants one of them on his hearthstone, and the people do not clamor for them in the theatres.

"A creature not too bright nor good  
For human nature's daily food,"

is about the article in demand everywhere. I have never seen an audience rise more spontaneously to appreciation, nor to a more delicious bit of comedy than in the German Theatre the other night, when Madame Elise Haase, in the action of the play, pictured to an old man his future grandchildren carolling about his knee. I believe it is horses which usually carol in poetical English, but I have seen grandchildren at it as well, and we will let it go at that. At all events, this shadowy picture of domestic bliss in old age, drawn by a most artistic hand, touched an audience to such a pitch of enthusiasm as one rarely sees Lady Macbeth, or Mary Stuart, or even her doughty majesty Elizabeth, awaken. But these high and mighty dames are out of fashion just now, and the mignonette is in. They will weave you raptures by the hour over a Marie Jansen, or an Eliza Weathersby, or any of them who is little, and pretty, and pouting. Hence the popularity of "Patience." It abounds in pretty girls, and whether they are love-lorn nymphs, playing archaic lyres and lutes, or red-coated dragoons, carrying themselves, by the way, far more soldierly than the heathered back row, they impress the eye pleasantly, and the public ear declines to be critical.

What a lot of good things we are going to have after Easter! The hurly Rossi may be seen strolling around town seeing the sights before he begins to play, and looking as if he could dispose of quite as many gentle Desdemonas in a season as Salvini himself. He has the usual following of the great, a sprinkling of agents, relatives, and stock company, and he and his suite form quite an imposing group as they go.

Eliza Weathersby's piquant face, looking eminently well in quite a new style of bonnet, arrests one on the sidewalk. Eliza had always a certain talent in having her picture taken. Every one remembers the spectre fairy of "Hobbes." Her picture does not appear in the windows, unless it be there in sympathetic ink. One brief dreadful glimpse is all that is allowed of that vision. Mr. Nat. Goodwin, having fitted himself out with a new play, has been having a pleasant promenade along the smooth highway of success ever since he left, and has a good right to look as contented as he does in his lithograph.

The Comley-Barton troupe may be said to have hit the popular fancy, and we shall doubtless continue to bave them so long as their list of operas holds out, and they continue to draw.

Among our own people, Mr. Talho contemplates giving a series of Friday "pops," and Mrs. Henry Norton announces another song recital for the fourteenth. So thoroughly satisfying a musical evening as her first recital, is something rare. Mrs. Norton is a most delightful songstress, whether in the naïve simplicity of the old English ballads, which she is introducing, or the artistic finish of the severer numbers, and every one anticipates with delight another such evening. The programme is even more comprehensive than the first, and includes several numbers for the 'cello and piano.

How much more satisfactory is a recital than a cold concert, where one gets but a brief glimpse of one's favorite, and where, just as applause has worn off their nervousness, and worked them up to the proper degree of feeling, they are whisked off, and some one put on that no human being wants to see or hear. A recital is almost as good as sitting in your own music-room, if you have one, and having your friend by your side making music for you on your own piano as long as you want it. This is the very luxury of musical entertainment.

BETSY E.

A cablegram of April 5th from London says: "Sarah Bernhardt was married to M. Damala, a Greek gentleman, in this city to-day. She will continue her theatrical career, and Damala is the bride will perform here in May. Damala is a fine-looking, middle-aged man, said to be tolerably rich. Bernhardt gave no previous notice of the wedding. A French lady and gentleman and the officials of the church were the only witnesses."

Thus Oscar Wilde gushed in a recent note to Genevieve Ward: "I must see the last night of 'Annie Mie.' Might I ask for the same box mamma and I had? Or, if that is taken, any box will do. I should like to be there to show how much I appreciate your noble acting, and how much I admire a play the critics have so misunderstood." If not this box some other box—good box.

—MISS CAROLINE LE ROI WILL APPEAR ON next Monday evening, April 19, at the Baldwin Theatre, as Peg Woffington, in the comedy "Before and Behind the Curtain." During the play there will be danced by the lady and all the company the celebrated "Fox Hunters' jig." Miss Le Roi is a pupil of Mrs. Julia Melville-Snyder, and is said to possess great ability.

—MR. FREDERICH HAASE WILL MAKE HIS last appearance on to-morrow (Sunday) evening, for the benefit of Maria Wolff. "The Gamester, or the Slave of Passion," will be presented, with Haase as Von Posert, and Maria Wolff as Baroness Wallenfeld.

The French managers are beginning to look abroad for comic opera attractions, and Alfred Cellier's "Nell Gwynn" is shortly to be heard in Paris.

## SHAKESPEARE'S THEATRE.

Her Virginal Majesty's Players at the Old Globe.

We take the following description of an Elizabethan theatre from "The England of Shakespeare," one of the publications of the London Shakespeare Society: Let us take a peep into the Globe. On one of the posts dividing the carriage from the footway is a playbill. Apprentices, foreign-looking merchants with well-honored faces, a dandy staining his lace ruffles with snuff from a silver box, and a broad-shouldered countryman, evidently up for law-term, are conning its rough, large letters. If we look over the shoulders of one of the apprentices we can read it. There is now being performed, it states, "The most excellent historie of the 'Merchant of Venice,' with the extreame crueltie of Shylocke the Jewe, toward the sayed merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh, and obtaining of Portia by the choyse of three caskets, as it hath diverse times been acted by the Lord Chamberlain, his servants. Written by William Shakespeare." There is no cast of the performers. We enter in good time for the play. This is the "wooden O" mentioned by the bard himself in his Prologue to Henry V. The pit is already fairly filled, and worth studying. Leather-helmed apprentices abound: some with permission of their masters; others, to judge from their dissipated looks, evidently without. Some are grouped in busy gossip on the earthen floor, others are playing at cards, while eating, smoking, chaffing, and bustling are going on all round. There is a good deal of pushing toward the front. These are the "youths that thunder at the playhouses and fight for hitten apples," referred to in "Henry VIII." A few women, wearing masks, are visible here, but they rise no higher than the wives of citizens, and some of them sink much lower. In the boxes, whose fronts are hung with painted cloths, are the more fashionable persons, curled and perfumed, looking down on the tumult below with great curiosity. In a high box is the band, playing an overture, in response to a trumpet call, but not much regarded. The instruments apparently are shawms, violins, sackbuts and dulcimers. The worsted stage curtain is down, and we can see that it opens down the centre, and that each part draws back from behind. While the groundlings are pointing out the notables in the boxes—a well known courtier, a new ambassador, a great sea-captain—the trumpet sounds again, and the curtain is drawn aside. We are introduced to a street in Venice, as appears by a label in antique type. Had there been a prologue, it would have been spoken by an actor in a long black cloak, and had it been "Hamlet" or "King Lear," the stage would have been hung with black. The stage is rather broad than deep. It is covered with green rushes. A curtain at the back hides a raised balcony, in which are unemployed actors, and possibly Shakespeare himself. The actors speaking wear common clothes, suitable to their rank in England. Before Bassanio enters, several dandies, in trunk hose and short cloaks, and dainty low-crowned hats, have lounged on to the stage, with hoy attendants bringing their stools. Their rosetted shoes are plainly visible as they cross their legs with an air of languor, and lift their eyebrows the better to study the pit. One of them, dreadfully bored, discards his stool, and lies all his length on the rushes. Another takes out his pipe and his tobacco, and begins to smoke through his nose, and to blow the blue cloud upward, in ring after ring, to show that he has learned to "take tobacco" from the very best professors. The play proceeds. Portia and Nerissa are played by boys, as are all women's parts. Presently Shylock enters in the Jewish gaberdine, such as could be seen any day in the Jewerie, or in Lombard Street, and there is fierce clapping in the pit. Surely it is Richard Burbage himself. The dandies on their stools seem momentarily interested. One takes from his pocket his table-book, made of small pieces of slate, bound together in duodecimo, such as Autolycus sold in "A Winter's Tale," and such as Sir Nathaniel drew out to write down the most "singular and choice epithet" used by Holofernes, in "Love's Labor's Lost," in describing Don Adriano de Armado as being "too pickled, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, to peregrinate." We are unable to see what he is writing down, whether comments on the play, or passages for use in conversation at St. Paul's, or over his ordinary. Probably his friends will hear him saying to-night, "How like a fawning publican he looks." "The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose," or "In religion what damned error but some sober brow will bless it, and approve it with a text." Concerning the dandies turned critics, Ben Johnson once wrote: "Let them know the author defies them and their writing-tables." Many of the pitby quotations still in common use were first introduced by the writing-table gentry, who made them classic before the plays in which they were contained were printed for public reading. Amid whistling from the select sitters on the stools, and much yelling from the pit at Shylock, and a good deal of merry imitation when Bassanio sings, in the casket scene, the play goes on. The sprawling gentleman, who is evidently ill at ease, wishes the audience to see that he cares nothing for Portia and her domestic arrangements, and so he crosses the stage at the back, and joining another

exquisite on the opposite side, they fall to cards, to pause for a few minutes while a jester appears, between the third and fourth acts, to dance a jig, and sing a rude snatch full of what are now called "topical allusions." The trial scene comes on, and down go the cards into the rushes. The pit is still as the grave. All eyes are on the stage. A bystander whispers in our ear, "The Duke is played by the author, a right noble-looking fellow." We recognize him at once. He delivers himself with effect, in a soft but round mellow voice. One or two table-writers are busy with their slates, the scratching of their pencils distinctly audible in the pauses of the dialogue. The performance at length comes to an end. The players come forward to the front of the stage. They kneel together, and say in concert, "God save the queen," as the Epilogue says himself in the second part of "Henry IV.," and as it used to run at the end of our own play-bills. The curtains cross together, and amid hooting, jostling, and chaff the crowd disperses. Presently Shakespeare and his companions will go to the Falcon, or cross London Bridge for a night at the Mermaid, pointed at as they pass, and individually as well known as rotund Jonson and reverend-looking Chapman. Such, with small variations, was the play-acting of the days of Elizabeth and James. Elizabeth never visited any of the public theatres. Very few respectable women ever did, or there would have been less coarseness in the plays of the time, which may be said to have been written solely for men. But she frequently had Shakespeare's pieces played before her. She was a great admirer of the two parts of "Henry IV." "Othello" was played before her in 1602.

When a lad Rossi, the tragedian, was intended for a lawyer, but he ran away from home at the age of seventeen, and joined a company of strolling players at Fogano. His salary was three cents a day, and he fainted with terror on making his debut before a real audience. In less than ten years he had won the tributes of not only the Italian but the accomplished Parisian critics. His wanderings have been varied and extensive. At the Cornelle anniversary in Paris he was chosen to act the "Cid." At Bordeaux, at public request, he appeared as Rodrigue. In Barcelona a noted critic questioned his rendition of "Hamlet." Rossi thereupon gave a public lecture upon his conception of the character. This address has been translated and reprinted in many languages. He has won many honors in London, Vienna, Berlin, South America, and in fact all over the civilized world. At Cadix, in 1869, he made a fiery revolutionary address in the market place. At Lisbon the King of Portugal decorated him with the order of St. lago, a distinction never before or since given to an artist. At Oporto several huts of Rossi adorn various public parks. In Coimbra the students of the university strewed the streets with flowers, and bore him home from the theatre over a pathway of their cloaks. In Brazil the Emperor gave him the order of the Rose. And, in fact, all through South America he was greeted with honors and ovations. In Berlin, in 1876, the Prussian emperor invited him to the imperial palace, and during his visit he was consulted with as to plans for the improvement of the German stage. Beside his dramatic accomplishments he has written several dramas for Ristori and others, in addition to constant contributions to the press on dramatic art.

There will be exhibited by the Ladies of the Decorative Art Society at their rooms, No. 631 Sutter Street, fourteen pieces of embroidery and four pieces of stained glass, covering all the legitimate fields of the work of Louis Tiffany & Co., of New York, and the associated artists. One of these windows is valued at eight hundred dollars. All articles are for sale. The society, being under considerable expense for insurance and transportation, felt justified in charging twenty-five cents admission. A moonlight scene, embroidered by Mrs. Peters, of Boston, in the same style as Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, will also be for sale, price two hundred dollars. Several specimens of Rockwood pottery, from Cincinnati, will be added to the list. The exhibition opens on Wednesday, the twelfth instant, and will continue two weeks. Work done by the free pupils of the Decorative Art Society of California will also be on exhibition.

"N. S."—Colorado Springs—Declined. MS. awaits your disposal.

"F. S."—"A Deadly Quarrel" appeared in the Argonaut of January 29, 1881. It was also translated and published in Appleton's Journal and several other papers about the same time. The MS. awaits your disposal.

The late Lord Lytton left three unpublished plays behind him, and one of them, on the subject of Brutus and Tarquin, has been submitted by the present Lord Lytton to Mr. Irving, who will probably produce it at the Lyceum. It contains several very effective situations, Truth says, and a competent critic pronounces it a better play than the "Lady of Lyons."

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We have received a new song, "Baby's Drifting Away," by J. V. Cheney, and dedicated to Mrs. C. T. Deane. It is a very pretty ballad, and ought to become popular.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.



— WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, KNOWN TO Americans by the sobriquet of "Bull Run Russell," and who, as a correspondent in the earlier days of our civil war, did not commend himself to our favorable opinions because he did not credit our army of the loyal North with victories when it had submitted to defeats, has again visited America and written a book. He accompanied the Duke of Sutherland on his flying trip across our continent. This work is necessarily but the hasty reflections of a hasty journey. It is but glimpses from the car windows.

It is a generous, amiable, gossip, and very readable book. It contains the observations of an intelligent gentleman, and one who is broad-minded enough not to expect in a new country, on a new railroad which crosses deserts, and whose side stations are not all cities, but hastily improvised stations, to find either the development or the creature comforts that belong to older countries and more highly developed civilizations. As an evidence of his appreciation of the beautiful, and how generously he admits the achievements of our artists and tradesmen, we quote what he says of the Diamond Palace of Colonel Andrews, which he admits is one of the "HANDSOMEST JEWELER'S STORES IN THE WORLD." This, coming from one who has so extensively traveled, and who is himself a resident of the largest and handsomest city of the civilized world, is a tribute of which Colonel Andrews has a right to be justly proud. We quote from page forty-two of the work, "Hesperothron": "This was our last day in the city of the Golden Gate, and the photographers were masters of the situation; and there was much debris of sight-seeing to sweep up—visits to be made, shops to be inspected, among which I must mention specially the Diamond Palace of Colonel Andrews, one of the handsomest jewelers' stores in the world, though it is not as large as the establishments of the principal firms in London, Paris, Vienna, or as Tiffany's in New York. The distinctive feature of the interior is the decoration of the paintings of fair women, on the ceilings and the walls above the cases, by necklaces, diadems, zones, and other feminine ornaments of real diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and pearls. The pictures are the work of an Italian artist of merit, and the general effect is very striking; but I doubt whether it is a good way of inducing people to buy the articles which bedeck the ideal beauties." The last paragraph is in misconception of the fact that the jewels used for the adornment of the oil paintings upon the walls are fixtures of the figures to which they are attached as ornaments, and are not removable, and hence do not constitute any part of the stock available for sale. The Duke of Sutherland left large orders for merchandise, as does nearly every distinguished and wealthy foreigner who visits the Diamond Palace. This is in proof of the fact not only that the store is in itself one of the most beautiful in the world, but it is evidence that it contains a rare assortment of goods that are able to compete with the larger assortments of European dealers, and that its proprietor may be relied upon for honorable dealing.

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## THE POET AND THE REPORTER.

## A Story of the Sanctum.

"Would it be too much trouble for one of you gentlemen to tell me where I can find the literary editor?" said a nice looking young man, as he entered the editorial rooms.

"No trouble at all to tell you where he is," replied the trotting-horse reporter; "the main difficulty would be in your getting there to interview him. The literary editor is at present breasting the sun-kissed billows of the limpid waves—at least, that's where he said he was going. He is a yachter."

"A what?" asked the young man at the door.

"A yachter—sails around in a boat, and talks about shivering his timbers, and belaying his tarry top lights, and all such things as that. Always refers to his overcoat pocket as a 'mizzen hatch.' The literary editor would make Marryat and Mayne Reid think they were born in Iowa, and had never been nearer the sea than Keokuk."

"What is it you call him?" again asked the man at the door.

"A yachter."

"You probably mean a yachtsman," suggested the visitor.

"Probably I do," was the reply, in a somewhat disappointed tone of voice. "A man can't make a peep around here but what some duck picks him up on the pronunciation of a word."

"I wish to see the literary editor in regard to a poem which I would like to see in next week's paper," said the young man.

"Did you write this poem yourself?" asked the horse reporter.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"I thought so," continued the admirer of Iroquois. "I thought there gleamed within your starry eye that weird, haunting look, that enables us to drop on a poet the minute he shows up. What is your poem about?"

"Atlanta."

"I don't think that's much of a subject," said the authority on overhead checks. "Atlanta is only a second-class town, anyhow. Why didn't you wind up your muse for a few stanzas about Chicago, or Deadwood, or some place where things are lively?"

"I rather think you misapprehend me," said the poet. "My little effort does not relate to Atlanta, Ga., but to a person in classical history."

"Oh, you mean Atlanta, do you, instead of Atlanta?" replied the horse reporter. "How thoughtless of me to make such a mistake. I suppose you know all about Attie, and the big steeplechase she was in?"

"Well," said the poet, in a hesitating manner, "of course I am familiar with the classics, but it has never come under my observation that Atlanta was ever the heroine of any such episode as the one to which you allude."

"Didn't know she was on the turf, and won the liveliest race ever run in Arcadia?"

"No, sir, I did not," replied the poet.

"Then you are not so sweetly fly as I took you to be," said the horse reporter, "and I will give you a few pointers on Grecian history, and sweep away with the dimpled band of Knowledge the cobwebs of ignorance that obscure the horizon of your powerful mind. Atlanta was the daughter of Iasos, a high-rolling old Greek. When he wished her to marry she consented on condition that her suitors should run a race with her—a kind of weight-for-age handicap. One fellow finally beat her. His name was Melanion, and he was a regular masher. Venus just went loony about him, and had given him three apples from the garden of Hesperides. So when Melanion started in the race with Atlanta he just whooped himself until he reached the quarter pole, and then he dropped one of the apples. Atlanta stopped to look at the beautiful fruit, and Melanion got a long lead. He played this game at the half and three-quarter mile poles, and then scooted down the homestretch at his best lick. Atlanta gave him a good race, but he finally beat her half a length in 2:24 1/4, and then she married him. That's a correct summary of the race, sonny, and you can bet on it"—and the horse reporter smiled affably.

"No doubt you are right," said the poet, "and I must say that I am surprised at the knowledge displayed by one whose hair is so short. Do you think it will be possible to print my poem?"

"I guess likely," was the reply. "Just read it to us till we see how it goes."

The poet fished a piece of paper from his pocket, and read as follows:

There's a bit of broken blue in the sky—  
A web of gold in the purple lake;  
A gleam of silver along the strand  
Where the long waves break.

A dove swoops down from the upper air—  
Swoopy pinion and scarlet feet—  
There's a breath of spring in the orchard-aisles,  
Balmly and sweet.

This is Atlanta that comes this way—  
Bare white ankle and ripe red mouth,  
Blown on the budding April winds  
Up from the South.

"Well," said the equine journalist, "it would be hard to throw a stone down the street and not hit a man who could write slush like that. Our nine-dollars-a-week bard could do it with one band tied behind him."

"I should like to see him try," said the poet. Turning to a young man who sat at a desk near by, the horse reporter requested him to "imitate that stuff." The young man wrote for a few minutes, and submitted the following:

There's a soggy crust on the custard pie—  
The pie that our Myrtle tried to make;  
A streak of yellow across the top  
Of the tough sponge cake.

A girl swoops up from the kitchen hot—  
Large red elbows and larger feet;  
She's the girl whose custard pies and cake  
People can eat.

This is our Myrtle that comes this way—  
Sealskin jacket and cartwheel hat;  
She is a daisy to put on style,  
Don't forget that.

"There," said the horse reporter, "now you see."

But the poet was gone.—Chicago Tribune.

Nicaragua, says Burdette, will enter the postal union May 1. There is nobody in Nicaragua who can write, but the natives enjoy opening the letters of the American consul.

Worth will rival Tennyson, and write a poem on the charge for the heavy brocade.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Ring Dem Charmin' Bells,  
Oh, sinner! don't take yo' time,  
Dar's a road we all mus' clime—  
Hit's a road full er faintin' spells;  
De way mighty long,  
But soul git strong  
W'en sbe year dem charmin' bells,  
Oh, sing, my soul!  
Oh, ring, en roll!  
Ring-a dem charmin' bells!

De road mighty full er dus',  
But sinner kin quench bis thuss'  
By drinkin' fum de Jacob wells;  
En de soul git strong  
W'en sbe year dat song—  
Oh, ring dem charmin' bells!  
Oh, Jerdun, roll!  
Oh, sing, my soul!  
Ring-a dem charmin' bells!

Oh, sufferin' sinner, rise—  
Lif' up dem umbel eyes—  
Listen w'at de Speret tells;  
Oh, do git strong  
En sing dat song—  
I year dem charmin' bells!  
Oh, sing, my soul!  
Oh, ring, en roll!  
Ring-a dem charmin' bells!

W'en the night git dark an' col',  
En yo' year dat Jerdun roll,  
Dat de place whar John befels;  
Oh, soul, git strong,  
En sing dat song—  
Oh, ring dem charmin' bells!  
Oh, sing, my soul,  
Oh, ring en roll!  
Ring-a dem charmin' bells!

My Lord, He done enroll  
Dat shinin' clof' uv gol',  
En de heav'n de sinks an' swells!  
Oh, soul, sing strong!  
Des shout dat song—  
Oh, ring dem charmin' bells!  
Oh, sing, my soul!  
Oh, ring en roll!  
Ring-a dem charmin' bells!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Oscar.  
Gentle Oscar, weak and wild  
As you look, you are no child.  
Smile at my simplicity  
Paying cash such bards to see.

He wears his shirt décolleté,  
In the darlingest sort of a way,  
And his sweet pantalettes  
Are the pride of the pets  
Who throng to his side every day.

Oh, the fairest of æsthetes is Oscar,  
The apostle of all that's too,  
An athlete, a poet, a lover  
Of lilies of delicate hue.  
And he sings as he leans like Apollo,  
Or toys with a fair swooping flowah:  
"If I were but a delicate sunbeam,  
I'd hie me away to her bowab,  
For I feel that I'm awfully utta,  
So utta, deuced utta,  
And my heart is as soft as a-butta,  
If you doubt me, just ask my mamma."

—Various Liars.

Speak Gently.  
"Speak gently; it is better far  
To rule by love than fear";  
Besides some chap might raise a ch'ar  
And lam you on the ear.

—Denver Hello.

G. S.  
English sparrows on the wing,  
Squeak and squawk but never sing;  
All day long they're quarreling—  
You are coming, gentle spring.  
Now the wasp, awakening,  
Burnishes his rusty sting;  
Soon he'll prod his probing thing  
In some boy, oh gentle spring.  
To the eaves icicles cling,  
Balmly days pneumonia bring;  
Frosted noses blossoming  
Say you're coming, gentle spring.

—Burdette.

"Four of a Kind."  
A naughty boy was sent one day  
With money for a coat to pay;  
Alas! he did not gain the goat—  
I mean, he did not gain the coat.  
For, on the way, a burning shame!  
He fell against a poker game!  
Saddest of words, a job-tail blush—  
Of course I mean a bob-tail flush.  
His money gone, his awful dad,  
He knew would thrash him bitter-bad—  
Too well, alas!—he blew his nose—  
I should have said, he knew his blows.  
"Father," he cried, with fearless eye,  
"I could, but will not, tell a lie:  
Against three kings I packed two bears—  
That is, I mean, I backed two pairs."

—Unknown Liar.

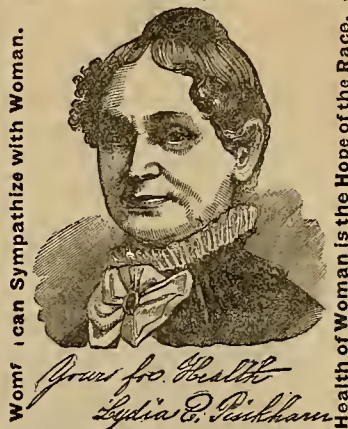
Church Hymns.  
AS SUNG.  
"Waw-kaw, swaw, daw aw waw,  
Thaw saw, thaw law aw waw,  
Waw-kaw, taw, thaw raw-vaw-vaw  
Aw thaw raw-jaw-saw aw."

AS WRITTEN.  
"Welcome, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise,  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes."

To Sherman and Rosecrans.  
When generals have fought through wars,  
And passed from battle's clang,  
Oh, let them wear their honored scars,  
Their laurels for a bang!  
But oh, the ink-pot snatch from them;  
Keep back the darknesses flood;  
The tide of ink let patriots stem;  
Give heroes only blood!

—Courier-Journal.

## MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,



Wom! I can sympathize with Woman.  
Lydia E. Pinkham  
HEALTH OF WOMAN IS THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

## LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

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for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

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No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box. Sold by all Druggists. 73

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594 Sacramento Street, San Francisco.



## RAILROAD TRAVEL.

## C. P. R. R.

Time Schedule, commencing Sunday, March 26, 1882.

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT SAN FRANCISCO AS FOLLOWS:

LEAVE FOR	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE FROM
9:30 A. M.	Antioch and Martinez.	2:35 P. M.
10:00 P. M.	" " "	10:05 A. M.
10:00 P. M.	" " "	12:35 P. M.
8:00 A. M.	Benicia.	7:35 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	" " "	11:35 A. M.
8:00 A. M.	Calistoga and Napa.	7:35 P. M.
4:00 P. M.	" " "	10:05 A. M.
9:30 A. M.	Deming, El Paso Express.	2:35 P. M.
4:30 P. M.	(and East.) via Emigrant.	6:05 A. M.
8:00 A. M.	Galt and via Livermore.	6:05 P. M.
4:00 P. M.	(Stockton) via Martinez.	12:35 P. M.
8:00 A. M.	Gene.	6:05 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	Knights Landing.	11:35 A. M.
8:00 A. M.	" (Sundays only)	"
9:30 A. M.	Los Angeles and South.	2:35 P. M.
8:00 A. M.	Livermore and Pleasanton.	6:05 P. M.
5:00 P. M.	" " "	8:35 A. M.
9:30 A. M.	Madera and Yosemite.	2:35 P. M.
4:00 P. M.	Macedo.	11:35 A. M.
8:00 A. M.	Marysville and Chico.	7:35 P. M.
8:00 A. M.	Niles and Hayward.	6:05 P. M.
10:00 A. M.	" " "	4:05 P. M.
3:00 P. M.	" " "	9:35 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	" " "	8:35 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	(Ogden and) Express.	11:35 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	(East.) via Emigrant.	6:05 A. M.
8:00 A. M.	Redding and Red Bluff.	7:35 P. M.
8:00 A. M.	(Sacramento, via Livermore.	6:05 P. M.
4:00 P. M.	Colfax, and via Benicia.	7:35 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	(Alta.) via Benicia.	11:35 A. M.
4:00 P. M.	Sacramento River Steamers.	6:00 A. M.
8:00 A. M.	San Jose.	4:05 P. M.
3:00 P. M.	" " "	7:35 P. M.
8:00 A. M.	Vallejo.	2:35 P. M.
9:30 A. M.	" " "	10:05 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	" (Sundays only)	11:35 A. M.
4:00 P. M.	Virginia City.	12:35 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	Woodland.	11:35 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	" " "	7:35 P. M.
8:00 A. M.	Willows and Williams.	7:35 P. M.

Train leaving San Francisco at 9:30 A. M. should meet Pacific Express from "Ogden" at San Pablo; also, Pacific Express from "El Paso" at Antioch.

LOCAL FERRY TRAINS,  
VIA OAKLAND PIER.

## FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—	6:00, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30, 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:00, 8:00, 9:30, 11:00, 12:00.
To ALAMEDA—	6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30, 12:00, 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:00, 8:00, 9:30, 11:00, 12:00.
To BERKELEY—	6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00, 12:00, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 4:30, 5:00, 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 8:00, 9:30, 11:00, 12:00.
To WEST BERKELEY—	6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00, 12:00, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 4:30, 5:00, 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00.

## TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From BROADWAY, OAKLAND—	5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30, 12:00, 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, 3:00, 3:30, 4:00, 4:30, 5:00, 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 8:00, 9:30, 11:00, 12:00.
From EAST OAKLAND—	5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30, 12:00, 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, 3:00, 3:30, 4:00, 4:30, 5:00, 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 8:00, 9:30, 11:00, 12:00.
From ALAMEDA—	5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30, 12:00, 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, 3:00, 3:30, 4:00, 4:30, 5:00, 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 8:00, 9:30, 11:00, 12:00.
From BERKELEY—	5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30, 12:00, 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, 3:00, 3:30, 4:00, 4:30, 5:00, 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 8:00, 9:30, 11:00, 12:00.
From WEST BERKELEY—	5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30, 12:00, 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, 3:00, 3:30, 4:00, 4:30, 5:00, 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 8:00, 9:30, 11:00, 12:00.

## CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—	7:15, 9:15, 11:15, 1:15, 3:15, 5:15.
From OAKLAND—	6:15, 8:15, 10:15, 12:15, 2:15, 4:15.

All trains run daily except when star (\*) denotes Sundays excepted.  
† Trains marked thus (†) run via East Oakland. (‡) Sundays only."Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street, S. F.  
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\$66 a week in your own town Terms and \$5 outfit free.  
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## RAILROAD TRAVEL.



## BROAD GAUGE.

## WINTER ARRANGEMENT

COMMENCING TUESDAY, November 1, 1881, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.  
Passenger trains will leave from and arrive at San Francisco Passenger Depot (Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth Streets) as follows:

LEAVE S. F.	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE S. F.
16:50 A. M.	Deming, El Paso Express.	15:34 P. M.
8:30 A. M.	" " "	3:37 P. M.
10:40 A. M.	San Mateo, Redwood, and	6:02 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	Memo Park.	10:02 A. M.
4:30 P. M.	" " "	9:05 A. M.
6:30 P. M.	" " "	6:40 A. M.
8:30 A. M.	Santa Clara, San Jose, and	3:37 P. M.
10:40 A. M.	Principal Way Stations.	6:02 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	" " "	10:02 A. M.
4:30 P. M.	" " "	9:05 A. M.
10:40 A. M.	Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.	6:02 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	Hollister and Monterey.	10:02 A. M.
10:40 A. M.	Hollister and Tres Pinos.	6:02 P. M.
10:40 A. M.	Watsonville, Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz.	6:02 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	Salinas, Soledad, and Way.	6:02 P. M.
10:40 A. M.	Stations.	6:02 P. M.

\*Sundays excepted.  
†Sportsmen's special train, Sundays only.

Stage connections are made daily with the 10:40 A. M. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo, which connect with 8:30 A. M. train.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, and No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.  
A. C. BASSETT, H. R. JUDAH, Superintendent, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

S. P. Atlantic Express Train via Los Angeles, Yuma, etc., leaves San Francisco daily via Oakland Ferry, foot of Market Street, at 9:40 A. M.

## NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

## COMMENCING SUNDAY, APRIL 2,

1882, Boats and Trains will run as follows:

For SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—7:10, 18:15, 9:20, 10:15 A. M., 1:10, 1:35, 12:45, 4:50 P. M. (via Sausalito Ferry)—18:00, 8:50 A. M., 3:00, 5:30, 16:30 P. M. \*Week Days. †Sundays only.  
For SAN RAFAEL (via San Quentin Ferry)—8:00, 18:50, 10:35, 11:30 A. M., 2:15, 12:40, 4:25, 5:25 P. M. (via Sausalito Ferry)—6:50, 7:30, 8:45 A. M., 16:25 P. M. \*Week Days. †Sundays only.  
The 8:45 A. M. train from San Rafael, and 3:20 P. M. from San Francisco stop only at Lyford's, Rosa Station and Junction.

For SAUCILITO (Week Days)—8:50, 10:30 A. M., 1:50, 3:20, 5:30 P. M.

(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00 A. M., 12:00 M., 2:00, 4:15, 6:30 P. M.

From SAUCILITO (Week Days)—7:45, 9:30 A. M., 12:00 M., 2:30, 4:30 P. M.

(Sundays)—8:35, 11:00 A. M., 1:00, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15 P. M.

On Monday an extra trip from San Francisco at 7:00 A. M., and on Saturday from Sausalito at 6:15 P. M.

8:50 A. M. Daily, Sundays excepted, (via Sausalito Ferry) for Olema and Way Stations. Returning, arrives in S. F. (via Sausalito) 5:00 P. M.

1:35 P. M. Daily, Sundays excepted, (via San Quentin Ferry) THROUGH TRAIN for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. (Through Train from Duncan Mills arrives in S. F. at 11:45 A. M.)

STAGE CONNECTIONS.  
Stages leave Duncan Mills every morning except Mondays for Stewart's Point, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, and Mendocino City.

## SATURDAY TO MONDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets sold on Saturdays and Sundays, good to return following Monday. Fairfax, \$1; Olema, \$2; Tamales, \$3; Duncan Mills, \$4.

## SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

8:00 A. M. from Sausalito Ferry; every Sunday for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning, arrives in San Francisco (via Sausalito Ferry) 7:45 P. M. Fares for round trip—Fairfax, \$1; Olema, \$2; Tamales, \$3; Duncan Mills, \$4.

DAVID NYE, F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Superintendent, Gen'l Ticket Agent.

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London, Eng. August 24, 1880. (Signed)  
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Capital.....\$5,000,000

Niagara Fire Insurance Company of New York.

Capital.....\$500,000

Cash Assets.....1,551,457

British and Foreign Marine Insurance Co., Limited, of Liverpool.

Capital.....\$5,000,000

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CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

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Assets, Jan. 1, 1882.....684,332 83

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VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD.

SECRETARY.....CHARLES K. STORY.

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LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION of London. Established 1720.

NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY of London and Aberdeen. Established 1836.

QUEEN INSURANCE COMPANY of Liverpool. Established 1857.

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Aggregate Assets.....41,896,923

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## ASSESSMENTS AND DIVIDENDS.

## CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of May, 1882, an assessment (No. 3) of Twenty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixth day of May, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 5th day of June, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

## SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California—Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees held on the 23rd day of March, 1882, an assessment (No. 7) of One Dollar (\$1) per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 57, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the 26th day of April, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 12th day of May, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

Office—Room 57, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

## DIVIDEND NOTICE.

## OFFICE OF THE STANDARD CON-

solidated Mining Company, San Francisco, April 1, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above-named Company, held this day, dividend No. 10, of Seventy-five cents per share was declared, payable on Wednesday, April 11, 1882, at the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company in New York.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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Reserve U. S. Bonds.....4,000,000

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Capital.....\$3,000,000

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Bank Premises.....	\$150,000 00
Other Real Estate .....	5,225 35
United States Bonds .....	626,977 35
Loans on Real Estate.....	134,865 00
Loans on bonds, gas, water and bank stock.....	132,198 35
Loans on other securities.....	577,413 96
Loans on personal security.....	1,106,004 27
Due from banks and bankers.....	392,457 61
Money on hand.....	398,669 34

#### LIABILITIES.

Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,759 13
Due Depositors.....	1,888,635 07
Due Banks and Bankers.....	174,370 53
Dividends unpaid.....	59 50
	<b>\$3,523,844 23</b>

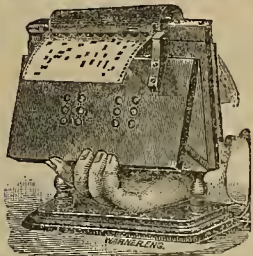
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OF CALIFORNIA.

CAPITAL, \$750,000  
ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1881, \$1,240,000

D. J. STAPLES, President.  
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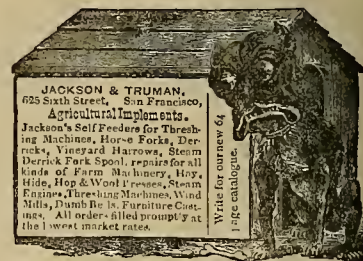


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Public are informed that we receive the Genuine LOUIS ROEDERER CARTE BLANCHE CHAMPAGNE direct from Mr. Louis Roederer, Reims, over his signature and Consular invoice. Each case is marked upon the side, "Macondray & Co., San Francisco," and each bottle bears the label, "Macondray & Co., Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast."

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# The Argonaut.

VOL. X. NO. 15.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 15, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## OUR TRADE WITH MEXICO.

Her Tariff, Her Resources, and the Contemplated Reciprocity Treaty.

[The following private letter, addressed to the senior editor of the *Argonaut*, will well repay perusal. It is written by a gentleman who is an American citizen, who has resided for years in Mexico, who is thoroughly acquainted with her resources and her needs, and who is familiar with the complex tariffs of the two countries. In view of the contemplated Reciprocity Treaty between the United States and Mexico, the letter is most timely.]

MY DEAR MR. PIXLEY: With the means at your command you may be able to do a real and lasting public service in connection with the proposed negotiation of a reciprocity treaty with this country. The United States is the party that most wants that treaty, as I shall show you before I get through, by proving that *we*—that is, citizens of the United States—are the individuals who will directly reap its benefits. Now, there are some very substantial difficulties in the path of Mexico in operating under such a treaty unless it be wisely framed. No good can come to us in the long run, I believe, if Mexico becomes launched on any radically false path. We can win advantages enough in any case to be able to afford to keep her in a sound path, even if we should thereby forego screwing the last dollar that we could out of the dicker.

What is it that we really want—exactly what is it that we want in arranging this treaty with Mexico? Is it her trade? Why, her "white" population is under two million souls. Their wants, even as "whites," are limited, and their means still more so. The whole foreign import trade of the country is only thirty million dollars annually, or less than half that of the small population of California. *This*, as an object, is hardly worth negotiating about. And granting that it is likely to increase, still, by itself, it is scarcely a worthy object of a treaty. In a short time now our merchants will run the Germans out of this trade, anyhow. All we stand to win by a treaty, under this point of view, is a little gain in time, at the cost of appearing to have won the stake by loading the dice. But this trade is not what we really want. What we do want is to open our great market to the products of Mexican soil, then come down here and acquire estates, raise sugar, rice, tobacco, sell them to our brethren over the frontier, and pocket all the profits. You know as well as I that this is what would take place, and this is a big thing. This is worth working and negotiating for. The light of experience shed upon our path by the Sandwich Island business has left us nothing to learn touching the practical working of reciprocity. And *this* is a pure gain for Mexico, notwithstanding the direct profits are pocketed by nimble American citizens. The influx of their capital, the stimulus given to production on Mexican soil, the increased activity and movement are incidentally beneficial to Mexicans.

We approach Mexico, then, saying: "Sister, we offer to open to you free our markets for sugar, rice, and tobacco, and we want to exchange fine cottons and silks, fine porcelain and glass, steel and brass, and Yankee notions"—knowing full well that our meaning is: "Make this trade, and *we'll* settle down on your soil, and raise that sugar, rice, and tobacco, and send it to the old folks at home." As far as that goes, *it is all right*—right in principle and right in practice. But now, Mexico is not in a position to spare any material part of her revenue. I have already mentioned how trifling in amount her whole import trade is—how small that part of her population which consumes imported goods, and how limited its means. With difficulty she raises now from this meagre source income enough to get along on. Now, what good is it going to do us to cajole or persuade her into a treaty that is going to leave her treasury with an annual deficit? Do you not see the anti-American reaction it must produce; the bad blood and all sorts of dissatisfaction? It is no answer to say that all this is the lookout of the Mexican commissioners. *It is* the lookout of the Mexican commissioners, and it is equally the look-out of the American commissioners. For note: the annexation of Mexico is already a fact accomplished. We have not to-day actually plucked the pear, but it is our pear. The stock-raising, the agriculture, the manufactures, and the trade of Mexico are passing—already rapidly, and at a rate that accelerates every month—into our hands. Only politically can Mexico remain independent. Hence, in treating with her we are treating with ourselves for ourselves, and ought to treat, and if we are wise, will treat, with conscious and steady reference to our own future interests—that is, to the interest of American proprietorship on Mexican soil. Now, for those interests no other one thing is of so much importance as that the government should be financially in a sound condition. Only in that condition can any government discharge its proper functions, including the preservation of order and the enforcement of law. The maintenance of law and order in Mexico is all that *we* need; maintain *them*, and all the rest may be safely left to American individual enterprise. Therefore, I repeat, it should be the distinct care of the American treaty commissioners to make the Mexican treasury secure beyond peradventure.

Next, what is the reason we have so few manufactures in California? It is because we enjoy the glorious privilege of constituting one member in that confederated republic—that is, we are handed over to the industries of Lowell, Fall

River, and Paterson. For all this we possess compensations that have their roots in the fact of our political connection. But Mexico is one of our opportunities in a manufacturing sense, and if we hand *it* over to Fall River, Lowell, and Paterson, we are doing so as an unconditional, gratuitous gift. What is the good of doing that? Can not we do a better thing with this opportunity? I mean to show before I get through that we can. And let me say here, that what I mean to show is: how, by the form of this same treaty, it is in our power at once to secure all the advantages and avoid all the disadvantages that can and would spring from it in the form in which it has been proposed before the public. Moreover, I am going to prove this proposition. Meantime let me go on indicating other rocks ahead.

The American annexation of Mexico is now proceeding insidiously, silently, and surely; it attracts the attention of a few thinkers, who for the present are not listened to. It is to our interest that it should go on in that way, and not with a bang and a hurly-burly that must produce an anti-American reaction, with unforeseeable consequences in its train. The new treaty should not be felt in any quarter oppressively, but in all beneficially. There is a plain way of making it so. But let it take the form of running any line of established industry, let it at the same time produce any embarrassment in the national finances, and you insure a popular hearing to those Mexicans who would point out that their country has been sold to the *gringo*, and that the very price received was only witch-money, turning into dry leaves over night. Hence it is as incumbent on our commissioners to preserve religiously the few manufactures Mexico already has, as it is to secure the introduction of our own products in other lines.

The establishment of new manufactures in Mexico, as well as the development of those already established, is an American, not a foreign interest; for it is by Americans that these things will be done. The day this treaty is disposed of at least three factories will be set up in Mexico, if the present field, or a possible field, is left open for them by it. I allude to boots and shoes, candles and soap, and white paper. Unquestionably a string of others would follow in their train. Now, do you see any sense in handing these businesses over to Lynn, Mass., Proctor & Gamble, of Cincinnati, or the Spread Eagle Paper Mills of Connecticut? Would it not be at least as well to let Hecht Bros., and Egbert Judson, and the Stockton Paper Mills have their shy at this pot? I'll tell you how to bring this thing home to yourself and to the commissioners, too. You ran over the Southern Pacific line the other day as far as Tucson, and went home again. Pleasant trip, but no business in it. Within six months you'll be cruising down over that same line again, and into Mexico. Let me tell you that you are going to see lands that will make your hair curl, at prices to make it stand on end. There will be business in that trip for you, Pixley, for all you may think to the contrary. But you've made money in land before, and I know what you are going to see and do in Mexico. Very well; when you have ten, or twenty, or thirty thousand dollars "up" on Mexican soil, you're going to look with a frosty eye on Paterson, N. J., and Proctor & Gamble, of Cincinnati. You see, I am myself expecting to stay in Mexico, and I am writing from the standpoint of all American interests in Mexico, except our trunk railways. It would suit them to a dot to get twenty-five hundred miles of freightage on Proctor & Gamble's candles. I propose that they put up with less, and that the candles be made right at the head of the bridge that crosses the Rio Grande at El Paso—at the head of the bridge *on this side*. If they get the hauling of all the machinery, and all the ten thousand incidental traffics that spring from the existence of such a factory on this end of the bridge, and then get the hauling of all the candles after they are made, I think that's most enough for the Boston gentlemen. I don't see why Proctor & Gamble should have any of the pie. They haven't been building any railroads. Well, multiply this candle business by ten, and add to the single item of candles one hundred other items, (each also multiplied by its own ten,) and you will have some hint or suggestion of the field Mexico offers to American manufacturing capital and enterprise, provided it is not wantonly destroyed by an injudicious framing of this reciprocity treaty.

There are a number of Mexicans now in the United States who go in for a treaty regardless of consequences, because they themselves are mere *sellers of land*. If they can promote the sale of the tracts they now own to colonists, the devil take the rest so far as they are concerned. A blind reciprocity treaty would help them, for all Mr. Colonist would stop to think of is, that it gives him shoes at Lynn prices, New York mills shirts, and a free market for his sugar. That is all very fine for *him*—an agriculturist and nothing more. But agriculture is not the whole of social existence, and agriculture prosecuted under a government with an embarrassed treasury, and in the midst of a hostile population, would soon lead him to sing, "I Want to Go Home." Beware of those land-selling Mexicans! Their counsels are snares, and they will lie like fiends about the facts. And the real facts are not easy for you people at home to get at. When you bring your telescope to bear on them, all the object-glasses that are available to you present images more or less distorted by interest—a railroad interest, a manufacturing interest, a land-selling interest, an agricultural interest, or some other. Your only trustworthy

media would be your own eyes, and human vision does not reach this distance.

I have the Mexican tariff before me. You hear plenty of complaints against it, but the complaints are directed, not against its schedule of duties, but against its Custom House regulations. Of these many are trivial, some absurd, and most vexatious. But we are concerned now with the duties. The first item is the free list. You find it framed with the broadest liberality to promote agriculture, manufactures, mining, immigration, and education. All agricultural implements and machinery, all mining machinery, tools, and material, all railway and tramway machinery, material, and equipment, all irrigating apparatus, all manufacturing machinery, steam engines, and water powers, and all pieces for the repair of any of the foregoing, all books and printed matter, type, presses, and printers' material; live stock of whatever kind, except geldings; houses—wood or iron—framed complete, and all kinds of lumber. *This* is statesmanship. There is nothing narrow here, nor the sacrifice of any great interest to any petty one. Compared with this free list what sort of a figure does our own cut? And all the articles imported under this list come from the United States. A single New York firm, not long established, has already sold agricultural implements and machinery to the extent of three million dollars. In return for this what is our own tariff giving Mexico? *Now*, we are coming to Mexico—*poor* Mexico—to ask for a reciprocity treaty to let in a few more of our goods free. As Americans we should feel a little ashamed of ourselves. But we will stick to business, and ignore the sentimental aspect of the question.

To look at it practically, then, we commence with the fact, first, that some reciprocity treaty is going to be negotiated; both administrations want one, and so they are going to concoct one. Next, I take it for granted that nobody wants the treaty negotiated in a form in which it can not be ratified; nor in a form under which, if ratified, disagreeable complications will arise. As to getting it ratified, then, note that both countries are protectionist countries. We will not debate whether they ought to be or not, but, as a matter of fact, they *are*. (I merely interject that I am myself a radical free-trader in principle, and every other way; but just now we are dealing with practical politics of the most momentous sort—politics involving in a most serious way the career of the richest part of the North American continent, and the relations of two Republics, and the juncture is not one for subordinating political common sense to any theory, however irrefragable.) Both countries, I say, are protectionist. Then base the treaty on an exchange of products, "*favorable but not free*," and you save the protectionist principle, facilitate *their* supporting the measure without surrendering an inch of their platform, and, while also disposing of every one of the inconveniences I have hinted at, accomplish the real results that *this* reciprocity aims at, or should aim at. Let me prove this in detail.

If we let in Mexican sugar at half duty we give it a sufficient pull over all other sugars (except the comparatively limited quantity that the Islands are capable of supplying); it will monopolize our market, or, in other words, will attain all the development that it is capable of attaining. We offer Americans a sufficient inducement to come here and give it that development, putting the profits in their pockets. Then why give them more? We sacrifice half our own sugar revenue. What adequate reason is there for throwing away the other half? As with sugar, so with rice. We do not grow cigar tobaccos; then let us allow Mexican-grown cigar tobacco to come in subject to no duty beyond the internal revenue tax imposed on our own tobaccos. That is heavy enough in all conscience. Mexico has a lot of dye-woods, and fine woods, vanilla, and other such strictly tropical products. We derive but a trifling revenue from them, but to Mexico their free entrance to our market, manufactured as well as unmanufactured, would be of real importance. Mexico ought to insist on this. We are asking to strangle her unborn manufactures by an overwhelming competition with our own. Let her at least have the chance of manufacturing such raw materials as are peculiarly her own. It is obvious, without any argument, that the increased activity and movement due to such a vast development of her agriculture as that above implied, accompanied as it would be by the influx of a large number of Americans, all consumers, would so augment her consumption of imported goods, and the volume and value of imports, that even at half duties her customs revenue, instead of diminishing, would probably increase from the beginning, and advance steadily. At the same time, the half duties preserved would be a sufficient protection to admit of some new lines of manufacture being gradually established.

The few manufactures Mexico already has she can not, ought not, and will not allow to be crushed. To ask it on our part would be indecent, as well as useless and stupid. They are principally the plainer grades of cotton goods, crockery and glass, woollens, and a few others. We can ask without special impropriety to introduce at half duty rates some of the finer cotton goods, as lawns, fine woollens like delaines, and bareges, and stated qualities of doeskins and broadcloths, linen of more than so many threads to the inch, fine porcelain and glass, and the whole line of Yankee notions. If I were a Mexican I would never consent to be in boots and shoes, or ready-made clothing. Let Lynn send down her machinery, I repeat, and manufacture on the



Those Yankees want it all. They want the privilege of making cheap sugar here, (which they're welcome to, and heartily,) and then want to pay for it in shoes. There are a few thousand shoemakers in Mexico, pray remember, (who work hard, and early, and late, and never strike,) and they have nearly as good a claim to be provided for as the Lynn Irish.

Let us see now what sort of a tariff this would make. On our part, hennequen dye and fine woods, gums, india rubber, vanilla, etc., crude or manufactured in any form; free tobacco to pay our internal revenue tax, and nothing more; sugar, rice, and all other products of agriculture to pay half the duties imposed by the general tariff for the time being. On Mexico's part, agricultural, mining, manufacturing, railroad and irrigation machinery, apparatus, equipment and material free, (as they now are,) together with lumber, houses framed, books, printing-presses, type, and other printers' material and supplies; duty on American unbleached cottons and white goods, common crockery or chinaware, and glass, hoots and shoes, clothing, soap and candles, to be the same imposed by the general tariff on the products of other countries. Duties on all other manufactured goods to be one-half the said general tariff.

What is the effect? Mexican agriculture develops by "leaps and bounds" at the hands of Americans. Several new manufactures are established—by Americans. Imports rapidly increase in amount from the United States, while they fall off from Europe. Existing manufactures, so far from being crushed, are even stimulated by an increased local demand. Everything is lovely; everything is mutually agreeable, and only some German merchants squeal. Here we have a fraternal republican American combination against the effete European countries, with their pauper labor and all the rest of those gags.

On the other hand, suppose some half-dozen articles are selected by us to come in free from Mexico, and half a dozen lines of manufactures (in addition to those already made free by her) to be sent in free. First, we smash up her public finances, or embarrass them. There is no end of a first-class trouble on hand at the outset. Second, we break up a manufacturer or two. Do you suppose he won't squeal, or that his squeal won't be heard? Or we hother the shoemakers, and so stir up the whole artisan class, and in eighteen months an American in the country is hated worse than a Frenchman was ten years ago, and all in order that a few factories already established in Lynn, Paterson, and Cincinnati may make a few dollars more (which they don't need) during those eighteen months. Is there any political sense in all this? To come right down to frozen dollars and cents, is it business? Palpably not. Yet there is danger—an existing, real, and present danger—that something like this may be brought about; and if it is to be avoided, it must be by the forbearance and statesmanship of the American commissioners, for it is not securely guarded against in the financial capacity of the Mexican ones.

Mr. Theodore Wores, says the *Californian*, will shortly place upon exhibition his new picture, "The Studio Corner." A young woman in the corner of an artist's studio is disrobing and preparing to pose. She is seated upon an elaborately carved antique box or chest. Near by is a quaint stand containing flowers. Various ornaments and articles of virtue are grouped in a natural way in the background; and of this part of Mr. Wores's work enough in praise can hardly be said. The rug on the floor, the piece of old-gold-colored cloth on the wall just back of the figure, the vases upon the mantel-piece, the graceful plumes overhead, and the robe thrown carelessly about the semi-nude figure, are all marvels of patient and intelligent elaboration. The figure-piece, the young model disrobed to the waist, is, of course, the most prominent feature in the painting. The flesh tints are admirably done, and the hair falls easily and naturally in a profusion of rich auburn color. The model is slightly bending to adjust the shoe on the right foot. This attitude brings out the lines of the back in a marked manner, and Mr. Wores is to be congratulated upon the faithfulness of this portion of his effort. Altogether, this painting is a most finished piece of work.

On January fifth two young rakes of Brunswick, Warren County, Miss., mailed a letter addressed "To any Slave-Dealer, Constantinople, Turkey, Europe," in which they expressed a desire to purchase at a fair price two young and pretty female slaves, as traveling companions during their projected European tour. The original letter and envelope have been sent to the New York *Tribune* office by the gentleman in Constantinople into whose hands they fell, accompanied by the following expression of indignation and disgust: "Every such discovery as the present one of the inner thought of foreigners rouses the stubborn religious fervor of our people into more invincible determination to resist the civilization offered to them by emissaries of every grade. . . . Your readers should be informed that the proposal of Messrs. ——— and ———, of Brunswick, Miss., is one which would be rejected with inexpressible scorn by every slave-dealer in this city. When Turkish girls are sold, they are sold into homes among their own people. They are never sold to infidel and disreputable foreigners, to be dragged about the world, the slaves of caprice, and to be dropped into any vile slum as soon as the caprice fails."

One day, during the late excitement in London, Jumbo had the honor of receiving twenty-four thousand guests. Hundreds of buns and cakes were sent daily to "poor Jumbo," and one enthusiast gave him a cup of champagne. Another admirer presented him with a guinea's worth of oysters, and an infatuated bride showed her affection for the "lion" of the day by sending him a piece of her wedding-cake. The street hawkers did a roaring trade with the sale of a book on "The Life and Career of Poor Old Jumbo." The latest novelty in the jeweler's shops is a silver effigy of the huge animal made in a brooch, while pictures of Jumbo ornament fashionable note-paper. Children from all parts of the United Kingdom wrote to Jumbo as if he were a personal friend, and implored him not to leave them, and a child has even been christened Jumbo. All of which goes to show that when John Bull makes an ass of himself he does it in style.

## AN ARTIST'S REVENGE.

The Price which a Belgian Miser Paid for His Picture.

Wiertz, the famous and eccentric Belgian artist, (says the New York *World*), who avenged himself when the Parisians rejected one of his pictures by writing his name on a genuine Rubens and sending it in to be rejected also, should not be omitted from the list of painters who have brought refractory customers to terms. The object of his vengeance was a Brussels notary. The artist rarely made the concession of painting a sitter, but he fell in love with the visitor's face on first sight. The notary was bald, his forehead heavily wrinkled; two piercing eyes looked out from under bushy eyebrows; the nose had a cimeter's curve, and the mouth was like the edge of a sabre; the cheeks were flat and colorless, and the chin was pointed; all the face was cleanly shaven, angular, keen, and the professional white cravat gave it a touch impossible to describe but easy to imagine.

While the notary was explaining his desire to patronize art by ordering his portrait, Wiertz was conning his visitor's features and getting his striking face by heart. When, however, Van Speck, N. P., learned that the price would be ten thousand francs, he rose brusquely, and took his hat.

"Pray sit down," said the artist, soothingly. "That is my usual price, but as I am interested in your face, and have an ardent desire to paint it, I shall be willing to make more favorable terms. What will you give?"

The notary named a ridiculously inadequate sum. The artist rejected the offer warily, and a long hargaining ensued, during which Wiertz obtained the study he had coveted of the face, with its every lineament bearing the imprint of the notary's ruling passion of gain.

At last a bargain was closed for three thousand francs, and Wiertz bade his patron adieu, announcing that he would shortly make an appointment for a sitting.

So soon as the man of parchments had departed Wiertz leaped to his easel, and feverishly set to work on the portrait which he had in his mind. Rapidly and surely the picture came out upon the canvas till, when night fell, from the dark background Van Speck, N. P., looked out at the spectator, caught to the life, leaning his cadaverous face on one long, lank hand, while on the table before him were books, parchments, deeds, and all the apparatus of the notary's study. Next morning he gave the finishing touches to the picture, put it in a case, and calling the porter, bade him take it to the notary's house and await an answer.

In about an hour the porter returned. "The gentleman," he reported, "had the case opened in the hall, and looked at the picture. He said nothing, but he made a face and shook his fist. Then he went up stairs, and presently he sent down this note, and said I was to take the picture back. You owe me four francs."

Wiertz took the note, which read as follows: "SIR: I desired a portrait, and you have sent me a thing which bears no resemblance whatever to my face. I return it, and beg that all communication between us may cease."

Wiertz replaced the picture on his easel, and in a few hours had completely changed it, especially as to the accessories. The eyes now evaded the gaze, the lips were more closely drawn, the hook in the nose became more pronounced, the chin more severe. The background became a dungeon wall with a grated window, and in lieu of the notarial "properties" appeared a heavy stool, a water-jug, a mouldy crust and a bundle of damp straw. This done, the artist holdly signed his picture, placed in the frame a large ticket—"In prison for debt?"—and put it in a dealer's window.

The next day, as a friend of the notary's was passing the shop, he stopped for a view of the picture. Great heavens! Five minutes afterward he was in the notary's office, four minutes later the notary was before the dealer's window, and in three minutes more he bounded into the artist's studio.

"Sir-r-r!" hissed the notary. "There is on exhibition at this moment a picture which is making me the laughing-stock of all Brussels. You will have the picture removed instantly—immediately; do you understand?"

"I do not. There is a picture of mine on exhibition, but I really can not see what earthly concern of yours—"

"But, sir, it is my portrait!"

"You are in error, sir. I agreed to paint your portrait for three thousand francs, and thinking to give you an agreeable surprise, painted it from memory. I thought the picture rather a good one, but you disabused me of my illusion, and indeed I have your written authority for declaring that there is not the slightest resemblance to you. The picture was returned upon my hands, and so I had no option but to endeavor to dispose of it."

"Well," said the notary, after a long pause, "rather than have any scandal about it, I will stand to my bargain and take your picture. Here are the three thousand francs."

"Pardon me," retorted the artist, "I could not think of parting with it for less than fifteen thousand francs."

"Fifteen thousand devils! Good-morning, sir!"

But when Van Speck, N. P., had rushed out into the street, and saw the crowd around the dealer's window in the distance grown larger during his visit to the artist, he reflected, and presently he returned to the studio.

"I have thought it over," he said, "and have concluded to accept your offer. I will take it at fifteen thousand francs."

"Pardon me," said the artist, "but I have been thinking it over, too, and I have an idea. The picture has made a sensation, and I think that the more it is seen the greater that sensation will become. Now, how do you think it would take if I were to leave it on show for another fortnight, and then send it round Brussels on a porter's back, and get up a popular lottery for the picture at five francs a ticket? I don't think I should have any difficulty in disposing of six thousand tickets, which would give me thirty thousand francs. Thirty thousand francs is the lowest price I could think of accepting for my masterpiece, and the longer I think over the lottery idea the more—"

With tears in his eyes the notary wrote a check for thirty thousand francs, twenty-seven thousand francs of which the artist next day turned over to the local charities. Then, having obtained the artist's order, he rushed to the dealer's, carried the picture home, and in a frenzy of fury danced upon it, tore it with his teeth and nails into a handful of painted shreds, and crammed it into the grate.

## AUSTRIAN WOMEN.

Their Manners Contrasted with Those of their American Sisters.

One of the latest volumes of travel is "European Breezes," by Margery Deane (Marie J. Pitman). It contains many clever descriptions, and is full of information which is very seldom obtained or noted by other writers. Among other sketches of places, the review which the author makes of Austrian and Viennese women and their customs is perhaps the most interesting. While Prussian women grow fat early in life, their Austrian sisters remain gracefully slender throughout old age. The author's host in Vienna was a wealthy noble, and aid-de-camp to the emperor. His family were the companions of royalty. The house was richly furnished, yet the cook, chambermaid, and lady's-maid slept in the kitchen, and there was no bath-room in the house. The reason of this latter fact is that all Viennese women bathe each morning in the river, and not to know how to swim is the depth of ignorance. The Austrian woman, from palace to cottage, invariably eats with the dull edge of her table-knife, although with perfect grace. "There are no ladies in the world," the writer remarks, "capable of doing so many things, and doing them well, as Austrian ladies. I refer to those of high birth. I care not what they may be called on to do, from cutting a dress to making a salad, they are always ready. Young girls with titles and fortunes are sent to famous milliners and dress-makers, where they serve a regular apprenticeship, and remain until perfectly able to cut and make any garment. An Austrian lady who can not swim, or does not know how to ride a horse well, is an exception. Needlework of every kind, even to the making of lace, is a part of every girl's education. There is no smattering of anything—whether she learns the piano or to draw, she learns it thoroughly. If she has no talent at all for an art—which is seldom—she lets that art entirely alone. Her pedestrian accomplishments put us quite to shame. Her efforts of memory are another source of wonder to us. This wonderful memory, which enables Austrian girls to repeat sometimes the whole of 'Paradise Lost,' or an entire drama, comes from practice begun in babyhood. Every day the girl is expected to learn a poem or a page. She often does it while making her toilet; and at last, from habit, a poem requires but a single reading, and it is stowed away in the memory safely. As linguists they are famous. This, too, comes from learning when very young. An Austrian lady, who chances to sit by me at this moment, tells me that at eight years old it mattered not to her or to her sister whether she spoke German, English, or French; and she recalls no effort in learning those languages foreign to her. Servants are expected to speak both French and German. It is only among the nobility and higher classes that one finds these accomplishments. The burghers' daughters will not condescend to the learning of dressmaking and cooking, which the titled lady can do without thought of its reflecting on her social position. And so the young women to whom such knowledge would be of practical benefit are inefficient; while the Princess Stephanie, and all the ladies at the court, have at their fingers' ends the power to do anything. I could not but contrast often the simplicity of manner and attire of these ladies, some of whom traced their lineage back to the time of the knights, with the arrogance and self-assertion of some of the *nouveaux riches* of America, who talk loudly of 'exclusiveness' while dressed in satin, lace, and diamonds at a watering-place casino in the morning. If the European lady has not always the perfect taste which characterizes the American in her dress, she certainly knows one thing better—to dress suitably for the occasion. She does not wear her diamonds and French gowns to church; she does not go shopping in black satin and pearls; but when the occasion demands elaborate dressings, they are dazzling. In Vienna I went with a young baroness to try on a dress she was having made to wear at the afternoon ball to be given at the emperor's school for the education of officers' sons. She was twenty, had a million florins in her own right, had been brought up with the emperor's children for a time, when her father had been aide-de-camp; and the jewels she had already inherited, and which were to come to her, had dazzled me when spread out for my inspection one day. I had fancied her dress to be something very elegant. Imagine my surprise when it proved to be a dainty cotton satine, fifty cents a yard in America, with which she was to wear simple turquoise jewelry. But she was the belle of the ball. Later I saw her at a christening, where she was resplendent in satin and jewels. The Austrian lady of station who does not know how to cook, I may almost say does not exist. Every detail of the *cuisine* she is acquainted with. The princesses of the royal households attend a course of lectures from a *chef* entirely upon the order of serving. Young ladies do not learn the art of cooking at cooking-clubs, or from public lessons, as here in America, and they rarely learn in their own kitchens. It is the custom to go to some great house, the house of a princess, or to a very rich banker's, where there are famous *chefs*, by whom they are taught. When a *chef* engages to cook for a nobleman, he stipulates that he is to have the privilege of teaching as many young ladies as he chooses. These young ladies need not even know the mistress of the house, and they make their arrangements with the cook only. For a course of lessons lasting through the winter each pupil pays the cook thirty gulden, which is about fifteen dollars. This includes instruction in every particular. If a banquet is to be given, a grand breakfast or an elaborate supper, the young ladies are notified, and are there to see the dishes decorated, and to learn the order of serving. They watch every process. Were you to descend to a kitchen at such a time, you would no doubt see these girls suffused with blushes; for these lessons always foretell marriage, and are the last and finishing touches of a maiden's education. But it would be a breach of etiquette for any member of the household to trespass in that department, which belongs to the cook and his young pupils. My own observation does not lead me to think that Austrian and German ladies in the cities suffer very much less from ill health than do American ladies. Those who are strong and well perform remarkable feats of pedestrianism; but one hears something about a 'headache' and being 'tired' in almost every drawing-room, even as at home."



## SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

De Immortalitate Animorum.

The following was recently said by Robert Ingersoll at the grave of a child: "My friends I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear.—Here in this world, where life and death are equal kings, all should be brave enough to meet what all the dead have met.—We can not tell, we do not know, which is the greater blessing, life or death.—We can not say that death is not a good.—We do not know whether the grave is the end of this life or the door of another, or whether the night here is not somewhere else a dawn.—No man standing where the horizon of a life has touched a grave has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears.—It may be that death gives all there is of worth to life."

St. Paul, in his epistles, exclaims: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.—Behold, I show you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying which is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Cicero, in his essay on old age, causes Cato to exclaim to his two friends: "I am of the opinion, O Scipio and Lælius, that those illustrious men, your sires, both of whom were my friends, although dead are still living, and living that life which can alone be called life. For, while the soul is confined in this earthly frame it is enduring the burden of necessity, since it is restrained from its heavenly abode, and bound down to an earthly one, which is a habitation ungenial to its divine and eternal nature. Not only does conclusive reasoning lead me to this opinion, but the well-known authority of famous philosophers. . . . I am not mourning over my life, as many, and even wise men have done; nor am I sorry that I have lived this life, since I have so lived it that I trust I was not born in vain. But, for all this, I shall leave this life just as if I were departing from a wayside tavern, and not as if I were leaving a home. For life is given to us for a temporary lodging-place, and not as an eternal habitation. Oh, blessed day when I shall come into that company of divine spirits, and when I shall leave behind me all toil and turmoil!"

Socrates, in his speech before the judges who had unjustly condemned him to death, ended by saying: "And if death is a privation of all sensation, as it were a sleep in which the sleeper has no dream, death would be a wonderful gain, for thus all futurity appears to be nothing more than one night. But if, on the other hand, death is a removal from hence to another place, and what is said be true, that all the dead are there, what greater blessing can there be than this, my judges? For if, arriving at Hades, released from these who pretend to be judges, one shall find those who are true judges, and who are said to judge there, Minos and Rhadamanthus, Æacus and Triptolemus, and such others of the demigods as were just during their own life, would this be a sad removal? At what price would you not estimate a conference with Orpheus and Musæus, Hesiod and Homer? I indeed should be willing to die often, if this be true. For to me the sojourn there would be admirable, when I should meet with Palamedes, and Ajax, son of Telamon, and any other of the ancients who has died by an unjust sentence. The comparing my sufferings with theirs would, I think, be no unpleasant occupation. But the greatest pleasure would be to spend my time in questioning and examining the people there, as I have done those here, and discovering who among them is wise, and who fancies himself to be so, but is not. Surely for that the judges there do not condemn to death; for in other respects those who live there are more happy than those who are here, and are henceforth immortal, if at least what is said be true. But it is now time for me to depart—for me to die, for you to live. But which of us is going to a better state is unknown to every one but God."

In a recent after-dinner speech at a scientific banquet in Paris, Victor Hugo exclaimed: "What is it to die, if it is not to live forever? Those millions of worlds above which call us by their radiant symphony, bear me witness. And beyond those millions of worlds, what is there? The infinite—always the infinite. If I pronounce the name of God I bring a smile to some of you who do not believe in God. Why do they not believe in God? Because they believe only in the vital forces of nature. But what is nature? Without God 'tis but a grain of sand. This is like looking at the small side of things because the great side dazzles us too much. But I believe in the great side. What is the earth? A cradle and a tomb. And even as the cradle had its beginning, so the tomb has its dawning for the dead; it is a door closed, indeed, to the world, but opening upon worlds of which we have may now have only a far-distant glimpse. Messieurs, believe if you will that I shall be buried to-morrow or in ten years to come. I feel within me the assurance that the tomb will not hold me prisoner; I feel that your six feet of earth will not be able to make night where I am lying; your earth-worms may devour all that is perishable in my frame, but that something which is the life of my brains, the life of my eyes, the life of my ears, my forehead, and my lips, can be betrayed by no power upon earth. Messieurs savants, let us live if you will by the visible and positive, but let us also live by the invisible. I shall soon pass away; believe the words of a man who has knocked his forehead against everything. Science will make wondrous terrestrial discoveries; but it will be wrongly directed if not dominated by a radiant ideal."

## ARGONAUT VERSE.

The People's Poet.

If you should ask a thousand men  
What poet has, with magic pen,  
Proved to their every need most use,  
I think nine hundred ninety-nine  
Would Shakespeare, Byron, Burns resign,  
And frankly answer: "Mother Goose."  
She sits by every trundle-bed  
Where lies a weary little head,  
And soon the restless child will lose  
All thought of lonely pain in song  
That softly ripples all night long  
From loving lips of Mother Goose.  
And children of a larger growth  
Cling to her skirts, as seeming loath  
Her helping, guiding hand to lose;  
The world of science and of art,  
Of romance, poesie, and heart  
They know is all in Mother Goose.  
The youth who dreams his life away  
Will wake to find his plans astray  
To seek what pasturage they choose;  
Unridled thoughts, they spoil the grain,  
Unless he call them hack again,  
As did Boy Blue in Mother Goose.  
And, maiden, now debating over  
Or yes, or no, to give your lover,  
Do not the warning hint refuse  
That tells when Jack fell down the hill  
His helpmate followed closely still,  
The hapless wife in Mother Goose.  
The politicians who aspire  
To push their dreams of honor higher  
A useful lesson might deduce  
From Humpty Dumpty on the wall,  
His elevation, and his fall,  
As set forth in our Mother Goose.  
If lawyers on contentions feed—  
And so, 'tis said—they must, indeed,  
Be more than commonly obtuse  
If when they shear the black sheep's wool,  
And get their pay, the "three hags full,"  
They do not think of Mother Goose.  
The doctors smile a little too,  
And I don't wonder much, do you?  
Thoughts of the future should amuse  
The men who watch the rash Jack Horner,  
Stuff Christmas pie in his dark corner,  
Like our old friend of Mother Goose.  
And who has not felt, sometime, glad  
To think life's journey, how'er sad,  
We may not make, if we should choose,  
More than the threescore miles and ten  
That leads to Babylon, and then  
"We shall be home," says Mother Goose.

April, 1882.

RUTH HALL.

De Excelsis.

The sport is rich, the fun is rare;  
No joke of Jerrold's own composing  
Could at this hour, and in this air,  
Keep, as this does, my eyes from closing.  
The weary waltzers swirl below,  
The weary wits discourse in drivel;  
Beneath the hot jets' feverish glow  
Fair, weary faces, hlanched and shrivel.  
That yours, most fair, is still most wan,  
Dear friend, there's no sincere denying;  
Wherefore, I laugh to look upon  
Your gawky Strephon out there sighing.  
I watch the would-be careless stroll,  
The furtive look, so would-be prudent;  
A well-worn hat, a new patrol,  
The case is of this love-lorn student.  
I laugh, and yet it is no whim;  
Here in the full shine of your glances  
Would I were hack, to glow, like him,  
Where now and then a stray beam chances.  
It's strange; 'tis blood's the same that thrilled  
Your glove to hold, your chair to proffer—  
It stirs more for a wine-glass spilled  
Than for all our outpour you may offer.  
One ages fast. A fool, a hoy  
I was but then, a sleepless dreamer,  
Made drunk with little draughts of joy,  
Made faint with fear's hennumbing tremor.  
And now, when Day for flight unfurled  
His wings, this wine so flavored, scented,  
I drank; the corner of the world  
He turns, I'm drinking undemented.  
Hail Empress!—that we ne'er had met  
Would God!—your *morituri* greet you;  
I cry it, meaning would that yet  
Fate held it stored for me to meet you.  
To live again one midnight fleet,  
Its scents, its sights, its strains, its laughter;  
To walk that sultry midnight street  
And Death's crown on the brief thereafter.

But, Strephon! Well, I laugh to-day,  
Yet you, *gourmand* of all sensation,  
Find ticklish to a taste blasé  
A plain but hearty adoration.  
Aye, he, (I've seen the rest "drop out"—  
Your wake of sharks are pampered fishes.)  
May in a year or thereabout  
Yawn all my yawns, wish all my wishes.

April, 1882.

A. E. WATROUS.

## PARIS LIGHTS AND SHADES.

French Gayety and Religion.

Though it is Lent, Paris is gayer than ever. The boulevards and avenues are thronged with gorgeous equipages, and each afternoon fashion flocks to fill the Bois de Boulogne. Lent has no effect upon society, either high or low. Sunday is the gala day. On a Sunday morning the average Paris father arouses his family, and leads them forth to pleasuring in the country suburbs, or perhaps to some resort nearer home. There are many places for the pleasure-seekers. One of the most popular is the country surrounding the heights of Montmorency. There the grass is green and the birds sing, thus giving every conducive to the idyllic picnic. To this country paradise come the family, wearied with the week's work, and glad of a rest and a change of air. At night they again seek the railway, and arrive in Paris about eight o'clock.

But I said that the average Parisian does not keep Lent. There are, nevertheless, many persons to be found in the churches. It has been remarked of late that the number of men church-goers is on the increase. Père Monsabré is now the fashionable preacher. He holds forth in Notre Dame. Although the Senate, two or three years ago, prohibited the use of the word "God" in the public schools, yet many senators who voted for the bill are strong adherents of Père Monsabré. Scores of Jesuits and monks of other orders who, last year, were forcibly expelled from France, have slyly crept back. The government, to avoid appearing in too tyrannical a light, has overlooked their return, and says nothing. Yesterday I was at Notre Dame for a short time. Père Monsabré's sermon was on agnosticism and theism. He is both eloquent and witty, and would very well pass for a Missouri Methodist. His action is exceedingly dramatic. Several times the vast audience was moved to tears, but as many times did it laugh outright at some irresistible bit of humor. He preached in the Dominican white robe, just as Père Hyacinthe used to do, who was probably of the same order. Another fashionable preacher is Père Fumegalli, who, while not so fiery as Monsabré, possesses a forcible and convincing simplicity of style. A fine-looking English Jesuit, Father Forbes, draws crowds to St. Francis Xavier's. Perhaps one who has struck a popular key is Abbé Vidieu, who is continually overhauling what is now a prominent question—the prospective divorce bill.

During last week one of the most prominent features has been the Empress of Austria. The other morning I was, contrary to my usual custom, out on the Bois at a rather early hour. The large number of fashionable people present at that time quite surprised me, for the afternoon is always chosen for rides and promenades; but a sudden movement and several exclamations quickly enlightened me. Down the avenue came a lady mounted on a spirited animal, and accompanied by several attendants, and a huge Russian greyhound. It was her imperial majesty of Austria. She is rather tall, but very graceful. In the afternoons of her stay she either visited the shops on foot, or else rode through the Bois in her landau. She has received much attention from President Grévy. The Queen of Naples and the Duchesse d'Alençon, with her sisters, stayed with her and accompanied her on her various jaunts. The morning after the production of "Namouna" she called on Rita Sangalli, with whom she exchanged civilities.

Many stories, by the way, are being told concerning Mlle. Sangalli. The papers delight to romance over her American tour. One journal is responsible for the following serious account of her San Francisco engagement, in January, 1869, which I will translate: "On her way to San Francisco Rita Sangalli started through the provinces at the head of a ballet numbering fifty *danseuses*. She touched the heart of Brigham Young, chief of the tribe of Mormons. He was indignantly repulsed, and she hastened on toward San Francisco. It is an eight days' railway journey from New York to the Pacific coast. In order to keep in good training for the ballet figures, Rita would place her supporters in a circle, and there, seated about her, all would practice the dance figures with their fingers, using their first and middle fingers for legs. The violinists accompanied them from the corners of the car. Rita was under two hundred and fifty thousand francs forfeit if she failed to appear in the spectacular piece, "Les Chasseurs Noirs," at eight o'clock P. M., January 5th, in the San Francisco Theatre. It was the afternoon of the fifth; San Francisco was just over the Missouri River, which was yet to be crossed. As every one knows, the track is laid in winter on the ice, and thus the nine miles width of the river is crossed by the train. When the train reached the river a thaw had broken the ice into pieces. The engine and cars could not cross. The smoke of San Francisco could be seen just over the river. A train, which the miners who dig gold in the suburbs of that Pacific city had chartered, was waiting on the opposite bank to carry Rita Sangalli in triumph to the city. Should she disappoint them and lose her money? No; she would attempt the passage on foot. Her mother besought her to remain. Never! She would cross on the ice. And so, leaping like Eliza, in "The Cabin of Uncle Tom," she went the whole nine miles on the floating bits of ice. Her unequalled agility saved her life a hundred times. Never had so wild a ballet been danced. Soon she reached the other side, and, borne by the enthusiastic mining population, she reached San Francisco, and that same night danced in "Les Chasseurs Noirs!"

I was present the other day at a rehearsal of Ambrose Thomas's "Françoise de Rimini." The music is very grand, and the opera will, I think, become as popular as "Mignon," or Verdi's "Aida." It contains a prologue, which will be played at half-past seven o'clock, owing to the length of the opera. Its scenery is to be superb. Dante, (Giraudet,) conducted by Virgil, is represented as descending into Hades. As they come down into the dark clouds of the *Inferno* they pause to gaze upon the spirits of Paolo and Françoise, who are floating in the muddy ether. All this, of course, is the result of great scenic effect, and the like has never been equaled in Paris. Following the prologue come successive four acts, which explain the story of temptations, seduction, and murder. It will be a great event in opera circles. PARIS, March 19, 1882.

BAIRD.



## SOCIETY.

The hop given by the ladies of the Grand and Palace hotels, in the ballroom of the Grand, on Monday evening last, drew out a very large and delightful assemblage of party-goers, and it proved to be a fitting termination of the pleasant and satisfactory Monday evening *dansantes*, inaugurated early in the winter, and kept up in a thoroughly agreeable way until the death of Mrs. Newlands summoned a pause. The closing hop of the season, on Monday evening last, although informal, like its predecessors, was noticeably dressy, and society outside of the hotels was well represented, although quite a number of people invited were either at Sacramento, participating in the Carroll silver-wedding festivities, or had left the city for the season. The dancing-hall was brilliantly lighted, and ample provision had been made for dressing-rooms for both ladies and gentlemen. The band of the First Artillery Regiment furnished acceptable music for the occasion, while a constant pilgrimage to a table holding mammoth bowls of liquid refreshment betrayed the admirable forethought of the gentle entertainers, and their skillful adjutant, Manager Thorne. Among those present there were Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Miss Mollie Dodge, General George S. Evans, Miss Evans, Miss Belden of Stockton, Miss Lou Dearborn, Miss Nellie Trowbridge, Mrs. Albert Jinks, Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Miss Fannie Robinson, the Misses Cutter, Misses Fitch, Miss Bessie Emmerson of Rochester, Judge Clark and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hawkins, Miss Hyde, Mr. and Mrs. F. Cutting and son, Mr. J. S. Seaverance, Mrs. Judge Stanley, Miss Garber, Mr. and Miss Daingerfield, Mr. and Mrs. William W. Hilt, Mrs. Fred. Eaton, Miss Eldridge, Miss Hull, Mrs. General Hatch, Miss Gertrude Hatch, Mr. Alex. Badlam, Mr. Alfred Godeffroy, Miss Sprague of the Presidio, Miss Horrell, Mr. Ed. C. Hall, Mr. George Lowe, Miss McMullin, Mr. Bliz W. Paxton, Mr. McInerney, Madame F. Berton, Mr. George Berton, Miss Taliaferro, Doctor Max Axelrod, Mr. Fred Webster, Mr. Harry Schofield, Mr. Fred Laton, Messrs. Casserly, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Helmrich, Miss Ruth Hall of New York, Miss Effie Brown, Mr. George Redding, Miss Annie Jackson, Mr. Charles Jackson, Captain E. F. Northam, Mrs. J. S. Robinson, Mr. Jno. F. Boyd, Miss Perkins of Chicago, Mrs. Kinsey, Mr. Griffith Kinsey, Mr. Eugene Dewey, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ford, Miss Nellie Hopps, the Misses Regensberger, Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Black, Mr. J. S. Doe, Mr. C. Froelich, Mr. T. E. Jewell, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Burke, Mr. Wilder Pease, Colonel C. W. Brush, General Lafayette Story, McLevin Wethered.

On the same evening Sacramento society was in a blaze over the formal celebration of the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Carroll, which had been informally celebrated two weeks ago by the sons and daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll and some of their enthusiastic friends, and which was referred to in this column of the *Argonaut* of the eighth instant. At the celebration on Monday evening last, which, by the way, was a superbly-managed surprise, there was a very large number of people present, and congratulations, speeches, music, and merry-making was heartily indulged in. Major Bender read a poem composed for the occasion by Lauren E. Crane, and two other poems were read—one written by W. E. Brown, and the other by J. W. Winans, a brother of Mrs. Carroll. The very costly and elaborate tête-à-tête set of silver, inlaid with gold, was the joint present of Mrs. Leland Stanford, Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. Judge Sanderson, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Mrs. A. M. Easton, Mrs. C. J. Torbert, Mrs. Edgar Mills, Mrs. L. L. Arnold, Mrs. Charles G. Hooker, and W. E. Brown. Letters and telegrams of regrets were received from Mrs. Leland Stanford, Mrs. David Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, and Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Mills. Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone sent a silver card of regrets. Presents were sent by Mrs. Stanford, Mrs. Captain Smith, Mrs. Edgerton, Mrs. Gallatin, Mrs. Everetts, Miss Laura Clarke, Miss Etta Birdsall, and others. An excellent supper was served about midnight, and a band played agreeable selections throughout the evening. Among those who left the city on Monday last, and were present at the festivities, were Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne and Miss Hattie Rice, Mrs. Charles Crocker and Miss Hattie Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw, Mrs. J. P. Robinson, Mrs. C. J. Torbert, Mrs. Judge S. W. Sanderson, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mrs. Major Beck, Mrs. Wightman, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker, Mrs. Cutter, Miss Katie Grim, Mrs. Commander Buford, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Mizner, of Benicia, and General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton, of Oakland. Messrs. Hooker, Towne, Houghton, and their wives, returned on Tuesday evening, while some of the others stayed over for a day or two more.

The festivities of the week were rounded up in a delightful way by a fair at Mrs. Atherton's winter residence on California Street, on Thursday evening last. The occasion was suggested by a desire on the part of a number of ladies of Benicia to get up some movement whereby sufficient funds for the establishment of a sewing-school for the poor children of that place might be made successful. It met with an eager response from Mrs. Atherton, who generously permitted the projectors to transform her pretty dwelling into a bazaar. It is hardly necessary to state that the project was an immense success, and that the house was crowded with people anxious to contribute something to any good cause, and that there was also a sprinkling of the solid men of San Francisco who were willing to hand out five-dollar gold pieces for one-dollar bouquets, and to accept only smiles for change from the pretty and vivacious saleswomen, who were attired in quaint costumes, and had otherwise arrayed themselves with the view of hewitching purchasers.

The wedding of D. O. Mills Jr. and Miss Ruth Livingston took place in New York on Tuesday last, according to the announcement made in the *Argonaut* of the eighth instant, and was a very elegant affair. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Doctor Henry C. Potter, rector of Grace Church, and took place at one o'clock, in the presence of a large and honorable assemblage, among which were the Astors, the Hobbes, the Jeromes, the Hewitts, Morgans, and others of New York, and D. O. Mills and family, Mr. and Mrs. Belden, Miss Louise Belden, Mrs. Easton, Colonel and Mrs. Charles F. Crocker, and other Californians. Mr. Boerum

was hest man, and the Messrs. Geraldine Redmond, H. J. Hoyt, and Carroll Bailies, ushers. The bridesmaids, as named in this paper last week, were the Misses Gertrude A. Hoyt, Ogden, Estelle Livingston, and Cornelia Bailies. These bridesmaids were all dressed alike, in white hroccaded satin and trains, the draperies of the skirts being caught up with white lilacs; sleeves of lace with panels of crystal embroidery. They also wore long gloves and tulle veils, fastened with lilacs, and each carried a large bouquet of pink roses tied with pink satin ribbon. The bride wore a costume of heavy white satin, the entire front of which was embroidered with lace. The sides were caught up and garnished with lilacs, *au naturel*; the long court train had a balayuse of point lace which was nearly reached by a point lace veil, fastened in the hair with white ostrich tips, and diamond crescents and stars. She wore a diamond necklace, and carried a bouquet. After the ceremony there was a reception for the relatives and intimate friends at the residence of the bride's mother. The happy couple sail for Europe on Saturday next, the twenty-second inst., and after sojourning in London for a few months, will return and spend the month of August at Newport.

On Wednesday last, the twelfth inst., Miss Laura Belden, a well-known California belle, was married in New York to Mr. George Rutledge Gibson, of that city, the announcement of which was made in this paper some months ago. Miss Laura Belden is the eldest daughter of Mr. Josiah Belden, a California millionaire, who left here about a year ago to take up his permanent residence in New York, and has lately purchased a handsome brown-stone front near the Windsor Hotel, on Fifth Avenue. The residents of the Palace will call to mind the very dangerous illness which Miss Belden experienced at that house some two or three years ago, her recovery from which was seemingly providential. The ceremony took place in the afternoon, and Thomas S. Beatty, of New York, H. H. Honore Jr., of Chicago, and the well-known Charley Christmas, and H. K. W. Tilford, of this city, acted as ushers. The bridesmaids were six in number, Miss Louise Belden, a sister of the bride, Miss Emilie Kirk, of San Francisco, and the Misses Bessie Nichols, Sophie Marsh, Josie Lyon, and Belle Parks, of New York. The bride was attired in a robe of white duchesse satin, the front of which and the sides of the train were elaborately embroidered with point lace. A bridal veil of tulle was caught up in the coiffure by a spray of orange blossoms. A reception followed the ceremony, the music and refreshments for which were furnished by Delmonico.

On Wednesday last, the twelfth instant, Miss Mamie C. Woodward, of San Francisco, was married to Mr. George E. Raum, of New York, by the Reverend Mr. Hemphill, at Oak Knoll, Napa County, the summer residence of the Woodward family, in the presence of the relatives of the bride and the brother of the groom. The bride wore a traveling costume, and departed for this city immediately after the ceremony, and on Thursday last the happy couple left for the East, and will take the steamer which leaves New York for Europe on the twenty-ninth instant.

The wedding of Mr. Edward Moore and Miss Lizzie Ferrall, a well-known young lady in society, will take place at the residence of the bride's mother this, Saturday, evening. The wedding of John Parrott, Jr., and Miss Mary Donohue will take place at St. Ignatius Church on Wednesday morning next, the nineteenth instant, at eleven o'clock. After the ceremony there will be a reception at the residence of the bride's parents, 526 Harrison Street.

## Notes and Gossip.

Hon. Delos Lake and his two daughters, who have been enjoying a brief visit in Southern California, returned home last week. J. C. Freeman, U. S. N., arrived here from the East on Sunday last. Mr. and Mrs. H. H. H. Sinton, the Misses Bessie and Carrie Putnam, and Miss Myra Giffin, who have been enjoying themselves between showers at Saucelito during this fickle April weather, returned on Tuesday last. Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Layman, who have been staying a few days at San Rafael, have returned to the Lick. Mrs. Abbott, during her husband's absence on the *Lackawanna*, will reside at 1239 Pine Street; Mrs. Mears, her mother, will also reside with her. Miss Lizzie Butler has gone to Menlo Park. Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Le Count, who have been passing the winter at the Palace, have taken up their residence in Alameda for the summer. Colonel Batchelder, U. S. A., will leave for the East in a few days. Miss Carrie Chamberlain, of Berkeley, is visiting friends in Santa Clara. Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson is still in Southern California, writing descriptions of the old missions for *Scribner's Magazine*. Lloyd Tevis has gone to New York. Charles Crocker has gone to Texas. Mrs. Judge Hager and Mrs. Lillie Coit have returned from Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Holladay and their daughter, Miss Ruth Holladay, got off for the East on Wednesday last, where they will remain for several months. Colonel and Mrs. Horace Fletcher have returned from Monterey; Mrs. Fletcher will leave again for that place some time in May, to remain away until after the Fourth of July. General Daniel Butterfield, who spent two or three weeks in this city, departed for New York on Sunday last, in company with Charles Crocker, in his private car. Mrs. Coit will take up her summer residence at Larkmead, Napa County, on the first of May. Miss Jennie Filkins is at Monterey. Miss Mamie Perry, the accomplished songstress, of Los Angeles, returns to Italy in a short time. Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard are visiting relatives in Los Angeles. Ohadiah Livermore has gone East on a visit to his mother. Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Cooper, of Oakland, returned from the East on Monday last. Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Hovey, of the Palace, who have been spending some time at the Sierra Madre Villa, returned home on Monday last. Joseph D. Lynch, editor of the Los Angeles *Herald*, is at the Palace. Miss Kate Felton, of the Palace, is visiting Miss Pierce, at Santa Clara. Mrs. Lent is rambling in Los Angeles County. Mrs. Charles McLane is at Santa Cruz. Miss Mollie Dodge, of the Palace, has issued invitations for a dancing party, on Thursday next. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Goodman have returned to San Francisco after a temporary absence in Fresno county, where Mr. Goodman has been engaged for the past year in planting a vineyard. His next enterprise will be the construction of a handsome dwelling for a permanent residence in San Francisco.

## SAN FRANCISCO FASHIONS.

Of all the names for the latest styles of millinery, the first which strikes the eye is the "Oscar Wilde." The one I saw at an opening last week was a chip, with a double rim slightly drooping, both back and front. It was trimmed with a wreath of small wild flowers. Next to this was the "Æsthetic," which had a pointed rim curved up at the front and back. These come in both chip and straw, especially in fancy straws, and are intended to be trimmed with field flowers. The next on display was the "Little Daisy," a pretty hat for a young lady. It had a rounding crown and slightly curving rim, and was circled with a wreath of daisies. The "Mischief" is another shape intended for a little girl. It has quite a flat crown, with a broad and slightly rolling rim. It is of straw, with a hand of fancy straw around the crown, and a cord of straw edging the rim. The "Broadway" is a more dignified affair, with a square crown, rather high in front, and drooping toward the back. The rim is finished with a piece of lace-work of fancy straw, about two inches in width, which partly shades the face. The "Magnolia" is a shape intended for young ladies, and is worn more on the back of the head, with a rolled rim, rather closer than the others described. It can be trimmed either with a wreath of flowers or a ribbon, finished on the side with a bow or a cluster of flowers. The style comes in all of the fancy braids. It is very stylish, and promises to become a favorite, since it shows to advantage the forehead and upper part of the face. The "Jaunty" has a rim which is decidedly turned up on the left side, and held in position by a coquettish bow of ribbon. Then there is the "Rossmore," and the "Wild-moor," both pretty, and slightly differing from each other. The "Derby" is still shown. The "Manola" is a close-fitting bonnet, and is very becoming to heads of certain shapes. The "Elite" is also a bonnet with a square and rather pointed crown, with a flaring front, somewhat on the poke style. The "Rossi" is formed in a high crown, slightly narrowing as it reaches the top. The wide rim has three indentations on the right side. In naming the new shapes many well-known actresses have been remembered, such as the "Lotta," or "Little Nell," which is a sort of bonnet with a flaring rim in front, and a little close cape or old-fashioned curtain in the back. The "Anderson" is said to be the favorite shape worn by Mary Anderson. Then there is the "Patti," not new, as everybody knows, but which is generally becoming. The "London" is very much like the "Derby." The "Star" is a low, scalloped, flat affair intended for a child. There are beside the "Casino" and the "Dresden." The "Every Day" carries out its name to perfection, and is in no way pretentious. The "Cetus" is a bonnet. The "Millner" is only a new name for the old "Alpine," which comes in chips and straw mixed. I saw one which was intended for a bride. The broad rim was lined with soft rich-looking white plush, and dotted on the edge with large pearl beads. Around the crown were gracefully laid two long and elegant white feathers, and in the front two or three full tips which wound up over the crown. The insides of rims are often filled in with shirring; that is, if the lining is of a thin material; but plush should always be used plain. Bonnets are generally worn without strings. This fashion was certainly made when thinking of the warm days in the near future. Feathers or field-flowers are the most sought after just now, leaving the roses and summer flowers for the summer months. In ribbons, I found the moires and brocades almost universal, and in designs to correspond with the dress goods I described two weeks ago; that is, showing the products of the fruit and vegetable kingdom. In one establishment I counted sixty-five different colors, tints, and designs. The sunflowers have had their day. They were of short duration, and now may be considered as among the things that were. But as to feathers, there is no end to them. They may be seen in every imaginable shade and tint, plain and in mixed colors. Sometimes as many as nine or ten are employed in constructing a fashionable hat or bonnet. The great question just now is in regard to crinoline boops. From private sources it is learned they are much patronized in London, and they have been trying for some time to cross the channel and get into Paris. But as yet there is nothing decided regarding them, so one of our leading importers told me a few days since. As this is still the *demi-saison* for wraps, nothing is as yet pronounced. The three-quarter cloaks of Rhadamés and Merveilleuse satin are still being made up, and there is also a very stylish ulster of light camel's hair, and other light cloths. It is made rather shorter than those worn in the winter. A pretty outside garment for young ladies, or for those older ladies whose forms can stand it, is the tight-fitting English jacket. It is made of English cloth, and is quite devoid of trimming except machine stitching and buttons. At present the ladies are devoting themselves to soft, light woolen fabrics. I saw in one leading house a beautiful line of goods. They were the new French plaids for complete costumes. The material was marked at forty-eight inches wide, all wool, and was selling at one dollar and twenty-five cents a yard. These goods are to be seen in the familiar shades of intense blue, several shades of brown, bronze, and olive, and are mostly made with kilted skirts and coat-shaped basque, although the polonaise is by no means abandoned. Cheviot, which has so long been a favorite, still holds its own; and as for camel's hair, it seems to have established itself for all time to come. The fabric known as English homespun has the same quality to recommend it. Jet trimming, which is ever the favorite, has become so popular as to find its way into veiling; and very pretty is the jet-dotted veiling. In one store I saw quite a display of lace curtains, really new in design. The material was of *ecru* Nottingham, and the design was so as to form a lambrequin falling over the ordinary curtain. Another gave the appearance of drapery beautifully arranged over the lower part of the lace. The effect of this new style is striking, and is much admired. Some novelties in gloves and hosiery are promised us before the month is out. New laces as well as new designs in them are beginning to make their appearance. There is a new "Oriental" Spanish guipure, beside Edelweiss, Montespan, Mercourt, Brabant, and some few others.

HELENA.

April 12, 1882.



## EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have lost our Chinese bill; we have lost our confidence in the late Mr. Arthur's political sagacity; we have never accredited him with any other or higher quality. Our American policy, inaugurated by the late Secretary of State, Mr. Blaine, has been reversed by that most conservative and stately old gentleman of aristocratic lineage from New Jersey. But we have not lost everything. We have happily saved ourselves from a disastrous war with Chile. We have maintained our friendly relations with the government at Peking. But, better than all this, our foreign office has vindicated the character of the American hog. Mr. Frelinghuysen has made the government and the people of France understand that they can not with impunity treat with disrespect the dead monarchs of our styes. He has championed the glory of American pork. Hams, bacon, and clear sides stand forth redeemed and vindicated from the false and vile aspersions put upon them by the frog-eating statesmen of Gaul. At the point of the toasting-fork and larding-knife Mr. Frelinghuysen will compel *charcuterie* and *roisserie* to accept our merchandise of *cochon*, *trichina* or no *trichina*. Honor to our brave Secretary of State! He has wrapped the American flag, with its azure field and starry folds, around our American sausages—hall and gut—and compelled Johnnie Crapaud to swallow them without subjecting them to the cruel humility of the microscopic test. Let all surviving hogs thank this administration. It is the only class of society that has any political favor to be grateful for.

A communication in defense of General McDowell against the cowardly attacks and lying statements of some epauletted underling came too late for insertion in this week's *Argonaut*. It will appear in our next.

The following letter, from an intelligent Republican at Santa Rosa, in reply to a city friend who inquired of him whether he was so disgruntled by the presidential veto as to vote the Democratic ticket—if so, why so, and if not, why not—illustrates the fact that the party is not entirely annihilated. If, however, the result of the Santa Rosa election is to be taken as indicating the effect of the Republican party treason, it will have to go into hospital for a long time before it will be able to again do stalwart service at the polls:

FRIEND M.: You ask me, "Did you vote the Democratic ticket at your municipal election that took place in this city on the 5th inst.?" I answer emphatically, No! I voted the straight Republican ticket, as I have always voted for the last twenty-two years. The telegraph gave us the news of the President's veto about mid-day on Tuesday, our election being on the following day. Up to that time the chances were nearly equal as to which ticket would win, but from that hour I had no hope. Every foreigner in our party, German, Irish, Italian, all hotted at once, to say nothing of the natives, who moved off on first impulse. Of course, the Republican ticket was ignominiously beaten, as any sane man knew it would be under such a sudden, staggering blow as the veto message gave our party. Still, I voted my ticket, and on calmer consideration I think I did right. We native Americans have certain feelings that may be called inherited political principles, modes of thought, and ways of action, that give stability to political parties, and to the Government. A gust of passion for a great error committed and political blunder made, should not be allowed to drive us into committing a more stupid blunder, which I hold would be the case were we old-line Republicans to vote the Democratic ticket under our present exasperation. It is true we might show our intense disgust, and exhibit a spite that could only tend to the success of the Democratic party. Well, if the success of the Democratic party will give us the relief we seek, why not aid it to be successful? Simply because we can settle this matter of Chinese immigration with greater certainty, and much quicker, by our own party. There can be no change of administration for three years. Were every member of Congress from this coast Democratic, their votes on this question could only be the same as those of our present Republican members. Could they wield a greater influence in a Republican Congress than Republican members? I think not. But, says Mr. Hot Head: "We will drive them to it." One million of people can not drive forty-nine millions. No; we old-line Republicans claim to be guided by reason, and a patriotism that includes each and all parts of the republic; and to that reason and patriotism we must continue our appeal. This I propose I do so far as my vote goes; and I confidently hope to see a satisfactory bill passed by the present Congress, and signed by the President, differing materially only from the vetoed bill in the ten-years' limitation. Our Democratic friends are quick to seize this issue. But does not Senator Farley's bill, with sixteen years' limitation, seem to invite another veto, for the only and express purpose of making political capital for the Democratic party? Practically, ten years is as good as twenty, for long before the ten years shall have expired the people east of the Rocky mountains will have comprehended this question, and a further extension of the prohibition will follow as a matter of course. No, I did not vote the Democratic ticket. I can not despair of the Republican party, with its record of the past, its acts in the present, (in all save this question,) its hopes for the future on all the great questions of national unity, finance, education, and progress, in all that tends to make a mighty and prosperous people. I prefer to trust in the intelligence and honesty of my own party. That we failed in this effort only proves the fallibility of human judgment. We of California have been forced to learn a lesson. Some of us changed on this question. It is now our business to see that our Republican Congress and our President change also, and that quickly. This we can not do by threats, nor by holding. Senator Miller and Representative Page must fight our battle again, and until they fail again, I shall continue to vote the Republican ticket. Excuse the length of this letter; I could not write less when so much more is to be said. Your friend, W. A. E.

There is no reason why the nomination of the Hon. Edward Burton—familiarily known to us of the olden time as "Ned Burton"—as superintendent of the mint in San Francisco should not be acceptable to all good Republicans and good citizens. Mr. Burton has been for many years a resident of California; represented Nevada County as its senator; was a Whig, and is an honest man; went East, and was surveyor of the port of New York when Arthur was collector; is known by the President, and trusted by him, and owes his nomination to him. The appointment is a good one, as Mr. Burton is an intelligent and honorable man, a genuine Republican, and an early one. He will make a good superintendent of the mint, and an honest one. We congratulate him, and would congratulate the President if we were not so angry at his treachery on the Chinese question as to make it impossible for us to write anything civil regarding him.

"The Catholic family journal, devoted to the propagation of Popery and defense of dogmatism," has an immense article denouncing the disbandment of the Third—Irish—Regi-

ment, and charges that it is the result of *Argonaut* teachings. We had not heard that these brave hoys in green had disbanded, but we are glad of it, and if the *Argonaut* has been in any degree serviceable in this direction we are glad of that. We don't believe in Irish regiments, nor Emmet, Montgomery, Shields, Wolf Tone, Meagher, or Sarsfield Guards. We do not believe in German Fusiliers, or Germania Rifles, or California Jaegers, or Garibaldi Guards, or McMahon Grenadier Guards, or Juarez or French Zouaves, or Schutzen-Vereins, or Swiss or Italian Sharpshooters. We do not want to see any military parade in our streets with foreign uniforms, nor under foreign flags, nor with the emblems of any other nationality than that of the United States of America, by the grace of God free and independent. If the *Argonaut* had its way it would allow no shamrocks, or harps, or double-headed eagles, or crosses of St. George, or pictures of the dragon, or French eagles, or Mexican serpents, or Austrian helmets to be displayed as part of our military system. If the Dutch, German, English, Irish, Swiss, Chinese, Tartars, Turks, or any other of the nationalities who have been kind enough to seek asylum upon our continent, desire to play soldier at picnics there is no special objection, only we would compel them to put their flags and their uniforms in their lunch-baskets, and put them on after they get in the woods. We would not have any of this nonsense in the streets, and we would relegate St. Patrick and all his Mumbo-Jumboism to the inside of churches or fairgrounds. We would have all the pictures of popes and Irish harps, and all the parade of priests and Pope's Irish out of sight. In a free country like ours we recognize the doctrine that every man has a right to make a fool of himself if he keeps out of the highways, and does not disturb the peace or expose his person. We would not object to a Mardi-Gras exhibition, or a carnival week. We do not object to fun, and recognize the propriety of a frolic, but we do not want to see any military organization except under the American flag. Nor do we want to see any religious parade in honor of an Irish saint. Our regiments, our soldiers, our flags, and our saints must be American.

## Musical Notes.

Mr. Ugo Talbo has completed the arrangements for his series of six concerts. The first performance will be miscellaneous, but each concert will be distinctively national. One of the most prominent features will be the memorial for the late poet Longfellow, at which the beautiful dramatic poem, "The Masque of Pandora," set to Mr. Alfred Cellier's music, will be produced. The last time that this was performed was in Boston, under the personal supervision of the late Mr. Longfellow himself. For the coming performance Mr. Talbo has secured the services of most of the leading local talent, including that of Miss Marie Jansen, by permission of Mr. A. Barton. Messrs. Cellier and Louis Schmidt will act as conductors, and Messrs. William Forner and Julius Hinrichs, Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, and Signor Ortori as instrumentalists. The first performance will take place on Friday evening, April 21.

The French-American pianist, Julia Rive King, will visit this city next month, and will give four or five concerts with a large orchestra. She was born in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, and is a pupil of Messrs. Pruckner, De Korhy, and Mills of New York City. At the age of sixteen she went to Europe, and during her stay there enjoyed the privilege of studying under Blassman in Dresden, Reineke at Leipzig, and Liszt at Weimar, devoting the greater part of her time to Liszt, reciting to him daily. She first aroused the Cincinnati public to an appreciation of her position in the art-world by her performance of the C minor concerto of Beethoven, in a concert of the Cincinnati Orchestra, and shortly afterward interested the art circles of New York by the success which she attained with Liszt's E flat concerto and Beethoven's great Emperor Concerto, played with the Philharmonic Society, under the leadership of Mr. Bergman. Since then she has played with much success throughout the United States.

The programme for Mr. Ernst Hartmann's piano recital, to take place Wednesday evening, April nineteenth, will be as follows:

Andante and Variationen, for two pianos.....	Schumann.
Sonate Op. 53, in C.....	Beethoven.
Er. der Herrliche von Allen.....	Schumann.
Prelude and Fugue in C sharp.....	Bach.
Prelude in D flat.....	Chopin.
Scherzo in B flat minor.....	Gounod.
Serenade.....	Schubert's Hark, Hark.....
Sextette from Lucia.....	Liszt.

It will be noted that Mr. Hartmann will play one of Beethoven's grandest sonatas, one which can scarcely be placed below the "Appassionata. This sonata, popularly known as "The Waldstein Sonata," has, if we mistake not, never been played in public since Vögrich and Ketten gave their several interpretations of its grandeur about two years ago. We believe that Mr. Hartmann has never before publicly given it here, and many interesting comparisons are in store for music-lovers.

On the sixth instant Frederick William Kücken, the eminent composer, died in Germany, at the age of seventy years. He is the author of some of the most popular songs in existence. His "Good Night, Farewell," is sung throughout the civilized world, while the "Moorish Serenade" and "Fisher Maiden," beside many other vocal and instrumental pieces, have given him a foremost place among composers.

A paper published in Rome says that King Humbert rises at six o'clock every morning, and takes a short walk. In Chicago, says the *Tribune*, a rich man like Humbert would have the cocktail brought to him, and not go around waking saloon-keepers at that hour.

They now have an invention by which a locomotive engineer can throw hot water two hundred feet ahead, and scald a tramp to death before a cow-catcher hits him. American genius is ever on top.

The reason that a baggage-man recently hurled himself from a fourth-story window was that he was insane, and thought he was a trunk.

## THE GLASS OF FASHION,

As Exhibited at the Rooms of the Society of Decorative Art.

Probably the most interesting, although the least effective portion of the handsome exhibit of Louis C. Tiffany & Co.'s goods, now on sale at 631 Sutter Street, is the stained glass, each piece of which should find a window or a nook in some of the many homes which are going up on the various slopes of our city. The manufacture of the simplest style of colored glass is a comparatively recent industry in America, and much of the credit for its late rapid development is due to the intelligent and enthusiastic experiments of Messrs. Tiffany and La Farge. The translucency of glass, and its susceptibility to color make it peculiarly valuable to the decorative artist in his treatment of house interiors, and the merit of colored glass is rapidly impressing people of taste who are fortunate enough to have homes to build or to rearrange. The window, being the opening to admit light, naturally first attracts the eye on entering a room, and "the deep warmth of the ruby, the tender contentment of the sapphire, the glow and coruscation of the amethyst, the brilliancy and cheerfulness of the emerald, the glitter and distinctiveness of the diamond, may all be summoned to the satisfaction of the least cultivated eye by the infinite wealth of the glass-stainer's art." The earliest authenticated instance of colored glass being used for glazing windows is in the early part of the ninth century, when Pope Leo III. adorned the church of St. John Lateran. In the abbey church of St. Denis, in France, there are remains of glass windows in color, which are supposed to be the work of the good Abbot Suger, about the middle of the twelfth century. In England, stained glass of the best period of Norman architecture, the twelfth century, remains to-day as superb specimens of this beautiful art. No one who has been abroad, and been able to wander through those cathedrals whose aisles are lighted and glorified through such superb disks of color as the builders and priests of the middle ages placed in windows, will need any argument to arouse their interest in the revival of the manufacture of artistic glass for domestic and ecclesiastical architecture—a revival which, as far as Messrs. Tiffany and La Farge are concerned, has been pronounced the "creation of a new industry." In a late article in *Scribner's Magazine*, George Parsons Lathrop, in speaking of Mr. La Farge's experiments in glass, says: "He was the first artist in America to manufacture glass to suit himself. Within the past year his experiments in the matter of quality and texture have been carried on with extraordinary success, and windows have been made showing new departures of design as applied to glass. The exquisite shifting, opalescent hues now obtained, along with a depth and purity of color rare in modern glass-work, when brought into harmony by the directing eye of a natural colorist, produce effects altogether novel in this art. While utterly unlike the ancient examples in arrangement and spirit, they still, in some respects, recall the richness and splendor of mediæval work." Although, unfortunately, the contracted space of the rooms at 631 Sutter Street prevent the windows being shown to the best advantage, nothing can prevent the beauty of color and design from impressing the artistic and appreciative visitor. A noticeable feature is the skillful manner in which the "leading" or metal framework is made to naturally blend with the glass-work of the windows. The advantage of this improved method is especially seen at night. Ordinarily, when examined at night, with a light inside the window, stained glass is a confused, meaningless mass of lines; but our American artists have made the leads serve a decorative as well as a useful purpose; they actually represent the outlines of the picture, which retains its character in the evening as well as in the sunlight. This is an advantage which should commend such glass-work to all who have libraries or halls to glaze in an artistic manner. Another most novel and beautiful feature of Messrs. Tiffany's and La Farge's work is the use of *lumps* of glass. These, "pressed while hot into moulds, give a great number of facets, like a cut stone." The same effect is secured by taking blocks of glass and roughly chipping them into numerous small facets. When set in the window they have all the effects of brilliant jewels, and "change their color with every changing angle of vision." No. 15—the round window, priced at eight hundred dollars—shows this treatment most beautifully, several of these chipped glass jewels looking like genuine rubies. Although the nearness of vision required by the size of the room in which this window is "set," detracts from its brilliancy to some extent, it also impresses the spectator with the marvelous skill and feeling for color manifested in the combination of wonderfully tinted and variously stratified pieces of irregularly shaped glass, which form the pattern of the window. A member of the firm of the Associated Artists' Company has thus described the work-rooms, whence they gain their inspiration for new combinations of color: "In compartments around the work-rooms are ranged in sheets of oval form every tint, from the very lowest tones of color to the highest and purest white; and from these sheets of pure color are cut the bits, sometimes no larger than a rose leaf, which must combine to satisfy the requirements of church, public, and domestic architecture. Every scheme of color in glass must be worked out from these pure hits. One may be as delicate and made up of as vanishing tints as a pearl; and another may be a flare of strong and warlike color, and still another a mere shadowy stretch of stained darkness. The effect, whatever it is, is attained by gradation, and this principle is inherent in the decorative use of glass." Any attempt at a critical description of the embroideries would require more space than the subject is entitled to this week; but in the next issue of the *Argonaut* we shall hope for an opportunity to draw public attention to the fact that these beautiful products of the needle are the results of only a few years of American enterprise.

General Sherman and party, composed of, beside himself, General Pope, Colonel Morrow, Miss Pope, and Miss Sherman, will arrive here in a special car on Wednesday next. The party spent nearly a week in Arizona, and visited Los Angeles and vicinity five or six days.



## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

With somewhat curious taste a jeweler in Middlebury, Vt., has constructed a clock containing a representation in miniature of the scenes of the assassination of President Garfield. The automata are of wood, about two inches high. The whole movement, which includes the execution of Guiteau, takes about three minutes.

Germans and English swear by God, the Latin races by the Virgin, Danes by the devil. For the Swede one devil is not enough. "A thousand devils take me," is his usual oath, or, if the emergency demand, ten thousand. In moments of great excitement he rises to the occasion, and swears: "Ten thousand tons of devils take me."

Bands of music are forbidden to play on most of the large iron bridges of the world. This is due to the well-known phenomenon that a constant succession of sound waves, especially such as come from the playing of a good band, will excite the wire vibrations. At first these vibrations are very slight, but they increase as the sound-waves continue to come.

During a recent performance at a theatre in Lille, France, a cry was suddenly raised, and a man was seen falling from one of the upper galleries, and after turning two summersaults in the air, alighted in the pit. He fortunately dropped into the space between two benches, and into a portion of the pit which was not yet occupied by spectators, so that none were hurt. Still more remarkable was the fact that he sustained no visible injury, and was able to walk to his home.

It is an old German custom to have the emperor stand as godfather to the seventh son of any royal subject. Mr. Henry A. Esch, of Vincennes, Indiana, thought of this upon the birth of a seventh son a few days ago, and, in lieu of an emperor, wrote to President Arthur, asking him to become godfather. The President replied, deputed Postmaster W. D. Lewis, as the government representative at Vincennes, to act in his stead, and the old custom was observed as in the Vaterland.

In the Berlin *Militär Wochenblatt* some curious statistics are given of the sanitary condition of the German army as compared with the French. Of every thousand men under colors, Germany has a daily average of eleven invalids, while France has twenty-five. The death rate in the French army is about double that in the German, being scarcely five per thousand in the latter, while in the French it exceeds nine. The report has called up the question whether hygiene is not more important in battles than even needle-guns.

A young man who was plowing with a pair of mules near Gonzales, Texas, not long ago, observed in the morning that the off mule was suffering from a swollen jaw. On the principle that mules have no rights which their owners are bound to respect, he paid no further attention to the matter until evening, when he noticed that the near mule was drawing away as far as possible from its mate. A closer inspection revealed the head of a rattlesnake sticking out from the straw collar of the afflicted beast, in which snug quarters it had probably passed the winter.

A few years ago there lived in Oxford county, Me., an aged widow who had fifteen children. Two of the daughters married brothers named Palmer; two of the sons married sisters named Barrows; two other sons married sisters named Bonney; two grand-daughters, sisters, married brothers named Bonney, and thus became sisters-in-law to their uncles' wives; two other grand-daughters, sisters, married brothers named Bonney, cousins of those already named. Thus there were five double marriages in this family, three of the children and two of the grand-children of this old lady. Twelve of them, six sons and six daughters, settled down on farms within two miles of their mother. On one road there were three owning farms next to each other, and on another road five in succession; and the farms on the first road were only divided from some of those on the second by a river that ran between them.

A "cranke," says a writer in *Notes and Queries*, was one of the rogues and vagabonds of Shakespeare's time (Viles and Furnival's reprint, N. N. S., 1880). Cranke is the character name of one who feigns the falling sickness, and in the case before me is Harman, the counterfeit cranke of 1567. His adventures are related as follows: Finding (so to speak) the game becoming very hot, "he took a skoller," and was pulled over the water to St. George's Field. Overtaken and questioned, he damned himself over and over again if he had any more money about him; but, as it happened, he had plenty, and had to produce it. He lived, he said, "in Maister Hilles, his rents, having a pretty house well stuffed." Hilles Rents were near to one of the bear gardens, and within sight of the place where, about thirty years after, "Shakespeare's Globe" was built. The cranke was soon in the Comter and Bridewell. Here his true character was made known. He was stripped, and afterward whipped at the cart's tail through London to his own door.

Four suicides during the present century have been committed at Bologna by jumping from the top of the famous leaning tower, Asinelli, the climbing of which involves toilsome journey up more than four hundred worn and dusty stairs. The first case occurred in 1833, when a shoemaker, while sitting astride one of the battlements, drank a flask of wine as he was singing, and then allowed himself to fall backwards into space. The second was in 1874; a young man, aged twenty-three years, allowed himself to fall, with a handkerchief tied round his eyes, leaving his coat, hat, sleeve-cuffs, and two letters behind him. The third happened two years later; an old man went up with his boy nephew, and while the lad was obeying his directions to write the word "infamy" on the wall, threw himself over the battlement. The fourth suicide has just taken place. A young man who had failed in a certain examination, ascended the tower with the keeper, lighted a cigarette, and while the keeper was showing him the bell, jumped off. Two ladies and gentlemen came up just after he jumped, and found that the keeper had fainted from fright.

Scientific journals are just now noting a recent remarkable and important advance in the art of printing in oil colors, in imitation of oil-painting, which, it is claimed, is far superior to the process known as chromo-lithography. After the colors are transferred to the prepared paper from the color electrolytes, as in the old process, the picture resembles an ordinary chromo-lithograph, and is perfectly flat and smooth in appearance. In order to secure the richness of surface and other individual marks which are peculiar characteristics in the original oil-painting, the latter is covered with gelatine, which accurately secures an impression of all the individual surface marks of the painting. From this gelatine mould there is prepared another impression in india-rubber, or other elastic substance, which permits of stretching, so that the copy of the original may in the printed copy be either enlarged or reduced, as desired. This india-rubber impression is afterward used to obtain a copper electrolyte plate, and this in turn serves in the preparation of a negative or depressed copy plate. This plate presents an exact reproduction, in mould, of the surface of the original painting, and the depressions are filled in with pigment colors corresponding with the surface elevations of the painting. When thus arranged the prepared chromo-paper is laid upon the copper-plate, and under the pressure and heat of a transfer press the pigments adhere to the prepared paper, and produce all the surface effects in the original painting. Varnish is next applied, and the result is a painted color copy which is an exact counterpart of the oil painting, and which may subsequently be transferred from the prepared paper to either canvas, wood, or metal, at the option of the printer, to be used in preparing any number of copies. The merit of the new process is this peculiar fidelity of reproduction which renders the printed copy so like the original that it is difficult to detect the difference.

## OLD FAVORITES.

Maude Clare.

Out of the church she followed them  
With a lofty step and mien;  
His bride was like a village maid,  
Maude Clare was like a queen.  
"Son Thomas," his lady mother said,  
With smiles, almost with tears,  
"May Nell and you but live as true  
As we have done for years.  
Your father, thirty years ago,  
Had just your tale to tell;  
But he was not so pale as you,  
Nor I so pale as Nell."  
My lord was pale with inward strife,  
And Nell was pale with pride.  
My lord gazed long on pale Maude Clare  
Or ever he kissed the bride.  
"Lo, I have brought my gift, my lord,  
Have brought my gift," she said,  
"To bless the hearth, to bless the board,  
To bless the marriage-bed.  
Here's my half of the golden chain  
You wore about your neck,  
That day we waded ankle-deep  
For lilies in the beck.  
Here's my half of the faded leaves  
We plucked from budding bough,  
With feet among the lily leaves—  
The lilies are budding now.  
He strove to match her scorn with scorn,  
He faltered in his place.  
"Lady," he said, "Maude Clare," he said—  
"Maude Clare"—and hid his face.  
She turned to Nell: "My Lady Nell,  
I have a gift for you;  
Though were it fruit, the bloom were gone,  
Or were it flowers, the dew,  
Take my share of a sickle heart,  
Mine of a paltry love;  
Take it or leave it as you will,  
I wash my hands thereof."  
"And what you leave," said Nell, "I'll take,  
And what you spurn I'll wear;  
For he's my lord for better or worse,  
And him I love, Maude Clare.  
Yea, though you're taller by the head,  
More wise, and much more fair,  
I love him till he loves me best,  
Me best of all, Maude Clare."

—Christina Georgina Rossetti.

## Introspection.

Have you sent her all her letters? have you given her back her ring?  
Have you tried to forget the haunting songs that you loved to bear her sing?

Have you cursed the day you met her first? thanked God that you were free,  
And said in your inmost heart, as you thought, "She never was dear to me?"

You have cast her off; your pride is touched; you fancy that all is done;  
That for you the world is bright again, and bravely shines the sun;  
You have washed your hands of passion; you have whistled her down the wind—

Oh, Tom, old friend, this goes before, the sharpest comes behind!  
You will learn this, Tom, hereafter, when anger has cooled, and you  
Have time for introspection; you will find my words are true;  
You will sit and gaze in your fire alone, and fancy that you can see  
Her face with its classic oval, her ringlets fluttering free,  
Her soft blue eyes wide opened, her sweet red lips apart,  
As she used to look in the golden days when you dreamed she had a heart.

Whatever you do, wherever you turn, you will see that glorious face  
Coming with shadowy beauty, to haunt all time and space;  
Those songs you wrote for her singing will sing themselves into your brain

Till your life seems set to their rhythm, and your thoughts to their refrain—  
Their old, old burden of love and grief—the passion you have fore-sworn—

I tell you, Tom, it is not thrown off so well as you think, this morn!  
But the worst, perhaps the worst of all, will be when the day has flown,  
When darkness favors reflection, and your comrades leave you alone.  
You will try to sleep, but the memories of forgotten years  
Will come with a storm of wild regret—mayhap with a storm of tears.  
Each look, each word, each playful tone, each timid little caress,  
The golden gleam of her ringlets, the rustling of her dress,  
The delicate touch of her ungloved hand, that woke such an exquisite thrill,

The flowers she gave you the night of the ball—I think you treasure them still—

All these will come, till you slumber, worn out by sheer despair,  
And then you will hear vague echoes of song on the darkened air—  
Vague echoes, rising and falling, of the voice you know so well,  
Like the songs that were sung by the Lurlei-maids, sweet with a deadly spell!

In dreams her heart will ever again be yours, and you will see  
Fair glimpses of what might have been—what now can never be.  
And as she comes to meet you, with a sudden wild unrest  
You stretch your arms forth lovingly, to fold her to your breast.  
But the Lurlei-song will faint and die, and with its fading tone  
You wake to find you clasp the thin and empty air alone.  
While the fire-bell's clanging din, on the gusty night-wind borne,  
Will seem an iron-tongued demon's voice, laughing your grief to scorn.  
Oh, Tom, you say it is over—you talk of letters, and rings—  
Do you think that Love's mighty spirit, then, is held by such trifling things?

No; if you once have truly loved, you will still love on, I know,  
Till the church-yard myrtles blossom above, and you lie mute below!  
How is it, I wonder, hereafter? Faith teaches us little, here,  
Of the ones we have loved and lost on earth—do you think they will still be dear?

Shall we live the lives we might have led?—shall those who are severed now

Remember the pledge of a lower sphere, and renew the broken vow?  
It almost drives me wild when I think of the gifts we throw away  
Unthinking whether or no we lose Life's money and win for aye!  
But then, again, 'tis a mighty joy—greater than I can tell—  
To trust that the parted may some time meet—that all may again be well.

However it be, I hold that all the evil we know on earth  
Finds in this violence done to Love its true and legitimate birth,  
And the agonies we suffer, when the heart is left alone,  
For every sin of humanity should fully and well atone.  
I see that you marvel greatly, Tom, to hear such words from me,  
But if you knew my inmost heart, 'twould be no mystery.  
Experience is bitter, but its teachings we retain,  
It has taught me this: Who once has loved, loves never on earth again!

And I, too, have my closet, with a ghastly form inside—  
The skeleton of a perished love, killed by a cruel pride.  
I sit by the fire at evening, as you will sometime sit,  
And watch, in the roselate half-light, the ghosts of happiness flit;  
I, too, awaken at midnight, and stretch my arms to enfold  
A vague and shadowy image, with tresses of brown and gold.  
Experience is bitter indeed—I have learned at a heavy cost  
The secret of Love's persistency—I, too, have loved and lost!

—George Arnold.

## LITERARY NOTES.

The volume of travels, "European Breezes," which is reviewed on another page, is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.50.

The *Californian* for May is out, and contains, among other articles, an illustrated description of "California Missions," by F. T. Victor; "A Poet's Secret," a poem by Carlotta Perry; a very abstruse and able review of "Frances Petrarch," by Mr. T. H. Rearden; a short sketch of "H. W. Longfellow," by E. R. Sill, accompanied by a frontispiece portrait of the late poet; and the continuation of Leonard Kip's "At Cobweb & Crusty's."

"The Rose: a Treatise on the Cultivation, Characteristics, and Varieties of Roses" is rather a new departure in the American botanical line. In Europe it is not uncommon to publish works which treat of separate families of plants; but in this country the various plants are generalized under a single head, and the amateur must consult a good floral nurseryman's catalogue for any specified enumeration or description. The present book contains tabulated lists of both rare and common roses, and appears to be an exhaustive treatment of the subject. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by Billings, Harbottle & Co.

Dr. Andrew P. Peabody is one of the foremost personages in the literary circles of Boston. For many years a professor, and during a long interval president of Harvard College, he has been identified with its growth and with the eminence which it has attained in belles-lettres. Several years ago he published a handy volume of "Conversation," and now the public demand has rendered necessary a second edition. It comprises an address which the doctor delivered to a young ladies' school, beside extracts from Dean Trench's lecture on this subject, to which are added several extracts from English works on common mistakes in speaking and writing. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, fifty cents.

It may be that the associations which cling to the name have made the monograph on "Charles Lamb" the most attractive of all the "English Men of Letters" series; but, however that is, it is certain that the author, Mr. Alfred Ainger, who is a reader at the old Temple Church, in London, has inherited a portion of the charm and happiness of Lamb's style. The volumes on Charles Lamb which have heretofore been written were either bulky and crammed with unattractive matter, or else were fragmentary comments on the more important eras of the author's life. Mr. Ainger has collected many new and interesting facts, and has not hesitated to speak the truth in regard to whatever weakness—such as that of intemperance—Lamb possessed. Several of the anecdotes related are very amusing, and in many ways cast a new light on Lamb's character. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, seventy-five cents.

Announcements: Colonel T. W. Knox is about to publish a little book of practical suggestions to tourists, under the title of "How to Travel."—Among the forthcoming publications of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons is an American novel by an unknown author, of which rumor speaks enthusiastically. The Messrs. Scribner will soon publish a volume of the "St. Giles Lectures," twelve in number, under the title, "The Faiths of the World," and a new book by Professor Austin Phelps.—The late Mr. Jacob Abbott wrote one hundred and eighty volumes in the course of his life, beside doing a vast amount of editorial work, and contributing numerous articles to *Harper's Magazine*. One of his sons has prepared an interesting memorial of him, which will accompany a new edition of his famous "Young Christian," to be published shortly by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.—Archibald Forbes has prepared for the May number of *The Century* a lively account of his lecturing experiences in the two hemispheres. The article overflows with anecdotes, not the least interesting of which describe the cold ways of his New England audiences.—Mr. Lowell's poem in the next number of *The Century* will have ornamental head and tail-pieces—a decoration which the magazine will hereafter give to all its poems. The portrait of Mr. Lowell, which is to serve as a frontispiece, will be accompanied by a strong critical article by Mr. Stedman.

We rarely find in America a female writer who combines the two types of character which Mrs. John Lillie possesses, and which her articles on London music and society, which appeared a year or so ago in *Harper*, evince. The music wave, or rather the *renaissance* of harmony, which swept over England with the advent of Queen Victoria and Felix Mendelssohn, imbued all classes, but more especially the upper, with a tinge of the German nature. It ultimately produced a combination of the English and German spirits, of which several of Miss Shepard's characters are a good and but slightly exaggerated type. Into this circle, which in London is identified with many of the friends of Madame Moscheles, Georg Henschel, Costa, Benedict, and other musicians, Mrs. Lillie came. Her American, or rather Yankee, common sense prevented her in a measure from being carried off in a maelstrom of enthusiasm; and, while she has unconsciously acquired much of the "gush," is, nevertheless, enabled to treat this school and its influences with some degree of critical composure. Her story of the New England girl, "Prudence," which has been appearing in *Harper*, is now published in aesthetic book form, with a cover which is embossed in *lilies*—possibly a play on the author's name—and figured with primroses. The aesthetic school which Mrs. Lillie endeavors to portray is merely another garb for the same society which for years has been music mad; and although the author has not handled the subject with the ability which she displayed on former occasions, it will in some degree gratify the curiosity of American barbarians. As for "Prudence," she may be a good specimen of a New York girl, and she even possesses the traits of a Californian; but she certainly never saw New England. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft.

Two or three years ago a Mr. Arthur J. Munby, of London, published a poem, "Doris: a Pastoral," which attracted much commendation throughout England and this country. It was unsigned, and the *Argonaut* reprinted it as by an unknown writer. Last autumn the same gentleman issued an idyllic novel in verse, "Dorothy: a Country Story." It was written in elegiac verse, and excited great curiosity in the members of London literary society as to who the author could be. Robert Browning was so much delighted with the poem that he wrote to the publisher to find out the poet's name. Finally Mr. Munby's identity was discovered, and he found himself high on the ladder of fame. The story is simple and delightfully plain. Dorothy, the heroine, is a farm-lad's, the daughter of a pretty country girl of whose thoughtless passion a dashing and handsome scion of a noble house took the usual advantage. Dorothy grows up with the vigorous health of her hapless mother, but also with the beauty of her scapegrace father. She works on the farm, and is the equal in strength of any man. Her father finally comes to riches, fame, and honor. But none save the old mistress of the farm knows the secret of Dorothy's birth; nor can the girl herself understand the paternal interest which the colonel always takes in her. Dorothy's hands are red and coarse—in fact the poet compares them to a "macadamized road." So, when a young London gentleman, visiting at the castle near by, makes—what we are unavoidably led to infer—improper advances to Dorothy, the wise girl gives him her hand to hold for a minute. He is immediately cured of his passion. She finally marries Robert George, the game-keeper at the castle, and the man of her choice. Her father, who is visiting his brother at the castle, makes her a splendid wedding-present, and everything ends in rural bliss. There is nothing melancholy about the book. All is joyous and breezy with the breath of country life. The figures and similes are vigorous and simple, but display wit and genius. In places the descriptions are exquisitely dainty, and fascinate the reader with their beauty and originality. The lines are flowing, and although continued pentameters and hexameters are apt to become monotonous after a score of pages, the caesuras have been cleverly manipulated to break the wearisome evenness. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston; for sale at Bancroft's.



## MAY AND DECEMBER.

Being a Story which Differs from the Commonplace Version.

Bouret, the great financier, when before a notary completing the purchase of a small country seat from a squire, listened to all the long string of titles of the seller, and when it came his turn to announce his own, said, with his parvenu arrogance: "Lord of fifteen hundred thousand ducats."

In the world where Georgette Stern lived she would have had no other title to declare but this: "Princess of two blue eyes." These were her dowry and her coat of arms. These eyes were blue as the azure field where the lilies of France bloom, and sparkling as sapphires. Their depths revealed so many things that one could gaze at them forever. Sometimes, under their long brown lashes swift gleams flashed like lightning in a summer sky; at others they horrified from the lakes their humid depths; now they seemed like two flowers in bloom, velvety and moist with dew, and again their brilliancy defied the stars.

It would exhaust all the comparisons, known and unknown, in order to paint these eyes of twenty years, which God had filled with all the fire of youth, with all the light of innocence. It would have been difficult to tell if Georgette was handsome. When she talked she was adorable, and when she was silent one did not know what to think. Her character reflected the desultoriness of her beauty. She was an angel of Bohemia, half princess and half *gamine*. Daughter of an artist, who was prodigal like all artists, she had slept in the valenciennes of her cradle more fêted and more adored than a little queen. From the age of sixteen, when she came out of the convent, there had never been a carriage dashing enough, nor a toilet costly enough for her. Her father died suddenly, and there remained for the mother and daughter only a little house in Paris, full of pictures, old china, precious armor, and filagree bird-cages, where some hundreds of tropical birds sported among palms and orchids.

When the notary arrived to proceed with the inventory, he entered a salon hung with embroideries of multicolored jet upon panels of red-brown satin. From the ceiling hung a lustre of Louis XIV. crystal, alone worth fifty thousand francs. Among statuettes in polychrome marble, and idols loaded with jewels, *appliqués* in old Venetian lent their lively colors to the panels. There were Henri II. *fauteuils* in gold brocade, an immense chest with ivory panels and silver statuettes, where Georgette was often concealed when she was little, a vitrine full of Sèvres—her own collection—a little Marie Antoinette harpsichord, where shepherds danced in a blue field—in short, all the luxury of a happy artist who lavished money for his fancies more royally than a grand seigneur.

The notary found Georgette curled up in an arm chair, over which a hear-skin was thrown. The dark rich gold of her plaited hair was streaming over a black crape dress. The blue eyes had wept much, and were tired reading an ugly little book, very badly bound. At a glance the notary recognized the Civil Code. He felt severe toward this heiress, striving to better know her rights.

"Mademoiselle," said the notary, "your father's house is a treasure, and ought to be sold; the collections should be, also. Half the price of them will belong to your mother, the balance will constitute your dowry."

"Monsieur," replied Georgette, "nothing at all shall be sold; not even a pin here shall he touched. Mamma will live where her husband has lived. I need no dowry. It is enough to weep for my father without imposing a new sorrow upon my mother. I have found in this book a means of arranging everything. I renounce my heritage—"

"But, mademoiselle—"

"Monsieur, you doubtless have children; you know what a good father is. Mine was admirable. Let me still be his daughter, in doing what he would have done in my place."

"Mademoiselle, that is impossible."

"We will not discuss it. Give me no reasons, I pray you; be they good or bad, I will not listen to them. I know that there are means of arranging everything in this world; I know also that I have always had my way. On this occasion I will yield nothing."

The notary felt underneath his envelope of ministerial office something which swelled; it was his heart, which was moved by this courage and simplicity.

"It is well, mademoiselle; we will try to do as you order. Only there will not remain to you a morsel of bread."

"Mamma remains," she replied. "I owe her everything. I will continue to do so."

Some time after the notary dined with an old lawyer—one of his friends. They talked of the death of Rodolphe Stern, the great artist. He was accused of having squandered millions, and it was asked what would become of his widow—a Ponthriant, granddaughter of a duke, married to him without fortune, and for love.

"Madame Stern retains the house, the collections, and sells only some of her husband's pictures," said the notary. "It is estimated that the sale brought three hundred thousand francs. That is enough to live on quietly. Only Mademoiselle Georgette has nothing in the world." The notary then related his interview with the young girl.

"That is very fine," said the ladies; "but how will she get married?"

Nobody replied; it was only remarked that M. Le Camus wiped his eye-glasses. M. Le Camus, Marquis d'Alfée, son of a hanker, who was ennobled under the Restoration, was at least fifty-eight years old; he seemed no more than forty-seven. The possessor of many millions, with a financier's physique, and a diction without brilliancy, he had, however, a more refined spirit than a dowager, and a heart as tender as a child's.

Baron Le Camus, his father, afterward Marquis d'Alfée by the acquisition of an estate erected into a marquise, had left in the hanking world the remembrance of an incomparable integrity. His only heir, perhaps through filial pride, used his commoner's name. M. Le Camus continued the paternal traditions, making a chivalrous use of his millions. A little crabbed, often silent, at times skeptical and quasi-Voltairian, he kept his hand, ear, and purse open to

the holy sorrows of humanity; to the young glory which shivers in a garret; to despairing old age, and to abandoned infamy. This charitable man remained armed against women, through old prejudices. Perhaps he had read too much the tales of La Fontaine, the satires of Boileau and Georges Dandin. He had never married, dreading the fate of Molière's heroes.

The thought of throwing his millions into the nohle little empty hands whose history had been told to him, triumphed over his fears and his repugnance. He recalled a certain spring day, when he had encountered Georgette Stern at the salon, radiant with youth and beauty. Georgette was a spirit of the advance-guard. She launched a fashion as Condé flung his marshal's haton into the moh. Under her hat of to-morrow's fashion he had seen the eyes of this charming girl shining. Their remembrance did not frighten him. He knew by experience that simplicity and lack of heauty are not sure guarantees of fidelity; that *esprit* has saved more honors than it has lost, and that it is not upon more or less beauty that a woman's virtue depends. If Georgette had been alone in the world, the millions of the Marquis d'Alfée would not have triumphed over his eye-glances. She would have dismissed them together. But the sale of the pictures had availed little; the succession was more in debt than had been imagined. Madame Stern would have to dispose of her diamonds, diminish her collections, and send away her own maid, who had served her devotedly for twenty-five years. Georgette felt the moment approaching when nothing would remain but the tropical birds and the stuffed tigers—objects difficult to dispose of. She became the Marquise d'Alfée.

Georgette's heart was good; this man who gave her his name, his support, his wealth, his honor, was not a Bartholo to be ridiculed, but a friend to be respected. She loved him for all the good that he wished her. With the courage of her eighteen years, she threw herself into her duty, body and soul. She had, moreover, more merit because she knew what she did. In renouncing love, she knew the whole extent of the sacrifice. She had enough soul to have divined its delights and imagined its storms, but she said to herself that, like a soldier, she would die faithful at her post.

The new marquise went out little, wore no diamonds, and admitted to intimacy only her husband's old friends. Her house, furnished according to her own taste, was full of pictures by masters. You would have believed yourself in the house of a chief justice of the time of Louis XIV. Her carriages, of an English correctness, defied all criticism. She never called herself by her title, and put on her cards: "Madame Le Camus." Finally, she did not send away one of her husband's domestics, and took for her maid the old housekeeper of the marquis. At a ball, Georgette would not dance. She refused so simply that her husband never thought of a regret on her part. Yet she had loved the waltz. She only shone at the opera.

During an entire winter she remarked every Wednesday a young man who never took his eyes off her; on going out she always saw him in the passage, and ended by inquiring his name. He was called Count Henry de la Môle. Very elegant, very modern, very spiritual, the count, until the day when his attention fell upon Georgette, had never been in love save of the world and of what is called *le chic*. He only lived for others, for his horses, his pleasures, and his clothes. A conference with his tailor for two hours every morning seemed to him obligatory.

On the Boulevard Malesherbes lived a pretty brunette countess who could not leave him alone. The brunette countess followed him everywhere, which made people think that Henry adored her.

Neither at the skating on winter days, nor at garden parties where the game of croquet triumphed, nor in the Bois in the *allée des cavaliers*, nor at the races, nor even at the halls of the two Fauhorgs—nowhere did Henry de la Môle find the occasion of being presented to the Marquise d'Alfée. But as there is a god for lovers, the marquise, with the approbation of her husband, took it into her head to build a house for the work of a charitable society—"Les Abeilles." If ever a charity was well placed, that one was. The work of the Abeilles has a special mission, to give occupation to women of the world fallen into distress, through ruin, the loss of their natural supporters, or any other cause, on the condition that they be honorable. Those who are young and adroit make a thousand works of art or needlework, which the patronesses charge themselves with selling; those who are old and sick receive succor. The Marquise d'Alfée gave herself the joy of constructing, on a plan of her own choosing, an asylum for "her dear old ladies." The Duchess de Vieilleiroche, president, wished, in recognition, to yield to her her chair; she refused, accepted the more laborious position of secretary of the work, and became, without having desired it, the idol of all the dowagers.

Henry de la Môle heard the generosity of the young lady talked of; he declared himself much affected, proposed to organize a fête for the Abeilles, offered to be manager, and enrolled in his suite the best of his friends. Soon all Paris read in the papers that a score of gentlemen and ladies in high life were to give a concert for the poor, each paying the admission fee.

A month after, the door of the Conservatoire was hesieged. The president had obtained the concert hall from an amiable minister. The boxes cost five hundred francs, the stalls cost one hundred. The hall was full. Crested landaus, stylish coupés, great-windowed clarences stood in line before the door. From time to time, across a crowd of lackeys in full livery, was seen to appear a lady in full dress, wearing on her shoulder, on a pale-blue ribbon, a little bee in diamonds. That was the hodge of the patroness. The managers wore the same blue ribbon with the bee embroidered in gold. M. Le Camus had given to his wife a dress of *point d'alençon*—a souvenir purchased by his father from a revolutionist. These flounces had belonged to Marie Antoinette. They would entirely cover a dress with paniers. Wrapped in these royal laces like an infant in its baptismal robes, Georgette advanced with her unconscious grace.

How pretty she was, this Bohemian angel, in her magnificence! Her blonde hair, her violet eyes, her slender waist, all her life's springtime bloomed in this royal robe. Her husband's heart pulsed with pride. A young man advanced, the sky-blue rosette in his button-hole.

"Will Madame la Marquise permit me?"

The mere contact of this rosy arm with his black coat made Henry de la Môle tremble. And just then a little groom, seeing this twenty-year-old marquise leaning upon this elegant young man, cried, in his shrill voice: "Ah, the elegant couple!" Georgette blushed to the roots of her hair.

Georgette did not figure in the concert. M. de la Môle conducted her to the state box usually reserved for royalty. She found her place reserved there by the side of the president, and upon her chair a great bouquet of white lilacs.

M. de la Môle played "Les Caprices de Marianne" with a brunette countess, and insisted much on this phrase: "It is not I, Marianne, but Célio, who loved you." During this time he watched a blonde marquise, who felt uneasy without knowing why.

\* \* \* \* \*

Georgette had been married three years. During three years she had curbed her spirit to the commonplace life of her husband. She adored liberty like a bird, and the unexpected like a poet; yet every day at the same hour she dutifully resumed her occupations of yesterday, and her heart was captive and in spirit was prisoner. She had not the right to wander at will. When she opened a romance, she closed it quickly for fear of weeping. At times, feeling the weight of the golden chains which she had fastened to her wrists, she dreamed: "A cottage and liberty, how good it would be!" In her charitable excursions across the laboring districts of Paris, she viewed with an envious eye, in the little windows in the garrets where the sun sparkled its diamonds, the cage of canaries, the pot of gilliflowers; and if a little girl passed her singing, she said: "That child is richer than I."

She made herself wish to go into society, where M. Le Camus followed her with good nature. Georgette's triumphs rendered him happy. For three years his heaven had been so clear that the poor man believed no longer in storms. He renounced his old theories; women were all virtuous; marriage was a paradise; Molière was only an old fool, Boileau a blackguard; neither in their time, nor, above all, at present, could deceived husbands exist. They were hughars invented by wicked authors to frighten old bachelors.

After Georgette began to go out she often encountered M. de la Môle. She did not seek him, nor dreamed of avoiding him. Sure of herself, how should she divine the danger? M. de la Môle, like an adroit man, did not frighten her; he kept silence, only enveloping her with discreet attentions, amusing her with amiable propositions, with well-chosen stories.

The summer arrived. M. Le Camus, after a tedious sojourn at the waters of Luxeuil, which had been ordered for him, took his wife to Deauville. The spirituel La Môle then played the game which always succeeds: it was to the husband that he paid his court. The excellent man showed himself very accessible. The pretty countess of the Boulevard Malesherbes shone at Deauville in all the glory of her Gainesborough hats, and her petticoats à la *Folie Fermière*. Henry de la Môle appeared to be at her orders; the Marquis d'Alfée joked him about it; the young man defended himself feebly. One fine morning his diplomacy had gained a point: he received an invitation to dine at the chalet d'Alfée.

\* \* \* \* \*

Henry de la Môle laid his plans like a good strategist. He possessed an amiable sister, prosaically married to a wine merchant of Champagne. This marriage of reason had permitted Mademoiselle de la Môle, become Madame Cléry, to resume the station of her ancestors, and to install herself with the splendor of a royal duchess in an old château near Reims. She invited by series; sixty guests in the great dining-hall did not frighten her. Her brother, grand master of ceremonies, regulated the occupation of the days; coursing, torchlight hunts, regency breakfasts on the grass, excursions, charades, plays, balls, and *tableaux vivants*—the programme was complete. One would have thought himself under Louis XV. in the château of Madame de Boufflers.

From her arrival Georgette was queen of the season. She made bold to play in charades, where her spirit, full of surprises, was displayed in its element. She recommended designing for herself costumes which she invented, which she ordered Augustine to send her by express, and which were triumphs of genius. They swore only by the marquise; it seemed as though there was but one marquise in the world, and Madame de Pompadour herself, if she had returned to this poor earth, would have seen her place as grand mistress of fashions, as exquisite actress, as sovereign by right of conquest, monopolized by a simple Bohemian angel.

According as Georgette's triumphs increased, and her nervous nature blossomed in this whirl, the good Marquis d'Alfée became gloomy. Some halls where she had shone had rendered him happy because the next day he regained the peace of his house and the joys of intimacy; but at Madame Cléry's château it was very different. Georgette had hardly time to talk. In the evening, tired out, she put her pretty face to his, saying, with a little yawn: "Good-night, my dear, good friend; ah! but I am sleepy!" Then the next day, new cavalades, new costumers, bringing hoxes full of shimmering silks and laces, new charades, new homages—and nothing more, nothing more for him. Only, as she always loved him well at the bottom, this little Georgette, from time to time she would say to her husband: "You are amusing yourself, are you not, my dear? When you are weary of it we will go away."

He dared not say, "I am weary," for fear of crossing her. He was very weary, poor man; besides, he commenced to fear. He had very often surprised La Môle's eyes fixed upon Georgette. La Môle was always close to her, respectful, attentive, like the serpent in Eden watching for the moment when he could address Eve.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French by T. F. Robertson.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

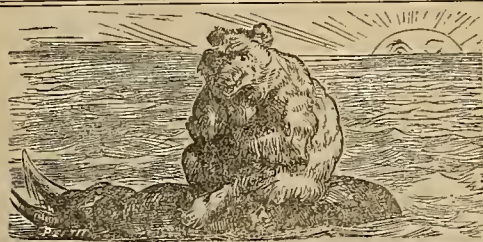
A Detroit lecturer, says the *Free Press*, who had just one listener, was flattered to discover that he came in to get out of the wet. Umbrella would have cost a dollar; lecture, twenty-five cents: seventy-five cents saved.



## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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## THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

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We, too, are friends to loyalty; we love  
The king who loves the law, respects his bounds,  
And reigns content within them.—*Courier*.

There is no part of the United States that has been more faithful in its allegiance to the Government and the union of States than California. There is no portion of the United States whose loyalty is more shaken and whose allegiance is more unreliable than is ours to-day. From the times that preceded the admission of the State there has, until within the last two weeks, been no period at which there could have been exhibited in San Francisco a spirit of disloyalty. Perhaps "disloyalty" scarcely expresses the feeling which is even now entertained toward the Government. In this feeling there is indignation; the mortification of having been betrayed by party friends—for we are speaking for Republicans—the sorrow that attends the shadow of a great calamity, and the fear that haunts the presence of a threatening danger that we can not avert. It is a feeling deeper than mere party resentment. Upon any ordinary question we could have accepted the triumph of the Democracy and the defeat of the Republican organization with the equanimity that characterizes zealous partisans in meeting party reverses. Next day our shattered ranks would re-form, and the line of battle be closed up for a new contest. But this Chinese veto came to us as a surprise. It came to us from our own party President, and in his treasonable and cowardly blow he was and is sustained by our most able leaders in the Senate of the United States—those who have heretofore been most trusted and most honored. Had the Chinese question been a new one, we would have been better prepared for a first reverse. We had fought out this contest in two national conventions; we had elected two Presidents upon a well-defined issue. This question is, to a certain extent, a local one. California had been the battle-ground of the conflict. We had watched every movement from the beginning. We led the forlorn hope in the battle of opinions. When President Hayes unexpectedly vetoed the first bill, we were indignant and angry. Recovered from our disappointment, we were generous enough to admit that, in his narrow-minded ignorance, he might have yielded to honest convictions. The sting of our resentment was drawn when, having hased his disapproval of the bill upon the reason that it violated the Burlingame treaty, he sent a special mission to China to negotiate a new basis for Chinese legislation. *This treaty was negotiated with the distinct understanding that we might restrict the immigration of Chinese laborers to our coast.* This was made an issue in the Republican National Convention which nominated Arthur. He was present as a delegate in that convention. He was advised of the contest over the Chinese resolution. He personally knew and took part in incorporating the resolution into the Republican platform. He aided in passing the resolution which declared that "unrestricted Chinese immigration is a great evil." This political action

was personal to himself. He took part in passing it. He discussed and considered it. He voted for its adoption. He took a candidacy on the platform, and was elected on the issue. In his veto of the bill, at the instigation of the Chinese Embassador, in a weak and feeble argument, he undertook to demonstrate that Chinese immigration was not an evil, but a benefit which ought not be restricted but encouraged. He did that which was in derogation of his personal honor. He forfeited that which honorable men hold dear, namely, his word. Chester A. Arthur, President, has acted a false and treacherous part, and in this he is sustained by Logan, Cameron, Edmunds, Frye, Windom, Sherman, Harrison, Plumb, Hoar, and other senatorial leaders. They helped make the platform. Hoar was president of the convention. Edmunds, Sherman, and Windom endeavored to secure the presidential nomination. Frye was a leader for Blaine. Logan was a leader for Grant. They are intelligent men. They deliberately pledged their personal honors to a legislative restriction of Chinese immigration, and deliberately they have repudiated their political pledges.

The Republicans of California feel as brave and loyal soldiers might feel after a hard-fought and bloody battle and victory won, who find that the general commanding and his officers have sent them out of the lines, in chains, as captives of war to the enemy. In this instance it is a barbarous enemy, an actual invading hostile force, which is governed by no rules of war, and from whom we may expect no mercy. This was to the East, and to the Republican party in the East, a political contest. It is to them a conflict over an idea. To us it is a hand-to-hand contest with a hostile invasion, which means to us poverty and destruction of all that in material life we hold dear, and all that we hold sacred. To us it is the invasion of a horde of people, which, if unrestricted, will destroy San Francisco, make the property for which we have toiled valueless, the homes we have builded unendurable, and the land we have possessed undesirable. This is not used as metaphor. It is the practical condition in which we in San Francisco and California to-day find ourselves. We have in this State some eight hundred thousand inhabitants. Of this number about one hundred and sixty thousand are adult white male citizens, and of these less than one-half are laborers; and we have one hundred and fifty thousand adult male Chinese. Man for man they equal us. San Francisco is a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants—men, women, and children of all nationalities. In the centre of this city is a lesser city embracing about six blocks, densely crowded in street and alley, on roof and under ground, with some sixty thousand adult Chinese males. In their midst are about two thousand prostitutes. To this spot, necessarily filthy from its crowded condition, they have imported, and practice and commit, all the vices and crimes which are peculiar to Oriental conditions. Here they sleep and live. In the day time they go out to their vocations in the city. In the summer time they go out to rural labors. When labor is scarce, in the winter time, Chinatown will have eighty thousand inhabitants. Ten cents a day will support a Chinese worker. On ten cents a day no white man or woman can live. If this invasion continues, the white laborer must, with his family, leave the country or die of starvation. The Chinese laborer does not confine himself to menial occupations. There is no branch of manufacturing or mechanical labor in which he is not the equal of the white man. He is his equal as a trader in any kind of merchandise. He is as good a farmer, miner, fisherman, woodsman, gardener, or domestic servant, as is found in any class of white persons. He imports and exports, and acts as his own custom-house broker. He is his own hanker and insurer, and acts as the middle-man and interpreter between his own countrymen and other nationalities. He is controlled by his own trade customs, and governed by Chinese laws, administered through secret tribunals, of which we have no knowledge, and over which we have no control. Thus we have here in San Francisco met in direct conflict this alien race. The Caucasian and the Mongolian are now in a struggle for the supremacy of this city. The city is the stronghold and strategic point for the coast. If we lose San Francisco we lose California. Forty thousand Chinese go out to their daily toil in San Francisco in rivalry with forty thousand white men. The contest is unequal, and can not long be maintained. The Chinaman goes home at evening to his bunk, to his rice, tea, dried fish, and vegetables, to opium and sleep. His surplus earnings he sends to his family in China. The white man goes from his daily toil to a home, to wife, and to children—children, wife, and home all demanding expenditures in accordance with a different kind of civilization than that which prevails in China. In this conflict the white race is going to the wall. Within twenty years Chinatown has extended from Sacramento and Dupont Streets over a much wider area—from Market to Pacific, from Powell to Sansome these people have gained a footing. They are now crossing Market Street. They are thronging upon our wharves at the rate of one thousand per week. Four thousand and eighty Chinamen arrived here in March.

In the port of Hongkong seventeen ships, carrying passengers, are now advertised for Pacific ports. Temporary employment attracts them to British Columbia, Arizona, and Mexico as railroad builders. When these works are completed, then will come down upon our city an avalanche of Chinamen for whom we must provide. Our farmers give them employment, and luckily the last three years' good rains have assured good crops, and farm labor has been abundant. Our crucial period will come when hard times and a bad season precipitates these people upon our working men out of employment. The wealthy man who does not anticipate future conflicts, and who thinks that our white labor class will patiently submit when lack of employment is followed by lack of bread, is a blind and pig-headed idiot. The statesman who ignores this question lacks both intelligence and patriotism. This conflict may not come to-day nor this winter. It will not come at all if Congress gives us any law which will practically prevent and arrest this Chinese invasion. If Congress does not come to our relief, a conflict with the law will be unavoidable. It will be disastrous and bloody when it comes. It will come to San Francisco, and the people will be practically united. It will not come from the Sand-lot, but from the tax-roll; not from the loud and noisy-mouthed ward loafer, tramp, and political adventurer, but from the Merchants' Exchange, the Mechanics' Institute, and the Board of Trade. It will not be with pick-handles against the Irish, nor the Irish against the Chinese. It will come in the quiet resolve of determined citizens against the authority of the United States, after the Congress of the United States has finally determined that its laws shall protect Chinese immigration, and shall not protect the homes, the welfare, the liberty, and the lives of American citizens against a Chinese invasion. This resolve will not be hasty nor precipitate. It will not be made, and action will not be taken, until it is apparent that revolution against the law is the only possible solution of a problem otherwise not to be worked out. The people of the country will be late to join us, because they will be late to feel the burden of the evil. But they will be in full sympathy with us, as once before in Vigilante times. Our sister States and Territories of the Pacific Coast will not lead in this hazardous enterprise of rebellion, but they will follow. The working men of the North do not now realize the danger impending over them; but as the cloud grows darker they will see their danger, and become our allies. The black men of the South may be deceived for a time by the lying suggestion that this is race prejudice; but we rely upon the instinct of self-protection to guide them.

San Francisco has an honorable tradition of laws violated, and government authority set at defiance. It has precious memories of armed men, and forts with artillery. It has memories of an organized Vigilance Committee to do that which the law and the law officers failed to do. If, in the face of Hounds, Australian convicts, political rings, and party thieves, it could, in the very days of its infancy, take up arms against the law, the courts, and the Government; if it could defy the authority of municipal and State organization, may it not now, in its vigorous manhood, fighting in defense of its life, dare defy the authority of the United States? And when that time comes; when, impelled by self-interest and self-protection, Governor Stanford and his railroad associates, William Bahcock and the members of the Chamber of Commerce, Jacob S. Taber, and his associates in the Board of Trade; when merchants, manufacturers, artisans, and laborers shall determine that no more ships shall land Chinese in our port, what will the Government do about it? When an armed and organized band of determined citizens shall say to the commander of an English, an American, or a Chinese steamship: "You must not land your passengers. We will provision your ship, and you must return to China; and if you bring back another load, we will hang you to the yard-arm of your own ship, and burn it, and scuttle the wreck"—what will anybody do about it? England will demand satisfaction of the United States, and get it. China, through its red-buttoned mandarins, will see President Arthur, and he will send a Chinese memorandum to Congress. But what will Congress do about it? There will be no riot; for when people are united to resist the law, it is not riot but revolution. Our city government will not ask the State to interfere, because revolutionists, elected by a popular vote, and in full sympathy with the movement, will compose its hoard of supervisors, and a rebel will fill the mayor's chair. The State will not call upon the Government for military aid, because the governor and the legislators will be in sympathy with armed resistance to the Chinese invasion. All will be serene and quiet in town and country. We shall need no troops to quiet disorder and put down insurrection, for all will be orderly. Will the Government declare war against California in order to compel her to submit to a Chinese invasion? Will it have a Congress willing to do this? Will the army and navy be subordinated when directed to bombard our city and murder our people? This is presuming that we are absolutely non-resistant. But let us presume that we are not indisposed to sell our liberties at the higher cost of a desperate and deter-



mined resistance; that we are not unwilling, in defense of our lives, our liberties, and our homes, to enter upon a not bloodless effort to maintain our rights. First, we might cut the telegraph wires; we might blow up the railroads with dynamite; we might guard our mountain passes; we might take from the sub-treasury its forty-two million dollars of treasure; we might destroy the public buildings, custom-house, mint, and appraisers' store; we might defy the collector of our port and his officers in their attempt to collect revenues; we might set at naught the internal revenue collector; and, if united, might as successfully resist the processes of courts, and write in the hands of the United States marshal, as have the Mussel Slough rebels under the leadership of McQuiddy; we might pitch the guns of our coast defenses and of our islands over the cliffs into the bay and ocean; we might burn the navy-yard, and when, after some months' delay, a fleet should come around the Horn to bombard us, we would say, "Blow away"; when the army came across land to fight us, we would say, "Blaze away." And then after the Government had whipped us, what would it do with its victory? Would it bring Chinese-laden ships through its armed fleet to our wharves, and send passengers to Chinatown under the armed escort of Federal troops? What would the world say? What would civilization, Christianity, and humanity say to this? A war is not the worst of evils. The army would spend money in the country, times would be flush and money plenty, and when it was over who would foot the bills? Not San Francisco. There is no precedent indemnifying the Government for its loss in civil insurrection. We would get a new custom-house, mint, appraisers' stores, post-office, navy-yard, and barracks. We would not fear any penalties of reconstruction, because we would not attempt to secede. We would fight under the old flag, so that, when the rebellion was ended, we would find ourselves in a better financial condition than before the war. The Government could compel us to admit Chinese immigrants to our shores so long as it kept its armed vessels in our port; but so soon as the troops withdrew we would burn the next ship that came in, and hang its English, Chinese, or Yankee skipper to the yard-arm. In the meantime, throughout our nation, and all over our republic, government is moving, and public opinion is crystallizing under the influence of the press. The orator is at work. The schoolmaster is abroad. And when the Chinese question is understood, the patriotism and the intelligence of those San Franciscans who shall have dared to go to the last extremity in resistance of Chinese invasion, and in resistance of the laws of Congress protecting it, will be vindicated.

Thank God there is another and a better remedy than this, although rebellion and the extremity of war are better than an unrestricted Chinese invasion. The Chinese will not be permitted to overflow this country through the port of San Francisco, and the man who can not see it is an imbecile. This invasion must and will be resisted. We can not outnumber or outvote the Eastern States. We can not prevent the treachery of party leaders nor the lies of party candidates. We can not silence the slanders of New England. We can not successfully rebel against the Government, or defeat it in arms. But we can prevent Chinese immigration to this coast, and there is not moral or physical force enough on this continent to compel us, in the end, to accept this Chinese invasion. Our remedy is the law. It is from Congress that this law must come. From Congress it will come. Perhaps not this session, because the President is against us. The corporation lobby is against us. Vanderbilt, Gould, Mills, Villard, and Huntington are against us. The Republican leaders are against us. The sniveling pietists of New England, the wealth of the nation, commercial greed, and corporate power are in favor of unrestricted Chinese immigration. But the working men of the United States; the great class that must labor to live; the men, women, and children of California and the whole Pacific Coast, God, common sense, and the Democracy are on our side. The logic of all this is, there is no resisting the will of a million of people who are united in opinion, and whose locality of resistance and form of government are guaranties of the exercise of their own opinions. The Pacific Coast is substantially a unit upon the Chinese question, and we are determined that there shall not be an unrestricted immigration to it.

Do the people of the Eastern States think that we of California will submit to this invasion without resistance? If they do, they are under a delusion. Would they have us submit? If there is danger of the incursion of a sufficient number of Chinese to imperil our government and our civilization, in estimating this danger let it be remembered that China has four hundred millions of people and the United States fifty millions; that millions of Chinese are in a state of semi-starvation, and working for from two to six cents per day; that they can be brought from Canton to San Francisco for fifteen dollars; and that there are six wealthy and well-organized guilds now engaged in the importation of Chinese labor. Let it be remembered that these people are now coming one thousand each week, and that

every one who comes occupies a place which it would require five people to fill, for an adult Chinaman supports himself and sends his earnings from the country, but an adult white laborer has an average of four dependent upon him. Sixty thousand Chinese now living in San Francisco, huddled together like rats, if displaced, would give room to three hundred thousand citizens. San Francisco would be a city of six hundred thousand inhabitants. Such a city would have its complement of churches, schools, homes, shops, and its women and children. Let the Eastern business man apply the same condition to any Eastern city—to Boston, which is in population about equal to San Francisco. Let sixty thousand Chinese laborers, skilled and unskilled, settle in Boston under the same conditions as now exist in San Francisco, and Boston would be in a haze of rebellion. Massachusetts would be in arms, and the only reason why San Francisco and California are not in armed rebellion is because we are a more loyal, more intelligent, and more law-abiding people than the inhabitants of New England. This determination of ours to resist the Chinese invasion is not selfish—it is patriotic. It is not treason—it is impelled by the loftiest sentiment of loyalty to the whole American people. We have been planted here upon the Pacific Coast, in the very path and at the very portals through which the barbarian horde makes its way. We ask the nation to clothe us with the lawful right to resist the danger. We demand of Congress legal authority to arrest it. We are a sovereign State, and would act under sanction of law. We have waited and prayed for relief. We still wait. We are still obedient to law. We are still maintaining order. We still look to Congress. We will accept sixteen years. We will take ten years. We will not rebel if we get one year. But we demand something. We demand a recognition of the principle. We claim a performance of the compact that we have entered into with the Republican majority of the nation. If we fail, we will join the Democracy, and endeavor to make it the majority party. If this fails, and everything fails, and there is no other way of protecting our State and city from these Chinese invaders, we will burn the ships that bring them, and hang the men who navigate the ships. We do not say the Chinese must go. We recognize the obligations of law. We recognize the binding force of treaties. We would protect those Chinese now resident among us by sanction of law. We would employ them. But we limit our obligations and our duties within the law to those now among us. Those who persist in their endeavor to land upon our shores after notice must look out for themselves. If the Chinese Six Companies encourage them to come, then they take issue against us. If Chinatown receives them, then let Chinatown look to itself. If Chinese ships bring them, let them be insured. This is not the sentiment of the Sand-lot. It is not inspired by any desire to be sensational. It is simply a deliberate forecast of events which is thrown out for the benefit of a people among whom the writer has lived all his life; whose entire worldly wealth is in city buildings; whose only ambition in life is to be honored in the place where he will shortly die.

There is one thing in which we are not in accord with many of our Republican party writers. That Democrats rejoice over the veto because it will contribute to a party triumph, we do not believe. Nor is it of importance if they do. A party must be estimated by its party acts. The national Democracy, in its convention of 1876, passed an anti-Chinese resolution. It passed another in 1880. In all the State conventions on this coast, for a period of twelve years, it has taken a decided position in favor of restricting Chinese immigration. How much of this was demagoguery, and how sincere were all these declarations, it does not become us Republicans to be over-inquisitive. When the test came, the national Democracy kept its promises, and held inviolate its party faith. The Republican national party did not do so. It repudiated its platforms. It violated its compact, and two of its Presidents vetoed two measures which would not have been passed if they had depended upon Republican votes. We are not at all in sympathy with those party journals which affect to believe that Senator Farley is insincere in his desire to secure restrictive legislation. We are indebted to him for the treaty, and we are indebted to him more than to any other one man in the United States for the passage of the last restrictive act. Senator Farley is a strong man with his party. His party friends gave him the leadership on this measure, because it was in one sense local, and he and they passed the bill. He has now introduced a bill for sixteen years. Perhaps he would be glad to know just where Republican treachery and Presidential infidelity will end. Perhaps he challenges another veto. But Senator Farley has not been, and will not be, an obstructionist in this measure. He has acted in harmony with General Miller, and he will continue to do so. He has nothing to gain by any small demagoguery, and he has everything to lose. He desires doubtless to be returned to the United States Senate. He ought to be, and he will be. It is not at all necessary for him to resort to any other than fair, honorable, manly, and straightforward effort in the endeavor to give us some bill restricting Chinese immigration. Whatever bill we get we

shall owe to him and to Democratic senators. There are not enough Republicans in the Senate who favor the principles of the bill to give us anything. There are not more than thirteen Republican senators who do not favor unrestricted Chinese immigration, and defend it upon pretended principles of morality and political economy. The acting President—the Republican, Mr. Arthur—will not approve any bill unless he is driven to it as a party necessity, and under the lash of party leaders who will not dare to let this session terminate without some restrictive law. It is even doubtful then whether it would not demand a two-thirds vote to pass the law over his veto. Let Senator Farley do his duty, and he may rely upon a grateful people in California to see to it that he is kept in public position.

It is our opinion that the bill last introduced by General Miller, with the ten-years clause, will pass. We think enough senators expressed favorable opinions for the lesser term to ensure its passage. If a two-thirds vote can be assured, we have no doubt that the acting-President will give it his approval. We shall endeavor to be content with it, for it will be a recognition of the principle for which we contend; and we are confident that in five years—certainly in ten—there will be no respectable party, no respectable politician, and no disinterested and respectable citizen in any part of the country, who will not be fully convinced that the best interests and the highest welfare of this country demand continued restriction of Chinese immigration. The passage of a five-years' bill, or indeed of any bill at all, will remove the last possible danger of any local disturbance in San Francisco. If trouble comes, let it be remembered that those who now most earnestly advocate restrictive Chinese legislation are the ones least responsible for it.

The suggestion of the *Morning Call*, to form boycotting leagues, seems to us not only inadequate to give us a remedy, but these clubs would be the very source of danger. This Chinese question is not to be solved by any such inadequate remedy. If the Oriental Steamship line, and the line of which Messrs. Williams & Co. are the agents, will stop bringing Chinese; if Mr. D. O. Mills, Mr. Edgar Mills, and Mr. Onderdonk will stop employing them on their railroads, and Mr. Villard on his railroad; and if the Southern Pacific Railroad Company of New Mexico will discharge its Chinese; if the woolen mills will do the same; if all the Jews who are making cigars, clothing, hoots, shoes, overalls, and women's under-wear; if all the Germans who are employing them in mills and factories; if all the Christians who are teaching them to speak English in Sunday-schools, and if all the Americans who hire them on farm, garden, and orchard will cease employing them—then, perhaps, ward boycotting clubs in San Francisco might find profitable employment for their members by sneaking around kitchen yards to induce families to get rid of a Chinese cook or scullion. When this should be accomplished, then the *Bulletin's* scheme would come into operation, which is to import five hundred German girls to take their places. All this seems to us inconsequential and small. Unless this Chinese question is something more than one involving the hire of servant girls, it is not worth discussing; and we can not help thinking that this class of articles, in two such leading journals as the *Call* and *Bulletin*, belittle the cause which they discuss. Let some driveling, feeble-minded senator, say Dawes, Hoar, or Brown, of Georgia, read one of these suggested remedies for the cure of a great evil, and at once his little mind thinks it is but a little evil, and he leaves it to be cured by the local remedy of a boycotting club, or the importation of German servant girls. The truth is, we do not like the word "boycott." It is too Irish, and it is suggestive of cowardice.

The Chinese question is a many-sided one, and its settlement involves the disarrangement of important interests. The Chinese are ruining San Francisco, and to arrest their further coming has become a necessity of self-preservation, for which business men must be prepared to make concessions. Let any one who owns property in this city, or who is interested in its prosperity, take his stand at the corner of California and Montgomery Streets within the business hours of a business day, and he will note an anomalous condition of things. This is the pivotal center of a great commercial city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, and here at its very heart is the sign of decay. Let him read the current real estate transactions, and he will observe that property has no real value. The owner may not desire to sell, but no one desires to purchase. Nearly one million of mining assessments this month. No immigration coming to the country except Chinese. Every business enterprise languishes, and every business man is despondent. The Chinese invasion must be promptly arrested or the city of San Francisco is destroyed. In next week's *Argonaut* we shall suggest such practical remedy as in our judgment, and after careful consideration of all sides of this question, will commend itself to the better class of interested citizens, and result in promptly remedying the Chinese evil.



## VANITY FAIR.

Washington society experienced a very amusing succession of mishaps at President Arthur's first public reception. On arriving at the White House the police beld back those who came on foot, and those who came in carriages were shown up the carpeted way to the entrance. Many of the ladies on foot were in full evening toilets, and as they waited in their soiled satin shoes upon the frosty flagstones, in the chilling night air, some took their scarfs from their heads and stood on them. Others, in toilets with sleeves and waists of delicate lace, had to approach at a snail's pace in the mass-packed procession of pedestrians. An enterprising Yankee who took in the situation had a party of ladies in charge who were anxious to see Mrs. Grant—never having had that pleasure. He found a hack outside the gate waiting for a chance passenger. The man said he would drive the party up to the portico for fifty cents, which he did, and the son of the old Granite State sailed in with his party, while Senator Farley and some ladies he escorted, who had alighted further down the line of carriages and walked up, had to wait, and grew impatient—the fault of not coming behind horseflesh to the door. Ex-Collector Murphy, of New York, finding himself at the tail of the interminable procession, moved out of the crowd with a young lady hanging upon his arm, and tapping at one of the windows of the main corridor, it was raised and his name demanded. On giving it he was cordially invited to climb in, which he did, after first lifting the young lady he was escorting through the improvised entrance. In addition to this reception, three card receptions are still to be given at the White House—one to the Diplomatic Corps, one to the judges of the Supreme Court and Court of Claims, and a third to the Senators and Representatives. "They don't have any more life-saving stations at the White House dinners now," said a distinguished official lately. "What do you mean?" inquired his innocent listener. "Why, the Roman punch that used to appear in the middle of dinner when Cousin Lucy Hayes administered the government. We used to thirst after that frozen stuff, and call the courses with which it appeared life-saving stations, and a very good name it was, too."

Society at Madeira has been talking a great deal about the beautiful young French widow, Madame la Duchesse de Richelieu, daughter of the well-known Parisian banker, Monsieur Heine. Her widowhood and her exile at Madeira were consoled by her attachment to the Prince of Monaco, and her union with him was supposed to be deferred only until the divorce between the prince and Lady Mary Hamilton (now Countess Festetics) should be settled. The duchess, however, learned, when too late, how foolish a thing it is to put one's trust in princes. She was heart-broken at the desertion, and wandered, thinly clad, among the hills of Madeira in pouring rain. The result was that Madame Heine was summoned from Paris to nurse her daughter through a brain-fever. Thanks to the attentions of her mother, and her ever-faithful English cavalier, the duchess recovered, and hopes soon to be on her way back to Paris.

With a view to the many marriages which take place after Easter, the *Hour* remarks: The recent fashion of conciliating nature by the use of real instead of artificial flowers for bridal and other wreaths, has at times a disastrous effect on the wearers. The deadly sweet of the orange blossom has wrought havoc on nerves already overexcited by the tension of a wedding ceremony, and even the more delicate fragrance of lilacs and hyacinths, when massed together in quantities and worn in heated rooms, is apt to produce headaches on all sides. A better use of rare exotics has been found by a lady whose dinners, small but *recherchés*, have excited genuine admiration. Heavy garlands of flowers, in which the scarlet of the cactus mingles with the snow-white of the camellia, and blossoms which have souls as well as beauty to give, the dreamy passion-flower, exhaling its languid sorrows on the bosom of a full-blown crimson rose, and violets and mignonette, which breathe a fragrance almost imperceptible in presence of the far-reaching sweet of the tuberose—all these in artistic festoons are attached with knots of ribbon to the candelabra which light the table, displacing the epergne, which would interfere with the vision of the guests. The soup, instead of being served in the open plate in ordinary use, is placed before each person in a small silver howl with a cover, which preserves its heat. These preparations are by no means intended as a prelude to a Barmecide feast; on the contrary, the richness of the *menu* oftentimes diverts the attention of all, save a confirmed chronicler of chiffons, from the æsthetic accessories of the repast.

Among the ladies who have entertained most largely and expensively in Paris this winter is the Duchess of Campo-Scilice, an American lady, now the wife of an Italian nobleman, and in former days the consort of Mr. Singer of sewing machine celebrity, whose large fortune she is liberally dispensing for the amusement of her countrymen and countrywomen abroad. At a concert given at the superb hotel which the duchess occupies in the Champs-Élysées, the two young Americans, Miss Van Zandt and Miss Griswold, both sang charmingly, and it was after hearing Miss Marie Van Zandt on this occasion sing the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah" that one of the ladies of the Rothschild family presented her with a lace pin representing the first two bars of the score, the notes being in diamonds, and the lines black enamel on a white enamel ground.

In an article on the servants who wait upon Queen Victoria, *Chambers's Journal* states that in the Lord Chamberlain's department are the Mistress of the Robes, with a salary of five hundred pounds; the Groom of the Robes, with eight hundred, (and a clerk, a messenger, and a furrier as assistants), and eight Ladies of the Bedchamber. The duties of the latter consist in waiting on her majesty for a fortnight at a time in rotation; thus each lady would be called upon three times a year for this duty. Following these in rank are the eight Maids of Honor, who represent a very old institution in connection with royalty. The Queen's

Maids of Honor merely take their turn, two at a time, for one month, to attend on her majesty. After these in rank stand the eight Bedchamber Women, who serve in rotation in the same manner, and are only expected to figure on state occasions. The situations are quite honorary so far as work is concerned. The salaries of the Maids of Honor and the Bedchamber Women are three hundred pounds per annum each.

The *American Queen* thus remarks upon a society swell who recently conducted a mad hall-room frolic: Mr. Harry Warren, of New York, who led a German at Atlantic City last week, doubtless thought he must devise some original figures to astonish the natives of the New Jersey coast. As even the enterprising Barnum does not visit that remote coast, he provided a small circus during the evening. Each girl was presented with, and held before her, a large hoop covered with tissue paper, through which, at a given signal, her chosen partner jumped. Much merriment was occasioned, we hear, by several of the girls who so held their hoops that the men tripped and fell. Truly a most dignified and cultivated performance altogether for members of a society where the heel-and-toe polka is condemned as indecorous, and the "Racket" waltz is tabooed. We hope Mr. Warren had in readiness the usual lemonade and peanuts. The clown and trick mules were presumably also in attendance to make the circus illusion complete.

Bad manners and had taste even in Paris, and at the halls of the Elysée, too. This is what a correspondent of the *Swiss Times*, Geneva, has to say: "The toilettes of the distinguished ladies present were, of course, superb, and I was much pleased to observe that the few English ladies who were there had made an attempt to be *chic*, for I well remember the horror I felt at last year's ball on perceiving two young ladies of a 'certain age' attired in black cashmere walking-dresses, plentifully bestrewn with penny artificial roses, who were the object of general observation, which they appeared to construe into admiration, if their self-satisfied expression rightly interpreted their innermost thoughts. English gentlemen are, of course, faultless in their attire on such occasions, and at this ball I particularly noticed the contrast they presented to a very great number of Frenchmen, the majority of whom were well-known habitués of the best Parisian society, who desecrated the costly parquets and carpets they trod upon, shod in badly blackened walking-boots, in lieu of 'patent' shoes. I was all the more astonished at this, as Parisians never cease to 'mock themselves' of the British tourist who invades the grand opera in a tweed suit instead of the *habit noir*, which, by the way, is not at all *de rigueur* at the opera."

The London papers are remarking upon the disfavor into which the continent has fallen as a summer or winter resort. With the exception of Riviera, every resort is unpopular. Society in England seems turning toward America as a tourist ground. The *Figaro*, in commenting upon this change, observes: "Nor is this to be wondered at. With rare exceptions, the foreign railway companies are eaten up with pomposity, and make traveling as disagreeable as they can. We complain occasionally of red-tapeism in England; but what we have to endure is nothing compared to what one has to suffer in traveling, whether in France or Germany. I hear that two, if not three, parties of persons moving in the most exclusive society, are already being organized for the purpose of visiting the United States at the end of the London season. Ladies as well as gentlemen will be of the number of travelers. One noble lord intends going with his wife, two daughters, two other gentlemen and their wives, besides three or four hachelor friends, across the Western Continent to San Francisco, thence to New Zealand, Australia, and pay a flying visit to India on the way home."

Gypsy bonnets are revived.—Vast numbers of ladies in Paris use morphine daily, according to Albert Delpit, and the habit is beginning to tell on the race of cultivated Parisians.—Cretonne fans are very large.—New sash ribbons have raised chenille flowers and leaves.—The approaching marriage of the Infanta Eulalie of Spain and the son of the Duke of Montpensier is again rumored in the Continental press.—Intense colors and æsthetic styles are avoided by fashionable women.—The Prince and Princess of Wales will, it is said, after the season is over, pay a short visit to Canada, traveling via New York and the United States.—Wedding cards are no longer fashionable in European society.—Commodore Vanderbilt's widow will be married after the end of Lent to Doctor Nathan Rozeman, a surgeon of some reputation in New York, and the manager of one of the large charity hospitals. The young wife has already passed a long widowhood, and she is entirely her own mistress as to her choice and fortune.—White mull dresses made up over rose and pale blue silesia, and trimmed with a profusion of Mauresque lace, will be the toilet for evening wear at watering-places and summer resorts during the heated term, at the height of the season.—No lady who has passed through the divorce court can, at the present time, appear at court, says the *London Truth*, however blameless her conduct may have been. Recently the Queen has been disposed to relax the stringency of this regulation in special cases, where no fault of any kind has been attributed to the lady. The matter, however, was submitted to the Lord Chancellor and other officials, and their opinion was not in favor of the proposal.—Some of the English ladies of fashion are rebelling against the dressmakers, who are wastefully crowding several kinds of material in meaningless shapes into one dress.—A new lace is called the "Edelweiss." It is very sheer and fine, of a creamy tint, and the pattern resembles the miresque designs. It is especially appropriate for trimming "nun's veiling."—At a recent reception at the Elysée, according to a correspondent, a young Parisienne wore a short costume of pale-blue merveilleux trimmed with humming-birds, fastened in groups on the bodice, on the shoulders, and in the fair, frizzed hair, in which there was also a pouf of blue marabout.—A unique pair of silver salt-cellars sent the other day as a wedding gift, in Boston, were in the form of a ship. The slender-stemmed spoons were fastened to the mast, of which they formed part, when not in use.

## AN ANCIENT RACE

The Religious Rites which the Zunis Had in Boston Harbor.

Many new facts have been discovered concerning the habits and history of the Zuni Indians, whom Frank H. Cushing, the archæologist, has recently taken to Boston in search of Atlantic Ocean water, and of whom the *Argonaut* published an account about a month ago. It seems that in religion the Zunis are divided into three classes—the Spiritualists, or lower order, who look to the spirits of their forefathers to guide and instruct them; the Pantheists, or select people, who believe that every element of nature has each a god, and that the stars are lights of gods; and the great chiefs and high priests of the people who worship the sun, which they term the holder of the roads of life, or he who sees everything as we see one thing. Their knowledge of surgery is remarkable, but it is confined to an order called the Cactus. Their language is very rich, and they can count to one million, but to go so high they have to use many words. The highest order of the Zunis is that of the Kaka, which is under the control of four priests who have in their keeping the water from the "Ocean of Sunrise." Besides this it is their duty to memorize their Iliad, which takes twenty-six hours for a single repetition. This Iliad, which is the history and mythology of the tribe, is what Mr. Cushing is anxious to obtain, and which the Zunis will teach him on his return to their pueblo. Mr. Cushing is twenty-five years of age, and was born in Alhion, New York. He is very intelligent, and is possessed of an excellent education. The tradition concerning the sacred salt water is as follows: Between one hundred and seventy-five and two hundred years ago a man of the Zuni nation was taken prisoner by the Spanish government of Mexico on a charge of treachery, but was afterward released. From the Gulf of Mexico he filled some cane tubes with salt water, and took them home. This water is used at the ceremonials of the summer solstice, a few drops being expended in dampening the paint attached to the sacrificial plumes of "prayer sticks," which are offered up for water and for the growth of crops, the Zunis possessing no great lakes or other bodies of water. The Zunis were enjoined by their forefathers, when the opportunity came, to replenish the water. Their religious traditions command them to "take from the ocean the medicine of foam and the excrement of the sun, whereby they could obtain answers to their prayers." The chief Zunis have brought sacred canes and gourds, which they will fill with salt water to take home with them. This interesting ceremony occurred March twenty-eighth, in Boston Harbor, and is described at full length in the *New York Tribune*: Leaving Boston, the party started down the harbor by steamer for Deer Island. The Zunis were Hai-in-ah-tsai-lun-kia Kia-kwe-mo-so-na, or priest of the house of Zuni, second cacique of the tribe; Nai-in-tchi Pi-thlan-shi-wa-ni-mo-so-na, or first priest of the bow, first cacique of war of Zuni; Te-na-tsa-li, or "Medicine Flower"; Mr. Frank H. Cushing, head war chief and chief of the council of Zuni; Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa, (who huries, or the hurier,) head chief or governor of Zuni and warrior of the Order of Fire; Ki-a-si, second chief of the how and second cacique of war of Zuni; Na-na-he, (tuft corn scout,) Moqui, adopted into Zuni. They were accompanied by a party of several hundred ladies and gentlemen, including the Rev. Phillips Brooks, Mayor Green, Francis Parkman, the historian, Professor E. S. Morse, of Salem, Professor F. W. Putnam, and Professor Horsford, of Harvard. On arriving at Deer Island the Indians were placed in a carriage and driven to the easterly side of the island. All of them, including Mr. Cushing, were clad in thin, red, woven tunics, and brilliant adornments. Squatting on the stones they began their devotions, chanting in a low voice as they proceeded with the ceremony which was to raise Mr. Cushing another grade, and place him third from the chief rank in the tribe. As they proceeded the tide surrounded them. The Indians, however, oblivious of wet feet, refused to move until the time had arrived for them to throw pinches of meal to the four points of the compass, emblematic of the road of life which the young chieftain was to pursue. The second part in the ceremony was begun on the sands. The Indians and their adopted son formed in a circle on their knees, and smoked the sacred cigarettes which were brought from home for this occasion. While in this attitude prayer was said by each individual to the god of the ocean. During all the ceremony up to this point, each member of the tribe held in his hand a bunch of feathers, each feather having been taken from a different bird, and all tied upon what they designate "prayer-sticks." The smoke from the sacred cigarettes was blown into the feathers, which were then regarded as charged with prayers, and the plumes and prayer-sticks were tossed, with emblematic flourishes, into the ocean. By this means it was hoped to induce the god of the ocean to bless that portion of the water which they will carry back to Zuni. They then dipped small sticks into the water, and tossed off the hiny drops to the four points of the compass, to signify to the Great Spirit that their devotions were ended. The two medicine-men leading, the procession started for the tent, whirling small sticks which were attached to a long string. The Zunis remained in their tents for a brief period, and when they emerged they carried seven large demijohns encased in peculiarly shaped wooden cases. These were taken to the shore, where the high priests filled them with water, which will be taken back to Zuni, and there blessed, and used carefully in future religious ceremonials. The high priest then baptized the adopted son by placing water from the ocean on his brow. The two priests embraced the adopted son several times, repeating prayers and exhortations to the young man, the interpretation of which is: "We grasp you to-day in the sight and hearing of the god of the ocean, the sacred breath of which makes our prayers effective. We breathe into you the sacred breath of our order, and we ask that you may have strength to merit the title of Arprithlan Shena. We make you a great cacique. This day we make you our child, on whom we hang our hopes, in war and in peace." These words were uttered in a low tone to the novitiate, who was pronounced eligible to all the rights and titles of his new office.



## AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

## Colonel Baker's Heroic Death at Ball's Bluff.

[In Greeley's "American Conflict" occurs the following vivid description of Colonel Deven's retreat to Ball's Bluff, where he was reinforced by the "California Regiment," commanded by Colonel E. D. Baker: "Colonel Deven, about eight A. M., fell back to the bluff. At noon he was attacked by musketry from the woods surrounding on three sides the field of hardly six acres, in which his men were formed. Still unsupported, he again fell back nearly to the edge of the bluff, where he was soon after reinforced—as had been promised—by the California Regiment, Colonel E. D. Baker. A narrow, winding path led up from the immediate brink of the rapid river, to the open field (one hundred and fifty feet) above, on which our troops were formed, with the enemy swarming in the woods on three sides, within musket shot. Colonel Baker had barely completed the formation of his men, when his right was heavily assailed by the enemy. The attack gradually proceeded to the centre and left, and the struggle thus continued for two hours. Colonel Baker insisted upon exposing himself with the most reckless bravery, and fell, shot through the head, about five o'clock P. M. He has been widely blamed for his rashness in this conflict, and even for disregard of orders—it would seem unjustly. The following orders, found in his hat, after his death, deeply stained with his life's blood, are all the foundation for this charge: "Edward's Ferry, Oct. 21, 1862. Colonel E. D. Baker, Commanding Brigade: Colonel—In case of heavy firing in front of Harrison's Island, you will advance the California Regiment of your brigade (here almost rendered illegible with blood) to Virginia side of the river, at your discretion, assuming command on arrival. Very respectfully, Colonel, your most obedient servant, Chas. P. Stone, Brig. Gen. Commanding." Colonel Baker, with one thousand nine hundred troops, in a small open field upon the edge of the precipitous bluffs, contended hopelessly with four thousand of the enemy concealed by woods on three sides. Over one-half of the Union forces were slaughtered, and more than five hundred, including wounded, taken prisoners. The following verses are based upon the incident preceding, described in Greeley's work. They were written and read by Commander J. C. Tucker at the "Camp Fire" of Joe Hooker Post No. 11, Grand Army of the Republic, Friday night, March 31st, at Alameda:]

Back—through Virginia's grand old woods, deep hushed in midnight spell,  
Bathed in weird moonlight shadowings, Deven's forces fell;  
Back—from Leesburg, Loudoun's Town, with scouts to left and right,  
Cautious and silent trod that band, one clear October night;  
Back—to Ball's Bluff, that deadly brink—high reared in stony pride,  
Above the still and sullen depths of dark Potomac's tide,  
And halted there, and steadfast stood, nor little did they dream  
That with the rising sun those woods with furious foes would team.  
In open plain—the bluff behind—the woods upon each side,  
The foe in front, to right, to left, with batteries circling wide,  
Brave Deven stands; and gazing back for aid beyond that stream,  
Sees California's banner wave, and Baker's bayonets gleam.  
On, on they come, rash Mathewson, hold Lemmon, and Wistar,  
They follow close that fearless chief who ever rode before;  
They climb the path—the winding trail—up from the river's bank,  
And none too soon upon the field they form in serried rank.  
For on the centre, right, and left, the foe come pouring on  
In overwhelming numbers, until the fight is won.  
Where shot and shell the thickest fell, there Baker's sword waved bright,  
That grand, gray chieftain, whose brave soul bade earth adieu that night.  
"Advance the California Regiment!"—so read brigade command;  
(In death they found the order 'neath his torn and stained hat-band.)  
There was no help, retreat, or hope; entrapped on every side  
That gallant corps left few to tell how well they fought and died.  
Rich were the gifts that Nature gave to thee, thou favored one!  
Kingly in form, and rare in mind, thy eloquence of tongue  
Early rang out in freedom's cause; as fearless as thy hand  
And heart, that with its loyal blood now consecrates this land!  
Intrepid, just, and kindly, peerless in faith and truth,  
They have loved thee best who knew thee from the promise of thy youth.  
Baker, farewell! thy glorious fight, tho' seeming lost, is won!  
Earth knew no nobler son than thou—her purest patriot gone!

A number of English editors and literary men of the period are, or have been, in the service of the crown. The editor of the *World* was in the post-office; the editor of the *Judy* was in the admiralty; the late editor of *Fun* was in the war office; Mr. W. S. Gilbert was in the education department; Mr. D. G. Rossetti was in the inland revenue department; Mr. Anthony Trollope was in the post-office; Mr. Clement Scott was in the war office; and Mr. Austin Dobson is at the board of trade, and there are at least a score of other literary men, not so well known, who still receive the pay of their country.

The manager of the Ambigu, at Paris, shot himself the other day, it is feared fatally, a little below the heart. Since the withdrawal of the "Assommoir" and "Nana" his theatre has scored no success. He was on the eve of producing a new piece, founded on an old English one, entitled "Jack Tempete," on which great hopes were built, but his creditors, unwilling to wait, threatened to place him in bankruptcy, which was the cause of his attempted suicide.

The architectural arrangements of London theatres appear to have been given by the æsthetic movement. Mr. Irving has afforded an æsthetic front to the Lyceum, and the Vaudeville has a stained-glass entrance. Even the theatre where Mr. Toole delighted the cockney rejoices in some of the latest developments of decorative art. After this it must be admitted that Oscar Wilde's efforts have not been in vain.

Boucicault's latest act: When things go wrong, he sits on the stage and weeps. If anybody attempts to console him he says: "Don't mind me, I'm a poor old man."

## INTAGLIOS.

## A Maxim.

Miss Lill and Harry slipped away  
Toward a shady lane;  
She was a maiden fair to see,  
He, troth, a noble swain.  
They'd met full many a time before  
Within this shady dell,  
And there for every kiss he gave  
She paid him back full well.

Some base betrayer (may he die!)  
Must needs the cat let out.  
The irate parent to the maid  
Cried, "What are you about?"

The blushing culprit, looking down,  
Made answer with "Ahem—"  
"What'er you'd have men do to you,  
Do even so to them." —Anon.

Sweet Evenings Come and Go.  
Sweet evenings come and go, love,  
They came and went of yore;  
This evening of our life, love,  
Shall go and come no more.

When we have passed away, love,  
All things will keep their name;  
But yet no life on earth, love,  
With ours will be the same.

The daisies will be there, love,  
The stars in heaven will shine;  
I shall not feel thy wish, love,  
Nor thou my hand in thine.

A better time will come, love,  
And better souls be born;  
I would not be the best, love,  
To leave thee now forlorn.  
—George Eliot.

## The Child Musician.

He had played for his lordship's levee,  
He had played for her ladyship's whim,  
Till the poor little head was heavy,  
And the poor little brain would swim.  
And the face grew peaked and eerie,  
And the large eyes strange and bright,  
And they said—too late—"He is weary;  
He shall rest for at least to-night."  
But at dawn, when the birds were waking,  
As they watched in the silent room,  
With the sound of a strained cord breaking,  
A something snapped in the gloom.  
'Twas a string of his violoncello,  
And they heard him stir in his bed;  
"Make room for a tired little fellow,  
Kind God!" was the last that he said.  
—Austin Dobson.

## Soon!

Let it be soon! Life was not made to long  
For distant hours of dim futurity.  
Thy presence soothes me like some far-off song,  
Oh, where my heart has rested let it lie;  
Hope is the morning; love the afternoon.  
Let it be soon!  
Let it be soon! The treasured daylight dies,  
And changes sadly to the chill of night,  
But summer reigns forever in thine eyes,  
And at thy touch grief stealth out of sight,  
After sad years of longing love must swoon,  
Let be soon!  
—Clement Scott.

## The Merry Lark.

The merry, merry lark was up and singing,  
And the hare was out and feeding on the lea,  
And the merry, merry bells below were ringing,  
When my child's laugh rang through me.  
Now the hare is snared and dead beside the snow-  
yard,  
And the lark beside the dreary winter sea,  
And my baby in his cradle in the churchyard  
Waiteth there until the helix bring me.  
—Charles Kingsley.

## The Mill-Wheel.

"And shall you never come back?" she said,  
Where she stood by his side in the porch rose-  
covered—  
Up in the jasmine over her head  
A peacock butterfly poised and hovered.  
And ever through hush of the languid noon,  
They heard like the beat of a ceaseless tune,  
The mill-stream fretting, foaming, churning—  
The mill-wheel flashing, droning, turning.  
He was her first, and her dear, dear lover,  
As far removed as the sun above her;  
Much she worshipped, and little knew,  
With raptures many, and tears a few,  
Ah, the change that his coming wrought her!  
He found her merely a child at play—  
She was only the miller's daughter—  
Now it was time he should turn away—  
Time he should loose her tender hand,  
Time she should tremble, and understand—  
Would the soaring butterfly wing him down  
To alight on the printed flowers of her gown?

"Shall you remember the afternoons  
We have lived," he said, "by the stream together,  
When the sweetness of a hundred Junes  
Seemed gathered up in the summer weather?  
The day that it rained, and we chose to clamber  
And shelter ourselves in the great mill chamber?  
The talk we talked 'mid the hags of flour,  
While we waited there for the end of the shower,  
With up above us the roll of thunder,  
And the roar of the mill-wheel booming under?  
The day that we walked through the soft hay-stubble,  
Faint with the scent of the grasses dead?"  
She lifted eyes of innocent trouble—  
"Nay—how can I forget?" she said,  
Not a sound in the hush they heard,  
Not a breath through the silence stirred,  
But the hum of the mill-wheel never stopping,  
And the play of the water, dropping, dropping.

Ah, the things that his touch had taught her—  
Like straws whirled by in the churning stream!  
She was only the miller's daughter—  
The noise of the mill-wheel drowned her dream.  
She stood a minute, and sighed, and pondered—  
The butterfly stirred, and fluttered onward—  
The leaves of a jasmine star were shed—  
"Shall you never come back?" she said.  
—Anon.

## THE INNER MAN.

A writer on "Dutch Etiquette," in a late number of the *Leisure Hour*, says: "Perhaps the etiquette which differs the most from ours is that of the table. I can not say I like it. No Dutch people live in as good a style as we do. I only know two houses where the table is pleasant to look at—one, that of an enormously wealthy ship-owner at Rotterdam, and the other, that of a very wealthy professor. The wife of the latter once said to me: 'I do like to see you eat. I like to see you at my table. You do eat so prettily.' I laughed, and disclaimed the compliment. But she was right—the English are more elegant eaters than the Dutch. I never saw a Dutch man or woman—not even one who was a countess in her own right, and ought to have been a good example—eat straight away with a knife and fork, as we do. They first cut the whole plateful into pieces—a most disagreeable process—then lay the knife on the edge of the plate, farthest away from the eater, and resting the left hand, loosely folded, on the table beside the plate, eat all with the fork, shovel fashion. Why, using only the fork, it is not proper to lay the left hand on the knee, I do not know. I noticed many points of that kind which they could not explain beyond that 'such a thing is etiquette.' I never saw food eaten otherwise. Sometimes glass rests are provided for each person, and very, very necessary they are, for never is a change of cover provided. I never saw such a thing at a friendly dinner, and once I was at a large evening party, where I met some very grand people, and saw a supper of thirteen courses served with one knife and fork and two spoons for each person. If you receive a general invitation to or pay a long visit in a Dutch house, you certainly have the satisfaction of knowing that the hostess does not put herself out of the way on your account. She comes down to breakfast with her hair in curl-papers or criniping-pins, according to the fashion of her coiffure, and her person garbed in an old flannel dressing-gown. The first time I dined at the house of the lady I have just mentioned, she said: 'If you will make a mark in your serviette I will have it put aside, to be ready when you come again.' I thanked her, and turned down the corner of my dinner napkin, wondering a little that people who had a dinner *en famille* of five courses and a lavish dessert should be so saving as to retain a guest's serviette for another time. On my return to the house where I was staying, I mentioned the circumstance, and then it was explained. It was merely a delicate way of telling me that she meant frequently to invite me again. I dined there many times, but I never saw the serviette with the folded corner any more. This lady copied my method of eating my dinner from the first time I dined there, and made her children do the same. The last time I was in Holland I found they still kept up the custom. As regards the other meals, they consist of breakfast, *koffij*, and supper. They are prepared entirely by the ladies of the house, and are exactly alike, except that there is tea at two meals—breakfast and supper—and coffee at the one which bears its name. Breakfast is early—from eight to nine—and often visitors are privileged to have it in bed. They always ask if you prefer it so. As I have said, the minor meals are prepared by the ladies; they are precisely alike. The tea-things, often of valuable china, are kept in a cupboard, usually concealed in the wall, and with several pictures hung on the papered door, which, to your horror suddenly swings forward. In the *huis kammer* one of the ladies first fetches a white cloth about a yard square, which she places in the centre of the table. For dinner a large one is used, as with us. Then she brings out a very small tray, bearing cups, saucers, plates, and knives—these last black-handled—putting one for each person. She sets the slop-basin and cups in order, and brings out a little spirit lamp with a silver stand, on which to set the teapot or *cafetiere*, whichever is to be used, and a box of matches. She sets the tea-caddy handy, or if it must be coffee, grinds up with a little hand-mill a sufficient quantity for the meal. Then she gets the hutter-pot, which is a deep round pot of common delf, with a lid. It is filled to the brim with hutter, and emptied, not by cutting, as we do, but by each person scraping out, with his own knife, as much as he wishes to use for each piece of bread he takes. It is not a pretty fashion, by any means. Then appears an ohlong basket, with a long roll of bread, of which she cuts several slices about an inch thick, usually allotting two for each person. They remain in the basket with the bread, and no *d'oyley* is used. Near the basket stands a tray a size smaller, with black bread, currant loaf, ginger-bread made with honey, almond-cake, or some such dainty. There is always cheese, which is handed round, and often a pot of some thick, sticky substance, like very dark treacle, called *appel stroop*. No one could ever tell me how it was made, except that it was of apples. I bought some in Brussels, but I could not understand the French of the woman from whom I got it. I found her Flemish easier to follow. *Appel stroop* is delicious, and, though sweet, not at all sickly. When the meal is ready, a maid appears bringing a jug of milk—I never saw cream—and a large brass pan, like an upright coal pan, in which is a brazier of burning charcoal and a kettle of boiling water. Then the tea or coffee is made, the little spirit lamp lighted, and the meal is ready. It is eaten in the same ungrateful fashion as dinner; the bread buttered, and 'cheese,' if I may coin such a term, for the cheese is cut in the thinnest wafers, and laid on the top of the hutter; then it is cut into strips, the knife laid aside, and the strips disposed of."

## CCXXIV.—Sunday, April 16.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Chicken Broth, with Barley.  
Boiled Salmon, "Argonaut Sauce."  
New Potatoes.  
Broiled Squabs on Toast.  
Baked Tomatoes, Spinach.  
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce.  
Cauliflower Salad.  
Orange Ice, Sponge Cake, Oranges and Apples.  
CHICKEN BROTH WITH BARLEY.—Singe, draw, and cut in quarters a year-old, well-fledged chicken; put in a stock-pot, with the body bones, one pound of lean veal, three quarts of water, and a little salt; boil slowly, skim well, add a carrot, onion, two leeks, and two pieces of celery, simmer on the side of the range until the chicken and veal are well done. Wash well half a teacup of pearl barley, cook it thoroughly with a quart of the broth, put in a soup-tureen, with a sufficient quantity of the chicken broth freed of its grease and strained through a wire napkin. This is a healthy and nourishing soup for convalescents. The quarters of the chicken may be served the same or the next day, with a sauce made from a little of the broth thickened with two ounces of butter, kneaded with an ounce of flour, and finished with the yolks of two eggs and pat of butter,

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That something in the sun of Italy, which is popularly supposed to make blood run hotter than in northern currents, has fired both the great Italian tragedians to shine with excellent lustre as Othello. The energy of the great Salvini's passion was a metaphysical eye-opener to English-speaking audiences, and when the funny paragraphers could spare time from the feet of the Chicago and St. Louis belles, they strewed the stage with relays of imaginary Desdemonas in various stages of used-up-ness. Shakespeare himself made this gentle creature passive enough in all conscience, but with the coming in of the Italian Othello she became merely a white-clad dummy. Rumor had it that Salvini, in the excess of his fervor, bounced her about the stage like a foot-ball, and that his agents kept quite a detachment of men scouring the provinces for new installments of Desdemonas as the old ones became worn out. The great tragedy of jealousy seemed to lose its poetry, and to become merely a Barbary Coast idyl. People went to see Desdemona smothered rather than to see the intellectual, malignant Iago instill the subtle poison of the basest passion, or the brave Othello overcome with torment. Salvini came to be the accepted Italian Othello, and Rossi the accepted Italian Hamlet. Yet when Rossi opened in "Othello" at the Baldwin on Monday night expectation ran high. There was a goodly sprinkling of Americans; but the house was in the main Italian, for the balcony, which your good American shuns with a true democrat's aristocratic repugnance for a second-class seat, was filled with the children of Italy of the lesser grades, and there were bravos enough all over the house to take the chill off an English reception for Signor Rossi. The duoglot drama has not a happy effect; but perhaps it is less inharmonious in "Othello" than it will be in another play. The black Moor is so much a man apart in all the action, so different in every way from the Venetian gallants around him, that the accents of a strange tongue do not sound altogether inaptly. Yet this kind of performance can never be enjoyable. There will always be some curious to see a foreign artist's conception of a rôle in English poetry; but the rich sonorous English will ring all the sweeter when the next English Othello comes. And yet we have no English-speaking Othello to compare with Rossi. For all that he is not a tall man, Rossi is a man of most imposing presence, and crosses the stage with the tread of a warrior. His voice his rich and well modulated, and his facial expression is a study. But he has all the tricks of Italian art—an art with which the northern nature does not assimilate; to which, in fact, it is so antipathetic that in his fiercer moments, when the blood of the Italians was quite curdled up, discourteous Americans irreverently fell to laughing. Perhaps it was at the rapid flood of Italian which poured out with inconceivable rapidity as he attacked Iago in his frenzy, for the sweetest language under the sun is all jabber to non-understanding ears. But, beside that, foreign sentiment is always a little funny to us, it is so much an affair of expression, of sighs, and groans, and grunts, one might say, if there were any grunts allowed in sentiment. Rossi is the most affectionate of Othellos, and in the earlier stages hangs over Desdemona with fondest solicitude, and has a beaming smile of proprietorship, and an assortment of inarticulate expressions of fondness, a series of Italian yum-yums, if one may say so, which make the change in his domestic manner quite pointed when the storm begins to brew. It is something quite unlike the ponderous love of an English Othello. What a different appearance the different actors give the Moor. Edwin Booth is perhaps the most picturesque of them all, in his flowing robes of green and white and gold, and he might have sighed the last sigh of the Moor on the hills of Spain, his face is so thoroughly Moorsque, framed in long, straight locks, and with long, drooping moustache. But he is too small to fill the eye in the part, beside having in him little of the hot blood of the savage. Rossi as Othello wears the red, pointed shoe of Morocco, wears a white-turbaned cap upon his head, swings a Moorish scimitar upon his thigh, and in his softer moments wears what may be a Moorish dressing-gown; but as a Venetian general he is in Venetian armor, and in the earlier scenes is more the Venetian than the Moor. He omits one or more of the two scenes which are always played, and introduces much that is always omitted. He has an eye for picturesque effect, and makes a stately apartment with shields, and banners, and weapons, where usually the stage is left as barren as an upholsterer's room, for one feels his directing eye upon all changes. Desdemona has really a comfortable

place to die in, while the flowing red curtains and the solitary swinging lamp make a picture of the scene. The act itself is given with more pomp of circumstance than usual. There is an oppressive air of reality about everything. One feels a keener pang than ever before for the murdered innocent, a deeper sympathy for the tortured Moor. His passion and his grief is so real, he is so like the Othello that Shakespeare wrote of, that the thought of it follows one about for a day or two, as one thinks often of a too vivid dream. There are certain fripperies in the school of art to which the Saxon nature will not take kindly, but the genius of the artist is unquestionable. He has trained a Desdemona to his conception. Miss Muldener has a half-amateurish manner, says "me lord" in a wholly amateurish way, and promised little enough at first. While Desdemona is a happy woman, she is like half a hundred other Desdemonas who, being slim, juvenile ladies, put on white satin dresses and play at tragedy. But when the gentle Desdemona's troubles began to accumulate, her talent accumulated with them, and Miss Muldener played the last act with a passion and naturalness which were not even lessened by the shrill, little boarding-school scream with which she accompanied them. In fact, Rossi is not altogether badly supported, for although the young man who played Cassio played it in a phenomenally stupid manner, and would not have excited the jealousy of a Turk, he stood alone in excellent badness. Some of Emilia's choicest lines were cut out, but Jean Clara Walters gave what were left with due vigor and incision. And Mr. Grismer's Iago seemed to call quite forth the enthusiasm of the house. Yet it was not altogether an artistic success. That Iago has disappeared forever from the stage whom we knew when Lawrence Barrett was the accepted exponent of the part in California. How gloomily he used to go moaning about the boards, chewing his villainy, and making it so transparent that the merest babe would have shunned him. The commentators have been finding out so fast that Iago was such a jolly good fellow in appearance that now he could scarcely give us too much bonhomie of manner. It is these easy, frank, free fellows who deceive. Grismer's jollity is overstrained. Perhaps it is his appearance which has something to do with it, for he looks like a new Mephisto, with his pointed face, his suit of red, and his pointed cap. By the way, what do the others with cropped hair and Grismer with flowing locks? And Grismer is frequently right in the matter of hair. The defect of his Iago is that it is overwrought. It has not the poise which he will give it when he is an older actor in heavy parts. But then one expects anything of older actors, for Rossi will play Romeo, and heaven and his tailor alone can know the length of his belt.

There is something of a difference between the play-bills at the Baldwin and the Bush-street Theatres, and yet one will find the same people in both audiences. They will weep, figuratively, over Rossi one night, and smile literally and broadly over Goodwin the next, which goes to show that we are not only a very versatile people in our tastes, but very comprehensive in our appreciation. "Did you have a good laugh," asks some one, "when you went to see Goodwin?" "Laugh? We laughed until our sides ached," say those who did go. "What did he say that was funny?" "Well, nothing that I can remember, but we laughed till we were tired." "Well, what did he do that was funny?" "Oh, well, nothing in particular, but somehow we laughed at everything he did." "Well, was the play good?" "No; it was excessively stupid, but still we laughed." And so we all do. If Mr. Nat Goodwin raises one eyebrow we roar. If he lowers that one and raises the other, we yell with mirth. If he retire to a corner of the sofa, and cross his legs, the entire theatre is convulsed. He is actually supposed to be an Englishman in the "Member for Slocum," and he is as aggressively American as a Connecticut nutmeg. But he might be trying to play a Bulgarian, or a Choctaw, and the audience would never think of it as a character part. He is only Nat Goodwin to them, and since as Nat Goodwin he is entirely and deliciously funny, they ask no more of him. I have not yet seen mortal man or woman who knew what the "Member for Slocum" was all about. I have not seen mortal man or woman who cared. No one remembers anything about "Hobbies," and they only look forward to its reproduction because it introduces his imitations, among them, notably, one of the English Irving, whom doubtless we shall never see upon our boards. In short, Mr. Nat Goodwin seems to be funny by birth-right, and the play and the people around him are a mere filling in, a something to be funny about.

Pretty little Marie Jansen, whose voice gives out somewhat after the taxing of the first act always, is to be relieved by an Australian prima donna, in the not lucky opera of "Madame Favart." If Miss Pattie Laverne be as fortunate as Catherine Lewis in her exile from the southern continent, there is a pleasant season before her.

BETSY B.

A complimentary testimonial will be given to Charles R. Thorne, at the Baldwin Theatre, on Thursday, the twentieth of April, by the members of the dramatic profession and the public generally, in token of appreciation of the pioneer manager and actor's early services in the interest of the drama in California. It is hoped that the affair will prove a successful one.

## DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

To the reporter of the New York *World*, who accompanied her to the wharf, on her departure, Patti said: "I am going to my castle in Wales, to enjoy a good long rest before I begin to sing again. The London season opens in the middle of this month; but I shall not sing before May fifteenth, when I shall appear in the new opera of "Valada," by Lempereur. It is new, has never been sung, and is perfectly superb. It is a combination of Wagner and Gounod. My friends on the other side are going to give me a perfect ovation on my arrival in Liverpool. The Prince of Wales has promised to be there, and I expect to be quite overwhelmed. I have had six offers for next season in America, but have not decided to accept any of them. Among those who want me are Mapleson, Haines, and Abbey. Mapleson is good enough in his way, but I want to keep out of that if I can. He is no business man at all. Mr. Abbey, on the other hand, is my ideal of a manager. My success here has been greatly due to his great efforts in my behalf." On the way back to the city Mr. Abbey told the reporter that if Patti returned here to sing next season, it would be under his management. He thought that in her thirty-eight performances here she had netted nearly one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. He had paid her one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for thirty-three representations.

So inconsistent do theatrical speculators appear, that even while new theatres are springing up all round in London, very many of the old ones are deserted or closed. The great Amphitheatre in Holborn has been closed for many months past. Sadlers Wells was abruptly closed. The Queen's Theatre, recently built and tastefully decorated by Labouchere, has been turned into a cooperative store. The Olympic is anything but prosperous, and is always changing hands. The Globe is in the same condition.

The Actors' Relief Fund, which the enterprising young editor of the New York *Mirror*, aided by the editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, first inaugurated, has been progressing with great success. Already the sum in the hands of Mr. A. M. Palmer, the treasurer, amounts to thirty-two thousand dollars. On the third inst. all the principal theatres in New York held afternoon performances, which resulted in nearly fifteen thousand dollars receipts. James Gordon Bennett, through Lester Wallack, contributed the munificent sum of ten thousand dollars. Others, mainly members of the profession, gave and collected about seven thousand dollars. All over the Union the work is progressing. Edwin Booth has rendered great service. John McCullough is also enthusiastic in the cause. A grand performance is now on the tapis, in which John McCullough, Edwin Booth, and Mary Anderson will play in "Othello" or, possibly, "Julius Caesar." This performance will probably take place in May. The different actors and managers in the various cities are all lending their efforts, and will not cease until the fund amounts to one hundred thousand dollars. When the want and necessity that too frequently attend the actor in his last days are remembered, this method of alleviating such misfortune seems most praiseworthy; and it will be well for America if the case of poor John Brougham, who died penniless and in distress, be not repeated. In this city a matinee performance will be given at the California Theatre on April 25th, for the benefit of this same Actors' Fund. Mr. N. C. Goodwin is chairman of the committee on this coast, and Mr. Marcus Mayer is Secretary. The programme is not yet announced, but it will be of a diversified character, as nearly all the professionals in the city desire to take part. Mr. Locke, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Maguire, and Mr. McConnell, have all co-operated, the latter gentleman generously placing his theatre at the disposal of the committee.

Comley and Barton have obtained a temporary injunction on Catharine Lewis, to restrain her from appearing in Baltimore. Miss Lewis, says the New York *Tribune*, declares that Messrs. Comley and Barton have broken the contract by neglecting to pay her on March 18 two hundred and fifty dollars. (one week's salary,) and also by issuing bills and posters in which she is not announced as the star performer. Both of these allegations are denied by the plaintiffs, who say that they are mere pretenses, and that Miss Lewis wishes to cancel her engagement, because she thinks she can make more money by so doing. She does not wish to go to California with the plaintiffs, they say, because she intends to go there next year with her own troupe. The matter is as yet undecided.

Mrs. Langtry's leap from the concert hall to the royal presence, and then back again to the concert hall, has mortally offended the prejudices of the ancient dowagers in London. There is war between them and the modern mammas, and the saloons of an afternoon are filled with clamorous suggestions of the different methods by which the recurrence of such mistakes may be avoided. The Prince of Wales laughs heartily at the fray. The Princess, who is still at a loss to comprehend the rules and regulations of English court etiquette, grows bewildered at the hubbub. Her royal highness herself created commotion by going out alone to dine at a Paris restaurant.

## SCENIC PAGEANTRY.

Gorgeous Revival of Romeo and Juliet in London.

The London correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* thus describes Henry Irving's great Shakespearean revival at the Lyceum Theatre: The Prince and Princess of Wales, at the unconscionably early hour of seven o'clock, were seated in the royal box. Directly beneath them, prompt also, came the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, with her husband and a bevy of friends. In attendance upon the Prince of Wales I observed the Earl of Lytton, the Owen Meredith, dear to the poetic heart in America. The young Earl of Fife, of whose ancestor Shakespeare makes mention in "Macbeth," was present. The play opens with the entrance of Chorus, a person dressed like the picture of Dante, who comes on and speaks the prologue, which probably has not been heard upon the stage since Shakespeare's day. Chorus's prologue was spoken in front of fantastically embroidered curtains, and when these were lifted one of the most animated scenes ever presented on the stage is seen. This represents the market-place at Verona, with a goodly portion of its population engaged in the necessary traffic of the market-day. The key-note of brilliancy in color and animation of movement was struck in this preliminary picture. Donkeys, children, hurried middle-aged and elderly people, all are engaged in the petty bargaining of the moment, when suddenly a tussle ensues, and a mediæval street-row breaks forth with fury. The Capulet men have bit their thumbs at the Montague men, and at once the market-place is in an uproar. The terrible earnestness with which the adherents of the rival houses belabor each other with staves or fight with swords is something so apparently real, so lifelike and exciting, that a thrilled round of applause broke forth from the first-night spectators with an impulsive enthusiasm caught from the mimic scene.

Irving's appearance as Romeo was the signal for one of those rapturous personal greetings to receive which is almost worth the toil and anxiety of the actor's life. Mr. Irving's costume was singularly becoming, yet for Romeo passing strange. From head to foot, doublet, hose, cloak, and shoes, the prevailing tone of the garb was reseda, or mignonette green. The only point of varying color was a deep crimson cap. Mr. Irving some time ago announced to the critics his intention of retaining the original episode of Romeo's unrequited love for Rosaline. Romeo goes to Capulet's feast merely for the purpose of meeting Rosaline, and we see the black-haired, pale-faced beauty sitting on the seditum of blue and silver, and languidly reposing after the gaudy peacocks have been removed from Capulet's banquet table. A minuet follows, during which the eyes of Juliet meet those of Romeo, and the real story of Romeo's life is seen to begin. Most beautiful indeed is the music composed for this minuet by Sir Julius Benedict, as well as the strains of the graceful dance which follows, a bevy of fair women in gold and silver and blue and white satin continuing the measure when Juliet gives over. The scene in which this revelry takes place is one which almost justifies the platitude that it must be seen to be believed. It is a glorious picture, well broken up and splendidly colored. Outside, the guests are seen to arrive at Capulet's palace beneath a high external wall, servants with lighted torches standing in pairs for a great distance, showing in the revelers. The garden scene is a superb picture. It was rumored that this stage effect would be a surprise, and so it was. Juliet stands on the marble terrace of an ancient palace, underneath a roof supported by solid pillars, apparently of marble. At the base of this imposing edifice grows the richest foliage—real trees, through whose heavily-laden branches the silver moon shoots her mellow beams, while on a raised bed beneath the balcony, edged around with a marble coping, grow tall white lilies. I have not yet spoken of the immense reception accorded Ellen Terry. The instant she presented herself the house rose at her, and cheer after cheer greeted the appearance of the trembling piece of fairness, clad in pale, lemon-colored satin, her glorious hair tumbling about her shoulders in picturesque confusion. In the ball-room scene she was even more becomingly attired in rich raiment of blue and gold damask, of which there were whispers among the fair beholders that it had been woven on silk looms, after Italian mediæval designs, uniquely and especially for this purpose. One of the most beautiful scenes was the filing of a procession of bridesmaids into the dead Juliet's chamber—the chamber in which she had but a short time before received her husband Romeo, and with desperate self-subjection driven away from her when "the lark, the harbinger of morn," sounded the note for their separation. The golden lattice, the sumptuous surroundings, the foliage of the garden, the sky, showing the pinks, and oranges, and purples of a sunrise, and finally the sun itself, are a wonderful conjunction of brilliant effects. The last and perhaps most thrilling note of all is struck in the awe-inspiring church-yard scene. Deep down in a subterranean vault is seen the sepulchre of the Capulets. Nothing so realistic, nothing so ghastly, has ever before been pictured on the stage of a theatre as this burying-place, the long steps leading down to which are half walked, half fallen over by the maddened Romeo dragging the body of the murdered County



Paris, and bent on self-destruction beside his young wife's grave. The play ends as Shakespeare intended it to end. Juliet does not reawaken at all before Romeo dies; but when he is quite dead she revives and stabs herself. A pause ensues, the scene fills with horrified spectators, including the court, and the Prince of Verona joins the hands of Capulet and Montague, as a sign that their feud must now end.

In Memoriam—Laurentine Hamilton.  
DIED, APRIL 9, 1882.

Homeward we walked together in the night,  
While above the hills and waters the gray clouds lay,  
Hiding the moon late-risen; but o'er the hay  
Shone from the ocean the changeless heacon light.  
Friend, if thy spirit heard me in thy flight,  
Thou shouldst remember e'en now that lonely way—  
All ways are lonely here—shouldst know to-day  
How midst that gloom for me thy words glowed bright.  
"The form," thou saidst, "decays; we may not  
know  
If this or that endures; but as the star  
That southward burns, the fairest in winter's cold,  
So lives through change unchanging here below,  
The strength of soul that, in the dark, though far  
From truth, loved passionately, still is hold."  
BERKELEY, April 13, 1882. JOSIAH ROYCE.

#### Obscure Intimations.

"W. S. M."—"The Deist" controversy is closed, and we can not reopen it. It is impossible to refrain from saying, however, that we consider your argument defective in one particular. When you say that "had a jury of chaste women tried the Tilton-Beecher case, Henry Ward Beecher would have been found guilty," most men will differ with you. It is the opinion of many that had such a jury sat in the case, the Brooklyn matrons would have found Henry innocent and Elizabeth guilty.

"F. M."—"Hans and Louisa's Aesthetic Experience."—Declared. MS. awaits your disposal.  
"F. S."—"In Prison for Debt."—We already had a translation of this, slightly differing, and under another head. It appears in this issue. Sorry. Your MS. awaits you.

One of the most sensational scenes in Victor Nessler's opera, "The Ratscatcher of Hamelin," is that representing the exodus of rodents from Hamelin, brought about by the tenebrous spells of Singui the Charmer. While this fantastic personage is singing his incantation, thousands upon thousands of rats invade the stage, emerging from doors and windows of the houses composing the "set," from crevices in walls, and from holes in the ground. In the leading opera-houses of Germany no pains or expense have been spared in order to imitate a realistic character to the rat-episode. The mimic rodents are "made up" as lifelike as may be, and scamper about the stage as vivaciously as though they were really flesh and blood instead of skin and stuffing. So excellently managed is this particular "effect" at the Dresden Opera House that a few nights ago, upon the occasion of the "Ratscatcher's" first performance in that theatre, the property rats fairly took in the worthy old cat, perpetually retained upon the strength of the establishment in consideration of her long and valuable services. This conscientious creature, while watching the stage "business" with placid interest from her favorite corner behind one of the wings, suddenly perceived what she believed to be a host of her natural foes in the very act of committing an audacious trespass within the sacred limits of her territorial jurisdiction. With a piercing mew of indignation she straightway bounded upon the stage, and, to the delight of the audience, furiously attacked the legion of "counterfeit presentments" that occupied the boards. No sooner, however, had actual contact with the property rats enlightened her respecting their fictitious nature than she majestically retired. In obedience to an enthusiastic recall, she was brought on a few minutes later in the arms of a super to receive the tribute of applause her spirited conduct had so richly earned.

Mr. Charles Frohman writes from New York that he has united and enlarged the Callender Original Colored Minstrels. In the present troupe there are two distinct and complete brass bands, beside many other original novelties. The company will probably arrive in this city some time next month.

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Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 12th day of April, 1882, an assessment (No. 8) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, 309 Montgomery Street, Room 79, Nevada Block, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the (16th) sixteenth day of May, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the sixth day of June, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.  
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## TRUTHFUL TALES.

## The Sentimental Superintendent.

An Arkansas Sunday school children's picnic party that had been waiting anxiously the arrival of the superintendent to lead them to the scene of their proposed enjoyment, were at last delivered from their suspense by the following message:

Say to my little friends that they must go without me; I can't come, but remain as ever, theirs in Christ,  
JOEL SPARKS.

When the justice of the peace who had committed the tardy superintendent for embezzlement read the above, he was so much affected that he offered to go bail for the prisoner himself.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

## He Lived in a Large Glass House.

The Chief Justice of the Irish Common Pleas is gifted with a rare and rich Galway brogue, which gave much amusement to the House of Commons during the short time he was there. Recently a young junior rose timidly to make his first motion in court; he possessed a hard northern brogue, between which and the western there is a wide distinction. "Sapel," said the judge, leaning over to his clerk of court, "hew is this fallah?" "His name is Hammond, my lord." A pause. "Sapel, fhaat part of the counthry does he come from?" "From County Donegal, my lord." Another pause. "Sapel, did yez ivir coome across sich a frightful accint in the whole coorse of yer loife?"

## De Conrey Go Bragh!

"It was in 1914 when the elder De Courcy had command of a large body of troops, and made gallant onslaught against the Danes at Clontarf. It was then that our name became famous, and when Henry the Fifth issued his proclamation ordering none but those who had the right to arms, or those who had won the right at Agincourt, to bear them, the De Courcy's rights were respected, and up to the present day our crest is a lion rampant proper holding a crown, while the shield is az., with fleurs-de-lis in gu. fcz."

So spake Reginald le Drainer De Courcy, as he sat with a friend on an empty beer-keg in the ballway adjoining Mr. Mulligan's cafe. When he came to the "gu. fcz," a wet mop, tightly rolled, sent with force by an unseen hand, struck the speaker on the back of the neck, and knocked the tomato can from his hands as he was about to raise it to his lips.

## He Was Too Fly.

Theodore was a poor lad. One day, when he was very hungry, he espied a five-cent piece on the floor of the broker's office, which he was sweeping out. He had remembered stories wherein little boys had picked up a small piece of money, handed it to the great merchant or rich banker, and been immediately taken into partnership. So Theodore stepped up to the door of the broker's private room, and said: "Please, sir, here's a five-cent piece I found on your floor." The broker looked at Theodore a moment, and then said: "You found that on my floor, did you? And you are hungry, aren't you?" "Yes, sir," replied Theodore. "Well, give it to me and get out. I was looking around for a partner; but a boy who doesn't know enough to buy bread when he is starving to death would make but a sorry broker. No, boy, I can't take you into the firm." And Theodore never became a great broker. Honesty is the best policy, children; but it is not indispensable to success as a broker.—*Boston Transcript.*

## A Rise in Railroad Iron.

At the battle of Groveton, Stonewall Jackson tried an experiment which nearly frightened a Federal division out of their boots. Bars of railroad iron were cut up into foot-lengths, and fired from some of his heaviest guns, and the noise these missiles made as they went sailing through the air was a sort of cross between the shriek of a woman and the bray of a mule. The Federals listened in wonder at the first few which banged through the tree-tops, and presently one of the pieces fell just in front of a Pennsylvania regiment. A captain stepped forward to inspect it, and after turning it over he rushed to his colonel with the news.

"Colonel, them infernal rebs are firing railroad iron at us!"

"No!"

"They are, for a fact!"

"Captain, advance your company to that ridge and deploy, and the minute you find Jackson is getting ready to fire freight cars at us send me word. I don't propose to have my regiment mashed into the ground when it can just as well be decently exterminated in the regular way."—*Detroit Free Press.*

## The Romantic Flea.

This is the tale of the philosopher and the flea: I. The former, having been bitten by the latter, seized and was about to despatch his foe, when he reflected that the little insect had only acted from instinct, and was not to be blamed. Accordingly he deposited the flea on the back of a passing dog.

II. This dog was the poodle of a lady, and she was very fond of the pretty animal. On his return to the house, his mistress took him on her lap to caress him, and the flea embraced the opportunity to change his habitat.

III. The flea, having in the course of the night engaged in active operations, awakened the lady. Her husband was sleeping peacefully beside her, and in the silence of the chamber she heard him in his dreams whisper, with an accent of ineffable tenderness, a name. The name was that of her most intimate female friend!

IV. As soon as it was day the outraged wife hurried to the house of her rival, and told the rival's husband of the d—ing discovery she had made. He, being a man of decision, at once called out the destroyer of his household peace, and ran him through.

V. The widow, when her husband was taken home to her upon the medium of a shutter, was so terribly smitten with remorse that she precipitated herself from the fourth-story window.

VI. The other lady convinced her husband that he had wronged her by entertaining any suspicions as to her fidelity, and becoming reconciled with him, seized an early opportunity of poisoning him.

VII. Inasmuch as the jurors of that country had never heard of "extenuating circumstances," and the chief magistrate thought that he could not put a murderer to better use than guillotining him, the guilty woman was duly decapitated, and the sole survivors of the tragedy were the philosopher and the flea.—*Le Gaulois.*

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Barberisms.

Jones steps into the barber's shop.  
To get a simple shave.  
The razor's rubbed upon the strop;  
The barber 'gins to lave  
The face of Jones with lather white,  
And says, with oily tongue,  
"Your hair, good sir, too long is, quite."  
Says Jones, "I like it long."  
The barber coughed, and then, "Your hair  
Is getting thin," he said:  
"My tonic, sir—," says Jones, "I swear  
I love a smooth bald head."  
The barber scrapes at Jones's face;  
But soon he stops to say—  
"A little hair-dye on this place—"  
Says Jones, "I would be gray."  
The barber stops again to say,  
"You'd like a good shampoo?"  
Says Jones, "My head is bald and gray;  
I like it dirty, too!"  
The barber has no more to say—  
Quite plainly he is vexed;  
In silence grim he works away—  
Then fiercely calls out, "Next!"  
—*Boston Transcript.*

## Change.

1.	Shaddy tree, Babbling brook, Girl in hammock, Reading book, Golden curls, Tiny feet, Girl in hammock Looks so sweet. Man rides past, Big moustache, Girl in hammock Makes a "mash." Mash is mutual, Day is set, Man and maiden Married get.	Maiden also Thinks of swing. Wants to go back, Too, poor thing!
III.	Hour of midnight, Baby squawking, Man in sock feet, Bravely walking, Baby yells on. Now the other Twin be strikes up, Like his brother. Paregoric By the bottle, Emptied into Baby's throttle. Naughty tack Points in air, Waiting some one's Foot to tear. Man in sock feet See him—there! Holy Moses! Hear him swear! Raving crazy, Gets his gun, Blows his head off, Dead and gone.	
II.	Married now, One year ago, Keeping house On Baxter Row. Red hot stove, Beefsteak frying, Girl got married, Cooking, trying, Cheeks all burning, Eyes look red; Girl got married, Nearly dead, Biscuit burnt up, Beefsteak chary; Girl got married, Awful sorry. Man comes home, Tears moustache, Mad as blazes; Got no bash. Thinks of hammock In the lane, Wishes maiden Back again.	IV. Pretty widow With a book, In the hammock By the brook. Man rides past, Big moustache; Keeps on riding, Nary mash. — <i>Unknown Liar.</i>

## Lovers, and a Reflection.

In moss-prankt dells which the sunbeams flatter  
(And heaven it knoweth what that may mean;  
Meaning, however, is no great matter.)  
Where woods are a-tremble, with rifts atween;  
Through God's own heather we wonned together,  
I and my Willie (O love my love.)  
I need hardly remark it was glorious weather,  
And flitter-bats wavered aloft, above;  
Boats were curtsying, rising, bowing,  
(Boats in that climate are so polite.)  
And sands were a ribbon of green endowing  
And O the sun-dazzle on bark and bight!  
Through the rare red beather we danced together,  
(O love my Willie!) and smelt for flowers;  
I must mention again it was gorgeous weather,  
Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours—  
By rises that flushed with their purple favors,  
Through becks that brattled o'er grasses sheen,  
We walked or waded, we two young shavers,  
Thanking our stars we were both so green.  
We journeyed in parallels, I and Willie,  
In fortunate parallels! Butterflies,  
Hid in weltering shadows of daffodilly  
Or marjoram, kept making peacock eyes;  
Song-birds darted about, some inkly  
As coal, some snowy (I woen) as curds;  
Or rosy as pinks, or as roses pinky!  
They reek of no eerie To-come, those birds!  
But they skim over vents which the mill-stream  
washes,  
Or hang in the lift 'neath a white cloud's bem;  
They need no parzols, no goloshes,  
And good Mrs. Trimmer she feedeth them.  
Then we thrifd God's cowslips (as erst his heather.)  
That endowed the wan grass with their golden  
blooms,  
And snapt (it was perfectly charming weather)  
Our fingers at Fate and her goddess gloves.  
And Willy 'gan sing—(Oh, his notes were fluty;  
Wafts fluttered then out to the white-winged sea)—  
Something made up of rhymes that have done much  
duty,  
Rhymes (better to put it) of "ancientry":  
Bowers of flowers encountered showers  
In William's carol—(O love my Willie!)  
Then he bade sorrow borrow from blithe to-morrow  
I quite forget what—say a daffodilly;  
A nest in a hollow, "with buds to follow,"  
I think occurred next in his nimble strain,  
And clay was "kneaden" of course in Eden—  
A rhyme most novel, I do maintain;  
Mists, bones, the singer himself, love stories,  
And all the least furlible things got "fured";  
Not with any design to conceal their glories,  
But simply and solely to rhyme with "world."

Oh, if billows and pillows and hours and flowers,  
And all the brave rhymes of an elder day,  
Could be fured together, this genial weather,  
And carted, or carried on waifs away,  
Nor ever again trotted out—ay me!  
How much fewer volumes of verse there'd be!  
—*Charles S. Calverley.*

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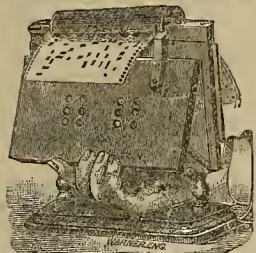
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Money on hand.....	398,669 24
<b>LIABILITIES.</b> .....	<b>\$3,523,544 23</b>
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VOL. X. NO. 16.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 22, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## THE BLACK FLOWING RIVER.

A Story of a Strike.

A long, sullen, rumbling cheer. A cheer expressing defiance and resentment rather than triumph; a cheer without courage, or joy, or freedom; a cheer which awoke no wholesome echoes, but left behind it only dogged silence in the dusty little square. The cheer being ended, the crowd broke into small groups, and stood about with the air of men who did not know what to do next. On most faces there was an expression of stubborn dullness. A few wore a higher look, as of some heroic resolve; some had only hopeless blankness depicted on their bewildered faces, but these were prosaic, elderly men, to whom actual bread was more than possible meat.

It was the French quarter of a New England town. The windows of the ugly row of corporation houses were open, and filled with women's heads, and it was toward these windows that many a man of the strikers directed glances anything but fearless.

Presently from the midst of a noisy group a man emerged, and walked up to a lower window, from which a young woman was leaning. She was rather handsome, though her narrow eyes and sallow cheeks betokened her French-Canadian origin. As the man came near, she turned away coquettishly, and began to play with a gray cat on the floor at her feet. The young man rested his arms on the sill, and looked for a moment at the closely-plaited black hair, and blue cotton gown of the girl. A slow smile grew upon his full, red lips as he looked, a smile which was contradicted by the lurking expression of anger in his large, dark eyes.

"Poor Fanchette!" said the girl. "Is she hungry? Poor Fanchette!"

The man laid a heavy hand on the girl's shoulder. "Victorine!" he said.

The girl gave a great start, and turned.

"Oh, Godfroi, how you did startle me!" she said.

"Did I?" replied the man; "I thought you saw me coming, and turned away on purpose."

Victorine tossed her head, making her long, gold earrings swing and clash.

"There are three hundred men in the square," she said; "I might look out of the window without seeing you." The gray cat jumped suddenly to her shoulder, and Victorine put up a thin, brown hand, holding the creature against her face and sleek dark hair. "Well," she asked, with some sharpness, "when will you break the strike, Godfroi Lafontaine?"

The man's face darkened.

"We don't talk about breaking it yet; we've only just made it," he replied. "We shall have them all at our feet before Monday. They shall pay as they pay at Harrisburg, or—"

"Small pay is better than no pay," answered Victorine, tersely; "what shall you do with yourselves now?"

"Till the money is gone, enjoy life a little, as they do always, curse them!"

"And then?" coldly asked Victorine, petting her cat.

"They'll be at our feet before then," said the man, confidently.

A sudden smile brightened Victorine's face.

"Mère Lubec is welcoming home her husband," she said, "listen."

She leaned from her window, and they both turned toward the door, where a woman stood upon the untidy, sunken steps. She was small in stature, but to the man before her she looked gigantic. Beneath her left arm she had one of those long loaves of bread which are sold at French bakeries; her right hand pointed unflinchingly at the gray-haired man before her. Deprecation was expressed in every line and wrinkle of his face, in the droop of his hopeless figure, and the in-toeing feet, shoving about the loose sand and gravel.

"*Éh bien*," the little woman was saying, shrilly, "you think you've done a fine brave thing, and you with thirteen children, and only two of them old enough to work."

"Now, Jeanne, my woman," began the man; but the woman stopped him.

"Don't speak, pig," she said, "there's nothing you can say to better yourself in my eyes."

"Fair play and fair pay, you know, Jeanne," urged the man, weakly.

"Aye, and who's to give me fair play?" sibilant the woman, "that's what I want to know. I've spent my last cent of money for this very loaf of bread, money I earned myself by hard days' work. Where's the next bread coming from? That's what I want to know, pig and idiot old man!"

"*Éh bien*," cried a new voice, "that's it; give him a few plain words, neighbor!"

Several women, warned of a coming conflict, began to gather about the luckless man, each anxious to add her voice to the tumult of imprecation; but Mother Lubec, with a vigorous and unexpected pounce, seized her bewildered husband by the arm. "Scold your own men, will you," she said, "and let mine alone. I don't take my dirty linen abroad to wash. Come into the house," and with this she hustled and tumbled the valiant striker into the entry, and slammed the door.

Lafontaine watched his humiliating disappearance, then turned to the girl in the window. "Her tongue needs no sharpening," he said. "*Mon Dieu*, what a heaven is mar-

ried life! If my wife dared to question what I did—"

Victorine leaned imprudently near Lafontaine's coarse, handsome face. "Well," she asked, "what would you do?"

With a sudden movement, he drew her head toward him, and kissed her roughly on the lips. "I would stop her mouth so!" he said.

"Go away," said the girl, "I hate you!"

Lafontaine laughed. "Hate or love," he said, "it is all one, so you marry me."

\* \* \* \* \*

Either from some miscalculation on the part of the strikers as to the enduring powers of the corporation, or from some misunderstanding on the part of the corporation as to what the strikers expected of them, Monday came and went without any indications of yielding on the part of members of the corporation; in fact, not a single striker had discovered that anybody was at his feet. And not only Monday, but Tuesday and Wednesday, and indeed the whole week passed without anybody's showing the slightest interest in the fate of the idle operatives. Their holiday air began to leave them; some weaker ones were openly anxious to break the strike, and go back to the mills; but the more stubborn, under Godfroi Lafontaine, still held out. The second week, many of them went to the plains beyond the town to pick blueberries. These grew plentifully on low, brown bushes, and the gathering of them was the great summer industry of Milbury. Whole families went to the plains, and camped in gypsy fashion, sleeping in tents, and eating in the open air. Every afternoon speculators from the town drove out, and bought the gathered fruit, paying a small price, and sending the berries to the city market by the night trains.

It was the middle of the third week when Lafontaine walked, one morning, up the wide, white street on his way to the plains. He met, presently, one of the great drays loaded with bales of raw cotton, which were constantly going from the depot to the storerooms of the mill. During these idle weeks the supply of raw cotton had not stopped coming; the great storehouse must be getting full to the roof. Lafontaine stood still and watched the dray as it rumbled slowly down the white, elm-shaded street. He struck his clenched fist upon a post.

"Curse you!" he said, "may the devil send a blight on your cotton! May hell-fire burn it up before you ever put a thread of it into your cursed looms!"

He turned and walked on, muttering to himself, until he reached the sandy road on the plains. Here he came upon other French people, some of them strikers like himself. There was much calling back and forth among them, and jocose allusions to out-of-door labor being more healthful than work in the mills, but Lafontaine was in no mood to join in this; he kept a sullen silence, and when the plains were reached he chose to find a spot among the country people rather than the Canadians. For sometime he picked doggedly. It was hard work, even for those accustomed to it, and to the newcomer, the constant stooping was almost unbearable; his strong back ached, and his temples throbbed. Overhead burned the unrelenting July sun. Not a single breath of wind crept up from the neighboring sea, not a cloud stole across the brilliant sky to grant a hand's breadth of shade. The belt of scrub pines farther down the road looked like a very paradise of coolness. Lafontaine suddenly took his wooden pails, and walked toward the inviting spot. Under the scant shade of the pines, he lit his short pipe, and flung himself down on the warm brown needles with his arms beneath his head. He lay for a while looking straight up between the dark-green tree tops, at the sapphire beauty of the sky, across which the black crows swept in inky couples. Presently, he became aware of a woman at work very near him, and he turned his head to get a better view of her, without changing his lazy position. She was only a young country girl in a pink cotton gown, and a shabby brown hat, but she had the blonde loveliness which sometimes comes to young New England women, and seems so oddly at variance with the sea-fogs, raw winds, and granite ledges of their birthplace. She was kneeling and working industriously. She had turned back her sleeves to the elbow, and her arms, though sunburnt, and scratched by the bushes, were round and beautiful. A soft flush on her down-cast face showed her to be fully aware of Lafontaine's steady, impudent gaze. In a moment he spoke.

"Did anybody ever tell you that you were a handsome girl?" he said.

She turned toward him with a start, and the conscious pink on her face deepened to crimson. She had not lived seventeen years without knowing that she was handsome. God never gave a woman so much as a pretty foot without, at the same time, creating a man to tell her of it, but to Hannah Wells the fact of her beauty had never been a very pleasant one until she turned and saw the admiration in Lafontaine's dark, handsome face. At that moment she could have blessed her beauty, because it had found favor in his eyes.

He was a coarse, heavy-featured fellow, with a certain swaggering, bold beauty about him; his lips and thick, short neck, were sensual; his eyes and teeth were cruel. But to Hannah Wells he was a very Antinous. She fluttered and stammered under his bold gaze, and said, stupidly:

"Do you think—"

Lafontaine laughed.

"I think you are handsome," he said. "I like your whiteness; a woman should not be brown and thin. I like your arms; they are handsome; I have been looking at them."

The girl was not offended at this coarse admiration; she only flushed and played with her apron; said something about getting to work, and bent over the bushes again, while Lafontaine lay and watched her.

"You have only a few berries," she said presently.

"It is your fault," he said; "if I am looking at you I can't pick berries."

She laughed, then suddenly emptied her full quart of fruit into his pail.

"If it is my fault," she said, shyly, "I ought to make it up to you."

"I shall not quarrel with you if you do that a dozen times," he answered; "it is beastly work. I hate it." He raised himself on his elbow, and knocking the ashes from his pipe, refilled it, then lay back, and continued his lazy talk.

The girl was quite happy. She worked industriously, and talked very little, but she listened to him. At noon she gave him a share of her lunch from a dull tin pail, and they went together to find a spring that Hannah knew of in the woods. At night, when the merchants came to buy up the berries, Lafontaine's two pails were heaped with fruit, though he himself had only lain on the grass and smoked. He walked along the road homeward with Hannah. It was an ugly road, long and straight, with level sun-parched plains on either hand; the yellow sand was ankle-deep, and the foot-path by the roadside was bordered by sparse, sharp-edged grass and wild sage; there was no beauty in it, but it might have been the loveliest wood-path in the land to judge from Hannah Wells's face and springing step. When the road divided, and reached right and left toward town and farm lands, Lafontaine said good-night, and walked steadily away, but the girl stood still and watched him out of sight. "What a beautiful day it has been," she said, and she turned and joined the line of weary berry-pickers, creeping home along the dusty road, under the low light of sunset.

\* \* \* \* \*

The weeks that followed were weeks of bliss to Hannah Wells. The sun might blaze in the heavens like a consuming fire; the dust might choke her, the berries grow small and few, the herbage be brown and parched; with Godfroi Lafontaine lounging and talking in the pine trees' shade, Hannah Wells could toil on unmindful of all but him. She filled his berry pails as well as her own, and thought it no bardship; and when she laid her weary young body down to sleep, her only wish was that the cool and peaceful night might be yet shorter; that the dawn would come more quickly, and bring another day of heat and toil and Godfroi Lafontaine.

And Lafontaine? Well, perhaps he hardly knew his own mind. He was at all events nothing loth to have his berries picked by Hannah. Then he admitted the round, blonde beauty of the girl, and her unconcealed adoration of him was not unpleasant. Yet he said to himself sometimes that a little opposition was a good thing in a woman; there was nothing to conquer in Hannah Wells. Nevertheless, he praised her beauty, and was always beside her on the sunny plains, and would sometimes take her rowing in the evening on the river, down between the low-water meadows, far from the many lights of the town.

His companions carried back to the French village news of Lafontaine's fondness for the country girl, and reports of her white beauty. These things were talked of in the evenings, when, after the heat of the busy day, the people gathered at their doors to rest, and gossip, and breathe the cool night air. One evening, as Lafontaine was crossing the little square, on his way to visit Victorine, he saw her rise and leave the open window. When he came up, she was sitting on the farther side of the room, very busy in fringing some white and rose-colored tissue papers to decorate the tawdry little shrine above the mantel.

"Father has taken his pipe over to Antoine Latrobe's," she said coldly.

Lafontaine went round to the door, and entering, stood before her with his hands in his pockets, after the manner of such men when they mean to be particularly self-assertive.

"What do you mean?" he asked, roughly; "you know that I came to see you."

"I know nothing about it," said Victorine, sullenly.

Lafontaine's eyes, as he stood looking down upon her, said, "Wait until we are married, my lady," but, aloud, he only laughed a low, irritating laugh.

Victorine sprang to her feet, letting the rosy tissue fall in a heap to the floor. "I hate you!" she cried, passionately, "*mon Dieu*, how I hate you! Go away from me. Don't ever come here again; go to that white-faced berry-girl, if she will have you; she will listen to you."

Lafontaine took the girl in his arms, and held her in spite of her angry struggles. He laughed, and kissed her lips.

"My little wildcat, you are jealous," he said. "Why, what a little tiger it is! I love her for it. The other is handsome; yes, I will tell you that. But to live with always—bah! She is a lamb; a tiger suits me better, Victorine."

\* \* \* \* \*

One afternoon when the sun was hot, and the air was quivering and breathless, Lafontaine and one of his friends shared in the pine woods a small flask of very bad liquor.



It was not a good thing for them, for it only served to make more terrible the burning, consuming thirst. It mounted to brains already reeling with the heat, and loosened a tongue commonly cautious and guarded. It was very hot and still. One heard the rattle of berries dropping into tin vessels, and the shrill, dry whistle of the locust in the parching stubble.

Suddenly there came a rumble of wheels along the level road, and a handsome carriage passed, drawn by gray horses, and containing a gentleman and three white-clad ladies. The gentleman was of the blonde, well-kept type, and was leaning back indolently as he drove. It was the superintendent of the mill, taking his family to the shore for a whiff of cool air, and a drive over the wet, hard sands. Hannah Wells simply glanced at them over her shoulder, and returned to her work; but, as the choking cloud of yellow dust raised by the carriage settled, Lafontaine raised to a sitting posture.

"Curse you!" he muttered; "what right have you throwing your clouds of heastly dust over me? Why should he ride and I walk? Why should he be sleek, and idle, and well kept, and I be working through the heat of the day on these d—d plains? Ride along, curse you; but wait till to-night, and perhaps you won't look so cool, my fine gentleman. We'll have strange sights then."

Hannah Wells looked swiftly around. She and Lafontaine were at some distance from the other berry-pickers. Nobody was near them but a young girl who was a devoted friend of Hannah's, and was apt to follow her wherever she went. She raised her warm, red face as Hannah turned toward her.

"Did you see them red parasols, Hannah?" she said. "I wish I had one o' em. How much do you s'pose they cost?"

"I don't know," said Hannah, absently; "but, Lil, I'll give you half this measure o' berries if you'll hug go down to the road an' bring my big basket."

"Will you, really?" cried lazy Lil; and rising, she yawned, pulled on her sun-bonnet, and walked away.

Hannah turned to Lafontaine. "What did you mean about waiting till to-night? What will happen to-night?"

"We are going to make a bonfire of their cursed store-house," he answered, recklessly; "it is full to the eaves of cotton, and everything is as dry as tinder. If the store-house goes, the mills will go. A single match could set the town afire now. Meet me at the river, and I'll take you rowing to-night. We shall have light enough to go down to Harrisburg if we choose."

The girl's face was quite white with terror. She grasped his arm eagerly.

"You will not do it," she pleaded, "oh, you will not do it. They will know it was the strikers did it, and you lead the strikers. They will do some terrible thing to you. Lem Daniels got ten years just for firing fences on the plains. Oh, promise you will not do it—promise, promise."

Lafontaine seized her arms.

"Why should you care," he said, "if their cursed mills hurt to cinders?"

"It is not that," she answered, with scorn, "it is only you I care for. Why should I care for them, or their mills? But they will put you in prison, and it would kill me. I tell you I can not live without you; oh, I can not!"

"You talk as if you were crazy," said Lafontaine, coldly. "I shall not love you if you meddle with me, and talk like this."

An expression of horror crossed the girl's face, and she bent toward him.

"But you do love me?" she pleaded.

"Yes," he said, "I do love you. I will take you down the river to-night; only we will have no more talk like this, will you remember?"

"Yes," said Hannah, humbly enough. She saw that Lil was coming back with the basket, and she knelt down, hiding her face low over her work.

"Say, Hannah," said Lil, panting with her warm walk, "Ella Black says they have them red parasols down to Holbrook's, in cotton, and you can get one for a quarter."

"Is that so?" asked Hannah, absently.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was quite dusk that evening when Hannah reached the river-bank, where she was to wait for Lafontaine. Above she could see the long, black line of factory buildings on the water-front, and the sound of the falls, shallow for lack of rain, came with monotonous cadence to her ears. There was a restless bird stirring and rustling in the thicket. Below the steep cliff on which she stood, she could hear the dull hum of Lafontaine's boat, which was chained there. It grew darker and darker. By-and-by the stars crept out slowly, but there was no moon, and it was very dark and still. The girl grew nervous as she waited, pacing the rocky shelf on which she was. Nine dull strokes fell from the town-clock tower before she caught the sound of footsteps ringing down the pathway. She stopped walking, and stood waiting for him with her hands clasped, and her heart beating in slow, sickening throbs. Lafontaine came down quickly, and walking up to Hannah, stood before her in the darkness. He did not offer to touch her.

"You are here, then!" he said, slowly, and with an evident effort at self-possession.

"Yes," said Hannah, breathlessly.

Lafontaine kept silent for a moment, then: "François Dantic saw you go into the Superintendent's to-night," he said.

The girl made no answer.

Lafontaine spoke again, still struggling to restrain his passion.

"There were guards about the cotton-house to-night," he said, "and the fire companies are both at their engine-houses. It is strange, isn't it?"

In the pause which followed, the mellow rumble of the falls seemed to Hannah Wells to swell and grow louder, until her ears refused all other sounds.

"It was for you I did it," she said, "oh, it was only for you I did it. You must know it was to save you from prison. As I hope for heaven, I told him in such a way that he will never blame you; he will never even think of you; oh, it is true; do believe me!"

Lafontaine folded his arms. "Who are you," he said,

"that you dare go against me? Curse you, I could throttle you with a good will, as you stand. Curse you, I say!"

The girl fell back a moment, as if stunned; then suddenly she put her arms about his neck. "Godfroi," she cried, passionately, "you don't know what you are saying. You are crazy, or you never would speak to me so. Oh, you know I only did it because I love you—because I should die if they sent you to prison. Did you think that I liked to set myself against you? I tell you I love you better than life, Godfroi, and it was to save you I did it; only for that, dear, only for that."

Lafontaine took her clinging hands down roughly. "Don't touch me," he said, "you have betrayed me. I do not want a traitor's hands on me. I have no forgiveness for you. I hate you. *Mon Dieu*, how I hate you!"

He thrust her from him, as he stopped speaking. The rocky shelf was wet, and as the girl stepped back, her foot slipped on the edge, and she fell. The dark water below opened and closed suddenly, as if a stone had been dropped in. The water circles grew faint, and vanished.

Lafontaine made one frantic start forward, then he stopped; it was madness to think of leaping down that cliff. There had been no cry, no stir.

"She was a serpent and a traitor," said Lafontaine; "the world is better without her."

He turned, and walked doggedly up the pathway.

A thick hush reached out and struck him, as he passed, with dewy branches. With rough impatience, he thrust them aside. Then he started back in horror.

"God!" he said, hoarsely.

Victorine Trudeau was standing hidden there, with the light from the toll-house above falling on her terror-stricken face and lighting her dark eyes.

Lafontaine had no need to ask what she had seen.—*Eleanor Putnam in Boston Courier.*

In the time of King Bomha, many of the political *sospetti* of Naples used to be "requested" to spend a few months or years at Capri, where they were under as careful surveillance as Napoleon at Elba. Many stories are still current of that reign of terror, so little distant from our own times, yet recording tyrannies as black as those of the Roman emperors. Once his majesty entertained at dinner a particular friend, *i. e.*, a suspected enemy; had him an affectionate *addio*, and courteously accompanied him to the very door. There, just outside it, he found himself seized by the police. "Impossible!" cried the unfortunate. "I have just dined with the king; have only this instant parted from his majesty." Nevertheless, here is his majesty's warrant for the castle of St. Elmo. Which the prisoner entered that night, and never quitted more. Another: Two *sospetti*—honorable, respectable, professional men—received orders to quit Naples for Capri. There they remained for many months, living the simplest of lives, and apparently not even acquainted with one another, though supposed to be friends and political conspirators. At last, when suspicion had almost ceased, one more plan was tried against them. An old woman came rushing in to Signor A—, imploring him to come at once, secretly, to his friend Signor B—, who was dying. Signor A— went, to find it all a ruse, and himself seized and imprisoned. The two gentlemen were afterward publicly whipped in the little quiet piazza—one so severely that he very soon died.

In the spring of 1863, two great armies were encamped on either side of the Rappahannock, one dressed in blue, the other in gray. As twilight fell the hands on the Union side began to play "The Star Spangled Banner," and "Rally Round the Flag," and that challenge of music was taken up by those on the other side, and they responded with "The Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Away Down South in Dixie." It was borne in upon the soul of a single soldier in one of those hands of music to begin a sweeter and more tender air, and slowly as he played it there joined in a sort of chorus the instruments upon the Union side, until finally a great and mighty chorus swelled up and down our army: "Home, Sweet Home." When they had finished there was no challenge yonder, for every hand upon the farther shore had taken up the lovely air, so attuned to all that is holiest and dearest, and one great chorus of the two great hosts went up to God; and when they had finished, from the boys in gray came a challenge: "Three cheers for home!" and they went up, resounding through the skies, from both sides of the river. "Something upon the soldiers' cheeks washed off the stains of powder."

"Yes," Athelwald replied, speaking in low, impressive tones, "yes, I do like dogs; I am fond of them. But I like a shy, coy, shrinking dog, who flies away to the shadowy recesses of the woodshed when he hears the footfall of the stranger, and can only he won to sociability by love, and kindness, and patient pleading. I do not love the bold, forward, unquestioning mass of canine insolence and obtrusiveness that comes sneaking out from behind a lilac bush when one is half-way between the gate and the piazza, and nestles up to a stranger like an old acquaintance, and drags one all around the yard in a backward attitude, with no thought of one's dignity or comfort." And with a dry, convulsive sob he turned away, and as he walked toward the neckwear department, the hookkeeper noticed that his fawn-colored trousers had been patched in the postern gate with a nine-cornered tail-piece of olive-green.—*Hawkeye.*

When Kemble played Hamlet, the gentleman who personated Guildenstern had a feeling that after all the real interest of the drama centered in himself. Hamlet said: "Will you play upon this pipe?" "My lord, I can not," was the reply. "I pray you." "Believe me, I can not." "I do beseech you." At this point Guildenstern felt the temptation too great to be withstood, and with a feeble apology took his position before the footlights, and howling to the amazed audience, played "God Save the King."

At a New York dinner one man gave his fork to another, with, "Just stick that fork into that potato for me, will you?" His unneighborly neighbor did as he requested, and left it sticking there.

## OUR ANCESTORS.

A Review of the Races that Inhabited Europe in Primeval Times.

In the last two numbers of the *Atlantic* John Fiske has had articles on "The Arrival of Man in Europe." Among other interesting accounts, he describes the races of men that lived in the successive eras. At the close of what is called the Pleistocene age Europe had already been inhabited by human beings during several thousand years. This race of man, described as the "River-Drift-Man," is probably now as extinct as the cave-bear or the mammoth. Late in the Pleistocene period it was replaced by a new race, coming from the northeast, along with the musk-sheep and reindeer, and called by an eminent writer the "Cave-Man." Both the Cave-men and River-drift men were in the stage of culture known as the Paleolithic, or Old Stone Age; that is, they used only stone implements, and these implements were only roughly chipped into shape, and were very rude and irregular in contour. No pottery of any sort has been found in association with these implements, nor were there at that period any domesticated animals. Men gained a precarious subsistence by hunting the great elk and other deer, and contended with packs of hyænas for the caves which might serve for a shelter against the storm. Their implements have been found in Europe, northern Africa, Palestine, and Hindustan. They were a dolicocephalic, or long-headed race, with prominent jaws; but no complete skeleton has as yet been discovered. As the climate of Europe became arctic and temperate by turns, the River-drift men appear to have by turns retreated southward to Italy and Africa, and advanced northward into Britain. After several migrations they returned no more; but instead of them we find plentiful traces of the Cave-men, a race clearly belonging to a subarctic fauna. The bones and implements of the Cave-men are found in great abundance in southern and central England, also in Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland, and in every part of France; but nowhere as yet have their remains been discovered south of the Alps and Pyrenees. Their clothes were made of the furs of hibernians, reindeer, bears, and other animals, rudely sewn together with threads of sinew. They used spears and arrows headed with bone, and daggers of reindeer antlers. They appear to have eaten, as well as to have been eaten by, the cave-lion and cave-bear. Many details of their life are preserved to us through their extraordinary taste for engraving and carving upon antlers or bones, or sometimes upon stone. If modern Eskimo remains were to be put into European caves, they would be indistinguishable in appearance from the remains of the Cave-men which are now found there. The Eskimos are probably the sole survivors of the Cave-men. Of the mammalia living at the beginning of what is called the Recent period, only one species, the Irish elk, has become extinct. In Europe were now to be found the bear, elk, reindeer, hoar, wild ox, wolf, fox, rabbit, hare, and the badger; and along with these there came those harbingers of the dawn of civilization—the dog and horse, the domestic ox and pig, with the sheep and goat. The sharp and accurate edge of the axe, unattainable save by grinding, is the symbol of this new era, which is known to archaeologists as the Neolithic, or New Stone Age. The huts of the Neolithic farmers and shepherds were built in clusters, and defended by stockades. Wheat and flax were raised, and linen garments were added to those of fur. The distaff and loom, in rude shape, were in use, and grain was pounded in the mortar with a pestle. They had some idea of a future life. The celebrated lake-villages of Switzerland belong to the Neolithic, or early Recent period. It is certain that the domestic animals were not introduced into Europe gradually, and one by one, but suddenly, and *en masse*. They must have been brought in from Asia by the Neolithic men; and the same is true of wheat, barley, fruits, and flax, which grew in the gardens and orchards of Neolithic Switzerland. This rudimentary Neolithic civilization was spread all over northern and Moorish Africa, beside Europe, with the exception of the northern parts of Russia and Scandinavia. The Neolithic population constituted an important portion of our own ancestry. The stature was small, averaging five feet four inches for the men, and four feet eleven inches for the women, and the figure was slight. The jaws were small, the eyebrows and cheek-bones were not very prominent, the nose was aquiline, and the general outline of the face oval, and probably handsome. In all these points the men of the Neolithic age agree exactly with the Basks of northern Spain, and who were afterward known as "Iberians." In very recent times—probably not twenty centuries before Christ—Europe was invaded by a new race of men, coming from central Asia. These were the Aryans, a race tall and massive in stature, with fair, ruddy complexions and blue eyes, and red, or flaxen hair. The first that made their way through western Europe to the shores of the Atlantic were the Gael, or true Kelts. After these came the Kymry; then the Teutons; and finally, the Slavs. These Aryan invaders were further advanced in civilization than the Iberians, who had so long inhabited Europe, and the two races everywhere became commingled in various proportions. In southern Europe, where the Iberians were more numerous than their Aryan invaders, the people are small in stature, and dark in complexion. In Russia and Scandinavia, where there were few Iberians, the people show the purity of their Aryan descent in their fair complexion and large stature. In northern Italy and northern France, in Germany and the British Islands, the Iberian and the Aryan statures and complexions are largely intermingled. We have every reason to believe that the great Glacial period of the Pleistocene age began two hundred and forty thousand years ago, and came to an end eighty thousand years ago. We can not tell how long there had been human beings on the earth before the Glacial epoch began, but it must have been a great while, because, even before the close of the Pliocene age, they had had time to spread over the earth as far as Portugal in one direction, and as far as California in the other. And if we are to take the date of two hundred and forty thousand years ago for the beginning of the Glacial epoch, we can hardly allow for the close of the Pliocene age an antiquity of less than four hundred thousand years.



## RAMBLES AMONG BOOKS.

When the Atlantic cable was first opened, and the charges were enormously high, the New York *Herald* was spirited enough to pay over eight hundred pounds each for two dispatches, one giving the King of Prussia's speech after peace with Austria, and the other particulars of the prize-fight between Mace and Goss. Such instances are by no means rare. The *Times* and *Daily Telegraph* maintain, at great expense, a special wire each from Paris; while almost all the leading daily provincial journals have special wires from London, which, with the many incidental expenses connected with them, cost no trifling amount. In connection with "special wires," the following amusing anecdote is related. It must be remembered that the event happened a good many years ago: "Four Scotch newspapers have each a special telegraph wire between London and Scotland—the *Scotsman* and the *Daily Review*, in Edinburgh, and the *Herald* and the *Mail*, in Glasgow—by which important news items are nightly transmitted to the respective journals. Whether there is any great necessity for such expensive newspaper enterprise it is not our province to inquire; it is enough for our purpose to say that "special wiring" has become a feature of Scottish journalism, if it is not a millstone around its neck. The other night Mr. Moffat, who transmits news from London to the Glasgow *Daily Mail*, arrived late at the Gresham Street telegraph-station, and found to his dismay that the gate was shut and halted, and the night porter fast asleep. Knocking was of no use, and kicking had as little effect; the porter slept the sleep of a man with an easy conscience. What was to be done? The doughty Scot knew that high up in the building a telegraph clerk was waiting for the last of his "copy;" and he further knew, to his cost, that there were pains and penalties attached to the non-transmission of the "latest intelligence." At length a bright idea struck him. He ran to Threadneedle Street, telegraphed to Glasgow that the "special wire" porter was asleep, and requested the clerk at the Glasgow end to let the Gresham Street clerk know that such was the case. This involved telegraphing nearly a thousand miles; but, nevertheless, within ten minutes the Gresham Street telegraph clerk received the instructions, came down stairs, awoke the slumbering official, and gave admission to the excited journalist and his hatch of copy.—*Henry F. Nicholl's Great Movements.*

That Lamb was a poet is at the root of his greatness as a critic; and his own judgments of poetry show the same sanity to which he points in his poetical brethren. He is never so impulsive or discursive that he fails to show how unerring is his judgment on all points connected with the poet's art. There had been those before Lamb, for example, who had quoted and called attention to the poetry of George Wither; but no one had thought of noticing that his metre was also that of Ambrose Phillips, and that Pope and his friends had only proved their own defective ear by seeking to make it ridiculous. "To the measure in which these lines are written, the wits of Queen Anne's days contemptuously gave the name of Namby-Pamby, in ridicule of Ambrose Phillips, who has used it in some instances, as in the lines on Cuzoni, to my feeling at least very deliciously; but Wither, whose darling measure it seems to have been, may show that in skillful hands it is capable of expressing the subtlest movement of passion. So true it is, what Drayton seems to have felt, that it is the poet who modifies the metre, not the metre the poet." It was in the margin of a copy of Wither's poems that this exquisite comment was originally made; and in such a casual way did much of Lamb's finest criticism come into being. All through his life, in letter and essay, he was making remarks of this kind, throwing them out by the way, never thinking that they would hereafter be treasured up as the most luminous and penetrative judgments of the century. And it may well be asked why, with such a range of sympathy, from Marlowe to Ambrose Phillips, from Sir T. Browne to Sir William Temple, he was so limited, so one-sided in his estimate of the literature of his own age? It is true that he was among the first in England to appreciate Burns and Wordsworth. But to Scott, Byron, and Shelley he entertained a feeling almost of aversion. He was glad (as we gather from the essay on "The Sanity of True Genius") that "a happier genius" had arisen to expel the "innutritious phantoms" of the Minerva Press; but the success of the Waverley Novels seems to have caused him amusement rather than any other feeling. About Byron he wrote to Joseph Cottle: "I have a thorough aversion to his character, and a very moderate admiration for his genius; he is great in so little a way. To be a poet is to be the man, not a petty portion of occasional low passion worked up in a permanent form of humanity." Shelley's poetry, he told Barton, he did not understand, and that it was "thin sown with profit or delight." When he read Goethe's "Faust," (of course in an English version,) he at once pronounced it inferior to Marlowe's in the chief motive of the plot, and was evidently content to let criticism end there. Something of this may be ascribed to a jealousy in Lamb—a strange and needless jealousy for his own loved writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and a fear least the new comers should usurp some of the praise and renown that he claimed for them; something, also, to a perverseness in him which made him like to be in opposition to the current opinion, whatever it might be. But even of the old ones, the classics of our literature, it was not easy to say what his opinion in any case would be. For instance, he was a great admirer of Smollett, and was with great difficulty brought to admit the superiority of Fielding. And in the work of a greater humorist than Smollett, in the Picaresque school—"Gil Blas"—he would not acknowledge any merit at all. The truth is that for Lamb to enjoy a work of humor, it must embody a strong human interest, or at least have a pulse of humanity throbbing through it. Humor, without pity or tenderness, only repelled him. It was another phase of the same quality in him that—as we have seen in his estimate of Byron—where he was not drawn to the man, he was almost disabled from admiring, or even understanding, the man's work. Had he ever come face to face with the author for a single evening, the result might have been quite different.—*Alfred Ainger's "Life of Charles Lamb."*

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Demon of the Gibbet.

There was no west, there was no east,  
No star abroad for eye to see;  
And Norman spurred his jaded heast  
Hard by the terrible gallows-tree.  
"O Norman, haste across this waste,  
For something seems to follow me!"  
"Cheer up, dear Maud, for, thanked be God,  
We nigh have passed the gallows-tree!"  
He kissed her lip; then, spur and whip,  
And fast they fled across the lea;  
But vain the heel and rowel steel,  
For something leaped from the gallows-tree!  
"Give me your cloak, your knightly cloak,  
That wrapped you off beyond the sea;  
The wind is cold, my bones are old,  
And I am cold on the gallows-tree."  
"O holy God! O dearest Maud,  
Quick, quick, some prayer, the best that be!  
A bony hand my neck has spanned,  
And tears my knightly cloak from me!"  
"Give me your wine, the red, red wine,  
That in the flask hangs by your knee;  
Ten summers burst on me accurs,  
And I'm athirst on the gallows-tree."  
"O Maud, my life! my loving wife!  
Have you no prayer to set us free?  
My belt unclasp, a demon grasps  
And drags my wine-flask from my knee!"  
"Give me your bride, your bonnie bride,  
That left her nest with you to flee;  
Oh, she hath flown to be my own,  
For I'm alone on the gallows-tree!"  
"Cling closer, Maud, and trust in God!  
Cling closer—Ah, heaven, she slips from me!"  
A prayer, a groan, and he alone  
Rode on that night from the gallows-tree.  
—*Fitz-James O'Brien.*

## Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Who is yonder poor maniac, whose wildly-fixed eyes  
Seem a heart overcharged to express?  
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;  
She never complains, but her silence implies  
The composure of settled distress.  
No pity she looks for, no alms doth she seek,  
Nor for raiment nor food doth she care;  
Through her tatters the winds of the winter blow bleak  
On that withered breast, and her weather-worn cheek  
Hath the hue of a mortal despair.  
Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,  
Poor Mary the Maniac hath been;  
The traveler remembers, who journeyed this way,  
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay.  
As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.  
She loved, and young Richard had settled the day,  
And she hoped to be happy for life;  
But Richard was idle and worthless, and they  
Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say  
That she was too good for his wife.  
"Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,  
And fast were the windows and door;  
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burned bright,  
And smoking in silence with tranquil delight  
They listened to hear the wind roar.  
"Tis pleasant," cried one, "seated by the fireside,  
To hear the wind whistle without."  
"What a night for the Abbey!" his comrade replied,  
"Methinks a man's courage would now he well tried  
Who should wander the ruins about.  
I myself, like a schoolboy, should tremble to hear  
The hoarse ivy shake over my head,  
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,  
Some ugly old abbot's grim spirit appear,  
For this wind might awaken the dead."  
"I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,  
"That Mary would venture there now."  
"Then wager and lose," with a sneer he replied;  
"I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,  
And faint if she saw a white cow."  
"Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"  
His companion exclaimed with a smile;  
"I shall win, for I know she will venture there now,  
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough  
From the elder that grows in the aisle."  
With fearless good humor did Mary comply,  
And her way to the Abbey she hent;  
The night was dark, and the wind was high,  
And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,  
She shivered with cold as she went.  
O'er the path so well known still proceeded the maid,  
Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight,  
Through the gateway she entered, she felt not afraid,  
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade  
Seemed to deepen the gloom of the night.  
All around her was silent, save when the rude blast  
Howled dismally round the old pile;  
Over weed-covered fragments she fearlessly passed,  
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last.  
Where the elder tree grew in the aisle,  
Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near,  
And hastily gathered the hough;  
When the sound of a voice seemed to rise on the ear,  
She paused, and she listened intently, in fear,  
And her heart panted painfully now.  
Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,  
She crept to conceal herself there.  
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,  
And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear,  
And between them a corpse did they bear.  
Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdle cold;  
Again the rough wind hurried by;  
It blew off the hat of the one, and he held  
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it rolled;  
She felt, and expected to die.  
"Curse the hat!" he exclaimed. "Nay, come on till we hide  
"The dead body," his comrade replied.  
She beholds them in safety pass on by her side;  
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,  
And fast through the Abbey she flies.  
She ran with wild speed, she rushed in at the door,  
She gazed in her terror around;  
Then her limbs could support their faint burden no more,  
And exhausted and breathless she sank on the floor,  
Unable to utter a sound.  
Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,  
For a moment the hat met her view;  
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,  
For what a cold horror then thrilled through her heart  
When the name of her Richard she knew!  
Where the old Abbey stands, on the common hard by,  
His gibbet is now to be seen;  
His irons you still from the road may espy;  
The traveler beholds them, and thinks with a sigh  
Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.  
—*Robert Southey*

## PARISIAN WOOINGS.

Some Romantic Love-matches, and Troublesome French Suitors.

A wedding has been the exciting episode of the week. Of course it is in order to first mention the bride. She is the granddaughter of Lucien, and grandniece of Napoleon Bonaparte. Some time in 1860, Pierre Joseph, son of Lucien, scandalized his family and imperial cousin by marrying a pretty milliner. She proved a good wife, however, and the two were blessed with two children, Roland and Jeanne. The family existed on the allowance granted to them by Napoleon III. until 1871, when the fall of the empire found them penniless in a little town near Brussels. It was then that the mother's fine character displayed itself. She bundled her family together, including her husband, who was then somewhat of an invalid, and started for London. She thought that the Communist troubles would put a temporary end to Paris fashions, and that she might profit by the fact, and establish a dressmaking establishment in London. She carried her intention into effect; but the Londoners did not relish the princely seamstress. Her custom was very poor, and the project failed miserably. She thought better to perish in the hands of friends rather than strangers, and set out for Paris. There the family received enough from charitable friends to enable the son, Roland, to enter the military school of St. Cyr, and for the daughter, Jeanne, to take drawing and modeling lessons. A rich army officer's family petted Jeanne, and introduced her to Mademoiselle Blanc, the daughter of the great Monaco gambler. Mademoiselle Blanc was pretty, and possessed twenty million francs. Jeanne in turn talked of nothing but her handsome brother Roland. Mademoiselle Blanc began to love Roland through his sister's praises. Roland came, was seen, and conquered. He was thus able, the other day, to endow his lovely sister with a million francs on her marriage with the Marquis de Villeneuve. They were married last Wednesday, at the church of St. Thomas d'Antin, by the Abbé Viallet. The church was packed. Every one was there—legitimists, imperialists, Orleanists, republicans, and all the rest of the world.

Talking of weddings, rather a romantic story is going the rounds concerning the recently-married daughter of the Duchesse de Noailles. About a dozen years ago the Duchesse was having her portrait painted by Herbert. This was the English painter who suddenly turned Catholic about the time of the Fusesyite excitement in England. The duchesse observed on a side easel a lovely picture of a little Italian girl. She asked Herbert how he came to imagine such an exquisite child. He informed her that the picture had an original in a lovely little creature of about five years, who often visited his studio. Herbert, who had never ceased to regret the loss of an only son, a very promising painter, who died quite young, suggested to the lady that such a lovely child would well adorn a nobleman's palace. The duchesse was struck with the idea, and forthwith adopted the child. The little girl has since blossomed into a charming young lady, and the other day was united in marriage to a wealthy English gentleman.

A reporter has interviewed Madame Mackey to ascertain the truth of the Prince de Bourbon story. He found the lady and her daughter both as fascinating as wealth and beauty can make them. Madame Mackey stated that neither her daughter nor herself even knew Philippe de Bourbon—much less looked upon him as an eligible husband. This was the first annoyance that had entered into her Parisian life of enjoyment. When she first came everybody sought the *entrée* of her *salon*. She refused to turn her house into a casino, and denied the multitude access. Among those she refused was Madame Peyronnet, the "Etincelle" of the *Figaro*, who wrote begging for admission for her parties. "Etincelle" never forgave the refusal, and has ever since cast aspersions upon the Mackey family. It was "Etincelle" who started this last story. Mr. Mackey was in London, and was amazed when he read the telegram in the *Times*. He telegraphed to his wife desiring an explanation, and was only quieted when he learned that it was a canard. Ever since Mademoiselle Mackey graduated from school the concierge's den would be thronged every morning with all sorts of young men, who would ask queer questions of the porter concerning the young lady, offering him large fees. They would ask whether she had a husband already in view, whether she liked the theatre, what her habits were, or what her fortune amounted to. So great, too, was the daily huddle of letters that madame said she was thinking of putting a notice on the door to the effect that, "according to American custom," her daughter would not have one *son* for a marriage portion. Madame Mackey said that her daughter should never marry any one but an American, for foreign noblemen were all ruined fortune-hunters, and always proved bad husbands. The American girls, she said, who married foreign noblemen were laughed at by their friends at home.

A singular accident took place the other day. President Grévy has been, for several months, holding a series of fencing bouts at the Elysée. Every Sunday morning all the principal amateurs of Paris would gather in a large chamber, and engage in mimic warfare. It has been much noticed and commented upon by the press, which rather laughs at the thing. But it is not the project of the President himself, but of his son-in-law, M. Daniel Wilson, who is distinguished in the use of the foils. Wilson had held the championship for several Sundays; but finally Aurélien Scholl, of the *Evénement*, a witty writer, and skillful swordsman, challenged him to measure weapons. The coming combat attracted much attention, and quite a gathering took place on that morning. Numerous bets were made, and sporting men were prominent. Parry, feint, and thrust occupied the attention of every spectator for a while. But finally the combatants grew excited; Wilson pressed forward toward Scholl, who, in turn, gave him blow for blow. Wilson made a prodigious thrust. The two foils encircled each other like angry snakes, and bent backward and forward till they almost touched the hilts. Suddenly Scholl's foil snapped in two. It rebounded, and caught Wilson on the side, piercing his thin fencing-shirt like paper. The friendly encounter was ended for the day.

PARIS, March 27, 1882.



## SOCIETY.

APRIL 22, 1882.—It was announced some time previous to the commencement of Lent that soon after the conclusion of the penitential season John Parrott Jr. would lead to the altar Miss Mamie Donohoe, daughter of the well-known hanker and capitalist. Naturally the promise of such an alliance created an unusual interest among society people, and particularly in strictly Catholic society; and it was not remarkable, therefore, that a large number of persons gathered together at St. Ignatius Church on Wednesday morning, the nineteenth instant, to witness the ceremony of marriage between representatives of two such eminent houses. No pen can properly fulfill its effort in an attempt to present a faithful description of the floral decoration, and so the full interpretation of the scene is left to the imagination after stating that the interior of the sacred edifice seemed to have been transformed into a conservatory. Nothing that taste could suggest or money purchase was wanting, and no indifferent hands had been called into requisition in the manipulation of that portion of church ornamentation, while all of the imposing paraphernalia of the Catholic altar was made to play its gorgeous part during the progress of the solemn ceremony. The bridal cortege appeared at the threshold at a minute or two after eleven, preceded by Messrs. E. M. Greenway, E. H. Sheldon, D. T. Murphy Jr., David L. Beck Jr., Walter Anguier, Alfred Wheeler, and Allan St. John Bowie. The bridesmaids, the Misses May, Christine, and Isabella Parrott, Miss Fannie Doyle, Miss Daisy Casserly, and Miss Mary O'Connor. They looked very pretty in full white walking costumes, and white hats and plumes. Then came the bride, dressed in white satin, with the customary white veil, and sprays of orange huds and blossoms, accompanied by her father, followed by the groom and other parties. The ceremony was celebrated by Archbishop Alemany, at the conclusion of which the party left the church, and was driven to the city residence of the bride's father, No. 526 Harrison Street. The bride received the congratulations of her friends, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Herman, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Flood and Miss Flood, Mr. and Mrs. Blanding, Mr. and Mrs. Judge Hager, Mr. and Mrs. M. Castle, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Mills, Mrs. Colonel Catherwood, Mr. and Mrs. Casserly, Mr. and Mrs. Doyle, Miss Kittie Woods, Mrs. Tevis, Mrs. Breckinridge, Mrs. W. S. Keyes, the Misses Hastings, the Misses Blanding, Mrs. Poole, Miss Mills, Miss Tohin, Mrs. Kittie, Miss Kittie, Mrs. Poett, and many others.

The presents were numerous and costly, among which were a diamond necklace and a pearl necklace, from the bride's parents; also a valuable piece of city property; a silver dinner service, from Tiburcio Parrott; a beaten silver punch-bowl, from Joseph Eastland; a silver salad set, from Mrs. William Howard; a handsome gold-lined silver fruit-dish, from D. O. Mills; set of vases of beaten gold, from J. A. Donohoe, the bride's brother, and many others. The bride's costume was of plain white satin, *en train*, the front elaborately trimmed with point lace; the back and sides were also trimmed with cascades of point lace, portions of which were held by sprays of orange blossoms. Mrs. Donohoe, the bride's mother, wore a heliotrope satin, trimmed with chantilly lace, *train à la princesse*. After a few hours spent in a thoroughly agreeable way at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Donohoe, the bridal party were driven to the depot, and took the cars for Menlo, when the bride's father has a country-seat.

On the Tuesday evening preceding the above, the Church of the Advent was filled by an elegant gathering who had assembled to witness the marriage of Miss Dora Sherwood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sherwood, to Mr. Gray Grayrigg, which was performed by Bishop Kip, assisted by the Reverend Mr. Githins, and took place at eight o'clock, at which time the bridal party entered the church preceded by the ushers, Messrs. David L. Beck Jr., W. H. Phelps, Hugh Talbot, and F. G. J. Margeson. Then came the groom, and then Mrs. Sherwood and her son; then the Misses C. Putnam and L. Spencer, the bridesmaids; then the bride-elect on the arm of her father, and then Messrs. Geo. T. Page and W. R. Sherwood, the groomsmen. After the ceremony there was a reception at the home of the bride's parents. The bride was elegantly attired in white satin, and looked very pretty.

In our description of the festivities attending the celebration of the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll, in Sacramento, on the tenth inst., we might have added that Hon. Newton Booth and Mrs. B. B. Cutter, who were present, were also at the original wedding, at St. Bartholomew's Church in New York City, and attended the collation afterwards at the residence of Mrs. Carroll's parents, on Stuyvesant Square, and two weeks later attended a very large reception there. There were ten persons present at this celebration who were entertained six years since, at the residence of Mrs. Carroll's father, on Madison Avenue, New York, at a reunion of forty Californians. Boxes of cake were given on this occasion containing the original wedding cake, made in 1857. Mrs. Carroll's parents' golden wedding took place in 1867, and the golden wedding of Mr. Carroll's parents, in 1868, and the sixtieth anniversary of Mr. Carroll's parents, in 1878.

One of the most delightful parties ever given at the Palace was the one given by Miss Mollie Dodge, a niece of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dodge, in their spacious parlors at that hotel on Tuesday evening last, and few who received invitations failed to be present, as Miss Dodge is generally recognized as one of the most pleasant and popular, and certainly one of the jolliest society girls in San Francisco.

## Notes and Gossip.

Colonel James M. Barney and family, who have been sojourning in Eastern cities for a twelve-month past, returned to San Francisco a few days ago, accompanied by Dr. J. A. Towner, formerly of the army, and well known in society here. General Phineas T. Banning, of Wilmington, California, who has been in the city for some days, has returned to his home. The private family-car of George M. Pullman ran into San Francisco a day or two ago with a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Doane and family and Miss

Carrie Griggs, of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Elliott and son, of Brooklyn; and Mrs. Anson W. Hard, of New York; Mr. Doane is a director in the Pullman Car Company, and will remain in our land of glorious climate and occasional sunshine for several weeks. R. A. Williams, U. S. N., has been at the Grand for several days. J. F. Bingham, U. S. A., is stopping at the Palace. Mrs. Melone and family have left the Palace for the summer, and have taken up their residence at Oak Knoll, Napa County. Mrs. Lillie Coit will go to Larkmead, Napa County, on Saturday next or on the Monday following. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell will leave for San Rafael early in May to spend the summer. Mrs. James G. Fair and family left here for Washington on Wednesday last. Mrs. Charles F. Pond is visiting Mr. Charles McDougal at Mare Island. Mrs. Volney Spaulding has returned from the Sandwich Islands. Sir Thomas and Lady Hesketh arrived here by special car on Wednesday last. Mrs. Doctor C. G. Toland, who has been spending a month or more in Southern California, leaves Santa Barbara for San Francisco the latter part of this month. General Houghton and family will spend a portion of July at Monterey. Mrs. Houghton and her daughter leave for Europe some time in August; they intend being absent three years; General Houghton accompanies them as far as New York, after which he will make an extended tour of the Eastern States. Mrs. Henry Scott, whose arrangements for departure for Europe some six weeks ago were suddenly upset by sickness in her family, contemplates leaving here on a day in May that will enable her to take the steamer for Europe which leaves New York on the seventeenth of that month; she will be accompanied by Mrs. Judge Sanderson, who leaves on a visit to her daughter Sibyl, who is at school in Paris. Mrs. Frank Shay and sister, who have been staying at Los Angeles for two or three months, have returned home. J. de Barth Shorb, of San Gabriel, is at the Occidental. A. W. Grant, U. S. N., has been at the Palace most of the week. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Castle will leave Europe for home some time during June. Judge and Mrs. Hager will leave for Monterey shortly with their children, where they will tarry the greater part of the season. Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Hovey contemplate spending a few weeks at Monterey. It will grieve the many friends here of Mrs. Pacheco to learn that she has been very sick lately with an obstinate case of malaria. Mrs. Cole, of Portland, Oregon, who has been absent in Europe for nearly a year, will return to Washington in a few days, where she owns a handsome residence in the Thomas circle. Mrs. Captain Brown, of Alameda, who has lately been visiting Arizona, has returned home. Mrs. Governor Tritle, of Arizona, arrived here from Tucson a few days ago. George Crocker has returned from Washington Territory. Professor Davidson has arrived in Washington. Colonel George H. Mendell, U. S. A., will leave for the East in a few days. Jay Gould and family are on their way to San Francisco. Lieutenant H. C. Fisher, U. S. Marine Corps, and Mrs. Fisher, arrived here on Thursday last. J. P. Pierce, of Santa Clara, has been at the Occidental part of the week. L. J. Rose, of Sunny Slope, is at the Palace. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bowen and the Misses Mary and Edith Bowen are visiting Monterey. Hon. Eugene Sullivan has returned from an extended tour through Arizona. Colonel William H. Lent and Miss Fannie Lent have been spending a few days at Monterey. Miss Clara E. Glover, of Oakland, who has been visiting friends in Sacramento, has returned home. Miss Susie Soule has returned from Sacramento. Colonel Chalmers Scott is enjoying his *otium cum d.* in Tucson. J. H. Jewett, of Marysville, has been in the city most of the week. Hon. William M. Stewart is at Eureka, Nevada. C. A. Corbin, U. S. N., is at the Baldwin. Doctor R. H. McCarty, U. S. N., is at the Occidental; also J. L. Champlin, E. Hubert, and E. C. Carter, U. S. A. On the first instant, in Chicago, Illinois, Doctor Howard Smith, U. S. N., was united in marriage to Miss Mahel Seavey, of this city. Mrs. J. E. Tippett sailed for New York on the steamer *Granada* Wednesday last. The trip is taken primarily for health, but the lady may possibly extend her journey to Europe for the purposes of musical study. A large number of friends were assembled to bid her good-bye. Mrs. Charles Sontag returned to San Francisco yesterday, after having had a most enjoyable visit in Los Angeles County. Mrs. S. will stay a short time at the Palace, and take up her summer residence at San Rafael early in May. Colonel and Mrs. Charles F. Crocker will leave New York for San Francisco about the middle of May. Mrs. General Stoneman came up from San Gabriel yesterday, and is at the Palace.

"Some other folks would deceive you about these goods, but I have been in the business twenty years, and never told a lie," said the guileless drygoods clerk. "And why do you begin now?" said the gentle fair one in front of the counter, as she gathered her draperies together and glided away.

Letter from indignant statesman to a bureaucrat: "I have the honor to inform you, sir, with all frankness and honesty, that as you have declined to appoint my brother-in-law to the office I had asked for him, hereafter in voting I shall be compelled to obey the dictates of my conscience."

Courtesies at an introduction: First gentleman—"Madam, permit me to introduce my friend, Mr. X. He is not nearly as big a fool as he looks." Second gentleman—"That is where my friend differs from me, madam."

Somehow, the ugliest man always wants to marry the prettiest woman. He is justly proud of his own good taste, but how mortified he must feel over his wife's.

A New York young woman fainted while she was getting married because a person who was acting as usher was the man she really loved.

When a man is looking for something to turn up he can usually find it by stepping on the treacherous banana peel.

Song of the cheese—"Will you love me when I mould?"

## A LESSON IN STITCHES.

The Embroideries on Exhibition at the Society of Decorative Art.

The following notes on the Decorative Art Exhibition will prove of interest to those who have visited it, as well as to those who have not:

The embroideries produced in the needlework department of this Association can not be said to belong to any particular school. In this, as in all art work, the *mind* must guide the *fingers*. "The moment one accepts rules and routine instead of thought, that which is produced ceases to be in the best sense art work, and becomes simply handicraft." In these words of Mrs. Wheeler we possess the key that opens to us the source of her inspiration, and explains the general spirit which animates her corps of work-women. The beautiful screens and hangings now on sale at No. 631 Sutter Street are the work of women who a few years ago possessed no wider knowledge of what we call decorative art than that enjoyed by hundreds in our midst, viz., an aptitude with the needle, an acquaintance with the simpler stitches of what is known as Kensington work, a true eye for color, and that "quickness and cleverness of expedient which are characteristic of the American girl at her best." The finest important piece of work entrusted to the Associated Artists' Company was the drop curtain for the Madison Square Theatre—one of the most important pieces of needlework in the world—and yet the work-women who executed the work under Mrs. Wheeler's supervision had never had any experience in artistic embroidery, and almost without exception were women who, for the first time, actually earned money by their labor. But they brought to their task intelligent and appreciative interest, facility of expression with the needle, and an instructive and courageous disregard of all cut-and-dried rules which would interfere with their efforts at producing desired effects. They had no more faith in the "Kensington stitch" *as such*, than they had in the homely button-holing, darning, back-stitching, running, under-laying, or patching learned with tribulation at mother's side before the days of decorative art societies; but they realized that to express the infinite variety of form and quality possible to embroidery one has need of "all the stitches which have been invented from Eve's day to our own," and that she who uses these various "means toward an end" with most artistic sense of appropriateness and keenest instinct for color and harmony of tone, will produce the most beautiful and valuable embroidery. No better instance of this spirit of originality and individuality—which must animate any successful band of embroidery pupils—could be given than the following mentioned by Mrs. Wheeler: "I know one beautiful piece of needlework where, between masses of roses hanging from white and crimson, there are spaces of cross-darning in two shades of silk, which carry the color in a wonderful way, and when I commended the originality of the treatment, the clever girl who did it answered, simply, 'Yes; mamma was darning stockings, and I thought the stitch was lovely.' But she was not contented with merely copying the lovely stitch. Using it as a musician would notes, she made it carry the melody of color from the deep crimson of one mass of roses to the tender blush of the white teas. And this suggests the real lesson to be learned from our embroidery exhibition: the primary value of color in art embroidery. Now, this indispensable quality in any good piece of art needlework requires that the embroiderer who carries out the design of others must be able to *feel* color. It is not enough that the groundwork, or material upon which the work is placed, should be in good tone, but "everything which is to be applied to it should be chosen with reference to that particular tint." This cardinal rule is impressed on our own mind as we examine each one of the fourteen pieces of embroidery from the Associated Artists' Company. Groundwork, underlaying, appliqué, darning, and solid stitches, all carry the strain of that color which has been taken as the theme of the piece of work, and a harmony is produced which can only be fittingly compared to the melody of beautiful music. For instance, let us take numbers two and thirteen as very different illustrations of this obvious accentuation of color values. Number two is a *portière*, where Whistler would possibly pronounce a symphony in green. On a pale greenish-yellow chineé silk are embroidered within disks, daisies, buttercups, and daffodils, while the motif of the design is written for us in quaint, green letters, in the words of Jean Ingelow: "Heigh, ho! Daisies and buttercups, and fair, yellow daffodils, stately and tall." A broad border of mixed green and gold stuff frames this "story in stitches." Here is no sombre "fashionable" sage-green and old-gold combination, but a pure, true study in high color. Close examination will reveal bits and dashes of color which one is almost tempted to call glaring, but the gradations from these high notes to a lower key is so skillfully and feelingly worked in that the result is most beautiful, and colors which by themselves would be pronounced crude and harsh, become by a happy juxtaposition soft and winking. And so with number thirteen, intended for a bedspread or hanging. On a cream-white surab background is worked an all-over design of roses. And such roses! One feels tempted to steal a petal, they are so natural. And yet the general character of rose growth is modified and conventionalized to suit the flat surface for which the design was prepared. The key-note of color is found in the right-hand lower corner, where a spray of jacquemint roses trails up into salmon and pink ones. The range of tint is reached in the upper part of the design in *Maréchal Niel* buds that blend softly with the cream shade of the surab. It is impossible to convey in words the perfection with which this effect in color is produced. Number eleven has perhaps attracted more attention than any other piece on account of the novelty of methods employed in producing the same character of effects—subtleties in color. On a gray silk canvas ground various designs of clover, daisies, grasses, and butterflies are embroidered within circles, and the harmony between the several parts is secured by means of a darned pattern, which covers the whole surface outside of the disks, and by change of shade in the silks used for the darning, carries the tone of color from one set of disks to another. Look carefully at number ten, and notice the skillful device by which, with a narrow band of alternate squares of plush, upon down with contrasting shades of silks, any abruptness in color is obviated between the wide dark plush border and the central design of flags in lighter shades. Again, take the simplest design of all, number twelve—golden butterflies on golden-brown plush, with a broad border of a deeper brown plush. Such a *portière* in one's room would be a positive rest for the eyes. We have space to remark on but one other piece, a screen, (number seven,) where again, in spite of the beauty of design, and brilliant experiments in laying different materials—pulling threads in one part of the figure, and running them in in another, and where a marvelous effect is produced with infinite pains, but really simple stitches—the main impression made is primarily one of rich, subdued color, simply framed—not in ebony, but in cherry, the dark-red hue of this handsome wood repeating the general tone of the embroidery and plush within. And so on through each piece, showing us, as they do, daring innovations on the orthodox Kensington stitches of "the schools." Silks and crevels, double and treble threads of each variously used, they still preach to us first a sermon on color, and make good its claim to the light of precedence as a quality to be secured in all embroidery. The exhibition will only be open for another week, and all who can should visit it.

The funny man of the Chicago *Tribune* ran across Longfellow's "My Lady Sleeps" the other day, and never having seen it before, or knowing who wrote it, was at once impressed with its susceptibility to parody. He called Longfellow's poem "New York poetry," and then wrote a parody on it. The *Bulletin* man saw the parody, and—as was very natural—saw nothing funny in it. The original poem, however, was new to him also; he evidently saw something funny in it, for he printed it in his humorous column under the heading "Chicago poetry." The moral of this is that great minds run in the same channel.

T. J. Flynn, the brightest writer on the *Chronicle's* local staff, has left that paper to accept a position on the *Examiner*.



## EDITORIAL NOTES.

To those editors of Republican journals in the interior of our State who are under contract to support court-house cliques in consideration of receiving official printing, and who are just now squirming in their endeavor to explain the veto and break the force of the blow upon the party, we commend the following as points necessary of explanation. The *New York Times* is the leading and recognized organ of the National Republican party. In its issue of April 5th it says: "There will naturally be great wrath and indignation in the Pacific States when the President's veto reaches that coast. It is not unlikely that some of the more turbulent spirits will seize the occasion, while popular feeling runs high, to incite to open violence. The Democratic party, which has already claimed the credit of having passed the bill, will be swift to load the Republican administration with reproaches; and it is probable that the immediate and temporary effect of the veto will be to prevent the return of Republican senators and representatives from the Pacific States for some time to come. But we are persuaded that when the first bitterness of the disappointment has passed, and less radical means for overcoming the Chinese evil are employed, the President's firmness and wisdom will be recognized." The *New York Tribune* of April 5th says in reference to the veto: "There is reason to believe that the general sentiment of Republicans will approve the President's course. The President's message is moderate in tone and scope, and does him credit."

The *New York Tribune* of April 6, after an argument supporting the veto, and criticising the bill as calculated to disturb our commercial relations with China, says: "The question remains whether this bill does not do just what we have no right to do—just the very thing that China would have refused to assent to if our intentions had been honestly stated." The *Tribune* is a recognized and leading Republican organ.

The *New York Nation*, edited by Carl Schurz, a leading Republican, and a member of President Hayes's cabinet, sustains the veto, and opposes any law restricting Chinese immigration. The *Nation* is a recognized organ of the Republican party. It says: "The message will be read with deep satisfaction by everybody who thinks that the spirit of our institutions is the spirit of freedom. The passage of a bill containing such a provision ought to put a mark upon every man who voted for it by which voters would recognize him, and give him his deserts every time he offered himself for election."

Senators Don Cameron of Pennsylvania, Logan of Illinois, Plumb and Ingalls of Kansas, John Sherman of Ohio, Anthony of Rhode Island, Edmunds of Vermont, Harrison of Indiana, Lapham of New York, Hoar and Dawes of Massachusetts, Platt and Hawley of Connecticut, Windom of Minnesota, Fry of Maine, and Conger of Michigan all sustained the veto. All are Republican party leaders. Eight of these men were members of the Republican National Committee; three of them were presidential candidates; four of them will be candidates at the next convention. The Republican party is either insincere in its pretension of opposing Chinese immigration, or these men are false leaders. Let the Republican country editor explain. We must do one of two things—change our party, or obtain new leaders and new party organs.

The Union League Club of New York is composed of fifteen hundred members, of whom fourteen hundred are Republicans, and claim to be representative leading party men. Its president, Hamilton Fish, was Secretary of State under Grant. Pierrepont Edwards was chairman of the Committee on Resolutions and Platform at Chicago. Evarts, late Attorney-General, belongs to it. Mr. Astor, late candidate for Congress, is a member. Acton, recently appointed assistant Secretary of State, belongs to it. President Arthur and ex-President Grant are Union League members. This club endorses the executive veto, and is in favor of Chinese immigration. Will the Republican country editor please explain?

Mr. George William Curtis is editor of *Harper's Weekly*. This is a leading and influential Republican party organ. Mr. Curtis is a Republican, a member of the Union League Club, and a man of leading influence in the party councils of the nation. He sustains the veto, and is opposed to any limitation of Chinese immigration. He says: "The possible party effect of his veto the President has properly not allowed to sway his decision. If the veto should give California and the Pacific Coast to the Democrats, it would be evident that they could be retained for the Republicans only by a wanton defiance of the American principle that honest immigrants to this country shall not be excluded until self-defense demands exclusion, and that in any case the national good faith shall be preserved. If fidelity to these principles should cost the Republican party some advantages, that fidelity will ultimately, as usual, commend the party to the renewed confidence of the country."

The *New York Tribune* is exceedingly desirous that our government should so treat the Chinese that it may not be charged with ungenerous conduct toward a country with whom we have treaty relations. Most of the Eastern journals seem to assume that any system of restrictive legislation will somehow disturb our commercial relations with these people. How does England treat them? Australia, an important English colony, finding Chinese immigration likely to become vexatious, simply places a restrictive tax upon their coming. It does not seek to modify treaties, nor is it sensitive upon wounding Chinese sentiment. The English government approves the act, and no fuss is made. Mr. Whitelaw Reid is the editor of the *Tribune*, and Mr. Whitelaw Reid is the son-in-law of Mr. D. O. Mills. Mr. Mills has a mortgage on the *Tribune* property. Mr. Mills has a contract for railroad building, in which he employs, and proposes to employ, some tens of thousands of Chinese, and this accounts for the milk in Mr. Whitelaw Reid's cocoanut.

The *Tribune* is opposed to the restriction or limitation of Chinese immigration, and the *Tribune* is a recognized and influential organ of the Republican party.

The sleek, well-fed, and well-dressed men of the New York Union League Club gathered together recently around their carved mahogany, which was laden with rich wines, in their sumptuous rooms, which are gorgeously upholstered, frescoed, and richly furnished, to express their confidence in President Arthur, and to applaud him for vetoing the Chinese bill. It was a piece of gratuitous assumption upon the part of these aristocratic snobs to interfere in something of which they are abnormally ignorant. It would be very amusing to us upon this coast to observe the grotesque or absurd conduct of this class of gentlemen, if the question were not to us so serious a one. The deep anxiety of tea merchants, and the profound fear of the national bankers, all so profoundly solicitous that the people "should study the subject in all its delicate and complicated bearings," is quite touching. This expression must have come from the mental millinery shop of George William Curtis, or the "great concernment" of Pierrepont Edwards. Was it not David who rent his garments, and showed his great concern? We should be very sorry if Mr. Hamilton Fish, or Pierrepont Edwards, or Mr. Astor, or any of the families of Belmont or Livingston, or any other of the well-dressed nobles of the League, should unnecessarily expose their persons upon this Chinese question. If they knew more they would say less. These men are of the classes who have no sympathy beyond the adornment of their own persons, the gratification of their sensual passions, the filling of their own stomachs, and the conservation of their own wealth. And yet they set themselves up to speak for the Republican party. They are not its exponents. Whenever the issue shall be made as to whether the Government is to be ruled by club men, hankers, aristocrats, and millionaires, the end of their influence will have been nearly reached. This issue will be made, and it will do the Republican party no end of harm when it is realized that the wealth of the country shall array itself in opposition to labor on the Chinese question. It will be difficult to explain why laws should be passed to protect American manufactures and American productions, and not protect American citizens who are artisans and producers. It will not be easy to demonstrate that the Republican party is the friend of the American mechanic and working man if its leaders and representative men favor Chinese immigration.

Perhaps this Chinese business has awakened in our mind an undue suspicion. Perhaps the personal experience of the writer has been unfortunate. Once employed by the State to go to Washington to make certain representations concerning this Chinese business, we had an interview with the Honorable Hamilton Fish, then Secretary of State. We found him very aristocratic, very English, and very stiff. He stood up to receive us upon a platform some six inches high. He had on English clothes, Scotch plaid, bob-tail coat, and eye-glasses. He gave the writer five minutes to present the question, while he impatiently stared at the slow-moving hand of the clock. We came from that interview with the deserved reputation of having been impudent to the Secretary of State. We know he is wealthy, and of good family. We thought him a snob, and have not had occasion since to change our mind. At Chicago we came in personal contact, and again upon the question of Chinese resolutions, with the Honorable Pierrepont Edwards, Minister to England, of good family, rich, hot-tailed coat, Scotch plaid, and eye-glasses. He was Chairman of the Committee on Platform and Resolutions. He deliberately lied, and deliberately endeavored to play a trick upon Mr. Payne, of our delegation, by substituting a bastard resolution for the true one; and it was not until after a scene in open convention that the true one was passed. And then, when this imitation English snob officially reported the resolution to go on the records of the convention, he substituted his own for the one that was passed. In the hook of official proceedings the Chinese resolution, as printed, is a forgery, committed by Mr. Pierrepont Edwards. In the true resolution the convention declared "THAT CHINESE IMMIGRATION WAS A GREAT EVIL, AND SHOULD BE RESTRICTED, ETC." The term "great concernment" was the falsely substituted expression of the chairman of the committee. The writer sat in the Senate gallery and heard Mr. —, the senator from Massachusetts with the indelicate name, refuse upon demand to read his testimony in full in the Chinese case, repressing a part in order to misrepresent the whole. The conduct of the Republican president, and of the Republican senatorial leaders, has, upon this Chinese question, given the party away as a friend of free labor; and when the next presidential election comes around, Republican orators, and writers, and candidates for office will find it difficult to explain the party's course. When national hanks, New York merchants, the club of aristocratic Republican rich men of the city of New York, and all the rich corporations, lobbyists, and railway millionaires are found handed together to sustain Chinese imported contract laborers in opposition to free white labor, how will an honest Republican speaker or writer explain to an intelligent audience of working men that the Republican party is honestly and earnestly the friend of labor? This question must be discussed in every community where the vote of the working man is demanded, and whether we get a bill restricting Chinese immigration or not, the conduct of certain party leaders will be difficult to explain. The Republican party has escaped great calamities. It has trodden safely along the brink of great political dangers. It may survive this crime. It ought not to survive it unless the next national convention rebukes the treachery of its president, its senatorial leaders, and all who in authority have betrayed their trust, and not unless it shall put upon record an unmistakable and emphatic declaration that Chinese labor is an evil, because it comes in competition with the labor of American citizens, and that all Chinese laborers, skilled or unskilled, should be restrained and prevented from coming to this country. And not then should it survive unless it nominates for the offices of president and vice-president men of known honor and national reputation, whose pledges shall be guarantees of honorable performance.

## MUSIC.

The Song Recital, Loring Concert, and Hartmann Recital.

The well-remembered pleasure given to all who attended Mrs. Henry Norton's first Song Recital, together with the promises of an unusually fine and classical programme, filled Dashaway Hall with a large, music-loving audience upon the occasion of this talented singer's second Recital. Had the evening ended with the first part of the programme, a feeling of disappointment might, perhaps, have lingered in one's recollection of it, for Mrs. Norton was placed at a great disadvantage by reason of a troublesome hoarseness, which seriously interfered with accuracy of pitch in several of her opening numbers, while Mr. Julius Hinrichs, in the admirable "Morceau Caractéristique" for 'cello, by Müller-Berg-haus, was also at variance with that unflinching tunefulness characteristic of a well-strung piano. But these slight eclipses of adversity passed quickly away. And even though Mrs. Norton visibly disapproved of herself in those first lovely songs, "My Love is Come," by Marzials, and "Oh, That We Two were Maying," by Gounod, no one is willing to forget how enjoyable they were. Crieg's fresh and idyllic "Waldwanderung" followed, and although it deserved every vibration of the applause which succeeded, a part, possibly, was devoted to the bewitching memory of the three companion songs, sung in connection with this one at the first recital. "Ob, Mistress Mine," an old English ballad, arranged by J. B. Weyerlin, was so effectively given as to receive an encore; and in the Irish melody, "Has Sorrow Tby Young Days Shaded," and Tennyson's "Go Not, Happy Day," clearness and repose had all come back to Mrs. Norton's voice to lend their charm. Robandi's "Alla Stella Confidente" was accompanied with finished taste by Mr. Hinrichs in a 'cello obligato, by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr at the piano, and purely interpreted on the singer's part. With the first of the two Schumann songs, "Ich Wand're Nicht," (Op. 51), the true spirit of musical inspiration seemed to descend and permanently appear. One really can not imagine Schumann's idea being more exactly seized upon and recreated; for not only in her musical inflections, but also in the questioning wonder of her countenance, did Mrs. Norton express the innocent amazement of that happy and unworldly being who is overcome with astonishment at the mere suggestion that life could be aught to him beyond the light of his darling's eyes. Mrs. Norton's dramatic instinct may have unconsciously asserted itself in this particular connection, but in any case it could not have been more happily applied. Schumann's remarkable "Allnächtlich im Traume" followed, also a graceful composition by Raff, and Liebe's familiar "Auf Wiedersehen." The allegretto and allegro molto, from the Rubinstein sonata, Op. 18, for piano and 'cello, was enjoyably played by Mrs. Carr and Mr. Hinrichs, and later two numbers by Mr. Hinrichs—*andante* from "King Manfred," by Reinecke, and a bright little conceit, "A la Hongroise," by Fischer—were rendered in an enjoyable manner. In her singing of the most difficult and important composition on the programme, Schubert's celebrated "Erlkönig," Mrs. Norton achieved a worthy triumph. The abandon and force with which she threw herself into the spirit of that wild and wonderful ballad thrills one to this day. The difficult accompaniment was ably played by Mrs. Carr—a fact that fills no small part in the success of a composition so dependent upon this support. Three of Rubinstein's delightful songs concluded the programme—"The Minstrel," "The Asra," and "Good-Night." Of these, "The Asra" was re-demanded, but all were sung with a beautiful and simple art which could not be more refined, more truly musical, or more felicitous to hold in remembrance.

A poorly selected or carelessly prepared programme is a thing unknown to a Loring Club concert. That presented by this ambitious organization on last Tuesday evening, however, was enriched by several unusual and elaborate numbers. Two of these were by Dudley Buck—"At Sea," and "King Olaf's Christmas." Both are involved and severe in style, and the latter, with solos by Mrs. Tippet and Mr. Nelle, proved specially interesting. A third selection of importance, and one most thoroughly enjoyable, was "Easter Morning," by Hiller. In this the solo part was sustained by Mrs. Tippet, who was in good voice, and who sang several times during the evening, to the cordially expressed delight of the immense audience. Mrs. Tippet's principal number was Gounod's "Ave Maria," beautiful in itself, as well as in the singer's interpretation. She also appeared in a duet by Reinecke, "May Song," with Mr. Loring. "Across the Fields," by Aug. Mignon, and a "Spring Song," by Mendelssohn, were pleasantly rendered by Mr. Reuling. His singing of the latter was particularly successful. Of the choruses, "Italian Salad" provoked much applause, but impressed one as being a trifle foolish; and the descriptive effort, the "Forest Mill," by Nessler, is cheapened in its make-up by an overplus of realism. "Sunset," by Billeter, included a modest and mellow tenor solo, and might have been better done. "Vineta" awakened and held one's attention, and the "Roundelay" and "Lark" waltz song were both bright and smoothly rendered. The concert should certainly be counted a success.

The usual amount of enthusiasm aroused by Mr. Hartmann's playing, found voice and expression on Wednesday evening at Dashaway Hall. The introductory number of the Recital, an *Andante* and *Variationen* for two pianos, was quietly and sympathetically played by Mr. Hartmann and Mrs. Trow. Mr. Hartmann followed in the famous Beethoven Sonata in C, Op. 53, and Miss Dyer next appeared to sing the beautiful Schumann song, "Er, der Herrlichste von Allen." In response to an encore she gave "When the Heart is Young." From Bach Mr. Hartmann played a Prelude and Fugue in C sharp, and from Chopin a Prelude in D flat, and the somewhat hackneyed *Scherzo* in B flat minor. Two numbers from Liszt, Schubert's "Hark, Hark," and the sextette from Lucia, were delightfully played, as indeed was the entire programme. Miss Dyer's clear and carefully managed voice was heard again in a "Serenade," by Gounod, and the Recital as a whole was an occasion of much interest.



## VANITY FAIR.

Costume parties, illustrative of certain eras in history or of well-known poems or romances, have been very fashionable in London during the past winter. Mrs. Haweis, of Regent's Park, whose husband is the high priest of the London music and art aesthetes, gave a Chaucer party not long ago, at which the Canterbury pilgrims were represented in every variety of costume that was suitable and appropriate. The walls of the dancing-room were hung with tapestry of the period, the supper-table was supported on trestles, and an effort was even made to reproduce for the refreshment of their nineteenth century representatives the viands and wines that the pilgrims most affected. The conversation was the only anachronism, as to listen to the choice language of the Wife of Bath from the lips of the very pretty girl who was faultlessly costumed to represent her, would have been a shock to polite ears, from which they could not readily have recovered.

A correspondent of the *Boston Traveller* has been attacking some of the New York élite. Among other singular specimens he says: "There is one man who prides himself on being the handsomest man in New York—and he is indeed a fine specimen of the genus homo. He not only is handsome, and knows that he is handsome, but he says he is handsome. 'I saw you on Fifth Avenue yesterday,' said a friend. 'Yes, yes,' was the drawing response, 'I was there; but I seldom walk—it is seldom I walk—it is so disagreeable to have people turn around to stare at me.' Then there are cranks among the women. There is one lady whose name appears in every list of fashionable people. It is a fine old name, but the lady who bears it is so eccentric that she would not be tolerated for an instant in places where she is not known. She dresses like a guy, and behaves worse than she dresses. It is said that she often goes to parties uninvited, and coolly walking up to the distressed hostess, says: 'I knew it was an oversight—and here I am.' This woman thinks it quite proper to put her feet up in a chair while making a call. Not long ago, while making a visit, she knocked over and broke a valuable vase—one that cost some hundreds of dollars. Instead of making an apology, or expressing regret, she said: 'Well, it's good enough for them to lose their vase; they had no business to put vases where they can get knocked over.' And this woman, as I have said, goes everywhere, and is as well known in the drawing-rooms of Murray Hill as Jay Gould is in Wall Street. She is eccentric to the last degree; but she has a kind heart, is herself a delightful hostess, and nobody seems to mind her peculiar behavior or extraordinary speeches. People say, 'Well, it's only Mrs. Blank'—as if the fact of her being Mrs. Blank was sufficient excuse for any strange thing she might do."

Of Americans in England we are told by an English paper that Mr. Winans is by far the most lavishly expensive. He pays fifty thousand dollars for deer forests in Scotland, and lives in great style in Carlton House Terrace. His neighbor there is Mr. Russell Sturgis, of Baring Brothers, who exercises a splendid and most refined hospitality. Sir Curtis M. Lampson, the only living American citizen who has received hereditary honors from the British crown, has a fine house in Eaton Square. Miss Lampson married a Mr. Frederick Locker, whose mother was Lady Augusta Stanley's sister, and who has won a name for himself by his society verses. Mr. Sturgis's daughter is the wife of the eldest son of Sir Hamilton Seymour.

Concerning equestrian exercise in London, the English correspondent of the New York *Sun* writes: Each hour of the day is sacred to a particular form of parade duty, and it is absolutely impossible to shorten or transpose the allotted time. To be seen driving when you should be riding, or to be seen at all except within the lines and intrenchments of the camp of fashion, is to vote yourself nobody. Hundreds of equestrians flock into Rotten Row every forenoon, emerging on all sides, and thronging the space between "the Corner" and Remington Garden gates. They never swerve nor wander into other paths; and they never seem to weary of the daily routine. They are all there. The little shapeless Amazon of five on her shaggy Shetland, with long hair nearly touching the pony's back, and riding close to the tall carriage horse, and the protection of the old coachman; the mature and equally shapeless matron who takes her morning canter instead of Banting. Behind these that well-known, invariable, inimitable British silhouette of the square-shouldered, white-haired, gray-whiskered gentleman of sixty; portly is the adjective which becomes him so well. There is so much of the ruddy vintage lingering in his cheeks; he rides either a large gray horse or a fat cob, and may be a minister, a banker, or a railway director. If he is shabbily dressed, he may be a lord; in which case the groom who follows him rides by far the better horse of the two, for it is considered supreme good taste to seem careless of horseflesh when one's stables are full. All the young men are very much alike in appearance, but they affect divers styles. The languid ones rarely go out of a walk; also those who hire their horses, as they are never quite sure of them. Those who own no racing-horses generally look like jockeys in private life, and sit as if the park were a course, and they had tremendous jumps in front of them. Their hair is cut very short, their trousers are marvels of tightness, and their ties are so white that they almost appear to have been forgotten. If you see these very noisy young men on foot afterward they strike you as very meek, awkward, and speechless. They do not commit themselves in words even on their favorite amusement, but still they carry out the national idea of outdoor exercise and healthy enjoyment.

Labouchère, speaking of Paris society, says that many of the reigning belles are Levantines, or from states where the Turk has reigned for centuries. There is the blonde Madame B—, for instance, who once actually stood for sale in a slave market at Constantinople. The Duchess — is a Greek from Stamboul. She is only happy at an Athenian party, where tongues can run on at ease about ribbons, laces, and the current scandal. A "hen" party at her house is like an entertainment given by a Turkish dig-

nitary's wife. She does not understand flirtation, or how to converse with gentlemen. If women go into raptures over her jeweled coffee-cups and other *bric-à-brac* she is satisfied. The Comtesse P— will only condescend when she is at home to walk on Russian sable or the finest ermine. She comes from some province on the Lower Danube. The Gynécée is in the blood of those beautiful Levantines, and will break out in the bone. They are not fast, are intelligent in certain things, and well understand market values, and how to extract the maximum of luxury from the incomes which they can safely spend. Their heads are hard, though not organized to think much, and their bodies are very soft. Decorative art comes to them by nature, and in their pliant fingers there is much intelligence. Their musical capacities are also remarkable. The first pianist of our times, according to the united testimony of Christine Nilsson and the Duchess of Edinburgh, is a *grande dame* residing here, of Levantine birth. The lady who stood in the slave market sings divinely.

Lady Lindsay, of Balcarres, gave a ball the other day in London, at which Mr. Labouchère says, "it was remarked that the positive colors are getting the better of the negative neutrals. There were some gorgeous velvet robes in strong reds, blues, and yellows, and some in purple and green, on figures perhaps a little fuller in the contour than the Venus de Medici; but the tertiary tints were relegated to the æsthetic seraphim alone. A gown of royal blue velvet, short in the waist, very much gathered on the skirt and sleeves, with a sort of diadem of the same on the head, and old Mechlin lace, and artistically touched here and there with real daffodils and lilies of the valley, was the greatest triumph of the art of dress."

Senator Fair's dinner-giving powers, says the Washington *Republic*, seems to have outlasted the inexhaustible resources of Representative Flower. The senator's dinners have been a little more popular perhaps because he has not confined them entirely to gentlemen. A dinner which he gave on April 1st was to the young lady guests at the Arlington, and a bright, pretty array they formed. There were the lady-like, stylish Ranney sisters, who are bright and cultured as Boston girls should be, but without their glasses or eccentricities; the pretty Misses Crowley, one of whom captured the affections of the President's son; the Misses Farwell, the Misses Dwight, the handsome daughter of Senator Harrison, Miss Corbett, Miss Camden, Miss Bayard, Miss Beale, the Misses Morgan, and Miss Jackson. The party was chartered by the wives of senators Davis and Camden. At each plate lay a dainty belt-basket filled with exquisite flowers. The dinner cards were of silk, with each girl's name inclosed in the centre of a hand-painted wreath. There was one dish passed around which provoked much merriment, as it proved as futile a gastronomical feat as an April first-dish has a right to do.

Numerous fancy balls were given in Paris at Mi-Carême. At one of these balls all the ladies were dressed as peasants, the men as fishermen or *vignerons*. Another of these festivities was called a blue ball; every lady wore an azure-colored dress, every man a sky-blue knot on his left shoulder. Another lady insisted on giving a yellow ball, and every man had to wear a *boutonnierre* of crocuses, while every lady's dress was decorated with jonquils.

A writer in the Detroit *Free Press* says of the New York society swell: This is how he appeared in after-dinner costume to bid a lady good-by before sailing for Europe: He is tall and very slender, and his chestnut hair is parted in the middle. His white vest is cut low, and his dress-coat and trousers are of the freshest broadcloth. On the first finger of one large, shapely hand sparkle diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and cat's-eyes. On the other is a large red cat's-eye. His patent-leather ties show embroidered silk hose. He enters the drawing-room with his opera-hat in his hand, a jeweled matchbox with his monogram upon it, and his cane with a large topaz in its head. This latter he is careful to keep in his hand, if he is unattended by his valet, although it is usual for that functionary to await him in the hall, holding hat and cane.

The "Battle of the Flowers," which takes place at Nice, was this year one of the most brilliant known, in consequence of the early season and the abundance of flowers of every kind, even of those which in general blow later in the year. The first prize was won by the carriage containing the King and Queen of Saxony, a landau drawn by four horses, and covered entirely by camellias, those concealing the panels being artistically distributed in colors, so as to form the royal arms of Saxony. The graceful *conchetto* was much applauded by the admiring crowd, and the carriage soon literally smothered beneath the hundreds of bouquets thrown.

Dolly Varden styles are revived.—A turtle of sardonyx, set with diamonds, makes a fashionable breast-pin.—The flat, round Langtry hat has been imported from London.—It has been always considered unlucky to postpone a wedding, but now certain royal swells make it the fashion to do as they please about getting married, though the day be set and the cake ordered.—Turbans are small and soft-crowned, and are worn far back on the head.—Silly mammas in New York are accused of putting a wealth of false curls around the fronts of their babies' hats.—English costumes of cloth have swallow-tail coats.—The latest whim in expensive "ash-holders" to give a man is a little silver tray, looking as if it had been hammered out of a piece of tobacco, on which rest two matches and a clay pipe, that suggest its use to the inveterate smoker.—Red parasols are now sometimes made of velvet.—The black crooked walking stick continues to be carried, and, what is more, used, by fashionable English girls who wear the ugly, pointed-toed, high-heel boots now in vogue. It is a needed support, for no human being can stand up very long at a time in the present style of foot gear.—New bracelets represent gold beads.—A London dispatch says the latest scientific curiosity inspired by Edison's electric lamp is a lady's brooch, in which a tiny incandescent spark takes the place of and outvies the brilliancy of a diamond of the purest water.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"Science and Culture," by Doctor Thomas H. Huxley, is the heading under which that eminent savant issues a collection of all the more important lectures and essays that he has written or delivered during the last seven years. As everything which this author publishes is read by his disciples with avidity, these writings have probably become familiar to the class of readers who may now desire to secure them in their collected form. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James White & Co., 23 Dupont Street; price, \$1.50.

Doctor Felix S. Oswald, of Cincinnati has written an admirable work on "Physical Education." Of late years many common-sense manuals have been published on the health laws of nature, and the world seems to have thrown off, in a great degree, some of the absurd rules which for a long period held iron sway. The present book consists mainly of natural and sensible advice on the important principles of "Diet," "Sleep," "Clothing," and "Exercise." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

*Les Recreations Philologiques* is a semi-monthly journal published by Doctor L. Sauveur, the eminent Eastern educational reformer. Doctor Sauveur instructs by what is called the natural method, and which is a development of the Fröbel system. The present number will be found very useful and interesting to those who are either studying the French language, or have already mastered its subtleties. It contains two different translations from English into French of the "Lady of Lyons," besides the analysis of several simple French extracts and fables, for the purpose of explaining the latest method of instruction. Published and for sale by Doctor L. Sauveur, 74 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York.

"Mrs. Mayburn's Twins," like all the books which John Habberton has published since "Helen's Babies," is inferior to the work which first won him fame. It was, however, written previous to "Helen's Babies," and in its present form is a revised and amended edition of a volume which the author prepared when young. Its plot is simple. It details one day's experience of the mother of a family. Although amusing, its pages are pervaded by a shadow of pathos. The trials, cares, and worries of the mother are described with great fidelity, and the truth of the picture will be realized by many who occupy a similar position. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.; price 50 cents.

The latest number of the "International Scientific Series" is by Doctor J. Luys, physician to the Hospice de la Salpêtrière in Paris, and is entitled "The Brain and its Functions." It first treats of the anatomy of the brain, and in the successive chapters of its various characteristics in relation to memory, sensibility, and other cerebral characteristics. While it investigates this one department of brain study, the volume is necessarily limited in its scope, and will prove by no means as interesting as Doctor Bastian's learned treatise on the same topic. Much attention is now being directed toward this subject, and while many wonderful discoveries have of late years resulted from experiments, the subject is still a dark continent of knowledge, as a perusal of any of the latest scientific treatises will convince the reader. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

The republication of Bret Harte's "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and the series of inimitable sketches which succeeded this charming picture of California life, will be hailed with delight by the inhabitants of the Pacific Coast. These stories are the results of a youth's experiences in the romantic era of California's existence. The author came to the mining regions while yet a boy, and his varied existence as miner, teacher, compositor, and express agent for several years gave him the material with which he worked. The present volume includes his earlier prose papers, such as "Miss," "A Lonely Ride," and other fugitive pieces. Following these come "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and "Outcasts of Poker Flat"; the pathetic story of "Miggles," whose singular relations to "Jim" the lady passengers on the stage could neither appreciate nor admire; "Tennessee's Partner," who joined his lynched companion "On the Top of the Hill"; "The Idyl of Red Gulch," in which "Miss Mary," the Eastern school-teacher, finds that "Sandy was very drunk"; beside "Brown of Calaveras," and his flirting wife. Under the heading of "Bohemian Papers," are classed many short articles contributed to the old *Golden Era* and the *Californian*, such as "The Mission Dolores," "John Chinaman," and others. "Spanish and American Legends" is the collection of "The Legend of Monte del Diablo," "The Adventures of Padre Vicentio," and similar romantic stories. The volume closes with "Tales of the Argonauts," which include the famous "Iliad of Sandy Bar," and "Princess Bob and Her Friends," together with three others of lesser note. This is Volume II of the series of Harte's complete works. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Bancroft & Co.; price, \$2.

Announcements: Several biographies of Longfellow are being written, and at least two will be put forward as authorized. Professor George Washington Green, of Providence, says of his work: "Six years ago Mr. Longfellow and I agreed to be each other's biographers, and from that time to this have kept this intention in view. The materials are abundant, particularly the family letters, all of which have been put at my disposal."—Mr. Whittier has written a poem commemorative of Longfellow, and of the love which all children who knew him felt for him. It is described as "tender and exquisite," and is to appear in the next number of *Wide Awake*. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's reminiscences of the poet covered a period of forty-five years, will be published in two numbers of *The Critic*.—The collection of English and Scotch popular ballads which Professor Francis Child, of Harvard, is preparing, will be brought out in an *édition de luxe* in imperial quarto, the edition to be limited to one thousand copies. Each copy will be numbered and the name of the purchaser recorded. Each ballad will have a preface; and it will be taken from the best text extant, and an account given of its related traditions.—The beginning of Carlyle's "Tour in Ireland" will appear in the next number of *The Century*. The work is thoroughly characteristic in its brusque and impatient style, and it shows that Mr. Carlyle had no love for Hibernian ways.—A new volume of Essays, by Matthew Arnold, entitled "Irish Essays and Others," is announced for immediate publication, by Macmillan & Co.

Literary Miscellany: A "People's Edition of Tom Brown's School Days," with sixty-four clearly printed pages, and fifty-eight illustrations, has been published by Macmillan & Co. for ten cents. Harper's have also issued it in the Franklin Square Library. For sale at Bancroft's.—Mr. John Bright will write a poem for the English edition of Fred. Douglass's autobiography.—At the original MSS. of Longfellow's works, both in prose and verse, have been preserved and bound by him.—There has just been sold in London a copy of the first edition of "The Boka of St. Albans," printed in 1486. There are only six copies in existence, and of these only two are quite perfect. With one exception this is the only copy of the book that has been sold during the present century.—The pleasures of piracy are not altogether on one side of the ocean. It is not long since the Rev. Mr. Baring-Gould was found to have taken a good part of his translation of a German novel from one of Mrs. Wister's admirable adaptations. It is not long since the Rev. Sir G. W. Cox, Bart., M. A., was found to have put his name as editor to an English edition of Mr. Champlin's "Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Common Things," from which the American author's name was carefully omitted, though ninety per cent of his matter was retained. It is not long since Mr. Hardy was found to have borrowed, without credit, from an American author. And now a Mr. W. T. Dobson contributes to the Mayfair Library a volume of "Poetical Ingeniuties," a large percentage of which is taken from Mr. Appleton Morgan's by no means excellent "Macaronic Poetry" (New York; Hurd & Houghton, 1872.)



## MAY AND DECEMBER.

Being a Story which Differs from the Commonplace Version.

## II.

The celebrated author, Octave Vignet, was a guest at the château. He ranged himself among the adorers of Madame Le Camus. One fine day he announced that, having finished a Louis XV. piece in two acts, destined for the Comédie-Française, he would give the first performance to the guests of Madame Cléry if Georgette would consent to play the principal part. He even added that, owing to the charming originality of the young woman, he had retouched certain parts of the rôle, and that he expected a great success.

Georgette accepted bravely. Never had Octave Vignet written anything more exquisite, more finished, than the comedy. Georgette brought out all the coloring of the style like a consummate actress; at the rehearsals, where some privileged people were admitted, she was delicious. "What a pity," it was said, "that she should be a marquise with two hundred thousand livres a year; what a pearl she would have been for the theatre of Molière!"

The general rehearsal was held with closed doors and windows, and lights lit, one afternoon before dinner. Georgette made her entrance in a sultana's costume, amber and sky-blue, bosom, neck, and hair constellated with jewels, and two *porte-bonheurs* in diamonds and rubies attached to her little ankles. When she entered, the few spectators uttered a cry of admiration.

Only the poor marquise sighed; this costume appeared to him very risky. "Three months ago," he thought, "Georgette would never have consented to display herself so; her Turkish trousers are diaphanous, her arms are bare to the shoulders, her bosom is uncovered, and she does not appear to notice it."

Georgette returned to the room to change her dress before dinner. The marquise, wishing to make some observations on her costume, knocked at her door a quarter of an hour after. The maid told him that madame had already descended. He felt himself seized with actual presentiments; all trembling he ran about the gallery, the salons, seeking his wife. Finally, encountering M. Cléry, a husband like himself, he ventured to ask him if he had seen Georgette. "She is walking on the terrace," said M. Cléry, simply. The terrace ran the whole length of the château. It was furnished with orange-trees in boxes, little rustic tables, and open-work cane arm-chairs lined with embroidered cloth. With her back to the salon, leaning upon the balustrade, Georgette talked with M. de la Môle. It was in October; twilight was falling, enveloping the trees of the park in its transparent mist. This hour of the evening, when the earth sends up its last perfumes and its sweetest chants, ought to penetrate a young woman's soul with its poesy. The old man slipped behind an orange-tree, accusing himself of this espionage. Who has never been jealous, let him cast the first stone.

"I love the country," said Georgette, "but it is not to be comprehended here. There are too many pleasures, too much noise. I love it with a real love for it. The sky, with its beautiful pink clouds, this great pond where the trees are mirrored, these meadows, these flower-beds—do not these suffice? Does one want society when one has them?"

"You are right," replied Monsieur de la Môle; "but in order to fully appreciate the country, it must be studied in companionship."

"In companionship?" repeated Georgette.

"Have you not often thought that the country is the proper frame for love? If I have desired to see you here, dear marquise, it was because I love you; you know it well; I have adored you for a year. Have you not divined it? What woman does not divine the adoration that is rendered her?"

"No, I have not divined it," Georgette replied, in a voice full of emotion. "Why did you tell me? I was so happy! I thought you a friend. Monsieur de la Môle, it is wicked, it is very wicked!" And she moved a few steps from him.

"In the name of heaven, listen to me! One minute, one minute still! I cannot keep silence; I suffer too much! But I offend and displease you. I will go away; it is a resolution I took long ago. One of my friends leaves Paris to explore Central Africa; I will follow him. I will demand of the deserts the oblivion of my love. This heart which you reject I will have devoured by some savage beast."

"You will not go; it is absurd—"

"I must, I must, since you do not love me!"

"My husband is the best of men; I should be the worst of women if—"

"Then, if you were not married—if you were free—my angel, speak this word to me, which I will carry with me as a supreme joy! Georgette, if you were free, would you consent to become my wife? Speak—do not turn your head—"

"Ask me nothing. If I should lose my good and dear husband, I would not be the wife of another. I should fear that he would be jealous in his grave."

On hearing this, the old man's heart was touched to its core.

"Poor child, how she struggles against danger," he thought. "He has come, the enemy in whom I would not believe. This man, perhaps, does not love her—but she is only twenty-two. The stars, the flowers, the poets—curse them—will persuade her that he adores her, and the devil will do the rest."

"Adieu, madame," said Henry de la Môle; "adieu forever." He strode away, then came back to her. "If one ray of pity comes to you, if you wish to clasp my hand an instant before my departure, I will be on this terrace to-night after all are asleep. Fear nothing; you can rely on the honor of De la Môle."

"I will not come," replied Georgette. "Go; you are right. Go; adieu!" Her voice trembled. Henry moved away, and she remained alone. Then, covering in the depths of one of the cane chairs, she wept, sobbing. Each of her tears fell on her husband's heart. "Poor child!" he thought, "her tears unman me. Poor little bird! why should I keep her by force? I am not a jailor. But what can I do, what can I do?"

At dinner Georgette had no appetite. She complained of

a headache, and went to her room very early. In the face of these encouraging symptoms, De La Môle sent the young woman this little note:

MADAME LA MARQUISE: I presume to ask news of you. Tomorrow will be the grand day. You will be sure to acquit yourself triumphantly. My journey is delayed; may it please God that the winds and the waves be favorable to me. The traveler lays himself at your feet.

DE LA MÔLE.

M. Le Camus, seated at his wife's bedside, read this letter, which she handed to him. She appeared to him much more calm after receiving it. He found himself much less calm.

Georgette, like all nervous beings, had impressions very violent, but of short duration. This great emotion, the first that she had experienced during her woman's life; these floods of tears, this excitation of all her fragile being which her success as an actress had certainly contributed to augment, brought slumber quickly. By the light of the night lamp the good marquise saw her blonde head resting on the lace of the pillow, her still-reddened eyes close, a regular breathing expand her chest; the Bohemian angel had gone to the land of dreams.

He remained contemplating her a long time. A delicious melancholy floated upon this pale visage; her blue veins, a little swollen, showed through her satin skin, and one of her beautiful, deep golden tresses hung outside the bed. The marquise took this tress in his hands, and kissed it softly.

"But she is beautiful," he thought, "and I am plain. She was born to love a man as young and handsome as she is. Without doubt she is good. She has a little affection for me; but can I expect the love of this heart of twenty years? What folly, what folly! However, I am the husband, I am the master; I can take her away to-morrow. To drag her from this man is to drag her from a certain evil. Yes, we will depart; we will travel. Georgette will forget. It is for her good that I shall act. But will she forget? Will he not appear more seductive and more dear?—he from whom she will have been removed? Will she not think it my tyranny? Ah, unhappy man that I am! My happiness is broken, do what I will. My wife, my treasure, is lost to me. If I take her away, her heart will fly to another; if I leave here—leave here and watch her? Yes, then I shall become a dragon—a Bartholo. I should be odious and ridiculous. I should be deceived in consequence. I have too much experience not to foresee my fate. Ah, but at least a part of her heart remains mine. My child, my last joy! for three years she has made me happy. During three years, in living at my side, smiling and tender, she has given me the illusion of my youth. What do I not owe her for those years? Her candor, her beauty, her grace, her youth—I have received all. I shall pay very dearly for it—this unjust happiness; but what would I not pay?"

At this moment some one knocked softly at the chamber door. "A dispatch for Monsieur le Marquis," said a servant's voice. The marquise went out, closed the door softly, went to his own room, and read the dispatch. A dying friend called him to Paris.

In face of this terrible experience that is called death, the worthy man was ashamed of his egotistic sorrow. "I leave to-morrow morning by the first train," he said to the domestic. The next morning he departed, leaving only this little word for his wife:

Georgette, dear, do not be uneasy; a friend summons me to Paris. I will come back to assist at your triumph.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sight of the old mansion which had witnessed so many joys was cruel to the old man. He passed the morning with his friend, and went home about one o'clock. The housekeeper had prepared an exquisite breakfast for him, which he could not touch. He wandered about the apartments like a soul in torment. He remained seated a long time in his wife's little boudoir; he looked into her deserted chamber, hung with sky-blue satin, and this boudoir, where Watteau's "Loves," where the silent clock and the furniture under the covers had the sad air of abandoned things.

The housekeeper, entering on tiptoe, saw her master, who was writing, interrupting himself to wipe his eyes. "What has happened to monsieur?" she asked her husband, the concierge; "his face is like death. Can madame be ill? or worse—perhaps she—"

"What do you mean?" interrupted the concierge.

"Dame! young ladies like madame are in danger in places full of fine gentlemen like that château. When Baptiste came to see me the other week, he told me about it. It appears that a certain count, pretty as a prince, is all the time prowling about madame. Monsieur would not notice it; he doubted it, probably, poor man. It ought to arrive—a penniless girl who is only married for money. Has he not loaded her enough with diamonds, dear man, and laces, and carriages, and everything that she wishes? Now, that she desires nothing more, she must have a lover."

"You are wrong to talk like that. Madame is a good little woman, polite to every one. She never passed my lodge without saying 'good morning, Father Jean.' When I had my rheumatism, she would come in to inquire how I was. I don't believe that she has gone wrong."

"How dull these men are! She incommodes herself! She comes to ask your permission! I know women better than you do, possibly. A woman that we see always musing of late, and who sighs—"

A stroke of the bell interrupted the conversation. The concierge crossed the avenue to take his master's orders. He turned with a letter in his hand.

"A letter for madame, which monsieur has commanded me to post."

Baptiste, the valet, who had remained at the château, appeared just then at the door of the lodge.

"Well, Monsieur Baptiste, are you there?" exclaimed the concierge.

"Madame sent me to Paris to find some shoes that she had not received. They are for her costume in the play. They are Turkish shoes, that she has embroidered with jewels, pearls, and gold. The shoemaker said that they were worth three thousand francs."

"What a farce!"

"It is just as I tell you. Give me a glass of something; we will drink together before I go to the train."

"So madame costumes herself, while monsieur is here all—"

"And monsieur departs," responded the concierge.

"He departs?"

"Yes, Father Jean. He said to me, 'Prepare my valise; I am going to England to-night.'"

"Now for some stories!"

"Here, since you return to the château, Monsieur Baptiste, take this letter for madame. Doubtless monsieur the marquise has told her in it why he goes. You will see what a face she will make."

"Yes, Madame Jean, I will tell you about it. The devil! it is late; I must go. Good-evening all."

\* \* \* \* \*

This is what the Marquis d'Alfée wrote to his wife:

A service to a dying friend obliges me to go to England. I have never believed myself, my child, able to refuse you anything. When even the care of our happiness draws us away, we ought to fulfill our duty. This word duty is new for you, perhaps, Georgette. For three years you have lived without care, and I have striven to render your life as happy as I could. Have I succeeded? Have you not regretted devoting yourself to the happiness of an old heart? Your tears have frightened me; I have habitually read your thoughts; you have turned your head to conceal them from me. I do not conceal that you are a noble girl, who sacrificed herself for her mother, but can I demand continual sacrifices of your youth? Those which I exact of you do you make without regret? You love pleasure, society, homage, according to your age; I love them no longer, in accordance with mine. I believe that the rectitude of your soul and your self-respect put you above all vulgar dangers; I wish to leave you mistress of your destiny. Yet, if any one divined our situation, they would find ridiculous and senseless this husband who goes away at the hour when he should watch over his treasure. Such treasures guard themselves alone, or do not guard themselves at all. I can do nothing for myself; I have put my happiness in your hands; it is upon you alone that it depends. You have fifty thousand livres income, which I have given you by contract; I add to it my Paris house. You will live where we have lived together, happy and respected as you have always been. Your husband, Georgette, is only your best friend; if he goes away, it is because he believes it to be his duty at this moment. He has the courage to go—he would not have it for other things. He would not have the courage to be silent in the face of those who try to rob him of that which he adores. This old man is a man, after all; in a moment of anger he could lose all. A scandal about you, Georgette, would it be possible? The world would not judge you as I should judge you. I owe you three years of infinite happiness. You have been the smiling angel who gives the purest joys in letting it be believed that she receives them. This remembrance will be worth to you every pardon—if you ever have need of pardon. Adieu, my Georgette, my little girl, my well beloved; I kiss once more thy beautiful blue eyes.

SIMON LE CAMUS.

Such was the letter, imperfect in expression, perfection in goodness, which the Marquise d'Alfée received about five o'clock. She was in her chamber, trying on the sultana's costume for the last time, and attaching to her ears the famous emeralds of the Baroness Le Camus, presented by Charles X. to his banker's wife. Radiant in these gold embroideries, her hair decked with jewels, rested by a night of profound slumber, wishing to be handsome, as all women wish to be when they feel themselves beloved, the marquise had never appeared more adorable. She received the letter from Baptiste, placed it unopened on the table, and said to him, "Very well," with an air so imposing that the valet retired, murmuring timidly: "I believe there is an answer."

\* \* \* \* \*

The day closed. The housekeeper served dinner at seven o'clock, in the great dining-hall of the d'Alfée mansion. A single lamp placed on the square table left the room in semi-obscurity. The dark wainscoting framing some Flemish paintings, the tapestry portières, the sideboard where the carved silverware no longer gave its reliefs and its lights, the single cover at one side of the table, all augmented the weight of solitude.

The old man dreamed. His letter sent, he had regretted it. "I ought to have gone back there, to remain near her; to leave the party at the moment of losing her is senseless. At least, I ought to protect myself." In the hours of anguish the soul always fluctuates between two alternatives; it goes from one to the other with the regularity of a pendulum. Since nightfall the marquise had already asked himself five hundred times: "Ought I to go, or stay?" Whatever should be the conclusion, he knew that it would bring him suffering.

He had tried to take some spoonfuls of soup. The dishes brought upon the table were carried away without his perceiving them.

In hours of great trouble the faculties of the soul seem to tremble; a thousand thoughts, a thousand remembrances arrive together, and remain clear and distinct. The old man recalled his joyless childhood, his cold mother occupied with vanities, his excellent father, the only being who had truly cherished him, and whom death had taken from him. He recalled the years of his youth, empty of love; the rich are rarely loved. Some women had crossed his life, without leaving anything but disillusion; one only, a poor governess, whom he was not allowed to marry, had had for him the dumb affection of a dog for its master. She was not pretty; he, however, was attached to her. To content a shrewish old mother she had married a merchant, who had carried her off to India. A brief romance, prosaically finished. Georgette alone had shone upon his life—and with what splendor! How she had transformed everything! And now, now what? Solitude; regrets; the bitterness of remembrance.

Eight o'clock struck slowly. The old man had his head between his hands; he endeavored to put away his thoughts. "Come," said he, aloud; "I must go."

"Go! but not without me," cried a loving voice, "not without me, sir; I forbid you!"

And there before him, in this great, dark room, he saw appear, like a ray of light, a glittering sultana, who threw herself into his arms. "Ah! the wretch, the wretch! What would you do? Leave your wife? And why? I have not even taken the time to change my dress; I threw my great traveling cloak around my shoulders, and I ran away. I left them all prepared there. Do you think they will be angry?—tell me."

"Georgette," responded the marquise, "Georgette, do you then love me?"

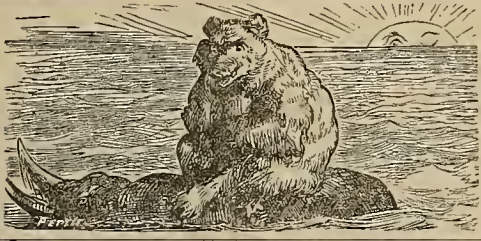
"He asks it!" she cried, embracing him. "Am I in this world for anything else?"

The next day Monsieur and Madame Le Camus departed for England. The Count de la Môle did not go to Africa. He made his voyage of discovery to Monaco, in the train of a pretty little singer.—Translated for the Argonaut by the French by T. F. Robertson.



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## THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

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Thirty-three years ago, from all the American States and from all parts of the civilized world, there came to California, under peculiar inducements, the young, the adventurous, and the intelligent. An unknown land was sought for and reached by stormy sea-passages and adventurous land journeys. An unoccupied country was possessed, and here was laid, broad and deep, the foundations of a sovereign State, to become a part of the American republic. A generous government gave to all the free occupation of gold-bearing lands, and gave farms and houses in broad and productive agricultural valleys. It gave free forests and fisheries, and in a brief time threw over city, plain, and mountain the protection of free government. San Francisco gave promise of commercial importance. The State gave six hundred million dollars of gold and silver to the arteries of the world's circulating medium. Oregon obtained a large accession of population, and around the two Pacific States other clustering communities gathered, each in their turn to plant the foundations of States. The reflex tide of emigration set backward to the Rocky Mountains. There was never before such a people gathered in any part of God's earth, and there was never before such a gift of wealth showered down upon any people. Such inexhaustible riches of mines, such wealth of soil, such charm of climate, such opportunity of ocean traffic, such illimitable possibilities of grain, gold, wool, wine, and fruit had come as an inheritance to no other community. The people were loyal and grateful—loyal to the Government and grateful to God. They met in organic assemblies, and under the magic influence of republican teachings, there grew up State and municipal governments which gave security to life, protection to property, and freedom to conscience. Schools and churches abounded throughout the land, and California came to be regarded as a very paradise. It was. There was health, plenty, and cheerful content in all its parts. There were no cities or villages in all the world where so many persons owned their own homes. There was no land where so many reposed beneath their own vines. As into the fabled garden of the Christians' paradise the serpent came, so into our early paradise there entered the creeping curse. Our State was broad of territory, fertile of soil, scarce of population, and in heedlessness and blindness, in the impetuosity of a haste to become rich, in ignorance of consequences, and in the generous enthusiasm of inexperience, we admitted and welcomed the Chinese among us. They were to become our servants and

do our menial labor. They were to introduce to our marshes the culture of rice, to our foothills the culture of tea, to our valleys the mulberry, and to our coast they were to bring the commerce of Asia and the wealth of India. Our wharves were to be laden with hales of silk, and the precious merchandise of their Eastern looms. Their spices were to perfume our air, their peculiar industries to enliven and enrich our State. When our State was admitted into the Union we invited the Chinese to participate with us in celebrating the joyous event. When the national anniversary came round the Chinaman was a feature of the procession, delighting us with his barbaric music and the quaint and curious decorations of his holiday dress. When the Burlingame treaty was negotiated, we honored its author with a civic banquet. Our governor—then Democratic—presided. A bishop gave us his blessing. Chinese merchants hohobbed with merchants of all nationalities. Men of all parties united in celebrating an event which all of us believed was to cement between the elder and the later government and their peoples an intercourse of mutual benefits.

This recital dissipates the Eastern scandal of our race prejudice. We had none. And if to-day we desire to restrict Chinese immigration, it is the result of convictions born of experience. Thirty-three years of observation have brought our community to one conclusion: We are united in the opinion that we can not endure this competitive struggle with Chinese labor, and live. There is on this coast no single individual, man or woman, intelligent, disinterested, unprejudiced, and observant, who does not think that the welfare of the community is involved in restricting the immigration of Chinese laborers. We ask Eastern men, in considering this fact, to remember who we are, and to reflect that we are of New England and Eastern birth. We ask them to recall the fact that we are of the average standard of Eastern and European intelligence, and that we have lived with this question from its first germ upon our coast, and watched its growth and development until to-day. We beg them to regard us as loyal to the country, its civilization, and its laws. We assure them that we are not indifferent to the teachings of Christ, nor do we lack respect for His sublime moral code. And when we say to the people of the East; when we unite in saying; when one and all of our most honored clergy unite with us world's people; when our business men, our professional men, our laborers, our artisans, our journalists, our statesmen, our politicians, our thinkers, our men of leisure, our men of property, and our foreign and native-born citizens; when all of us unite in declaring that in this question is involved our welfare, our lives, our future, our property, our homes, our liberties, and our civilization; when we declare to our Eastern countrymen that we can not endure this competitive struggle with Asiatics and live, have we not a right to expect from them a fair hearing? Have we not a right to demand of them that our views should prevail, and that in making laws they should take from us their opinions upon a question of which they are necessarily uninformed? Have we not a right to assume that we know more upon this subject than they can know? Is it fair or decent for them to say that it is for our benefit and our interest that they deny us the laws we demand? Is it modest for them to assume that they are guided by a higher or better humanity than we possess, and that they are controlled by principles and a moral standard to which we have not reached? Is it honorable for them to impugn our motives and stigmatize our opposition to Chinese as un-American and in violation of the generous traditions of our government? To this add the offensive and scandalous declaration that we are hoodlums and idlers; that we are inspired by the Irish to assault the Chinese; that all this is demagoguery; and that, if we should do our duty, we would submit to the competitive struggle, and win our victory by greater labor and greater economies than the Chinese can practice. If the Chinese possessed all the virtues of the best specimens of New England growth, and if they were in every sense our superiors, we could not prosper in rivalry with them. Let us admit that they are the superior race, and still the question is not solved. If there came to us from the East an immigration of adult male workers, who came not to stay; if they came in numbers equal to our resident workers; if they lived as the Chinese live, and sent all their earnings, save that required for their support, back to New England; if they imported from New England their food and their clothing—in such a case as this could California prosper? Every intelligent thinker knows the evil that would result to this city and State from such a condition of things. Any tyro in the study of political economy knows what we would suffer, and that every industry would languish to the death. Let our Eastern friends, then, conceive our condition in San Francisco when we say to them that one-fifth of the inhabitants of our city are Chinese; that one-half of our male adult population are Chinese; that there are two Chinese laborers for every white laborer; that fifty of these can live in a tenement where a white family of five would be ill accommodated; that their food is tea, rice, dried fish, and desiccated vegeta-

bles, all of which are imported from China; that they import and make their own clothes; that they have no wives to support, and no children to educate; that they have developed no new industry in our State; that they are leeches, draining our resources and sending our very life-blood out of the country; that they pay no taxes, perform no public duties, can not become soldiers, or serve upon the *posse comitatus*; that they perform none of the functions of citizenship, and are capable of performing no duty incident thereto; that their criminals, their paupers, their opium-eaters, and their lewd women are out of proportion to their numbers; and that our prisons are overflowing with them, our insane asylums, almshouses, and pest-houses are crowded with them.

This is our condition to-day, and last month there came to us four thousand and eighty. This month will increase that number. At Hongkong are seventeen ships loading with Chinese for this coast. Fifty thousand are hooked for immigration. They do not go East. They stay here. Are we to be taunted with the fact that in a country of fifty million inhabitants there are less than half a million Chinese? Are we to be denounced with cowardice because we fear this invasion, when it is known that all the States and Territories now afflicted with the presence of Chinese contain only something like one and one-half millions of people? The Chinese will not seek competition with the large population east of the Rocky Mountains so long as they can find room upon this side; and before they become an inconvenience to New England and the East, they will have destroyed us and driven us from the coast. Are we to be taunted with employing Chinese because a few families use them as domestic servants, when it is a recognized fact that they are employed by corporations and manufacturers, driven to the necessity of employing them after they have driven white labor from the country, and prevented white immigration from coming to it; when they are being imported to our shores by English and Chinese ships, and an American steamship line owned in New York? All this has been intelligently presented to the American people, and to repeat the argument is useless. Now we look our condition in the face, and ask ourselves, "What shall we do about it?" Republican senators, by a series of treacherous acts unparalleled for their baseness, have so far refused to extend to us any relief. Two Republican Presidents have interposed the executive veto between the deliberate legislation of Congress and the people of this coast. Both political parties in national convention have resolved that Chinese immigration should be arrested. Party resolutions and congressional legislation have demonstrated who our enemies are. We know from what source the opposition comes. All the senators, save one, from six New England States are against us. The merchants and moneyed men of New York are against us. The Eastern clergy are for the most part against us. Every railroad millionaire in the East is against us. Every Republican in the Senate of the United States who represents corporate wealth is in opposition to us. Under this continuing opposition, and in the absence of restrictive legislation, the city of San Francisco is going to the dogs. Property values decline, and business interests are being destroyed. Governor Stanford told the writer of this article five years ago that in ten years from that day we would see a network of railways centering at San Francisco, and bringing here the wealth and business of the East; that we should see steam lines pouring out upon our shores a great and profitable commerce; and that in that time San Francisco would have one million of inhabitants. Half the time has passed. The railroads have been built, the steam lines are established, and San Francisco has fewer white inhabitants than on the day of the prophecy. The steam lines bring their Asiatic slaves; all kinds of business languish; the death-rattle is in our throat.

When the President, in defiance of every honorable obligation, vetoed the Chinese measure, and the veto was sustained in the Senate by the votes of Republican leaders, the alternative of submission to ruin or resistance to law seemed to have been offered us. The very suggestion of this alternative was a startling one. On the one hand was revolt against the law, with the almost certain result of its enforcement by military authority; on the other hand, the sure destruction of all our interests by the invasion that was overwhelming us. Ours is a sovereign State, and under its municipal laws, its laws of health and police, we have the right to determine what is best for the protection, safety, and welfare of our people. This question of Chinese immigration presents a new problem to our country. We are a family of States, each sovereign within its jurisdiction. The General Government is clothed with certain powers; State governments have certain other powers. Congress controls commerce. The courts of the Federal Government have decided that passenger immigration comes within the definition of "commerce," and we find our city in this condition: Our port is the gate of Asiatic immigration; four hundred millions of people confront us. They have invaded us already to an embarrassing extent. They threaten us with



an alarming increase. Those citizens of States three thousand miles away do not fear this invasion, because they are ignorant of it. Some fear commercial results; some desire to save Asiatic souls; some are merely sentimentalists; some are interested in cheap labor; many are indifferent, and we feared it would be impossible to impress a sense of our danger upon the Eastern mind sufficiently to secure practical legislation. We alone understand this question. We are loyal, and would so continue. But have we a right to allow this coast to be overrun with an invasion that will destroy the country? We do not desire to get ourselves entangled in a discussion of State rights; but if it had become necessary for us to arrest the continuing invasion of Chinese by forcible resistance to existing laws, we would have been compelled to make the effort, and would have placed our justification upon the higher law of necessity and self-defense. If one is driven to the wall, and his life is in danger, he may take the life of his assailant. If we are driven to the wall, and our lives and property are in danger, we may resist the invader, and by violence drive him back from our shores. Our defense in the higher court of conscience, when we came to plead against the accusation of the law, would have been this, and the world's tribunal would have rendered a verdict of justification. It would not have been the first time in history that the oppressed had been compelled to resist. There is no act in the history of the world's civilization where rightful and honorable resistance to wrong can be justified upon higher grounds than would have been California's determination that this Chinese invasion must be arrested. Nor would we have been without precedents. An order of council was passed in England in 1848, authorizing the Secretary of State to send convicts to such colonies as he might think proper. Earl Grey, then Colonial Secretary, dispatched the ship *Neptune* to the Cape Town colony, in South Africa, with two hundred and eighty-nine convicts. When the news reached Cape Town that this vessel was on her way, the people of the colony became violently excited. Goaded to fury by the inflammatory articles in the local newspapers, and guided by a few leading spirits, they established what was called the "Anti-Convict Association," by which they bound themselves by a pledge to cease from all intercourse of every kind with persons in any way connected with the "landing, supplying or employing of convicts." On the 19th of September, 1849, the *Neptune* arrived in Simons bay. When the intelligence reached Cape Town, the people assembled *en masse*, and determined that the ship should not land. Their behavior, says the government historian, was violent and outrageous in the extreme. The governor, under pressure of popular agitation, agreed not to let the convicts land, but to keep them on board ship in Simons bay till he received orders to send them elsewhere. They did not land. The mass of the population, continuing the agitation, did all in their power to prevent the convicts and the officers of the government from obtaining supplies. When the Home Government became aware of the state of affairs, it immediately sent orders directing the *Neptune* to proceed with its convicts to Van Dieman's Land. The agitation continued until a free government was obtained for the colony. The concession was granted by her majesty's government, and in 1853 a constitution was obtained of almost unexampled liberality. England, with her vast naval power, dared not outrage the moral sense of the world by imposing this class of emigrants upon one of her weakest and most distant colonies. If these colonists dared to defy England's power, and say to her, "You shall not violate our shores and invade our homes," shall not the united people of a sovereign State say to the Government at Washington, "You shall not impose these alien barbarians upon us"? Assuredly we may dare to do this thing, supported as we are by the unanimous opinion of the people of four States and five Territories; supported by the Democratic party of the nation; supported by all Republicans of the country who respect their pledges, and by the sentiment of the united millions of American working men who see their homes imperiled by a Chinese invasion.

In the south of England, across the channel from Belgium, there was, some ten years ago, a colliery worked by about fifteen hundred coal-miners. These miners struck for higher wages. Their demand not being conceded by the proprietors, they left their work, went to their village of cabins at the pit's mouth, and smoked their pipes for increased pay. The proprietors sent to Belgium, and filled their places with cheap labor. The Belgian miners arrived, whereupon the English colliers pitched into them, and with their fists, clubs, and stones, whipped them, killing four, wounding forty, and driving them away. The next morning the *London Times* in an able editorial applauded the act, justified the English miners in their breach of the law, and said that the English working man was justified in the defense of his rights, his family, and his home, in driving these invading hirelings from the English shore. In England there is an unwritten law of human rights, and it is that the laborer shall not be invaded in his field of labor so long as he is willing to work, and that he is entitled to such wages as will enable him to live and support those whom God has made dependent on him for bread. Let President Arthur, Republican senators,

the legislature of Connecticut, the tea merchants and bankers of New York city, the millionaire railway-builders, the fifteen hundred aristocratic members of the Union League Club of New York city, the Presbyterian synod of Illinois, the sniveling sentimentalists of New England, and the Chinese Ambassador, consider how far they are justified in imposing Chinese barbarians upon an unwilling people in defiance of a national treaty, the expressed will of Congress, and a united local protestation.

There is every presumption that we shall not be compelled to resort to violence, or resistance to legal authority. The recent vote in the House of Representatives gives assurance of a legal remedy, and it is not improbable that before the next issue of the *Argonaut* the ten-years restriction bill will have passed the Senate by a sufficiently decisive vote to admonish the acting accidenty of the executive chair that his opinion will not be permitted to override the legislative wisdom of the nation. We shall owe him no thanks. His weak and contemptible message was not based upon the length of time in the Miller hill, but was as clear and emphatic a vindication of Chinese immigration as his narrow mind could frame. We shall be under no obligation to the cabinet which advised him to set popular opinion at defiance. We shall not feel especially grateful to such men as John Sherman, Logan, Harrison, Cameron, Windom, Edmunds, Plum, and the other senatorial leaders whose first impulse and first act was one of treachery to party pledges, and indifference to results on the Pacific Coast. Our contempt will not be abated toward Hoar and his sentimental followers, nor the inebriate Lapham, who represents the greed of New York hankers and traders, and the swell flunkies of the Union League Club. That this Chinese invasion is to be resisted we have never doubted. That it is to be limited by law we no longer doubt. If Congress had failed us after the emphatic pledges of both national party conventions, and left us here at the Golden Gate to have resisted the Chinese invasion, our advice would have been, "forcible resistance." We would have advised, and been one to have reenacted upon our water-front the scenes of Simons Bay. The last month has been to us a period of anxiety. The patience of loyal men has been tried. It has demanded the deliberation of cool and level-headed men. It was a good time for Californians to express their determined opinions upon this question, and the effect has not been without its influence upon Eastern opinion. We think the danger has passed. The overwhelming vote of the lower house of Congress gives us assurance of a legal and peaceful solution of this question. Whatever the Senate may do, or the President attempt to do, we can now rely upon the legislation of the country.

This is no time for fools and fanatics to come to the front. It is no time for alien adventurers and Irish demagogues to make themselves prominent. The business belongs to the conservative, intelligent, property-owning, order-loving, native-born American citizens. It is most emphatically an American question. It is not one of those political conundrums that are to be solved by ward politicians, or to be used to enable them to become coroners or pound-keepers. It is not hecoming, or in good taste, for foreign-born, office-seeking adventurers to have too much to say about it. It is a good time for the bobby ferals and Pope's political Irish to keep modestly out of sight. It is not their funeral, and the adopted citizens of foreign birth should not become too prominent as mourners. Let them remember that they are upon the soil by no higher authority of law than throws its protecting shield over the Chinese; that they have no better right to remain here than the Chinese, who are among us by invitation of a national treaty; that it is to the last degree immodest and unbecoming for an immigrant from Europe to be over-officious in resisting immigration from Asia. The slogan of the sand-lot, that "the Chinese must go," is brutal and illogical. That the Chinese must not come in numbers to endanger our liberties, menace our civilization, or interfere with our material interests, is the principle which both parties have inscribed upon their banners, and which the Congress of the United States is called upon to enforce by legal enactments. There a great many honest men in the land who think the Chinese are not our most vexatious and troublesome element, who recognize in them virtues which certain other immigrants do not possess. While the writer of this article thinks that the most undesirable class of European immigrants are superior to the most desirable of the Chinese, he is prepared to admit the existence of an honest difference of opinion widely entertained by men who are both honest and intelligent. This Chinese problem must be solved—if solved at all—by those who have the authority that comes from birth upon the soil. To say who shall or who shall not come to us from foreign lands is the sole prerogative of those whose title to citizenship is in themselves unchallenged and unquestionable.

When the next Presidential election comes around, the old question will be revived, and the old discussion renewed, as to which of the great national parties is the friend of

labor. The labor vote determines the supremacy of party. It is the great middle and working class to which each party appeals for support. The Republican party obtained its supremacy through a successful appeal to the working men's element, and has now for more than twenty years maintained the control of national affairs because it has been regarded as faithful to this principle. As the party of free labor it was first known. As the party of freedom and free men in the territories, "Non-extension of slavery" was its motto. Not because it regarded slavery as a moral evil, not because it intended to interfere with slavery in States where it existed by law, but because it was the friend of free men and free soil, because it would consecrate the territories to Freedom. The war followed, slaves were emancipated, and the Republican organization had rightfully the proud boast that it was the party of freedom and free labor, and that it was the friend of working men. It passed the homestead and preemption laws. It brought the broad and fertile territories of the national domain within the reach and ownership of every man who was willing to toil. It encouraged immigration. It favored protection to home industries, under the claim that a protective tariff was in the interest of the American mechanic, artisan, and producer. This was an honest declaration of principles. The Republican party was sincerely the friend of labor, because it was composed of working men. It embraced a great majority of the intelligent, native-born, working, middle class of the Northern States. The extremes of society belonged to the Democratic party, the very rich and the very poor, the very learned and the very ignorant, the cotton lord and the poor white, the native-born millionaire and the foreign-born mendicant. The aristocratic city merchant, and the vilest vagabond element of its lowest slums composed the strength of the Democratic party. When the war ended, the Democratic strongholds were found in the Southern States, and in those Northern cities where the most ignorant foreigners congregated, and where the Pope's Irish most abounded. Republican strength lay in New England, in the Western and Middle States, in the agricultural portions of those States, and in the great Northwest—in Ohio and Michigan, Iowa and Kansas. Where men most labored, and were most intelligent, there the Republican party flourished best. The interests of labor and of laboring men were the paramount and controlling questions. When the Chinese question began first to attract attention, and was first presented for national consideration, the Republicans on the Pacific Coast presented it as a practical labor question, affecting the labor interests of the locality, and threatening the labor interests of the whole country. In the meantime the Republican party had undergone a change. Its long continuance in power had drawn to it the more important of the national interests of the country. Under it the great railways had been subsidized and built. Upon the bonded debt of the war national banks had been established. Out of the political patronage of the government men had become abnormally rich. The peace which brought prosperity brought great wealth to individuals, nearly all of whom gravitated to the Republican party as the party of respectability and intelligence. Twenty years of power begat abuses. Men in office about the treasury grew wealthy. Members of the Senate and House of Representatives became rich. Lawyers in public life accepted the retainers of great corporations. There grew up a lobby at Washington more powerful upon business legislation than either political party. And it is becoming apparent—at least we fear it is—that the Republican party has ceased to be the friend of labor and the working class, and has become, or is becoming, the party of wealth, of corporations, and of aristocracy; that our president is more the representative of the millionaires than of the people. Somehow we have a suspicion that a majority of the Republican political leaders in Congress draw more money from the pay-roll of corporations than from the Government treasury on account of salaries.

Every Republican paper in New England supports the veto, and every one which we have seen is unqualifiedly opposed to the restriction of Chinese immigration, while there is a wide-spread opinion among prominent Republicans in favor of giving to the Chinese the right of the elective franchise. There is no Republican paper east of Chicago that is not outspoken in favor of the President's veto, and that does not in the most guarded and qualified manner step tip-toe over the whole Chinese question.

Between San Francisco and San José and Santa Cruz there is a narrow-gauge railroad. It is said to be very comfortable, and very well managed, and to make very good time; but, as a matter of course, very few people go as passengers upon it or send their goods over it, because it is narrow-gauge, and because there is a broad-gauge railroad going to the same places. This is an allegory.

The Legislature of Connecticut, being Republican, has just passed a resolution approving the Presidential veto, and expressing itself as opposed to any restriction of Chinese immigration. It is said that every Republican member of the body voted to endorse the President.



## A MOHAMMEDAN VENDETTA.

How a Moorish Lochinvar Won the Daughter of Abd-el-Djehar.

A short time after the war between France and Morocco, the ruler of the latter country, the Sultan Ahd-er-Rhaman, sent an army to punish the inhabitants of the Rif, who had burned a French vessel. Among the various sheiks who were ordered to denounce the culprits was one named Sid-Mohammed Ahd-el-Djehar, already advanced in years, who, being jealous of a certain Arusi, a bold and handsome youth, placed him, though innocent, in the hands of the general, who sent him to be incarcerated at Fez. But he only remained about a year in prison. After his release he went to Tangiers, remained there some time, and then suddenly disappeared, and for a while no one knew what had become of him. But shortly after his disappearance there were rumors all over the province of Garh of a band of robbers and assassins which infested the country between Rahat and Larace. Caravans were attacked, merchants robbed, caids maltreated, the sultan's soldiers poinarded; no one dared any more to cross that part of the country, and the few who had escaped alive from the hands of the handit came back to the town stupefied with terror.

Things remained in this state for some time, and no one had been able to discover who was the chief of the band, when a merchant from the Rif, attacked one night by moonlight, recognized among the robbers the young Arusi, and brought the news to Tangiers, whence it spread all over the province. Arusi was the chief. Many others recognized him. He appeared in the *duars* and villages, by day as well as by night, dressed as a soldier, as a caid, as a Jew, as a Christian, as a woman, as a *ulema*, killing, robbing, vanishing, pursued from every quarter but never taken, always under a new disguise, capricious, fierce, and indefatigable; and he never went very far from the neighborhood of the citadel of El Mamora, a fact which no one could understand. The reason was this: the caid of the citadel El Mamora was no other than the old sheik, Sid-Mohammed Abd-el-Djehar, who had placed Arusi in the hands of the sultan's general.

At that very time Sid-Mohammed had just given his daughter in marriage, a girl of marvelous beauty, named Rhamana, to the son of the Pasha of Salé, who was called Sid-Ali. The nuptial feasts were celebrated with great pomp in the presence of all the rich young men of the province, who came on horseback, armed, and dressed in their best, to the citadel of El Mamora; and Sid-Ali was to conduct his bride to Salé, to his father's house. They had to pass through a narrow defile formed by two chains of wooded hills and downs. First went an escort of thirty horsemen; behind these, Rhamana on a mule, between her husband and her brother; behind her, her father, the caid, and a crowd of relations and friends.

They entered the defile. The night was serene, the bridegroom held Rhamana by the hand, the old caid smoothed his beard; all were cheerful and unsuspecting.

Suddenly there burst upon the stillness of the night a formidable voice, which cried:

"Arusi salutes thee, O Sheik Sid-Mohammed Abd-el-Djehar!"

At the same moment from the top of the hill thirty muskets flashed, and thirty shots rang out. Horses, soldiers, friends, and relations fell dead, or took to flight; and before the caid and Sid-Ali, who were untouched, could recover from their bewilderment, a man, a fury, a demon, Arusi himself, had seized Rhamana, placed her before him on his horse, and fled with the speed of the wind toward the forest of Mamora.

The caid and Sid-Ali, both resolute men, instead of giving way to a vain despair, took a solemn oath to never rest until they had been fearfully avenged. They demanded and obtained soldiers from the sultan, and began to give chase to Arusi, who had taken refuge with his hand in the great forest of Mamora. It was a most fatiguing warfare, carried on by *coups de main*, ambushes, nocturnal assaults, feints, and ferocious combats, and lasted for more than a year, driving little by little the band of marauders into the centre of the forest. The circle grew closer and closer. Many of Arusi's men were already dead with hunger, many had fled, and many had been killed in fighting.

The caid and Sid-Ali, as their vengeance seemed to draw near, became more ferocious in its pursuit; they rested neither night nor day; they breathed only for revenge. But of Arusi and Rhamana they could learn nothing. Some said they were dead, some that they had fled, some that the handit had first killed the woman and then himself. The caid and Sid-Ali began to despair; because the further they advanced into the forest, the thicker the trees, higher and more intricate became the bushes, the vines, the brambles, and the junipers, so that the horses and dogs could no longer force a passage through them. At last one day when the two were almost discouraged, an Arah came and said he had seen Arusi hidden in the reeds on the river-bank at the extremity of the woods. The caid hastily called his men together, and dividing them into two companies, sent one to the right and the other to the left toward the river. After some time the caid was the first to see, rising from the midst of the reeds, a phantom, a man of tall stature and terrible aspect—Arusi. Everybody rushed toward that point. They searched and searched in vain; Arusi was not there. "He has crossed the river!" shouted the caid. They threw themselves into the stream, and gained the opposite bank. There they found some footprints, and followed them, but after a little they failed. Suddenly the horsemen broke into a gallop along the river-bank. At the same moment the attention of the caid was drawn to three of his dogs, which had stopped, searching near a clump of reeds. Sid-Ali was the first to run to the spot, and he found near the weeds a large ditch, at the bottom of which were some holes. Jumping into the ditch he introduced his musket into one of the holes, felt it pushed back, and fired; then calling the caid and the soldiers they searched here and there, and found a large round aperture in the steep bank just above the water. Arusi must have entered by that opening. "Dig!" shouted the caid. The soldiers ran for picks and shovels to a neighboring village, and digging, presently came upon a sort of arch in the earth, and under it a cave.

At the bottom of the cave was Arusi, erect, motionless, pale as death. They seized him; he made no resistance. They dragged him out; the musket-hall had deprived him of his left eye. He was bound, carried to a tent, laid on the ground, and as a first taste of vengeance Sid-Ali cut off all his toes, and threw them in his face. This done, six soldiers were set to guard him, and Sid-Ali and the caid withdrew to another tent, there to arrange what torture they should inflict before cutting off his head. The discussion was prolonged, for each one tried to propose some more painful torture, and nothing seemed horrible enough. The evening came, and nothing was decided. The decision was put off until the next morning, and they separated.

An hour afterward the caid and Ali were asleep, each in his tent. The night was very dark; there was not a breath of wind, not a leaf moving; nothing was heard but the murmur of the river, and the breathing of the sleeping men. Suddenly a formidable voice broke the silence of the night: "Arusi salutes thee, O Sheik Sid-Mohammed Abd-el-Djehar!"

The old caid sprang to his feet, and heard the rapid heat of a horse's feet departing. He called his soldiers, who came in haste, and shouted, "My horse! my horse!" They sought his horse, the most superb animal in the whole of Garh; it was gone. They ran to the tent of Sid-Ali. He was stretched on the ground, dead, with a poinard stuck in his left eye. The caid hurst into tears; the soldiers went off on the track of the fugitive. They saw him for an instant like a shadow, then lost him; saw him again; but he sped like the lightning, and vanished, not to be seen again. Nevertheless, they continued to follow all night, until they reached a thick wood, where they halted to await the dawn. When daylight appeared they saw afar off the caid's horse approaching, tired out and all bloody, filling the air with lamentable neighings. Thinking that Arusi must be in the woods, they loosed the dogs, and advanced sword in hand. In a few minutes they discovered a dilapidated house half-hidden among the trees. The dogs stopped there. The soldiers came to the door, and leveling their muskets, let them fall with a cry of amazement. Within the four ruined walls lay the corpse of Arusi, and beside it a lovely woman, splendidly dressed, with her hair loose on her shoulders, was hanging up his bleeding feet, sobbing, laughing, and murmuring words of despair and love.

It was Rhamana.

They took her to her father's house, where she remained three days without speaking a word, and then disappeared. They searched for her during several days, but in vain. Finally she was discovered in the ruined hut which was the scene of her lover's death. With an old spade in her hands she was endeavoring to remove the sod from his grave. With incessant grief she kept uttering the name of the dead chief, "Arusi! Arusi!" The men did not disturb her, but allowed her to stay. "Allah," they said, "has called her reason back to Himself, and she is a saint."—*Edmondo de Amicis's "Morocco."*

Mr. Johns, says Burdette, came to a hotel in Bismarck with a cheap-looking trunk, worth about seven dollars. The clerk sized him up, and gave him a back room, just under the roof, with a dormer window, a camp bed, and a tin basin for furniture. The porter snubbed him, and he was the last man waited on at the table, and he was always seated where he couldn't reach the bread and the castor. He went away on business, was gone six weeks, and left his room-door open. And then when he came back and opened that old trunk, and took twelve thousand dollars in gold out of it, the landlord pulled out all his hair for mortification, and went and got roaring drunk for five days; the clerk forgot to paste down his front hair, and went one whole day without changing his eight-inch cuffs, and the porter went out in the woods and lay down and died. Moral: Never disdain to go through a trunk because it looks cheap. You can't tell what it may assay.

Sarcasm among military men is sometimes expressed so that it hurts. During the war, the rebel John Morgan was in Kentucky, and he was particularly down on a Federal regiment of Kentucky troops, the Thirty-second. They were stationed at Somerset, in that State, and one day Morgan sent a flag of truce to the commanding officer, as follows: "Remove the women and children, and the Thirty-second Kentucky at once, as I am going to shell the town." The feelings of the officers and men of that Kentucky regiment can be imagined but not described.

The hotel clerk is a young man who was originally created to fill an emperor's throne or adorn a dukedom, but when he grew up, there being fewer thrones and doms than there were emperors and dukes, he was temporarily forced to take a position behind a hotel-register. His chief characteristics are dignity of bearing, radiant gorgeousness of apparel, haughtiness of manner, and jewelry. His principal duties consist in hammering on the call-hell, in handing guests the wrong keys to their rooms, and in keeping a supply of tooth-picks on the end of the desk.

We met a Boston man in the army once. His department was dealing out oats for the quartermaster. Upon one occasion the chaplain attached to the camp came around. "Young man," said he, through his catarrhal cavities, "have you a Bible?" "I have not," replied the Boston young man; "but I can lend you a Greek testament." We merely mention this incident to show that you should never despise a man because he comes from Boston.

A charming instance of ladies' hoarding school superficial education occurred recently. A gentleman introduced a friend, horn in Athens, to a lady, mentioning the stranger's nationality. After a time, the lady, who had naturally heard a good deal of the Greeks of late, inquired: "Are you really a Greek?" "Certainly I am," he replied. "Ah, yes; but are you a modern Greek?" she asked.

Miss Julia Jackson, the daughter of Stonewell Jackson, has a will of her own. "Remember," she once said to her mother haughtily, "that I am a Jackson." "Yes," said Mrs. Jackson, "and I am your mother."

## STRANGE SUPERSTITIONS.

A cloud of mournful and tragic misfortunes hang around the celebrated Koh-i-noor. Streeter, the London diamond merchant, has recently written a lengthy account of it, which Queen Victoria herself has seen fit to revise. It has invariably proved a miserable possession for those Hindoo potentates who in past centuries have had it in their treasuries. Even its last owner has fared no better. It was procured through the efforts of the late Prince Albert, who advised that it be recut. Just a year after it had been placed in the hands of the cutter the royal consort died.

Whist players, says the London *Figaro*, are not, as a rule, superstitious, and few, at any rate among good ones, attribute their bad luck, as the late Lord Lytton used, to the presence of a particular individual not even interested in the game. It seems that the author of "Pelham" would not go on with a game at his club when once he had become aware that his unconscious *bete noire*, a gentleman named Townend, was present. More than this, according to Sergeant Ballentyne, Lord Lytton used to know—thanks to some magnetic sensation, we presume—when this Townend had entered the club.

"I have known women," says a writer in the *American Queen*, "who fear to touch garnets, rubies, and sapphires, and two talented women whom I know fear emeralds as much as they do serpents. They say that if these gems were kept in their houses some great misfortune would befall them. There are women who look upon pearls as emblems of death or sickness. One lady, who is looked upon as a sensible, matter-of-fact person, can not bear to handle pearls. She told me on one occasion she fainted when a friend playfully threw a string of pearls about her neck. A live serpent, she said, could not have given her a greater shock. And yet she is unable to explain this strange antipathy to pearls."

The magistrate of North Arcot, India, has addressed a very strong appeal to the government of Madras in favor of prohibiting the ancient religious rite of "passing through the fire," in consequence of the number of deaths which have been caused by its observance. He states that notwithstanding the progress of education, and the diffusion of enlightenment, the practice is still in vogue. The governor of Madras, however, does not consider the question as one in which the interference of the government would have a good result. Mr. Grant Duff points out that the practice complained of is somewhat similar to that of leaping through the fires of St. John, which existed in our own days in Bohemia, and which it took centuries of education to eradicate.

Some persons are very superstitious in regard to rings and gems. A woman who owned a fine ruby said it changed color when any of her family, absent from home, met with any serious accident. There are women who fear every misfortune if they do not have an emerald with them on a journey, and others are nervous if they see an emerald while they are traveling. Men are superstitious, also, and some are more wedded to these fancies than women are. They will not make a venture in stocks, go on a railroad or steamboat journey, or make any investment when they imagine that their diamonds, rubies, or garnets have a dull appearance. There are men who will not venture out of the house if they have mislaid their rings. If women leave their rings in water it is a sign that some friend will be drowned. If a ring drops into the ashes it is a sign of death; but if red-hot coals are in the ashes the owner of the ring will have good fortune.

"I recall," observes a writer in the *New York Times*, "a curious coincidence in connection with opals. An explorer from Costa Rica came home with a lot of opals. Some friends and I bought several fine examples. I had mine set in a ring. One night, going home late, I presented this as a peace-offering to my wife. 'Opals,' I said, 'are reputed as unlucky; if you are superstitious throw the ring out of the window.' 'I am not,' she said; 'what possible influence can a gem have upon events? I laugh at such folly.' She did not laugh the next morning. At four o'clock and fifty minutes before daylight, our house was torn to pieces (and we narrowly escaped with our lives) by the explosion of five tons of gun-powder and other combustibles under our very windows. I carried the opals home on the night before 'the Regent's Park explosion' of unhappy memory."

A writer in the *Louisville Courier-Journal* gives some of the current superstitions of Kentucky negroes. If a person passes through a funeral procession he will die before the oldest one in it. If a dog lies on its back and howls it presages an early death in the family. If the longest snake killed in a day's search be suspended from the tree nearest to a parched field it will bring rain. If it be necessary to turn back after starting on an errand, the consequent bad luck may be averted by making a cross in the path with the left forefinger. A stutterer may be cured by creeping up behind him unawares, and knocking him down with a raw beef tongue, just taken from the beast by an unmarried butcher under twenty-one. A bloody knife, a bottle of alcohol, and a bag of live lizards are an effective outfit for bewitching an enemy; but the intended victim is often warned of the danger by an owl's screech close to his cabin.

In Brittany it seems women and young girls are sometimes addicted to harking. This is the result of the rudeness of their ancestors in ancient times. The Virgin Mary passed one day, under the guise of a heggar woman, near the spot where some Breton women were washing linen. Being attacked by a dog they had with them, she appealed to them to restrain it, but they only encouraged it to bark more fiercely at the holy passer-by. Thereupon they were informed that, as a punishment for their evil behavior, they and their female posterity should be occasionally afflicted with an irresistible desire to bark like dogs. Since that time their female descendants have been liable to temporary fits of barking. They can be cured only by being taken to the statue of the Virgin at Josselin, near Auray, and compelled to kiss its feet. There are parts of France in which it is supposed a dog may possibly be a human being whom a spell has rendered a canine. An unknown dog used to visit a certain farm-house, and warm itself before the fire. One day the farmer became weary of its presence, and drove it out of the house. It exclaimed: "If you only knew who I am, father, you would not be so harsh." It was a son of the house, who had been magically metamorphosed. In Corsica it is a popular belief that the dead often appear at night in the streets, stretched upon their biars, which lighted tapers surround. In these cases the dead person's dog is always seen by the side of the coffin.

The cat, observes a writer in the *Saturday Review*, has always been looked upon with suspicion by the masses. A Finisterre cat which has served nine masters in succession is believed to have the right of carrying off the soul of the ninth to hell. In Upper Brittany there are sometimes seen enormous cats engaged in holding a meeting. If any one presumes to intrude upon their presence, they surround and tease him for a time. Then a long needle is driven into his heart, and he is dismissed. Hypochondria ensues, and he slowly wastes away. A black tomcat, says a Russian proverb, at the end of seven years becomes a devil. A Breton farmer who neglected to take the usual precaution of putting his tomcat to death before it completed its seventh year, was found dead in bed one morning with his throat terribly torn. Suspicion fell upon innocent persons, who were likely to be hanged on circumstantial evidence. Luckily, a boy observed that the cat of the house was always watching the corpse with eyes that glared with rage. So he fastened a string to the dead man's arm, the end of which he dropped through the window into the yard. Then he told the police to watch the body secretly, while he pulled the string. They did so. When the boy gave the string a pull, the corpse's arm jerked. The cat imagined its master had revived. With one bound it sprang on to the bed, and furiously tore away at the corpse's wounded neck. Whereupon it was condemned to be burned alive, and the suspected persons were set free. It is believed, we read, that a cat's viciousness depends to a great degree upon the length of its tail. If the end of its tail be cut off it is unable to take part in the witches' sabbath.



## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

## The Patent Catapult.

A Connecticut man is never happy unless he is inventing something. Even the children have a fancy for the business. Last summer a Connecticut farmer's boy visited Barnum's circus, and saw the catapult. It instantly suggested to him a tramp-bouncer, to be set under a man's door-step, and he at once went to work to build one. As he wanted to surprise his father, he kept the matter secret, and worked like a heaver up in the hay-loft of the great barn, building the machine. Finally he got it done. It was a magnificent machine, worked by a spring capable of throwing one hundred and fifty pounds a distance of thirty feet. This machine he buried in the hay till he should be ready to test it. Something possessed his father's hired man to go up in that hay-loft the next day, and he contrived to get right on the foot-board of the machine, and was slung whirling across the barn into a half-filled bale of hay on the opposite side. Alighting on the hay saved him from serious injury, but not from surprise. He didn't expect any such experience, and was not at all pleased at it. Neither did he understand it; and, as five hundred dollars wouldn't have induced him to go in that hay-loft again, he didn't find out what threw him, and fear of ridicule prevented his mentioning it. That night two tramps tried to sleep in that hay-loft, and gave it up as a bad job, after a sad experience. They had crawled into the hay, and were getting themselves fixed, when one got foul of the machine, and immediately his companion heard a whiz, a wild yell, and calls for help from the other side of the barn. He arose to go to his companion, and got there quicker than he expected. He found his friend very curious to know what tossed him, and somewhat scared. The way those tramps fled from that barn was a caution. The next day, while all the folks were away on a visit, the lad got the machine down and set it under the front door-step. Temporarily, he attached the wire that set it going to the door bell. When the folks returned, they all stood on the door-step, and the old man rang to let him in. With so much weight, the machine couldn't throw 'em far; but it rose up enough to dump 'em. The old man was the first to get up. He sprang once more on the step, and rang violently. He wasn't a very big man, and it seemed as though the Lord had put that snow-drift, forty feet away, just on purpose to catch him. They got him out, and, filled with terror, went in the back way. There they told the story, and the boy explained, and the old man ran him out, and stood him on the machine six times, and he butted that snow-drift all to pieces. He will not patent the machine, believing that it is too cruel a thing for these enlightened days.—*Boston Post.*

## Gwendolen's Marriage.

"Do not slug him, papa!" Gwendolen Mahaffy said these words quickly, and with an earnestness that showed how her whole heart was wrapped up in the young man in whose behalf they were spoken. It was a beautiful evening in June—rosy-cheeked June—month of flowers, and song, and gas-bills. The sun, that golden-browed monarch of the skies, had sunk to rest beneath a bank of snow-topped clouds that were piled athwart the western sky, and the few rosy gleams of swiftly-dying light that shot up from beneath the horizon only served to intensify if possible the ruddy glory of departing day. At the Castle Mahaffy no sound broke the silence.

Oscar Redingote was Adelbert Mahaffy's adopted son. Years ago, when Gwendolen was a baby, and the proud father had gone out one evening for another bucket of soothing syrup to keep her from howling the roof of the house off, he had found Oscar, then a boy of seven, trying a rosy blind man. He had taken the little wail home, brought him up as his own child, and now, at five-and-twenty, Oscar was a broker. He had resumed the old business.

During all these long years that Gwendolen and Oscar had grown up together there had risen in their hearts a passionate love, almost wicked in its intensity, and not two months ago they had plighted their troth, and sealed their vows with a large kiss that made Gwendolen clasp herself for all she had been missing. It was the avowal of this second compact that had caused grim-visaged Mr. Mahaffy to rear his horrid front, and declare that it should never be—that sooner than see his daughter wedded to one whose pedigree no one knew, he would fire the trusting lover o'er the picket fence. He would have followed his harsh words with a blow, but Gwendolen had stopped him by saying, in the coldly-calm tone which could so well express her anger, the words with which this chapter opens.

"No, papa," she said, when the violence of the old man's wrath had in some measure abated, "you should not strike Oscar, for in a few short months I shall be his wife."

"Dost know what thou art saying, child?" asked the old man, "what thou art doing?"

"Yes," replied the girl, "I know all about it. I know that I love Oscar tenderly, deeply, devotedly; and that without the sunshine of his smile my life would be as drear and desolate as a cake-jar after I have toyed with its contents." And with these words the fair young girl placed her arms round Oscar's neck, and let her head with its mass of sunnily-gold curls fall trustfully on his shoulder.

"So you have given this young man your heart, my lass?" said the old man in cold, sneering tones. And with a demon-like laugh, he started over town to get full.

Two summers have come and gone. Gwendolen, a look of happy contentment in her face, sits in a tapestried room of the Castle Mahaffy, singing a mother-song to a babe whose big blue eyes wander wonderingly around the apartment, and whose chubby little hands tug heartily at the sides of the cradle in which it is lying. Presently Oscar comes into the room, and kisses Gwendolen.

"Do you know, dear, that it is two years to-day since we were married?"

"Yes, sweetie," is the reply.

"And do you remember what your father said that evening when he first learned of our engagement?"

"Yes, darling."

"We have been living with him ever since our marriage, have we not?"

"Yes, my love."

"The old man has a great head, Gwendolen," said Oscar. "He sized me up exactly. He is getting old now, and we must never leave him."

"You bet we mustn't," was Gwendolen's reply, "if we want anything to eat."—*From "Living with the Bride's Parents," by the Chicago Tribune Novelist.*

## THE LATEST VERSE.

## Across the Garden Wall.

I looked across the garden wall,  
And saw her there—I see her yet!  
A little thing that played at hall.  
What mattered fright?—what mattered fall?  
I climbed—I broke the peach-tree's net—  
I looked across the garden wall.  
And curls, and pinafore, and all,  
Beheld her—never to forget—  
A little thing that played at hall.  
Grave has slie grown, discreet and tall,  
Since, when the morning dews were wet,  
I looked across the garden wall—  
Since she was five years old, and small,  
With slipping sash all crooked set,  
A little thing that played at hall.  
But still, sweet wife, when I recall  
How first we loved, how first we met,  
I watch across a garden wall  
A little thing that plays at hall.

—May Probyn.

## To a Swallow Building under Our Eaves.

(Carlyle's accomplished wife, after passing seven years at dreary Craigenputtock, with her morose husband, sent these lines to Lord Jeffrey.)

Thou, too, hast traveled, little fluttering thing—  
Hast seen the world, and now thy weary wing  
Thou, too, must rest.  
But much, my little bird, couldst thou but tell,  
I'd give to know why here thou lik'st so well  
To build thy nest.  
For thou hast passed fair places in thy flight;  
A world lay all beneath thee where to light;  
And strange thy taste,  
Of all the varied scenes that met thine eye—  
Of all the spots for building 'neath the sky—  
To choose this waste.

Did fortune try thee? was thy little purse  
Perchance run low, and thou, afraid of worse,  
Felt here secure?  
Ah, no! thou need'st not gold, thou happy one!  
Thou know'st it not. Of all God's creatures, man  
Alone is poor!

What was it then?—some mystic turn of thought,  
Caught under German eaves, and hither brought,  
Marring thine eye  
For the world's loveliness, till thou art grown  
A sober thing that dost but mope and moan,  
Not knowing why?

Nay, if thy mind be sound, I need not ask,  
Since here I see thee working at thy task  
With wing and beak.  
A well-laid scheme doth that small head contain,  
At which thou work'st, brave bird, with might  
and main,

Nor more need'st seek.  
In truth, I rather take it thou hast got  
By instinct wise much sense about thy lot,  
And hast small care  
Whether an Eden or a desert be  
Thy home so thou remain'st alive, and free  
To skim the air.

God speed thee, pretty bird; may thy small nest  
With little ones all in good time be blest.  
I love thee much;

For well thou managest that life of thine,  
While I!—oh, ask not what I do with mine!  
Would I were such!

—From the forthcoming "Life of Carlyle."

## Tuscan Olives.

(POCHADES IN RISPETTI.)

The color of the olives who shall say?  
In winter on the yellow earth they're blue;  
A wind can change the green to white or gray.  
But they are olives still in every hue;  
But they are olives always, green or white,  
As love is love in torment or delight;  
But they are olives, ruffled or at rest,  
As love is always love in tears or jest.

We walked along the terraced olive-yard,  
And talked together till we lost the way;  
We met a peasant, bent with age, and hard,  
Bruising the grape-skins in a vase of clay;  
Bruising the grape-skins for the second wine.  
We did not drink, and left him, love of mine,  
Bruising the grapes already bruised enough;  
He had his meagre wine, and we our love.

We climbed one morning to the sunny height,  
Where chestnuts grow no more, and olives grow;  
Far-off the circling mountains, cinder-white,  
The yellow river and the gorge below,  
"Turn round," you said, O flower of Paradise;  
I did not turn; I looked upon your eyes,  
"Turn round," you said, "turn round, look at the view!"

I did not turn, my love; I looked at you.  
How hot it was! Across the white-hot wall  
Pale olives stretch toward the hazing street;  
You broke a branch; you never spoke at all,  
But gave it me to fan with in the heat;  
You gave it me without a sign or word,  
And yet, my love, I think you knew I heard;  
You gave it me without a word or sign;  
Under the olives first I called you mine.

At Lucca, for the autumn festival,  
The streets are tulip-gay; but you and I  
Forgot them, seeing over church and wall  
Guinigi's tower soar i' the black-blue sky,  
A stem of delicate rose against the blue,  
And on the top two lonely olives grew,  
Crowning the tower, far from the hills, alone,  
As on our risen love our lives are grown.

Who would have thought that we should stand  
again together?  
Here, with the convent a frown of towers above us;  
Here, mid the sere-wooded hills and wintry weather;  
Here, where the olives bend down, and seem to  
love us;

Here, where the fruit-laden olives half remember  
All that began in their shadow last November;  
Here, where we knew we must part, must part and  
sever;

Here, where we know we shall love for aye and ever.  
Reach up and pluck a branch, and give it me,  
That I may hang it in my northern room.  
That I may find it there, and wake and see—  
Not you! not you!—dead leaves and wintry gloom.

O senseless olives, wherefore should I take  
Your leaves to halm a heart that can but ache?  
Why should I take you hence that can but show  
How much is left behind? I do not know.

—A. Mary F. Robinson.

## THE INNER MAN.

Shakespearean table napkins are the latest union of trade and sentiment, says the Boston Transcript. After the fashion of German housewives of the sixteenth century, who not only wrought their initials and family badge on the table linen, but surrounded it with texts, maxims, and mottoes in cross-stitch, a manufacturer sends out large daniask napkins with sentences from Shakespeare, woven in letters an inch long, filling the four sides. One may read on his unfolded napkin that "small cheer and great welcome make a merry feast," which sounds more like the exhortation of a niggard housewife who excuses her spare table with fine words, than like the courtesy which would find need no apology for its good will or its providing.

At the President's state dinners, six wine glasses, a goblet, and a carafe of ice water are at each plate and on the large and beautifully folded and embroidered napkin lies a card bearing the name of the guest to whom the seat is allotted. Besides the proper array of knives, forks, and spoons, each plate is supplied with one of the exquisite oyster forks recently presented to the President. A number of his friends in New York, hearing that the Executive silver chest was lacking in these table requisites, ordered three dozen oyster forks of Tiffany. They are slender little forks of antique hammered silver, with dainty heels and winged things in raised niello and oxide work on their handles, the pointed prongs tipped with gold.

A remarkable dinner was recently given in Paris, the guest being a young man of ninety-six, and the fifty-nine hosts having an average age of seventy. The guest was the well-known savant, M. Chevreul, who was entertained by his colleagues of the Société Nationale d'Agriculture, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of his election. M. Dumas, the great chemist, who took the chair, is himself eighty-two, and the two youngest men in the room were the Duc d'Aumale, and Mr. Pitman, who represented the Royal Agricultural Society of England. All the most illustrious men of science in France were present, and the dinner was a perfect one, the brandy served with the coffee dating from the year in which M. Chevreul was born (1786,) while Château Margaux of 1811 was handed around as a liqueur at dessert. These good things were not, however, appreciated by the guest, who has never tasted wine or spirits in his life.

It has often been asserted, says the New York Hour, that this is the age of sham, which one may presume to mean an age prolific in social impositions. In the spasmodic efforts of the frog who desires, in entertaining, to vie with the ox there is a great deal of fashionable legerdemain. The repasts to which one is invited are exactly like the conversation one hears at them—the froth of commonplace with the sediment of scandal and the last thing out in honnets. They are not quite as honest as the proprietor of the inn in Sweden, on the dead wall of which Doctor Adam Clark records having seen written: "You will find excellent bread, meat, and wine within, provided you bring them with you." Doctor Kitchiner, the eccentric author of the "Cook's Oracle," who lived midway between the honest "roast beef of old England" plainness of old times and the extravagance of our present ideas of dinner-giving, had a notice stuck up on a board in his dining-room, which read: "Come at seven, go at eleven." On one occasion, the old doctor was puzzled by the persistence his guests showed in remaining long after the canonical hour, until he found that a wag had altered the decree into "Come at seven, go at eleven." If the wine has been good, and the usual and fatal offer of brandy and soda has been accepted, it frequently happens that the doctor's garbled precept is made to come true. The trouble about the very expensive dinners now so much in vogue is, that they are a tribute to the capacity of a man's stomach, and not to the powers of his understanding; and, besides, they entirely deprive a man of moderate means of the power of doing as he is done by, and returning welcome hospitality. The dinner, like Aaron's rod, swallows up the whole, instead of being subordinate or only a stimulant to the pleasures of the evening. There is no intellectual pleasure at these banquets, for what conversation can be held when every two minutes a servant is changing a plate, or thrusting a dish under your nose, or making sepulchral utterances, "Sherry, hock, claret, champagne, or chahlis?" Luxury, like a beautiful yet ill weed, has grown upon us apace. Yet, twenty years ago, Ticknor thus notices the growth of luxury in London: "The breakfasts that used to be modest reunions of half a dozen, with a dish or two of cold meat on the side-board, are now dinners in disguise for fourteen or sixteen, with three or four courses of hot meats; once we had wine. The lunches are much the same, with puddings added, and several sorts of wine; and the dinners begin at half-past eight and last till near eleven." What would Ticknor say if, less than a quarter of a century later, he could be a spectator of that gorgeous form of fashionable repeat known as ladies' lunches, and more especially if he could listen to the feast of reason and the flow of soul which causes the wondrous clatter at those Arabian Nights' entertainments?

CCXXV.—Sunday, April 23.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Mock Turtle Soup.  
Smelts à l'Espagnole.  
Breaded Lamb Chops, with Pyramid of Mashed Potatoes.  
Asparagus. Green Peas.  
Braised Beef. Lettuce Egg Dressing.  
Strawberries. Whipped Cream. Fancy Cakes. Apples.  
Oranges, Bananas, Italian Chestnuts.

BRAISED BEEF.—Take six pounds of the round, and lard with a quarter of a pound of salt pork. Put six slices of pork in the bottom of the braising-pan, and as it begins to fry add two onions, half a small carrot, and half a small turnip, all cut fine. Cook these until they commence to turn brown, then draw them to one side of the pan and put in the beef, which has been well dredged with salt, pepper, and flour. Brown on all sides, and then add one quart of boiling water, and a bunch of sweet herbs; cover, and cook slowly in the oven for four hours, basting every twenty minutes. Take up the meat; mix one tablespoonful of corn-starch with a little water, and stir into the boiling gravy, of which there should be one pint. Or add to the gravy half a can of tomatoes, and cook for ten minutes. In buying the beef, it is much better to ask your butcher to cut a very thick piece, say ten pounds, and then ask him to divide it with you crosswise. Garnish with potatoes cut with the vegetable-cutter, and parsley.

## TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

If you wish to use goods of full weight and absolute purity, see your grocer supplies you with

KINGSFORD'S  
OSWEGO  
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ROYAL  
BAKING  
POWDER.

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AGENTS

121 and 123 Market Street,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.





An idle group of us were talking together the other day in the aimless desultory way in which idlers do talk, when, with a chance word, the conversation ceased to drift, and fell into a groove. "Which of all the gifts of the gods would you choose," said one, "if some beneficent fairy laid them out before you in a glittering heap?" Who has not taken part in a wishing tilt like this? and with what convincing eloquence we all uphold our own choice or decry our neighbor's. Of course, one chose transcendent beauty, and many boundless wealth. A philosopher or two made sage speeches about long life and vigorous health. People always say, "Oh, of course," to that sort of thing, but when they take to genuine wishing, what pinnacles they choose to perch upon. One wished to be a great statesman, one a great traveler, one a great general. One, who never wrote a line for a newspaper in his life, declared it the *Ultima Thule* of his ambition to be a great journalist. A beautiful woman, who could not turn a tune, conceived the life of a great *prima donna* to be all that was brilliant and satisfying. There were two or three artists who wished to be Michael Angelos, and an amateur pianist who longed to be a Liszt, and in all the round dozen of us there was not one who wished for a simple cot and contentment, which would have been not only the correct and philosophical thing to wish for, but poetical as well.

"My dears," spoke a lazy voice from the corner which had hitherto remained silent, "what restless, seething, uncomfortable lives you all would live if you could have your way. For the ills which attend in the train of boundless wealth, I refer you to any one on Nob Hill. For the miseries of a too long life I refer you to any one's grandmother. The traveler steams a girdle round about the earth in these days of steam ridiculously soon. He is soon left like Alexander, with no new worlds, and he is consumed with a fever of restlessness which eats into his content, and makes him an ever unsatisfied wanderer. For myself, from what little I know of either, I would choose rather to suffer than to be blasé." But a great journalist, began the man who never wrote. "A great journalist," spoke the autocratic voice, "reverses his entire life. Night is turned into day with him. He works while others sleep. He knows everything before it is news. Think for one moment of never hearing the news. Think of being obliged to create an opinion, and never knowing what it is to lean comfortably upon the day's paper for one. Picture to yourself the horror of knowing the newspaper by heart before you read it." A visible shudder ran around the company. "But a *prima donna*, such a one as Grisi, or Sonntag, or Adelina Patti—" began the woman who could not sing. "My dear lady, her brief, brilliant day never compensates for the horrible reaction which comes with the cracking of the first note, with the seam of the first wrinkle, with the first blaze of her rival's triumph." "And what would you choose?" we all asked, when by turns the career of the statesman, the general, and the artist had been disposed of by arguments quite as true. "I would choose—taste." "A modest choice, truly," cried one, "for that is something which every one fancies himself to possess." "Yes," continued the speaker, modestly, "I feel that I have solved the problem of life, and I would choose to saunter through the world a dilettante with a nice taste. It is not noble or ambitious, but it is comfortable. I should not care to be a Gilbert Osmond with a taste for nothing but *bibbels*. I want to stand upon a broader plane with my one little gift. I want it to be not only a nice perception, but an intellectual relish. It is the one indestructible quality, the one thing which makes life wear well to the end. One may grow old, and gray, and decrepit, but one never outgrows a taste for a word well chosen, a book well written, a color well shot in among the sombres, a song well sung, a dish well composed." "Ah, you are coming down to earth now," we said; "when it comes to talking of the composition of dishes, what have they to do with books, and songs, and colors?" But the orator of the moment, grown beated with discourse, would heed no interruption. "The composition of dishes has its place in the great harmonies of creation, but what would our *chefs* do in the kitchen unless there were cultured palates in the dining-room to appeal to? Every one has an involuntary respect for a cultured palate. It means lineage, ancestors, family good, cellars of port, centuries of background. In fact, a fine taste in eating is a patent of respectability. And yet man does not incline kindly to the female epicure, except as a caterer to her lord. A man of taste requires in a woman a good constitution, deep religious conviction, and a healthy appetite for plain food. Unfortunately, if she be not epicurean, her taste is apt to be perverted to a fondness for hot biscuits, pie, and cake. I don't like cake; I have not much reverence for those who eat it. It is not a pretty word, and it is not a beautiful article. For all that, I remember once eating a piece of cake at a picnic. A young lady appealed to me ecstatically to eat a tiny piece of cake, which she extended to me on her forefinger. It was rather a pretty thing to look at, of a pale-yellow tint. And she said: 'Eat it; it is a poem.' It was, I suppose, nothing but a flake of yellow cream merged with a beaten golden egg, dusted with a sifting of pure white flour, and dashed with a flavor of some essential oil whose name I do not know. At all events, there was a taste displayed in the mingling which gave the gentle baker a sort of rural *cordon bleu*. One never looks for much taste in the country, you know." To which we all demurred, but were over-ridden, for being put to it we could not one of us recall a single country home—not a city man's rural retreat, but a real country home—where taste is not outraged wherever the eye roves. "Do you not remember," went on the ardent advocate, "one summer that we went to Duncan's Mills, and found the whilom bare parlor transformed into a bower of beauty, with a few ferns and wild

flowers plucked in the neighborhood? But they were arranged with so delicate and peerless a taste that we could not rest until we found out who had been making so much beauty out of so little. It was a city girl, one who is more familiar with the dust, and winds, and cobblestones of San Francisco than with the fern hanks and grass fields at Duncan's Mills. Do you not all know certain people who are living pleasures whatever they do? I know one woman who can not write a simple note without having its smooth flow of language strike you as a pretty thing. I know another who has a knack at quaint expressions in speech. I know a score who have a pretty taste in dressing, a taste which has little to do with material or lavish money. We all of us know some who have a miraculous taste in disposing of furniture or ornament in a room; who will go into a shop full of overflowing, apparently, with commonplaceness, and pick out with unerring eye its one gem wherever it be hidden. The taste to discriminate is not general. There are few whom I would entrust to pick out a hook for me to read or a play to hear if I lived in the deep green country, and my choice in such things were circumscribed, few to whom I would entrust a delicate message confident that their good taste would dictate just the right thing to say. In short, I consider one to be divinely gifted who has a fine, infallible taste, whether in things material or metaphysical. If he has not the creative, he has at least the transforming power, and it is to him, all his life long, a living and perpetual delight. "My dear friend," cry I, at this juncture, "if you will stop long enough to breathe, I will agree with you to a certain extent. I went last night to see Rossi, the great Italian actor—at least the great Italian tragedian—and I wondered what it was that made 'Edmund Kean' a performance at once so excessively tedious and so excessively irritating. I had seen Rossi in 'Othello' last week, and felt that I had never seen the unhappy Moor of Venice so faithfully portrayed as by the great Italian. But his 'Edmund Kean' is a non-descript creature, as unlike the original as it is unlike anything else; a sort of homobasic stage demi-god, who runs the city of London, the English aristocracy, and the Prince of Wales. I can not think that Edmund Kean, even when he was in the 'honey-moon of criticism,' (as Moore said of him,) was so importuned for friendship by the heir to the throne of England. This may do in America, but it must have been a flagrant breach of taste to play it thus in England. However, when a Frenchman writes an English play, and an Italian acts it, it is apt to turn out an odd mixture. Perhaps the most distasteful thing which Rossi does is to interject such scraps of English as he has picked up. They have a low comedy effect, and are invariably succeeded by a tickled titter in the dress-circle. They were out of place in 'Othello,' few though they were, and they have an offensively small effect in 'Edmund Kean.'"

"And what of the play itself?" "Well, the play is an odd compound as Edmund Kean himself. It begins with a foolish scene in which the actor, having been invited to dine by the Danish ambassador, refuses almost peremptorily, and comes almost upon the heels of his refusal himself with a note for the Danish countess to read. Kean stands apart conversing with the others about his being a man of honor, and other words to that effect, while the note which the countess reads is a hold assignment to meet the actor in his dressing-room that night. Rather questionable taste, eh?" "Well, yes; considering that he was addressing himself to the countess's noble husband. However, they say the world does sometimes go on like that. I have no doubt that 'Edmund Kean' is a stupid and improbable play, but the fault must lie mainly with Rossi." "Yes, so great an actor can not be evenly bad, and he makes a good point or two, mainly in his taunts of Lord Melville. But he is as weak as a fledgling again, and his comedy is simply grotesque. In short, an Italian is a tragedian as naturally as a Frenchman is a comedian, and he can be nothing else without becoming a sort of Punctinello." "Ah," cried one with enthusiasm, "you should leave the great actors now and then, and flicker down to brainless pantomime, and those gill gauds men-children swarm to see." "Indeed," I answer, "I am as fond of gill gauds as men-children are, and I have been to see Madame Favart, and I have satisfied my eyes, for it is the very prettiest spectacle that I have seen. Everything looks rich and real. There is none of the tin and unsel of the old Amazon march of the old spectacle; none of the shining tin leaf with which they used to make Florida groves and things of that sort. The coryphees are drilled to perfection, and as shapely as the plaster models in the Art School. In short, the stage is a shifting pageant of color and beauty." "But what of the opera, what of the singers?" "Ah, well, you know there is never very much singing in the Comly-Earton troupe. Marie Jansen is Madame Favart, and is as captivating as ever in the first act, and that delightfully inappropriate costume, in the last act. In the middle act, in the scene with the Marquis, her court costume is unbecoming, and her acting raw. It is one of the few opera bouffe parts which require a mature actress. John Howson, as the old Marquis, looks like old Louis Quatorze himself. It is a wonderful make-up, and a fine piece of acting, though some complain that the agile old Marquis is not senile enough by just a shade. The tenor is actually in voice, and rather a nice voice it proves to be. Gracie Plaisted is Susanne, and looks strangely old-fashioned amidst her new surroundings. Digby Bell, the nice little man with the American voice, and quite an assortment of Englishisms, is well liked as Favart. He sings a song very well, too, but people go to see Madame Favart this time, not to hear it, and it is well worth seeing." BETSY B.

— THIS EVENING AT PLATT'S HALL, APRIL 22, A cantata, "The Flower Queen," will be given by pupils of the North Cosmopolitan School. The performers have been carefully drilled, and a delightful entertainment is looked for. The proceeds of the performance will be applied to the founding of a medal fund for the school.

— AT WOODWARD'S GARDENS, SUNDAY, APRIL 23d, a grand performance for the benefit of Pete Mack and Bert Haverly will take place. There will be a well-selected bill. Four brass bands, together with Emerson's Minstrels, will render the performance complete.

— WE HAVE RECEIVED FROM THE COMPOSERS "The White Rose from Mother's Grave," a song by Mr. David Nesfield, and "Cassandra," a schottische à la gavotte, by Mr. W. Stuckenholz. Published by M. Gray.

## ART.

## The Exhibition at the Art Association Rooms.

The rooms of the Art Association were thrown open on Thursday evening for the annual exhibit of local artists' works, and the halls were filled with an appreciative gathering of art-lovers. While the failure to nominate a Rejection Committee has not, perhaps, elevated the standard of art, still the display is measurably a good one. On entering the large room of the exhibition, the first picture on the left that attracts the eye is by Edwin Deakin. It is a view of the gateway of the chateau of the French Marquis de Cluny, and represents stone arch and battlements, over which vines are creeping. To the right and above is a pretty, golden-haired maiden, painted by Tojetti. Near the centre of the northern side is the painting by Theodore Wores, of which so much has recently been said by the art critics, and which was described in last week's *Argonaut*. It represents a "Studio Corner." A young girl is arranging her costume preparatory to posing as a model. She is seated on an antique chest. The background is of sombre-figured old-gold tapestry. Above the maiden's tawny wealth of hair, as in a successive gradation of tints, is a brazen vessel, which deepens from a golden sheen to reddish bronze. On a shelf overhead, are some old blue china vases, half hidden by huge plantain leaves. The soft, flesh tints of the half-nude figure are very happily portrayed. Hahn is represented by a picture of some hunters triumphantly hearing home a grizzly bear. Next to it is Mr. Brooke's brilliant "Peacock." "A Normandy Interior" is by Miss Mary Selfridge, who has been studying for some time in Paris. To the left of the east door, Mr. Wores has another fine painting of a young girl in a Louis Quatorze costume. She has flossy, light hair, and her soft, plump arms and neck are encased in dainty lace of exquisite pattern. The gown is of green and old-gold. Above and to the left of this, the rugged features of an old monk stand out from the canvas. Keith's "Promise," is showy. His two little landscapes, one of which is a Turneresque view of Clear Lake, possess much more attraction. Below them are two panel sketches of fluffy pigeons, by Brookes. To the right of the east door is "A Sioux Encampment in Nebraska," by Jules Tavernier. A hand of gaudily appareled Indians are riding shaggy ponies through a driving snow storm, toward a background of dusky wigwags and gleaming fires. Mr. G. J. Denny has painted a "Fleet Boat in a Gale." Just above is a head of an ideally youthful beauty, by Theodore Wores, and to the right is "A Street Scene in Dresden," by Arthur Nahl, in which two splendid dogs are patiently waiting, in a fleecy snow-storm, their master's command for them to drag a loaded cart. Near by is "Burning Redwoods in Yosemite," by Jules Tavernier, and in the centre of the south side a large view of Mount Shasta, by Keith. H. Raschin has rather a brilliant picture of "A Huntress," clad in forest green, and with a falcon on her wrist. A picture which has been seen by but few of the general public is one that was sent from New York, by Julian Rix, as a Christmas greeting to his fellow members in the Bohemian Club. It represents a large panel with a picture in the centre, surrounded by a series of smaller views. One of the pictures represents a snow-laden street in New York, another a church scene, a third a country sketch. In the upper left-hand corner are a telegraph pole and wires. On the wires are perched three dismal owls, gazing ruefully at a sign-board which reads, "Three thousand miles to San Francisco." These owls represent three Bohemians then in New York. At the base of the panel is a graceful stanza of greeting from the pen of Mr. Fred. M. Somits. The "Japanese Bric-a-brac Collection," by A. J. Joulain, is attracting much attention from all quarters. "The Redwoods at Austin Creek" is by Norton Bush. Mr. J. B. Wandesforde is represented by a view of "Little Calaveras Valley." In the small room are several water-color sketches, principal among which are some flower pieces by Tavernier, and two or three little palette sketches framed in plush, by Miss Nellie Hopps. Here is to be found a painting which is both charming in detail and delightful in conception. It is the *Menu* picture that Jules Tavernier painted as a farewell offering to a popular society gentleman of this city, on his departure for the East. It represents the successive courses in the dinner which was given on that occasion. In the foreground trips a sweet little Normandy peasant girl in her picturesque and snowy cap. She holds forth a long dish on which reposes in gastronomic luxury a sole "à la Normande." "Filet Béarnaise" lies in a dish borne by a servant clad in the garb of the merry Henri Quatre, surmamed Le Béarnais by his loving subjects. "Punch à la Romaine" is held by a gentle Roman peasant girl, with eyes like a startled fawn, and dressed in the gay Roman costume. "Selle de Mouton" graces a platter that is held aloft in the background by a huge French cook of a fat and ruddy countenance. Green peas are strung on the rosaries carried by two sombre monks. The scene is well termed "Rêve d'un Gourmet."

Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt's marriage is very generally looked upon in London as merely a new device for keeping her name before a somewhat listless public prior to her English season, which begins next month. She seems to have feared that she was dropping out of sight there, and hence was naturally anxious to make a good thing of her Gaity engagement. After her marriage she posted away to see Mr. Hollingshead, the manager—probably to ask what he thought of the dodge. It is quite possible that, instead of helping her, it may do her harm, for English people are rather touchy on the marriage question, and they apparently feel that Mademoiselle Sarah has carried a joke a little too far. Her coffin still goes round with her everywhere, and benevolence will be placed under the special charge of the husband.

The Paris papers are gushing over Mlle. Feyghine, the Slav, who has just made her debut in De Musset's "Barberine." The New York *Tribune* correspondent says: "She certainly is bewitchingly pretty. Her beauty is very odd. It has a wild savor. The skin of her neck and her complexion are made up of lilies and roses, and her hair is a golden fleece. The features show a slight cross of Tartar blood—in what it would be hard to say, they being regular and neat. The eyes show intensity of feeling with whimsicality and brain-power. Mlle. Feyghine is very shy, and keeps aloof from the theatre and dramatic associates, unless when it is positively necessary to be with them. Gambetta and the Duc d'Aumale witnessed her debut, and went behind the scenes to congratulate her. She received their compliments in an awkward manner, and when they had left off speaking, ran away to her dressing-room."

## OBSCURE INTIMATIONS.

"Watsonville Subscribers," and a number of others.—Hereafter are appended details concerning the game you ask about:

Commerce is a game which is said to have been started in Boston several years ago. The name is not new, being the appellation of a game which is very old, and which was played by our grandfathers over the roccos tea-tables of the last century. But the modern Commerce differs materially from its ancient namesake. As it is now, it very much resembles the game of poker without the checks. Any one may take the deal. The dealer, beginning with the person on the left, throws around three cards to each player, and three to the pool in the middle of the table, giving one card at a time. Each player looks at his hand. The value of the hands in their order is almost exactly like that in poker, considering the fact that there are three instead of five cards. 1st, a sequence flush of three cards of the same suit; 2d, a full, or three, 3, 4, 5, three cards of the same denomination; 3d, a flush, or three cards of the same suit; 4th, a sequence, in which the ace, king, queen, is the highest, with king, queen, knave, etc., ranking next; 5th, a pair; 6th, with no one of the above, the count is by the highest in value or denomination. The first player at the left of the dealer examines his three cards. If he sees that one of the three upturned cards in the pool is better than one of his, he may take the card from the pool, and replace it with his discarded one. The next player in turn has the same privilege, and so on around the table, the number of three cards in the pool always being kept up. If a player is satisfied with his hand, he may pass. When each has exercised his option once the same process is gone through until each player is satisfied with his hand. Then all show down. The two players having the worst hands go out of the game, while the others begin the game anew, ousting two players each time, until one individual remains, who is thereby declared winner, and receives the prize, which is usually a box of bon-bons, and may be something of value. Those who are successively put out of the game have the privilege of talking incessantly, and asking all manner of ridiculous questions of the players. If, however, one of the players answers a single question, or makes any retort, the outside questioner may take his place in the game, forfeited by the one who answers.

E. F. D.—"A Mysterious Murder"—Declined. MS. awaits your disposal.

C. E. B.—Seattle—No, thank you. We will content ourselves for the present with Paris, London, and New York.

A. L., W. E. B., and others.—Z. is crowded out temporarily.

E. M. S.—"A Vision"—Declined. A. L. R.—"A Wilde Refrain"—Declined.

"Ratification"—Declined. "Silver City."—The verse you asked about is from a *chanson* entitled "La Romance de Margot." We may print it shortly, if there is space to spare.

The Washington Territory poet, who has before favored us with some little gems of song, has again written. His poem, "The Meeting of the Columbia and the Snake," will be remembered by our readers. We think that in weirdness it is excelled by the following:

## LAKE PEND D'OREILLE.

Oh Lake Pend d'Oreille!  
You will yet see the day,  
Of merry notes ringing,  
And gleeful voices singing,  
When your clear waters play,  
With the sunbeams bright ray;  
And fair fishes fling  
Over your waters swinging.  
The fishing line and tackle,  
For your finny tribe to tackle;  
In the soft month of May,  
When all things are gay.  
Along your shores rumbling,  
With distant echoes mulling,  
Trains on the N. P. R. R.,  
From distant lands afar,  
Will not at all be fumbling;  
But into your waters throng,  
At times, causing quite a jolt,  
And your placid waters mar.  
Your lovers then can cackle;  
Your beauties 'll have no shackle.  
Tourists will not then be humbling;  
But to your shores come bustling.

## SINIAQUEATEEN.

In accordance with our suggestion, the gentleman has adopted a pseudonym—"Siniaqueateen." There is nothing hum-drum about this. It is original. It smacks of the wilderness of Walla Walla, of Snohomish, Puyallup, Skookumchuck, and things. There is a future before "Siniaqueateen." The Sweet Singer of Michigan has a rival. Let her beware.

There was a prelude to the first performance of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Lyceum, London, not mentioned in the programme. As a proof of the interest taken in the performance, three persons sat on camp-stools at the pit door as early as ten minutes before nine in the morning, and patiently awaited the opening of the door. To sit up all night in order he in time for breakfast is nothing to this. For nearly twelve hours these three lovers of the legitimate drama remained on their portable benches, and, sustained by the unsubstantial stimulant of anticipation, bore with meek resolve the nipping blasts of March. Apropos of the performance of "Romeo and Juliet," with the introduction of Rosaline, Lahouchère says: "The popular idea of the play is that it is a story of two innocents loving each other, yet by untoward fate kept asunder, owing to their rivalry of their respective families. What, however, are the facts? Romeo is a young gentleman who is always fancying himself in love. The passion is eternal, but the object varies. He has been pestering all his friends about his adoration for a certain Rosaline. No sooner does he see Juliet than she replaces Rosaline in his heart. With Juliet he gets on better than with Rosaline, but if it had not been for the stratagem of the friar, and for his own reckless folly when told that she is dead, in a month later he would probably have met some other fair one at a hall, and Juliet would have been deserted in her turn. As for Juliet, she is what her father calls her, a haggard. If she is a representative of female virtue in Verona, one cannot help asking what female vice was in that city? Romeo and Juliet see each other for the first time at a hall. They are mutually attracted to each other before either had heard the other speak. Their flirtation is of the most *provença* kind, for after interchanging a few words they immediately kiss each other. That very evening, Romeo scales the wall of old Capulet's garden, and finds Juliet on a balcony, informing the moon of her love. Romeo feels that his lines have fallen in facile ways. They vow eternal fidelity, etc., and Juliet makes an assignation to marry him the next day. She cannot, however, even wait for the promised hour, and at early morning sends messages to her adorer by her nurse. They meet, and at once induce a friar to marry them. In the evening Romeo climbs up by a ladder into Juliet's room. Then comes the news that she is to marry Count Paris. Romeo kills Tybalt in a brawl. Juliet declines to marry two men in one week, and by a mischance the two lovers commit suicide."



Some months ago the *Argonaut* contained the description of a superb piece of jewelry in process of manufacture by Colonel Andrews, of the Diamond Palace. We had the opportunity of seeing this gem of the goldsmith's art while it was in the hands of his workmen, and although at that time incomplete, we were impressed with the beauty of its unique design, and the exquisite workmanship and taste that were being expended upon it. We described it then as one of the most costly and beautiful jewels that the world had ever produced, one that in point of elegance of design, elaborateness, costliness, display of artistic genius, and amount of labor required for its production, would equal anything that ancient or modern art had attempted. This gem of the jeweler's art is now completed, and on Monday and during the entire next week it will be exhibited in the window of the Diamond Palace, on Montgomery Street. It is a casket made of jewels, precious stones, and solid bullion, to represent the dome of the Pantheon at Paris, formed in three distinct galleries, each separate part being perfect in itself, united together, and composing a wonderful specimen of art. The lower gallery has a base and top gallery, made of pure, solid gold, seven inches square. The cornice is supported by twenty Corinthian columns of solid gold quartz, the base and caps of solid Etruscan gold, exquisitely carved in elegant devices. The outside wall of this golden gallery is covered by eight golden panels, and deftly inlaid with one hundred and thirty pieces of most exquisitely polished gold quartz. The dome of this jeweled temple is covered with gold, and inlaid with rare quartz specimens, containing eighty pieces. The second gallery is entirely round, with gold base and cornice, inlaid with quartz, forming a most unique design. This cornice is again supported by eight columns of highly polished and variegated quartz, with caps and base of Etruscan gold; the outer wall of gold, inlaid with panels, exhibiting the rarest specimens of richly colored quartz that could be procured. The upper gallery differs from the lower ones in that its outer work shows eight arches, supported by eight columns of gold, inlaid with stone mosaics of rare and exceptional beauty. Above these arches, and resting upon them, is also a cornice of gold and quartz; the wall of this gallery is round, and is covered by eight panels, containing forty pieces of highly colored polished quartz. The roof of this splendid miniature temple is covered with quartz tiles, done in mosaics with reference to the harmonious blending of their different colors, and it alone contains one hundred and twenty pieces. Upon the apex of this dome is placed a round ball of quartz, most perfect in form, most exquisite in finish, and in itself a rare and most beautiful specimen of our California quartz. On the top of this ball, crowning the entire structure, and giving a life-like completeness to the whole most unique design, is a figure of the Goddess of Liberty, carved from solid gold. This figure is an exact copy of the one that crowns the famous column of July, now occupying the site of the Bastille of France, and is in itself a triumph of the sculptor's art. This entire structure, composed of gold and gold-quartz, stands upon a pedestal of solid silver, ten inches square and four inches in thickness.

We do not hesitate in pronouncing this the most ingenious, elegant, and tasteful piece of gold mosaic that has ever been designed; certainly there is nothing in modern times that is more beautiful. It is an exquisite piece of workmanship, and reflects upon Colonel Andrews, its designer and author, the highest credit, and places him where Benvenuto Cellini stood among Venetian artists and gold-workers—the first artist of the age in the line in which he labors. It embellishes the wealth of our mines, the skill of our workers in precious stones, and will, we have no doubt, find a ready purchaser among our millionaires. Among those who adorn their homes by the purchase of costly pictures and beautiful marbles, and by whom, in the indulgence of their taste for the beautiful, money is not esteemed, we have no doubt some one will be found to place this gem among his beautiful things. We wish it might not go beyond our State. It will be exhibited on Monday at the Diamond Palace, when our readers will have an opportunity of determining whether the *Argonaut* has not correctly described the most elaborate and beautiful jewel casket that the gold-worker's skill has ever produced.

#### Rondeau.

Abide with me, O gentle guest!  
Thy presence brings to me sweet rest;  
Thy hands bring coolness to my brow,  
Thy words bring sympathy avow,  
Thy going leaves me all unblest.

Stay! Fairer shall thy bower be dressed;  
Anticipated each request;  
One song thy life shall be, if thou  
Abide with me.

I would not have thee longer guest;  
I can not hold thee unceasing  
So near my heart. Sweet love, be thou  
My queen. Me with thy love endow,  
And ever in this happy rest  
Abide with me.

—JAMES T. WHITE.

A recent number of the New York *Sun* gives a graphic description of the departure for Europe of Colonel Haverly: As it drew near ten o'clock the crowd about the after companion way of the steamer *Celtic* parted to allow a large man with a clean-shaven face to pass into the lower cabin. The action was prompted more by sympathy than courtesy, his face had such a mournful and woebegone look. He made his way to the end of the long dining table, and put his hand affectionately on the shoulder of a worn and nervous-looking little man, whose somewhat pale face wore a thin red moustache, and looked something like the lithographic portraits of Colonel J. H. Haverly. He rose and walked beside the long table, on which were a number of floral gifts, stopping occasionally to look more closely at one or another. On each was a card bearing the name of some actor, actress, or manager, wishing Colonel Haverly God speed. A reporter asked him why he went abroad. "I must," he answered. "At least my physicians tell me that if I don't take rest I'll suddenly go under, so I'm going over till next June. I shall keep my enterprises going on this side, and may establish an American theatre in London."

On Tuesday afternoon, April 25th, a performance will be given at the California for the benefit of the Actors' Fund. All the talent in the city, professional and amateur, has volunteered for the occasion. The dramatic editors of the press form the reception committee, and actresses and actors are busily engaged in disposing of tickets. The programme will be very elaborate.

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There is to be a grand literary and musical entertainment for the benefit of a free kindergarten, to be established at the Mission, on Tuesday evening, the 25th instant, at Mission Music Hall, corner Twenty-first and Howard Streets. Some of the best professional and amateur talent of the city has kindly volunteered for this benefit. The public are cordially invited to attend. It is hoped they will respond, and fill the house, as the cause is a good one, and the price of admission very low.

— MUCH SERIOUS SICKNESS AND SUFFERING might be prevented by promptly correcting those slight derangements that, otherwise, often develop into settled disease. When a cold or other cause checks the operation of the secretory organs, their natural healthy action should be restored, and inflammatory material removed from the system. Ayer's Pills accomplish this quickly, safely, and surely.

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FOR....

THE ACTORS' FUND,

ON....

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BY THE....

ENTIRE MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC PROFESSION NOW IN SAN FRANCISCO,

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## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

H., G. S. I  
Presentlee  
The anemone  
Will bloom where woodland shadows be;  
And the ground-  
Hog come round  
Where the farmer's seeds are found.

Now the lamb  
Must cease to gam-  
Bol in fields beside his dam;  
Some we ate,  
Quite of late,  
Cost us sixty cents a plate.

Gurgling rills  
Shake their chills,  
Fathers pay the bonnet bills;  
Lilies float  
Upon the moat;  
The plug hat's cata by the goat.

Now the Muse  
Snubs oyster stews,  
And o'er brook-trout doth enthuse,  
And ere long  
Poet's song  
Will assure us Spring has sprung.

—H. C. Bunner in Puck.

## Hail, G. S. I

Spring's delights are now returning;  
Doctors now are blithe and gay;  
Heaps of money now they're earning,  
Calls they're making every day.

Every shepherd swain grows colder,  
As in vain he tries to sing;  
Feels he now quite ten years older,  
'Neath the blast of blighting Spring.

Though we're doubtful of the issue,  
Let us do the "La-di-da,"  
And in one superb A-tiskoo!  
Sneeze the merry *Tra la la!* —Punch.

## Hail, Gentle Spring!

The plumage cabbage pipes a merry lay  
Beside the turtle-dove;  
The crow is warbling in the turnip vine  
His melodies of love.

Oh, come, then, lady, come and stroll with me,  
Where streams of cider flow;  
'Neath the umbrageous sweet potato tree  
I'll whisper soft and low.

We'll talk of ensilage, and cows, and swine,  
And you shall share a part  
Of countless other Spring-time joys that thrill  
Your farmer-lover's heart.

—An Agricultural Liar.

## In re Spring.

Whereas, on sundry boughs and sprays  
Now divers birds are heard to sing;  
And sundry flowers their heads upraise—  
Hail to the coming on of Spring!

The songs of the said birds arouse  
The memory of our youthful hours,  
As young and green as the said boughs,  
As fresh and fair as the said flowers.

The birds aforesaid, happy pairs!  
Love 'midst the aforesaid boughs enshrines  
In household nests, themselves, their heirs,  
Administrators, and assigns.

O busiest term of Cupid's court!  
When tender plaintiffs actions bring;  
Season of frolic and of sport,  
Hail! as aforesaid; coming Spring.

—A Legal Liar.

## A Pastoral.

## VIRGIL.

How sweet to sit at noontide's hour  
Beneath the lilac tree,  
And watch the slowly-budding flower,  
And sing, O Spring, of thee.

Trot out, O Tityrus, my flute,  
And e'en my tuneful lyre—  
Unhand the throat of my flute—  
Lead out the shepherd choir,  
And let the ewes and lambskins stand  
In dumb surprise on every hand,  
While all the hills and valleys ring  
With our apostrophe to Spring.

## TITYRUS.

Wilt thou, O Virgil, tip us a stave  
In the plaintive Ionic, or in the lively  
Manner of the swift-footed Iambic?

## VIRGIL.

On a barren rock was thou, O Tityrus,  
Born into the world, else wouldst thou know  
That neither does it please me to sing praises,  
Nor invoke in the greater Alcaino, nor the  
Choriambic heptameter catalectic.

## TITYRUS.

Sing then, I pray, in the dialectic trimeter  
Of the joyous Iambic dimeter, the staid  
Pherecratic or the suicidal Sapphic.

## VIRGIL.

Youth, be shut as to your prattling mouth,  
My lyre is not attuned to such as  
Dactylic tetrameter a posteriore,  
Adonic, Iambic dimeter hypermeter,  
Acephalous Iambic dimeter,  
Altered choriambic tetrameter,  
Glyconic Ionic a minore, Minor  
Alcaino, Dactylic Iambic or  
Archilochian heptameter.

## TITYRUS.

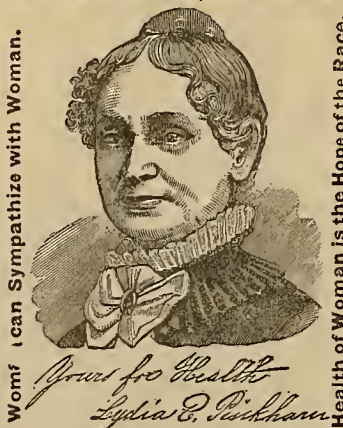
In what manner of flowing verselets  
Will then the poet breathe the song?

## VIRGIL.

In the Sardonian sulphuric gastermeter,  
In the smooth carboic celtic dimeter,  
The choriatic laconic catalectic,  
'Neath the muretic acid or the mellifluous  
Diabolic pargonic—but look!  
The shadows of the hills grow larger, and  
The sun fades in the horizon—O Pueri  
Sat prata rivos biberunt. Vale.

—Denver Tribune.

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It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in  
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cisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining  
District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of  
Directors, held on the 20th day of March, 1882, an  
assessment (No. 3) of Twenty Cents per share was levied  
upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable im-  
mediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the  
office of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309  
Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-  
paid on the sixth (6th) day of May, 1882, will be delin-  
quent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and,  
unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday,  
the 5th day of June, 1882, to pay the delinquent assess-  
ment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of  
sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.  
Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery  
Street, San Francisco, California.

## SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company. Location of principal place of business, San Fran-  
cisco, California. Location of works, Storey County,  
Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of  
Directors, held on the 20th day of March, 1882, an assess-  
ment (No. 71) of One Dollar (\$1) per share, was levied upon  
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in  
United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of  
the Company, Room 57, Nevada Block, No. 309 Mont-  
gomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-  
paid on the (16th) sixteenth day of May, 1882, will be delin-  
quent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, un-  
less payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 15th  
day of May, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment,  
together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By  
order of the Board of Trustees.

E. L. PARKER, Secretary.  
Office—Room 57, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery  
Street, San Francisco, California.

## POTOSI MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco,  
California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of  
Directors, held on the 12th day of April, 1882, an assess-  
ment (No. 8) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon  
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in  
United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of  
the Company, 309 Montgomery Street, Room 79, Nevada  
Block, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-  
paid on the (16th) sixteenth day of May, 1882, will be delin-  
quent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, un-  
less payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the  
sixth day of June, 1882, to pay the delinquent assess-  
ment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of  
sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.  
Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery  
Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## BEST AND BELCHER SILVER

Mining Company—Location of works, Virginia City,  
Storey County, Nevada. Location of principal place of  
business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of  
Directors, held on the 5th day of April, 1882, an assess-  
ment (No. 23) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was levied  
upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immedi-  
ately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the  
office of the Company, Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No.  
309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-  
paid on the 11th day of May, 1882, will be delin-  
quent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, un-  
less payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the  
2d day of June, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment,  
together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

WILLIAM WILLS, Secretary.  
Office—Room No. 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Mont-  
gomery Street, San Francisco, California.

## DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada  
Block, Room 37.—San Francisco, April 15, 1882.—At a  
meeting of the Board of Directors of the abovesaid Com-  
pany, held this day, a Dividend (No. 72) of Fifty Cents per  
share was declared, payable on the 27th day of April,  
1882. Transfer books closed until the 28th instant.

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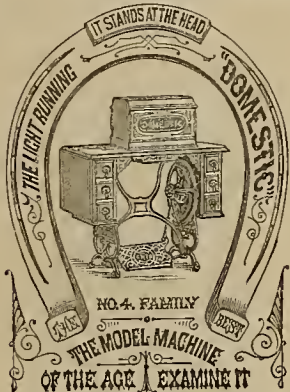
#### RESOURCES.

Bank Premises.....	\$150,000 00
Other Real Estate.....	5,225 35
United States Bonds.....	626,977 35
Loans on Real Estate.....	134,868 00
Loans on bonds, gas, water and bank stock.....	132,198 35
Loans on other securities.....	577,443 06
Loans on personal security.....	1,106,004 27
Due from banks and bankers.....	392,457 61
Money on hand.....	398,669 34

#### LIABILITIES.

Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,759 13
Due Depositors.....	1,888,655 07
Due Banks and Bankers.....	174,270 53
Dividends unpaid.....	59 59
	<b>\$3,523,844 23</b>

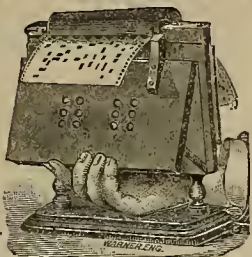
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VOL. X. NO. 17.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 29, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## A FIGHT IN THE FOREST.

The Romantic Way in which a Young Frenchman Won his Bride.

When I was nine years old my parents removed from Buenos Ayres, for which place they had embarked shortly after their marriage, from the town of Lévisnac, France. My father had decided to enter the business of sheep-raising. In order to secure a monopoly of the business, he determined to leave the more populated districts. Accordingly we pushed into the very heart of the wilderness, but a few rods removed from a friendly tribe of Indians. Before the first shearing, which was to bring us so many comforts, my mother died.

One evening, not long after, my father, who, from grief, had become taciturn and neglectful of business, directed me to mount the bay pony that he had trained, and follow him. He sprang upon his own horse, and I followed. We galloped off to join a tribe of Indians who were about to migrate still further into the interior. This tribe eventually adopted my father, for they decided that his good advice, which saved them on two or three occasions from utter extermination by the English, was indispensable to them. He did not favor their customs, lived apart in a log house, and cultivated a small patch of ground. He instructed me several hours every day, and we were most happy. I was lithe as a grayhound, and supple as a serpent; swift of foot, and skilled in the use of the lance or the knife, and noted in the chase and sport. My father was known in the tribe as "The Bull," for that animal, among the South American Indians, is ranked as the noblest of all beasts. The title of "Little Bull" was conferred upon me.

While out hunting one day, my father was fatally wounded by a party of English soldiers. Alarmed at his prolonged absence, I set out in quest of him. He expired in my arms before I succeeded in reaching home.

I will pass over my grief at this last bereavement, and the bitter and relentless animosity with which a certain chief of our tribe pursued me, because I would not permit the body of my beloved dead to be subjected to the indignity of an infamous Indian burial rite. The tribe became greatly impoverished in the course of two years. Game, for miles around, had been exhausted, the corn failed, and but a small amount of mares' meat remained for our sustenance. A raid on a small, thriving English settlement, situated beyond the border, was projected. A neighboring tribe offered to aid us in replenishing our stock. I accompanied the band.

We started before daylight, with all the best horses we could muster. The coveted prize came in sight the next afternoon. We concealed ourselves until dark, waiting until the settlers should retire to rest. Then we noiselessly and successfully secured several hundred horses and mares. One division, with a number of captured horses, took one road. The other, to which I had attached myself, with the remainder of the band, made a detour, proposing to join the former at a certain point, a little over a mile distant. This plan was adopted lest the continuous tramping of the animals should become noticeable, thus rendering their recapture by the whites almost inevitable.

Ahead of me was the chief whose enmity I had incurred. He was called by all the Indians "The Sorcerer." After having proceeded for some distance, he turned to those behind, and said:

"There are some thoroughbreds off there," pointing to our rear. "It is a pity to lose them. Who will attempt their capture with me?"

Only two braves signified their willingness.

He glanced inquiringly toward me.

"I will go, too," I rejoined.

Detaching ourselves from the main column, we started at full gallop across a long stretch of meadow-land, but on nearing the animals we advanced more cautiously.

We had collected a large number of fine horses, and I had betaken myself to another part of the field to secure the rest, when suddenly I was startled by the discharge of firearms. I urged my horse toward the point from which the sound came, and saw the Sorcerer, with the two natives, trying to hem in a couple of whites, who appeared to be defending the entrance to a cabin. Before I reached the boundary one of the Indians was killed, and the Sorcerer, with the remaining savage, fell back. Presently one of the Englishmen sank, exhausted by wounds from repeated lance-thrusts. I dashed at full speed around the cabin, so as to take the enemy from the rear. I dismounted, effected an entrance through a broken window, and fired the shanty. A piercing cry rent the air, and a woman rushed out of the burning hut. To throw her over my horse's back, while I bounded into the saddle with a war-whoop, was the work of an instant. But when I spurred my horse he reared. A hand of iron held the bridle; and then I perceived, through the smoke, two glittering eyes, and an uplifted hand which held a musket. A crushing blow was directed at my head. I dodged, and with lightning rapidity, whipped out a large, heavy knife, giving the figure a tremendous slash full in the face with its immense blade. His grip relaxed, and he sank to the ground. I reached down, and snatched one of his revolvers. At this moment I heard a feeble cry for help from the Sorcerer, whose horse had dropped dead, imprisoning the rider with its weight. I hastened over to him.

"Catch hold of my horse's tail," I exclaimed. He did so, and urging the animal forward, I secured his freedom.

My prisoner had fainted the moment I caught her, and I now had an opportunity of regarding her more closely. She was a young girl, beautiful beyond description. Her skin was dazzling in its whiteness; her golden hair, scattered in disorder by the breeze, was like a stream rippling in the sunlight. Her closely fitting garb outlined a slender form, with exquisite shoulders, whose faultless curves intoxicated me with their beauty. The fresh night air revived my captive. She opened her eyes, which were blue as the summer sky. I bent over to meet her gaze. She screamed with terror, and throwing herself back, struck me in the face in her desperation. The contact of a hand of extraordinary smoothness surprisingly impressed me. But it was not the indignation expressed in the blow that made me start.

Just then I heard a galloping behind me, and turning, saw the Sorcerer, whose existence I had entirely forgotten. He was sitting rather crookedly in his saddle, which he had regained by the help of the brave at his side. Among the captured horses was a lot I had secured at the first report of firearms. I selected a fresh steed. No sooner had I mounted than the Sorcerer demanded my prisoner as belonging to him. He claimed that he first attacked the men of the cabin from which the girl fled. At the very sound of his voice the wild terror of my captive was augmented, and she clung to me with an appealing look in her eyes. I would have faced ten Sorcerers.

"I would die rather than give her to you," I cried.

"Perhaps you will have the opportunity. I am commanding this little expedition. When a warrior disobeys me, I run a lance through his body."

"Try it, then. My lance and half of my knife are down yonder; but here are these revolvers"—taking one from my belt—"to repair the stupid blunder I made in not letting the Englishman break your head just now."

"Do you insult me, wretch! Do you challenge your chief?"

"Yes! I challenge you. Poise your lance now. Spur forward your horse with that wounded limb. I'll show you how chiefs will be treated who try to steal a warrior's lawful prize." He did not venture to advance.

"We will see about this," the old scoundrel muttered.

"Thank you for the warning," I retorted, as I collected and drove before me the animals I had made ready for the journey.

When, at last, I came up with the main body, I made my way with all possible celerity to the chief of the tribe. He had always befriended my father and myself. I related the whole affair, and knew I could rely on the brave who witnessed the Sorcerer's rescue for corroboration of my statement. I asked permission of the chief to be the courier who should take the news of our success to the tribe the following morning. He readily consented, adding that it would be necessary to make all preparations beforehand, and not lose sight of the animals I had captured, as otherwise he would not be responsible for them. We marched until midnight, when we felt a little safer from pursuit.

I installed my prisoner in my wigwam, on a pile of skins. Cutting off a slice of dried beef, I offered it to her. She did not appear to hear what I said. A nervous tremor shook her whole frame.

"Eat," I repeated; "we are to have a long journey tomorrow, and you do not want to be sick."

"I am not hungry," she replied.

"My girl," I said, gravely, "it is not a case of knowing whether or not you are hungry. You belong to me, and when I say eat, you must eat."

Her eyes flashed. "You my master! you! Do you think you can intimidate me? Miserable Indian, I defy you!"

Perhaps she expected that her words would so enrage me that I would attack her with the knife. On the contrary, however, they pleased me.

"You possess spirit," I returned. "So much the better. Do not expect to make me angry by calling me an Indian. I did not choose to be one, but since I am, I will be, every inch. Now eat; as I said, the journey will be rough to-morrow."

"Dios!" she cried, concealing her face in her hands, "why was I not burned alive?"

"Because one can not change one's destiny. It is quite possible that the soldiers may overtake us, and kill me to-morrow, in which case you will be free again. So don't despair too soon, but eat, I say. One don't have such clear faculties while fasting."

We conversed in Spanish, in which language she seemed well versed, though, I could see, not accustomed to lengthy conversations. She eagerly caught the second part of my sentence, and excitedly exclaimed:

"Is it possible that the soldiers may overtake us to-morrow?"

"It is probable; and it is altogether certain that they will have you only with my life. Our chances, you see, are about even. You have scarcely more reason to grieve than I; and in order to be prepared for everything let us take what rest we may."

"Do not approach me, or else—" She seized the stump of a knife, and springing up, brandished it with an awkwardness that moved me to laughter.

"Lay aside the knife," I said, good-humoredly; "you are under my protection. Though you are my prisoner, you have nothing whatever to fear from me."

Her feelings overcame her, and she broke out in sobs. With the utmost care I spread my tunic over her shoulders, and sat down a little distance, deeply moved by such distress. She wept bitterly for a long time; then, overcome by weariness, dropped into slumber, maintaining the same position, with her head resting on her knees. Long before daylight I had finished my preparations, and procured from the stolen hand a horse with a side-saddle. The first thing my captive saw on awakening was the horse, ready saddled in English style, and she began again to weep. She was shivering, and I wrapped her up carefully, and placed her on the saddle. I took a small flask from my saddle and offered it to her.

"It is brandy," I said.

She made a gesture of disgust.

We passed the camp in silence, riding at a rapid gait. She watched me attentively for some moments, as soon as the breaking day afforded sufficient light, and finally exclaimed:

"Who are you? There is nothing of the Indian about you, and yet—"

"Precisely. There is nothing of the Indian about me, yet I am one, and the pale-faces are my enemies."

"You seem very young to cherish such enmity."

"Yes, too young to avenge my father's death. He was killed by some of your friends."

"To what nation did your father belong? You have a foreign look."

"He was French. Why do you ask?"

"French! I am European also; I am English."

"Then you are of a race which my father did not love."

Soon after we arrived at the shrub-buried borders of a stream, where I concluded to halt. I unsaddled the riding horses, and let the drove wander at large, after having first clogged the feet of the leader.

"My poor child," I said, "you must be worn out with fatigue. Shall you be afraid if I leave you alone a little while? Partridges are more easily taken at this hour, and I have heard that the English do not serve up mare's meat at their feasts. I will not go far. This grass is so tall that not even the hawks flying above can see you. Rest here, and I will bring you a breakfast which you can eat."

I was gone longer than I intended, but on my return found her asleep. Nothing could be more graceful and confiding than her slumber. Her loosened hair fell about her shoulders, a little golden lock caressing her cheek. I discerned something very like a smile dimpling the corners of her mouth, and, strange to relate, the longer I gazed on her, the more my heart swelled with bitterness. This perfect creature, whose superiority was overwhelmingly evident to me, made me feel a disgust for what had, up to that moment, been my life. Hunting and pillaging expeditions, everything I had enjoyed or had hoped to obtain, were henceforth rendered odious to me by this sweet, slumbering face. And what would she give me in exchange for what she took away? Her scorn, assuredly. I thought of many other things; my mother, with her upturned, prayerful eyes seemed to plead with me for this fair maiden; my father rose before me with stern brow and commanding attitude.

She opened her eyes, and perceived me watching her.

"Monsieur—" she began, with a slight blush.

"I am not monsieur. My name is André, or 'Little Bull,' that is my war name. I have nothing to do with those titles under which people like you disguise the disdain they feel for such as I," and I proceeded to dress the partridges.

During the meal I revolved a project in my mind which received fresh vigor every instant.

"Miss— What is your name, if you please?"

"Edgerton," she replied, dropping a little courtesy, "Miss Edith Edgerton."

"Well, Miss Edgerton, I am going to take you home to your father."

She was mute with joyous surprise for an instant; then she burst into tears.

"Do you really mean what you say?" seizing my hand, and carrying it to her lips.

"I have resolved upon it, Miss Edith; but have you considered what will become of me when it is discovered by the tribe? I shall be outlawed; I shall lose everything, and have no refuge."

"Don't say that; you will have restored a daughter to a family who will not allow you to experience the want of a home."

We started on our return journey soon after this. I thought by keeping the route of the Indian column in sight, and traveling on the open plain only at night, we should neither lose our way nor be discovered by enemies. Striking out in an easterly direction, we reached the opposite side of a high eminence which concealed us from view. There we remained until nightfall, when we resumed our journey. Edith explained her presence in the cabin on the night of the capture, by stating that her father had permitted her to visit some friends at a distance, escorted only by a servant and a soldier from the fort, since an incursion by the Indians was not imagined possible. She had set out to return to the fort the night in question, and sought refuge in that abandoned cottage on the appearance of the Indians.



"My poor father!" she suddenly exclaimed; "he will be wild with joy at seeing me again."

That afternoon I struck the trail of the invading bands, as I expected, and at twilight we arrived on the scene of the first exploits. We pushed on until the spot was reached where I disputed with the Sorcerer concerning my captive. The horses were in need of rest. Selecting a fitting place to camp, I remained there quietly till daylight.

"Which way shall we take now to go to your father?"

"This, or else that—I don't know," she returned, pointing first in one direction, then in the other, thoroughly bewildered.

With the best intentions in the world, she might lead me into the midst of a soldiers' encampment, and I had as much to fear from this as from the Indians. Finally a happy thought struck me.

"Is this gray horse your own?" I inquired.

She nodded affirmatively, but with a dejected air.

I made her exchange it for another. I then led the band behind the cottage ruins, and let loose the gray. He looked about intelligently, whinnied, then trotted off with head and tail in the air, taking an entirely different direction from either one indicated by Edith. We followed for a distance of three-quarters of a mile, when we encountered, as it proved, a servant belonging to Mr. Edgerton's plantation. Edith rode toward him, and uttered a few words in English, whereupon he sped on before us, over the brow of the hill. In a short time he returned, accompanied by an elderly gentleman. There was a simultaneous cry of joy, and in another instant father and daughter were in each other's arms. My existence suddenly occurred to Edith.

"Father," she said, turning toward me, "here is the man to whom you owe your daughter's life."

He came to greet me; but, from his look of surprise, he had evidently not thus imagined his daughter's preserver. He gave me his hand.

"My friend, you have just given me the greatest joy a man can feel. Charles Edgerton will never forget that he owes you more than life. You must accompany us."

I went with them to the house. There I was clothed in civilized garments, and given a comfortable apartment. The next morning Mr. Edgerton sent a request that I should meet him in his study in half an hour. Accordingly I met him at the appointed time. After the first greeting, he mentioned his daughter having informed him that my parents were French, at the same time asking my name.

"André Cazaux!" he echoed. "Are you the son of Jean Cazaux, who was murdered by the Indians?"

"Jean Cazaux was my father, and he was killed, not by Indians, but by the English," I interrupted, with an angry frown.

He was astonished, and remained silent for an instant, then said:

"I had heard the massacre was by Indians. But let us speak no further of that. His property, of six square miles in extent, is near here. It is under my care, and you will come into early possession of it."

I had learned from Edith that they resided in the city. Therefore, when Mr. Edgerton interrogated me concerning my plans, I said I wished to go to the city.

"What city?"

"I don't know," I stammered, "but to the city."

He suggested a course of study at the college in Buenos Ayres, whither I accompanied them a week later. Edith presided with grace over her father's handsome home, a responsibility made necessary since her mother's death. I had hoped to establish myself at the mansion that I might more frequently see her. She not only forbade this, but permitted me to visit there only once a week, though now and then I was permitted to dine with them. Once or twice I so far forgot myself as to attempt an expression of my passion. Each time she banished me for a month. One morning, when we had started out for a horseback ride, I felt that I must know my fate that day. I accordingly took up the thread of my eternal declarations with an unwonted burst of feeling. But she quickly interrupted with:

"See who will reach that big tree first. Now—one, two, three!" and off she galloped.

Thus it was always, until at the end of three years I was unable to discover that I had made any progress toward winning her. I finally resolved to try the effect of absence, and to this end, I informed Mr. Edgerton and Edith that I desired to put my father's last request into execution, and lay him beside my mother.

My plan met with their approval, and I accordingly carried it into execution. A week passed. I had fulfilled my melancholy duty and pleasure, and reined my horse up before the double grave, absorbed in sad reflections.

Suddenly a figure emerged from the ruins of my old home. It was Edith. She greeted me with evident delight.

"You are glad, then, to have me back?"

"Of course I am, sir. Why should I be sorry, pray?"

"Because you let me go so easily. You witnessed my departure with as little emotion as you would have experienced had I freed you the night I carried you off on my horse."

"That dreadful night! How you did frighten me, and how I did struggle to get free. André, a happy thought strikes me. Let us repeat the abduction, just for a pastime!"

"I grew sick at heart."

"You are unkind, Edith."

"Did you just discover that? Come, toss me over the horse's back, and I will faint away."

I obeyed her wish, and seizing her slight form, threw her across my horse. Vaulting into the saddle, I gave a yell that very suddenly brought her to life. She gazed at me through half-closed eye-lids. There was an enigmatical smile on her lips. I bent over her, burning with a passionate eagerness to clasp her to my heart.

"Yes, that is the way you did the other time, you robber!" And she suddenly threw her arms round my neck, and showered kisses on my eager lips. It was well that I was an Indian rider, else I could hardly have kept my seat as we flew along.

"André," she murmured, "I wanted to give you those kisses three years ago."

"Ah, Edith mine! They lost nothing by the keeping. They were repaid with interest.—Adapted from the French for the Argonaut by Hattie M. Clark."

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Jesse James's Mother.

An exchange says that "the James boys had a morose and ugly disposition." This may be regarded as authentic. The James boys were not only morose, but they were at times irritable. Jesse James at different times killed over fifty men. This would show that he must have been soured by some great sorrow. No man who is healthy, and full of animal spirits, could kill the able-bodied voters of a whole village unless he felt cross and taciturn naturally. There should have been a *post mortem* examination of Mr. James to determine what the matter was with him. We were in favor of a *post mortem* examination of Mr. James twelve years ago, but there seemed to be a feeling of reluctance on the part of the authorities about holding it. No one seemed to doubt the propriety of such a movement, but there was a kind of vague hesitation by the proper officials on account of his mother. There has been a vast amount of thoughtfulness manifested by the Missouri people on behalf of Jesse's mother. For nearly twenty years they have put off the *post mortem* examination of Mr. James, because they knew that his mother would feel wretched and gloomy when she saw her son with his vitals in one market-basket, and his vertebrae in another. Detective Pinkerton was the most considerate. At first he said he would hold an autopsy on Mr. James right away, but it consumed so much time holding autopsies on his detectives that he postponed Jesse's *post mortem* for a long time. He also hoped that after the lapse of years maybe Mr. James would become enfeebled so that he could steal up behind him some night and stun him with a Chicago pie, but Jesse seemed vigorous up to a late date, and out of respect for his aged mother the Chicago sleuth hounds of justice have spared him. Detectives are sometimes considered hard-hearted and unloving in their natures, but this is not the case. Very few of them can bear to witness the shedding of blood, especially their own blood. Sometimes they find it necessary to kill a man in order to restore peace to the country, but they very rarely kill a man like James. Still there are lots of mean, unthinking people who do not give the detectives credit for this.—*Bill Nye's Boomerang.*

The Lame-Backed Boy.

A boy went into a store the other morning, limping, and seemed to be broke up generally. The proprietor asked him if he wouldn't sit down, and he said he couldn't very well, as his back was lame. He seemed discouraged, and the proprietor asked him what was the matter. "Well," said he, "there is no encouragement for a boy to have any fun nowadays. If a boy tries to play an innocent joke he gets kicked all over the house. You see, my old man is no spring chicken, and though his eyes are not what they used to be, yet he can see a pretty girl further than I can. The other day I wrote a note in a fine hand, and addressed it to him, asking him to be on a certain corner at half-past seven on Saturday evening, and signed the name of Daisy to it. At supper time pa was all shaved up, and had his hair plastered over the bald spot, and he got on some clean cuffs, and said he was going to the lodge to initiate some candidates, and he might not be in till late. He didn't eat much supper, and hurried off. I winked at ma, but didn't say anything. At half-past seven I went down town, and he was standing there by the postoffice corner, in a dark place. I went by him, and said: 'Hello, pa, what are you doing there?' He said he was waiting for a man. I went down street, and pretty soon I went up on the other corner, and he was standing there. You see, he didn't know what corner Daisy was going to be on, and he had to cover the whole four corners. I asked him if he hadn't found his man yet, and he said no, the man was a little late. I went up street, and I saw pa cross over by the drug-store, and I could see a girl going by with a water-proof on, but she skited along, and pa looked kind of solemn, the way he does when I ask him for new clothes. I turned and came back, and he was standing there in the doorway, and I said: 'Pa, you will catch cold if you stand round waiting for a man. You go down to the lodge, and let me lay for the man.' Pa said: 'Never you mind; you go about your business, and I will attend to the man.' Well, when a boy's pa tells him to never mind, my [experience is that] boy wants to go right away from there, and I went down street. I thought I would cross over and go up the other side, and see how long he would stay. There was a girl or two going up ahead of me, and I see a man burrying across from the drug store to the other corner. It was pa, and as the girls went along and never looked around, pa looked mad, and stepped into the doorway. It was about eight o'clock then, and pa was tired, and I felt sorry for him, and I went up to him, and asked him for a half a dollar to go to the theatre. I never knew him to shell out so quick. He gave me a dollar, and I told him I would go and get it changed, and bring him back the half-dollar, but he said I needn't mind the change. It is awful mean of a boy that has been treated well to play it on his pa that way, and I felt ashamed. As I turned the corner and saw him standing there shivering, waiting for the man, my conscience troubled me, and I told a policeman to go and tell pa that Daisy had been suddenly taken sick, and would not be there that evening. Well, when I went home the joke was so good I told ma about it, and she was mad. I guess she was mad at me for treating pa that way. I heard pa come home about eleven o'clock, and ma was real kind to him. She told him to warm his feet, 'cause they was just like chunks of ice. Then she asked him how many they initiated in the lodge, and he said six; and then she asked him if they initiated Daisy in the lodge, and then she began to cry. In the morning pa took me into the basement, and gave me the hardest talking to that I ever had, with a bed-slat. He said he knew that I wrote that note all the time, and he thought he would pretend that he was looking for Daisy, just to fool me. But what did he give me that dollar for? Ma and pa don't seem to call each other pet any more, and as for me, they both look at me as though I was a hard citizen. I am going to Missouri to take Jesse James's place. There is no encouragement for a boy here." And the boy limped out to separate a couple of dogs that were fighting.—*Peck's Sun.*

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mr. Cross, it is rumored, has abandoned the idea of writing a biography of his late wife—Marian Evans, or "George Eliot."

The little son of the King of Greece has just been christened "Andrew." He is the only prince in Europe who bears that name.

Mr. Oscar Wilde has made twenty-five thousand dollars out of his lectures. He points to it when inquired of as to the utility of Beauty.

There is a rumor in England that the Princess Beatrice is to be married to the Earl of Yife, who is a handsome, clever, and unusually agreeable young man.

Mr. Longfellow wrote "The Golden Legend" in four weeks, not counting the Sundays. Then he spent six months in correcting and cutting it down.

Henry James Jr. pines for the literary atmosphere of London. He departs for England in the early part of next month, when he will be in his native element.

The late Mr. Littré, though an atheist, was a man of noblest and purest life. "He is a saint without a God," is the epigrammatic description which Lamartine's niece gave of him not long ago.

Mr. Charles Reade, whose labors have for three years been interrupted by bereavement and sickness, will return to fiction in the columns of *Life* on May 4th. He promises a series of stories, which will be illustrated by several artists.

Miss Emma Thursby will return to the United States in July. She has been absent two years, singing with marked success; recently she appeared before the King and Queen of Saxony at Mentone. Her voice has gained a great deal since she left home, and her execution is as facile as ever.

The Princess Maria of Schoa, who was lately married to the crown prince of Abyssinia, is claimed to be the direct descendant of the Queen of Sheba, the Schoa dynasty being the most ancient royal house in existence. The princess wore during the marriage ceremony a golden diadem set with rubies which is said to have once been the property of Solomon.

Little or nothing is known of the son of Blanqui, the late noted Socialist, though doubtless by this time the young fellow knows how to read. His father was in his youth so overpowered by the strictly classical education given him that he vowed his child should not learn to read—a resolution which he kept for many years, saying the boy would be bappier so.

The Scots have lately unveiled a statue of Burns at Dumfries, but in the same city they permit his granddaughter, the only child of the poet's eldest son, to struggle in poverty. A recent visitor to a Dumfries church found Mrs. Burns and her daughter dusting the pews. The great-granddaughter, Jean Armour Burns, is an interesting girl of about sixteen or seventeen years, and bears a striking resemblance to the poet.

It is believed in Germany that Count William Bismarck, the younger of the Prince's two sons, is destined to succeed to the most valuable portions of his father's estate. The elder son is much estranged from his father, who is alarmed at the rumor of his intended marriage with the lately divorced Princess Carolath. The Prince dreads nothing more than an objectionable alliance for one called upon to succeed him in his titles and honors.

Captain J. A. Sylvester, who will be remembered by elderly people as the captor of General Santa Anna, died last week in New Orleans. He was Private Sylvester on the day when, hunting through the high grass on the plain of San Jacinto, he stumbled upon a Mexican wrapped in a common soldier's blanket. Under the blanket the young fellow's sharp eyes quickly discovered the fine linen and costly diamonds of "El Presidente."

Ernest Longfellow, son of the late poet, states in a card that, inasmuch as many persons have made haste to announce biographies of his father, with claims of authorization from his family, he desires to disabuse the public of wrong expectations, and guard against imperfect biographies. In due time a memoir will be published, to which the family will lend all their assistance. They reserve all the material in their hands, and will be thankful to those of Mr. Longfellow's friends who will entrust to them for this use whatever correspondence or other helpful data may be in their possession.

Princess Victoria, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the crown princess of Germany, was confirmed a fortnight ago, with her cousin Leopold, the son of Prince Frederick Charles. The service was celebrated in a magnificent state apartment arranged as a chapel, and the crown princess herself brought in her young daughter, dressed in a plain gown of white silk, with her fair hair drawn back from her babyish face. One curious part of the ceremony was the reading aloud by the prince and princess of their confession of faith, a document which, according to an old tradition of the House of Hohenzollern, had been drawn up by the candidates for confirmation themselves.

The late Jules Favre, in 1851, and again in 1874, conducted before the French Court of Appeals the case of the heirs of one of the pseudo Bourbons, Charles William Naundorff, who had claimed to be Charles Louis, Duke of Normandy, son of Louis XVI, and Marie Antoinette. When he concluded his plea the French Pretender's daughter presented him with a cameo ring, inscribed with the figure of a centaur drawing a bow, which, she said, had belonged to her father, Louis XVII. This ring M. Favre always wore, and when in 1871 he went to Frankfurt to sign the treaty with Germany, Bismarck desired him to seal it in due form. "But I have no seal," said M. Favre; "I am not a sovereign." "But you have a ring, there," "Yes; but—" "Oh, never mind, it will do." And so the treaty of Frankfurt was sealed in behalf of the Third Republic with the ring of—possibly—the King of France.



## SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

South : Reproach is a concomitant to greatness.  
Cicero : To live long it is necessary to live slowly.  
Luther : Christian life consists in faith and charity.  
Disraeli : Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius.  
L'Estrange : Ingratitude is abhorred by God and man.  
Shenstone : Jealousy is the apprehension of superiority.  
South : The vulgar and the many are fit only to be led or driven.

Rochefoucauld : Hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue.

Sir J. Mackintosh : Maxims are the condensed good sense of nations.

Jeremy Taylor : To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.

Epictetus : Liars are the cause of all the sins and crimes in the world.

Swift : It is the talent of human nature to run from one extreme to the other.

Joubert : The literature of nations begins with fables and ends with romances.

De Musset : To remember—to forget. Alas ! this is what makes us young or old.

Burke : It is one thing to make an idea clear, another to make it affecting to the imagination.

Fénelon : Simplicity is that grace which frees the soul from unnecessary reflections upon itself.

Chamfort : There are more fools than sages ; and among the sages there is more folly than wisdom.

Collier : He that would relish success to purpose should keep his passion cool and his expectation low.

Erasmus : Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health is short-lived, and apt to ague fits.

Lord Bacon : Let princes choose ministers such as love business rather upon conscience than upon bravery.

Sir Philip Sidney : Reason can not show itself more reasonable than to leave reasoning on things above reason.

Alfred Mercier : Without woman the two extremities of life would be without succor, and the middle without pleasure.

Chesterfield : The manner of a vulgar man has freedom without ease ; the manner of a gentleman has ease without freedom.

Franklin : Creditors have better memories than debtors ; and creditors are a superstitious sect—great observers of set days and times.

Atterbury : He who performs his duty in a station of great power must needs incur the bitter enmity of many, and the high displeasure of more.

Hooker : It is no impossible thing for States, by an oversight in some one act or treaty between them and their potent opposites, utterly to cast themselves away forever.

Fleming : Wisdom is the right use or exercise of knowledge, and differs from knowledge as the use which is made of a power or faculty differs from the power or faculty itself.

Sterne : Great is the power of eloquence ; but never is it so great as when it pleads along with nature, and the culprit is a child strayed from his duty, and returned to it again with tears.

Lavater : The enemy of art is the enemy of nature. Art is nothing but the highest sagacity and exertion of human nature ; and what nature will he honor who honors not the human ?

Plutarch : It is no disgrace not to be able to do everything ; but to undertake or pretend to do what you are not made for, is not only shameful, but extremely troublesome and vexatious.

Bolton : Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm.

Seneca : Shun no toil to make yourself remarkable by some talent or other. Yet do not devote yourself to one branch exclusively. Strive to get clear notions of all. Give up no science entirely, for science is but one.

Ingersoll : Truth wears no mask ; bows at no human shrine ; seeks neither place nor applause : she only asks a hearing. Let no man fear corruption from her teaching, though new ; neither expect good from error, though long believed.

Guizot : Among the masses—even in revolution—aristocracy must ever exist. Destroy it in the nobility, and it becomes centered in the rich and powerful house of commons. Pull them down, and it still exists in the master and foreman of the workshop.

Frederick the Great : If evil be said of thee, and it be true, correct thyself ; if it be a lie, laugh at it. By dint of time and experience I have learned to be a good post-horse ; I go through my appointed stage, and I care not for the curs who bark at me along the road.

Zimmerman : That happy state of mind, so rarely possessed, in which we can say, "I have enough," is the highest attainment of philosophy. Happiness consists not in possessing much, but being content with what we possess. He who wants little always has enough.

Felltham : To go to law is for two persons to kindle a fire at their own cost to warm others, and singe themselves to cinders ; and, because they can not agree as to what is truth and equity, they will both agree to unplume themselves, that others may be decorated with their feathers. J. D.

WATSONVILLE, April, 1882.

## THE LATEST VERSE.

Via Solitaria—A Posthumous Poem by Longfellow.

Alone I walk the peopled city,  
Where each seems happy with his own ;  
Oh, friends, I ask not for your pity—  
I walk alone.

No more for me yon lake rejoices,  
Though moved by loving airs of June.  
Oh ! birds, your sweet and piping voices  
Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm-tree arches  
Its plumes in many a feathery spray ;  
In vain the evening's starry marches,  
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, summer flowers ;  
Ye can not greet these cordial eyes ;  
They gaze on other fields than ours—  
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer,  
The blade is stolen from the sheath ;  
Life has but one more boon to offer,  
And that is death.

Yet well I know the voice of duty,  
And, therefore, life and health must crave,  
Though she who gave the world its beauty  
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one ! for the living  
Who drew their earliest life from thee,  
And wait, until with glad thanksgiving  
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station  
Wherein apart a traveler stands—  
One absent long from home and nation,  
In other lands.

And I, as he who stands and listens,  
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,  
To hear, approaching in the distance,  
The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating,  
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,  
On yonder shore a bride is waiting  
Until I come.

In yonder field are children playing,  
And there—oh ! vision of delight !—  
I see the child and mother straying  
In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that breaketh,  
Stealing the treasures, one by one.  
I'll call Thee blessed when Thou makest  
The part—done. —The Independent.

## The Sons of Cydippe.

By sacred Argos Polycletus carved,  
In Indian ivory and Persian gold,  
To Hera, mother of all, dreadful, benign,  
A glorious statue in his darkened house.  
Straight from her throat ran the pure folds, and fell  
In seemly curves about her unseen feet ;  
The fillets of her lifted head were bound  
With hroddered stories of the Fates and Hours ;  
Scepter and ripe pomegranate, as was meet,  
Her queenly hands sustained, and by her side  
The rustling peacock spread his gorgeous train.  
For ancient Chrysis, from her wrinkled hands  
Letting the torch down fall in obscure sleep,  
Careless, not breathed on by the serious gods,  
Had touched the old Heraeum with white flame,  
And like a dream the fabric, full of prayers,  
Vows of forgotten athletes, maidens' gifts,  
Robes of dead priests, echoes of hymns and odes,  
Had glared against the noonday, and was not.  
So, nigher to Canathus, on lower ground,  
Nearer the bright sea, myriad-islanded,  
Argos had built her outraged deity  
A nobler fane among those holy trees—  
Platanus and elms—that drank her virgin spring ;  
And all was done, and on this certain day,  
From the dark house, shrouded and swathed in cloths,  
The dread majestic goddess passed in state  
To be unveiled within her own abode.  
Then, while the people, clustered in the sun,  
Shouted, and pressed, and hahes were beld aloft,  
At one shrill summons of the sacred flute,  
In all her gold-and-white magnificence,  
The austere god smiled on her worshippers,  
Who suddenly fell silent in their awe.  
Then came a shout, and from the woodland road,  
Craving a passage through the whispering throng,  
Two youths appeared, under a shameful yoke,  
Flushed with the sun, and soiled with dust, and howed,  
Who dragged a chariot with laborious arms,  
Bleeding and chafed ; and on the chariot sat—  
With a thin hair-leaf in her aged hair—  
A matron with uplifted eyes elate.  
Then while all wondered, and the young men sank,  
Breathless and glad before the glorious god,  
The high-priest lifted up his voice, and said :  
"Blessed art thou, Cydippe, hessed be  
Thy sons, who shamed themselves to bring thee here !  
Oh, not in vain for Biton, not in vain  
For Cleobis, the unfruitful toil, the sweat,  
The groaning axles, and the grinding yoke !  
Unloiled their limbs, unfilleted their hair,  
Unbathed their feet, hateful to maids, and harsh,  
But to the gods sweeter than amber drops  
That gush from fattest olives of the press.  
Fairer than leaves of their own hay, more fresh  
Than rosy coldness of young skin, their stains,  
Since like a sacrifice of nard and myrrh  
Their filial virtue sanctifies the winds."  
Then slowly old Cydippe rose and cried :  
"Hera, whose priestess I have been and am,  
Virgin and matron, at whose angry eyes  
Zeus trembles, and the windless plain of heaven  
With hyperborean echoes rings and roars,  
Remembering thy dread nuptials, a wise god,  
Golden and white, in thy new-carven shap,  
Hear me ! and grant for these my pious sons,  
Who saw my tears, and wound their tender arms  
Around me, and kissed me calm, and since no steer  
Stayed in the hyre, dragged out the chariot old,  
And wore themselves the galling yoke, and brought  
Their mother to the feast of her desire,  
Grant them, O Hera, thy best gift of gifts !"  
Whereat the statue from its jeweled eyes  
Lightened, and thunder ran from cloud to cloud  
In heaven, and the vast company was hushed.  
But when they sought for Cleobis, behold  
He lay there still, and by his brother's side  
Lay Biton, smiling through ambrosial curls,  
And when the people touched them they were dead.  
—Edmund W. Gosse in *May Century*,

## FRENCH FREAKS.

A Chronicle of Marriages, Plays, and Churches.

And so "Doña Sol" is married at last. The immortal Sarah said that she "always liked to be eccentric," and she certainly carried out the desire. Her Greek spouse, Monsieur Jacques d'Amala, was formerly a comedian at the Paris Vaudeville. He made his debut in the "Nabab" under the name of Daria. After that he tried diplomacy, and was for some time *attaché* in the Austrian embassy. He is splendidly built, and very handsome. Traveling through Austria recently, Mademoiselle Bernhardt saw him at a certain hotel. She gained an introduction, learned his history, and proposed that he should take the place of Monsieur Angelo in her company. He consented gladly, and so the two journeyed until they reached Nice. Then they decided on marriage. London was the chosen spot. The editor of the *Morning Post* and two Greeks served as witnesses. The London papers report that Monsieur d'Amala was guilty of decided exaggeration in order to procure a marriage license. But then no one will prosecute him for it, and Madame Sarah is very happy.

After waiting six months in eager expectation, we have at last witnessed the production of Erckmann-Chatrian's "Les Rantau." It was worth the waiting. I have never seen so much enthusiasm as was manifested on the first night. Grown men and women wept like babies, and every one said that it was the finest thing that has been seen for six years. Every seat was filled, and hundreds could not get in. The play was adapted from Erckmann-Chatrian's novel of "Les Deux Frères." When Monsieur Tallien, after "Le Juif Polonais" had successfully run at the Cluny, proposed that the authors should attempt another play, they hesitated, or rather Chatrian was willing, but Erckmann was reluctant. Finally they agreed, and completed it in six months, offering it to Duquesnel of the Odéon, by whom it was refused. Sorely rebuffed, they offered it to the Français. Perin was much pleased with the play. It was read aloud to the actors. Each one realized that there was a character which suited him or her. So it was produced with Got, Coquelin, Maubant, Worms, and Mlle. Bartet in the cast. The plot, in brief, is the quarrel between the two Rantau brothers. Their children fall in love. The father of the girl humbles himself to beg his angry brother to consent to the marriage. The harsh brother consents on condition that he will leave the town and his property forever. This is about being carried into effect, when the children procure a reconciliation, and all are happy. It is simple, but extremely pathetic. The most interesting feature of the play is the reproduction of *bourgeois* society in Charles X's time. The women wore the great bonnets and mutton-chop sleeves of 1830. The furniture and great ugly piano dated from 1827. And, funniest of all, a ballad was sung which was all the rage in the Paris salons of the last reigning Bourbon. It was one of the artificially sentimental kind, and such as were then admired in England by L. E. L. and Mrs. Hemans. It sent this modern audience into a gale of laughter. President Grévy and his daughter were present, together with M. Wilson, who has recovered from the effects of his foil stab. Among others were Gambetta, Alexandre Dumas, Prince de Sagan, M. Legouvé, and many more.

In speaking of the Erckmann-Chatrian play, I forgot to mention a few interesting facts concerning the authors themselves. Alexandre Chatrian lives in Paris, where he directs a department in the Eastern Railway Company's office. He lives outside the city, at Raincy, in a delightful mansion. His family consists of his wife and three sons. Emile Erckmann resides at Toule, in Lorraine, a region that has been the scene of many of their novels. Many persons have endeavored to ascertain in what manner the two unite in their work, for Erckmann very rarely visits Paris, and when he does it is only for a brief period. It has finally leaked out that they keep up a constant intercourse by letter. Many readers think that they detect different styles in the novels. But this has always proved to be an error in discrimination, since the authors confess that they each devote attention to every portion of their plot, so that the portions may become uniform.

This being passion week, every one is going to hear the splendid singing in the various churches. At the Church of the Madeleine the service is magnificently solemn. One does not properly appreciate the effect of music until he hears the "Tenebrae" or "Miserere" as performed in the Paris churches. I went this morning, as it is Maundy Thursday, to see the ceremony of feet-washing at Notre Dame. The archbishop, accompanied by a regiment of attendants, first inspected the subjects. These were a dozen little brats about ten years of age, who had been washed and dressed for the occasion. When the archiepiscopal dignity had witnessed the washing of their previously scrubbed feet, which service was performed by several *curés* robed in black, each *gamin* was presented with an immense loaf and a bottle of wine. Then followed a service, which was but sparsely attended by the morbidly curious, who had only come to see the pious bathing act.

A conjuror, M. Carmelli, has lately been giving mesmeristic soirées, with a pretty blonde subject, Mademoiselle Mariani. I was present at one of them the other night, when the young woman lay down before the audience, while the mesmerist put her to sleep. After she had become mesmerized, he proceeded to burn matches under her nose, and to stick pins in her arm. But she did not awaken, and was as pale as a ghost. Four strong men stood in a line, leaning against each other with all their might, to form a solid wall. At a command from Carmelli the girl rose, and burst through the line without any exertion. She answered questions thought of but not expressed by the audience, and solved intricate mathematical problems. I was astonished. At the conclusion, Carmelli announced that it was all a hoax, and proceeded to explain. The girl was in no trance. When the matches were burned, she held her breath. Four men pressing against each other offer no resistance at all ; try it and see. The problem propounders were all confederates of M. Carmelli. Notwithstanding the *dénouement*, the spectators were much pleased with the performance. BATA

PARIS, April 5, 1882.



## SOCIETY.

SATURDAY, April 29, 1882.—October, which is proverbially the month of weddings, must look to its laurels, or April will head the list. During the past twelve months our most brilliant weddings have been celebrated in December, February, and April, with the latter month in the lead; and, in addition to those weddings chronicled in the last *Argonaut*, we now have to mention others in which a number of the persons concerned are more or less distinguished in San Francisco society.

The first wedding of the week was that celebrated at the residence of Admiral McDougal, No. 58 South Park, on Monday evening last, at which Mr. Lewis T. Ewen and Miss Di Hamilton, both of this city, were united in marriage by the Rev. Mr. W. S. Githens, of the Church of the Advent. The ceremony was performed at half-past eight o'clock, in the presence of a few friends, among whom were Admiral McDougal, and Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Le Breton, Mrs. M. L. Hamilton, mother of the bride; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Willis, groomsmen Al Cohen, and Miss Dora Pearson. After the ceremony and congratulations, a supper was served, and at eleven o'clock the couple were driven to the Oakland boat. On the Tuesday morning following Mr. and Mrs. Ewen started for Napa County on a short bridal tour. The house was tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens, and presented a delightful appearance. The bride was prettily attired in a robe of white surah satin, pointed corsage, and princess train. She wore the customary bridal veil, which was caught up in her coiffure with sprays of orange buds and blossoms, *au naturel*. Miss Dora Pearson, bridesmaid, wore a sprimp pink satin, princess train, and Mrs. Hamilton had on a rich costume of ashes of roses satin, trimmed with chantilly lace.

The event in Catholic society which took place a week previous at St. Ignatius Church was rivaled at St. Mary's Cathedral on Wednesday last, the latter event being the wedding of Mr. Richard Burke, an Irish barrister, and Miss Maggie Donahue, the only surviving daughter of James Donahue, deceased, and niece of Peter Donahue, the well-known capitalist. The cathedral was most magnificently and tastefully decorated with flowers, smilax, and palms, and was a veritable bower of enchantment, while the main altar and side altars were almost obscured by masses of buds and blossoms. By half-past ten o'clock the vast auditorium was densely packed with the friends of the parties and other invited guests, and at eleven o'clock precisely the bridal couple entered the church preceded by the ushers, Messrs. Fred. J. Sullivan, Walter Gilman, Mr. Archer, and Mr. Thompson; then followed the bridesmaids—the Misses Mamie Donahue and Jennie Maguire, and the the Misses Minnie and Lizzie McNally; then came the bride, upon the arm of her brother, Peter J. Donahue; then Mr. and Mrs. Peter Donahue, and then Mr. and Mrs. J. R. O'Kane. Mr. Mervyn Donahue acted as best man, and the bride was given away by Mr. Peter J. Donahue. The ceremony was made very effective by the elaborate vocal and instrumental music, and was celebrated by Archbishop Alemany, assisted by Fathers Pendergast and Gallagher, and other priests. Immediately after the ceremony the bridal party were driven to the residence of the bride's brother, at 346 First Street, where congratulations and a reception and breakfast followed. The house was brilliantly lighted and ornamented throughout, the floral decorations being a marvel of artistic handiwork. Following are some notes on the dresses:

The bride was dressed in a robe of white duchesse satin, the front of which was exquisitely embroidered with seed pearl clusters of field flowers; the tablier was fringed with seed pearls, which fell over a knife-pleating, like foam; the handsome court train was a triumph of the modiste's art; the corsage was cut square, and pointed; she wore a *directoire* collar; long sleeves with embroidered cuffs; she also wore a necklace of diamonds and pearls; her bridal veil was of tulle, caught up by a diamond star and with sprays of orange blossoms. The four bridesmaids were dressed alike, each of whom had on a short costume of white surah silk, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and corsage bouquets of lilacs, *au naturel*. They also wore white hats, with long white plumes. The rich Catholic families of San Francisco were largely represented, and the ladies were all elegantly attired, and especially Mrs. Peter Donahue, in garnet velvet, court train; Mrs. Eugene Casserly, in black satin; Mrs. Joseph Donahue, in black velvet, court train; Mrs. C. O'Connor, in bronze satin, court train; Mrs. James Phelan, in black plush, princess train; Mrs. O'Kane, in heliotrope-colored brocade satin; Mrs. Edward Martin, in black velvet, court train; Mrs. McNamara, in a short costume of black satin and velvet; Mrs. Richard Tohin, also in a short costume of black satin, and many others, whose names and costumes have escaped our memory. The presents were numerous and costly, conspicuous among which was a set of solitaire diamonds from the groom; while Mr. Mervyn Donahue presented his sister with a herry howl, cream pitcher, and sugar bowl of beaten gold, and Peter J., a fruit-stand of beaten gold; from Mr. and Mrs. Peter Donahue, a gold-lined silver set of one hundred and fifty pieces; from Mr. and Mrs. O'Kane, a set of carvers, silver ice pitcher, and goblets; also a beaten silver tea set, and more than a hundred other presents.

The entire bridal party went to Menlo in a private car, where an excellent dinner was in waiting. Mr. and Mrs. Burke will spend their honeymoon at Menlo, and return to this city and hold two receptions at the Occidental Hotel on the twenty-third and twenty-fifth of May, after which they will depart for Europe.

On Thursday week another Catholic wedding will take place at St. Ignatius Church, in which Francis J. Sullivan, a young lawyer of this city, will lead to the altar Miss Alice Phelan, eldest daughter of James Phelan. The bride-elect has already selected the Misses Mamie Sullivan, Ada Sullivan, Belle Wallace, Florence Mullin, Mollie Phelan, and Fannie Morrison as her bridesmaids.

## Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. James G. Fair arrived in Washington on Wednesday last. Paymaster Sullivan, U. S. N., who left here for the East in company with Mr. Sargent, is spending a portion of his leave in Washington. Charles Crocker returned from Texas on Monday last. Mrs. J. H. Jewett, who has been sojourning in the East for four or five months past, returned a few days ago, and will shortly go to Monterey, where she will stay until November. Mrs. Homer King closes up her city residence next week, and leaves for Napa County, where she and her children will summer—the most of the time at the old homestead. Miss Esther Bull, daughter of Alpheus Bull, leaves Paris for San Francisco during the latter part of June. Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Mills Jr. left New York for Napa on Saturday last. Judge Sawyer left for Oregon on

Monday last. Miss Tessie Lyons will spend the coming summer at Victoria with Mrs. Captain Humphreys. Mrs. Judge Wright, of Santa Barbara, is visiting friends in Oakland. Mr. and Mrs. Gray Grayrigge, who were married in this city on the eighteenth inst., and who have been enjoying their honeymoon at Monterey, leave on their Eastern and European tour next week. Miss Nellie Redding, of Oakland, who has been visiting friends in Southern California, has returned. Miss Mabel Pacheco, who has been visiting friends in New York and Harrisburg, has returned to Washington. Mrs. Pacheco has recovered from her late severe illness. Mrs. J. Gregory, of Sacramento, is visiting in this city. Mrs. J. H. Carroll, of Sacramento, who has been visiting Mrs. David Brown, has returned home. C. H. Davis, F. M. Green, and S. C. Lamley, U. S. N., were at the Palace on Sunday and Monday last. Frank Guertin, U. S. N., has been at the Baldwin during the week. Hon. W. A. Cbeney and wife, of Sacramento, have gone to Los Angeles to reside permanently. Mr. and Mrs. Leland Stanford, who left here on Saturday last to visit the governor's new vineyard in Tehama County, returned on Monday last. Mrs. Lucy Arnold, of Sacramento, has been a guest of Mrs. Charles Crocker during the past week. Ex-Senator Booth has been in town most of the week. Oscar Wilde, who has been in America just four months, and who has had a good time on the whole, and takes away with him several thousand dollars more than he brought, leaves New York for England to-day. Lieutenant and Mrs. Berry, who have been visiting in this city for a few days, have returned to Angel Island. Daniel Cook, whose quiet liberalities have been the means of fostering many a scientific need, has donated seven hundred and twenty dollars for the payment of one year's rent for the premises now containing the museum of curiosities at Mercantile Library Hall lately purchased by Messrs. Leland Stanford and Charles Crocker, and presented by those gentlemen to the Academy of Sciences. General Connor, of Eureka, Nevada, is at the Grand. Jasper Babcock, of Virginia City, is at the Occidental. Evan J. Coleman accompanied J. de Barth Shorb to Los Angeles on Saturday last. F. M. Wright is in Southern California. George Kimball is taking a *passee* in Los Angeles. Colonel W. H. Lent has gone to Arizona. Lloyd Tevis, who is on his way home from New York, accompanied by J. J. Valentine, was in Chicago on Monday last. Mrs. Lambert and her daughter Mary are spending a short time in Napa County. Mr. D. Lothrop, the well-known publisher of Boston, and Mrs. Lotbrop, who has written a number of pretty books, have been doing California, and are now at Monterey. Mrs. C. V. Osgood, of Oakland, has returned from her visit to Southern California. Mrs. Horace Webster and Miss Webster are at the Arlington, Santa Barbara. John Russell Young was married to a niece of ex-Governor Jewell, at Hartford, Conn., on Tuesday, the twenty-fifth instant, and was to leave for San Francisco with his bride to-day. Mrs. Colonel James G. Eastman and daughter, formerly of this city, but now of Los Angeles, are visiting friends here. Mrs. M. S. Solomon, who has been on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Oates, at Santa Rosa, has returned home. Miss Lucy Mason, of Portland, Oregon, is visiting friends in Oakland. Mrs. General Stoneman, of San Gabriel, and now at the Palace, will spend a month or more of the coming summer at Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Holladay have arrived in Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Raum, who were lately married at Oak Knoll, Napa County, will leave New York for Europe to-day. The Misses Mattie and May Mills are at Monterey. Surgeon Woods, U. S. N., gave a dinner to some of his friends at his residence at Mare Island a few days ago. The last meeting of the L. and M. Society took place at this officer's house on Thursday evening last. E. M. Moore and wife have been spending a few days at Monterey. Mrs. E. H. Jones, and Miss E. M. Jones, have also been spending a short time at the seashore. Miss Livingstone, who has been visiting Mrs. Paymaster Colby, at Mare Island, has returned. Mrs. J. A. Ford has been at Monterey for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Derby Wells left San Francisco for New York on Thursday last. Mrs. Commander Boyd had a church entertainment at her house at the Navy Yard, one evening last week. The Misses Kittle, who have been visiting Medical Director Peck at the Navy Yard, returned home on Tuesday last. Miss Kittie Woods, who has also been on a visit to the Yard, came down on Tuesday last. The ladies at Mare Island are talking about giving a party to the officers of the *Iroquois* before that vessel proceeds to sea, which will be in about four weeks. Commodore Phelps has entirely recovered from his late prostration. Lieutenant Adams, U. S. N., is making up a party for the Yosemite, which will leave for the valley in three or four weeks, and will include, among others, Surgeon Woods, Surgeon and Mrs. Bright, Miss Hopper, and Lieutenant Adams. A large party of Oaklanders have been spending a few days at the seashore at Monterey during the past week, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. H. Lee, F. Blake, Miss Alice Blake, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Robbins, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Dennison, J. G. Baker, Mrs. A. Miller, Miss Miller, Miss L. Shepard, Miss K. Shepard, Doctor P. Wheeler, and A. A. Pennoyer. Mayor Brown and wife, of Sacramento, have been in the city during the week. Miss Mamie Wood is visiting friends in Sacramento. W. H. Nauman, U. S. N., who has lately been ordered to Philadelphia, left for the East on Wednesday morning last. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Flint, of San Juan, are at the Grand. Mrs. Frank Staples came in from Tucson, on Wednesday last, and will spend some time in San José and San Francisco. The *Ranger* is expected from the Southern coast in a few days. Surgeon R. H. McCarty, U. S. N., has been at the Occidental for several days. General Thomas G. Williams returned from the East on Tuesday. Miss Rachel Wilson, of Sacramento, is visiting friends in this city. Honorable William M. Gwin is spending a few days in Los Angeles. General and Mrs. J. W. Gasbiller are in New York. Jay Lugsdin and family left New York for San Francisco on Tuesday. Honorable Thomas Ewing, son of the eminent Obioan, is at the Palace. F. C. Coffin, U. S. N., is at the Baldwin, and H. Webster, U. S. N., is at the Occidental. Moses Hopkins is in Riverside. Mrs. Mark Hopkins is in Chicago. Mrs. Emilie Melville Derby will arrive here from the East to-morrow. Justices McKinstry, McKee, Myrick, and Chief Justice Morrison, have returned from Los Angeles.

## FROM NEW YORK.

Our Correspondent Tells More about the Mills-Livingston Match.

The Mills wedding created a great sensation. The rush for admittance was unprecedented. The groom was accused of ill-breeding, and there was a visible, palpable, and soul-stirring row between an usher and two ladies of immense social weight, which resulted in the angry departure of the ladies from the church, and the consignment of the usher to the vestibule. As far as my own observation goes, Mr. Mills was not particularly atrocious, though he did blend an air of labored disdain with his awkwardness, and looked, on the whole, rather frightened. As to the row with the two weighty ladies, I must admit that they were treated in the most abominable manner by the little cad of an usher. They were Mrs. Edward Morgan, wife of one of the most aristocratic of our ex-governors, and Mrs. John Sherwood, who boasts of baving the blood of a duke in her veins. Neither of these ladies, I am bound to admit, is of extraordinary presence, and though, as I said before, they are both society leaders, the usher, who was a friend of Mr. Mills, did not know them. They were escorted up the aisle, and seated in a pew directly behind a white ribbon which marked the seats intended for the bride's family. Shortly afterward the young usher came trotting up the aisle, and said in a voice distinctly audible in the hushed church:

"Ob, Mrs. Livingston wants you to leave these seats, please."

Both ladies looked surprised. There was a craning of necks, and people began to whisper.

"Why, where are we to go? There are no other seats. I am Mrs. Morgan, and I came at the invitation of Mrs. Livingston."

"Well," said the youthful snob, "I don't know where you're to go, but you must leave this seat, 'cause Mrs. Livingston wants this seat for her maids."

Mrs. Morgan muttered something about giving up her seat to a lady's maid, flushed angrily, and both ladies went hurriedly down the aisle. By this time some of the other ushers, who were not quite so savagely ignorant of the proprieties, rushed after the ladies, and tried to explain the insult away. They followed them bareheaded out into Broadway, and implored them to overlook it, but the offended guests drove scornfully away, with the dual coronet on the panels of their brougham glistening in the sunlight. Then the ushers went in-doors, and saw two snub-nosed waiting-maids installed in the pew lately occupied by Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. Sherwood, and found the guests in a ferment of excitement.

What an extraordinary wedding it was all through! No wonder it created a sensation. Ruth Livingston, who married Mr. Darius Ogden Mills Jr., or as he prefers, and indeed insists upon being called, Mr. D. Ogden Mills, is the daughter of Mr. Maturin Livingston. The Livingstons live in a far from fashionable neighborhood, West Twenty-fourth Street, in a little twenty-foot brick house, and have no money, but they are, nevertheless, the proudest and most aristocratic family in New York. To know the Livingstons admits you anywhere. They trace their ancestry for centuries, and are recognized and visited by the best English people. They have a recognized position in London society, and are identified with interests at court. The twin daughters have both married recently. One married Cavendish-Bentinck, heir to an earldom, intimate friend to the Prince of Wales, and member of the proudest aristocracy of Europe, and the other married D. O. Mills Jr.—I beg pardon, Mr. D. Ogden Mills. In time one will be a duchess, and the other will be Mrs. D. O.—I mean Ogden—Mills. Which will be the bap-pier? They are both striking girls, and very "highly cultured," as the Bostonians would put it. The fortunes of the family are bettered, and the girls are off, "for better or for worse." Both married money, and yet every one says, "Poor girls!" Everybody said "Poor girl" at the last wedding, and yet I don't know why. Miss Livingston looked contented enough, and certainly very beautiful. Her dress was plain white satin, by Worth, of course, trimmed in profusion with point lace. She wore garnitures of natural apple-blossoms and white lilacs, and her point lace veil was gathered at the top by three diamond stars, surmounted by three blazing diamond crescents. From her necklace of three rows of diamonds depended the astounding diamond, "Splash," of which we have heard so much. It was the gift of the groom, and is worth the furore it created. It is composed of numberless pure stones, and presents the most brilliant appearance imaginable. There was also an immense diamond brooch, which has been in the Livingston family for several centuries, nestling in the folds of lace at the lower edge of the square-cut corsage. Besides these were *boutonnieres* of diamond lizards, and a few other diamond trifles thrown here and there, so as to give the casual observer the impression that the ornaments were diamonds. I gathered that impression myself. Her bridesmaids looked almost as pretty as herself, although not half so *distinguée*. They were Miss Gertrude Hoyt, Miss Estelle Livingston, Miss Baylis, and Miss Ogden—all society girls of the first rank. They wore white brocade with French trains, corsages cut very low, and carried huge bouquets of pink roses in their hands, which in turn were encased in Spanish gloves wrinkled to the elbow. They looked as demure as four little white mice. The ushers were Mr. Geraldine Redmond, Mr. H. S. Hoyt, and Mr. E. Baylis. The bridal party entered Grace Church, and walked slowly up the aisle with the triumphant "Bridal Chorus" swelling out nobly. First came the ushers, followed by the bridesmaids, and then the bride in all her flashing glory. It was a very pretty sight. The church was a mass of flowers. Palm, fern, rose, lilac, and orange trees in full bloom were everywhere, and the chancel was a mass of growing flowers. When the bride reached the altar Mr. D. Ogden Mills, dressed in a frock coat with grayish trousers and subdued scarf, stepped forward, and in a few minutes the couple walked forth into the world man and wife. So ended the great Mills wedding. Well, it's a relief to have it over after so much, anyway. Mrs. Livingston will probably go to Newport very soon.

HALL HAYNE.

NEW YORK, April 20, 1882.



## ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE.

I was talking to a friend recently who in the course of the conversation used the word "cuspidor." Now I object to euphuisms as a rule, but I also object to the word "spittoon." So I did not jump on him. But I tried to involve him in an etymological tangle.

I failed. He sat on me.

This is how it was. "Do you know," quoth I, "that for a long time the derivation of that word defied me? I could find it in no English dictionary. It seemed to have no Latin root—the nearest I could find to it was *cuspidis*, and javelins are but remotely allied to spittoons. Finally one day it flashed upon me. I was reading some Spanish newspaper, and ran across the word *escupir*. 'to spit.' 'Aha!' cried I, 'here we have it. *Escupir*, to spit; *escupidor*, a spitter; *escupidera*, a place or thing in which to spit. The last has evidently found its way into the language from the South. Florida, Louisiana, and Texas were once populated by Spaniards. The word has been corrupted into *cuspidor*."

"Your reasoning is good," replied my friend, "it is, in fact, most ingenious. The only possible objection that could be taken to it is the fact that the word does not come from the Spanish, and the further fact that it is not used in the South."

"From whence, then, does it come?" I asked, something crestfallen.

"When I was a boy," said he, readjusting the wrapper of his cigar, "when I was a boy I lived in Bawsting." [Years and absence have not deprived him of the weird Boston burr.] "At that time there was a large East Indian trade represented there. These peculiar articles first made their appearance in Bawsting, and they and their name came from the East Indies. They were called *cuspidors*, and the word has since been corrupted into the one of which you speak. You generally know what you are talking about, Zulano, but in this case I regret to say you do not."

He smiled blandly, and emitted a puff of smoke with an intensely complacent not to say conceited air.

I have a wild yearning to crush him. If any one knows more about it than he does, or than I thought I did, let them communicate with me, and they will receive the thanks of Zulano.

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Talking of Spanish words, I stumbled on one the other day which pleased me immensely. As you all know, beggars are plentiful in Spain. As you may or may not know, their petitions for alms are always plentifully interlarded with "Por Dios." It is the fashion of beggars all over the world to bring the Deity in as party of the third part. Well, this word was *por Diosera*, which by its construction and termination meant "a female beggar." This could be varied by *por Diosero*, a male beggar; *por Dioseria*, the act of begging; *por Dioserito*, a little beggar boy; *por Dioserita*, a little beggar girl. These words are, to me, most graphic. Spanish is in some respects more laconic than English. But were we poorer we might be richer—in words relating to heggary.

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We have had two Madame Favarts during the past two weeks—two "Rival Queens"—an American Roxana pitted against an Australian Strotia. And, like the famous contest between Mistress Anne Oldfield and Mistress Bracegirdle, this has been an amicable one. But Mistress Pattie Laverne must be yielded the palm, for all that little Mistress Jansen did as well as she could. Yet the part was too much for her.

"She did the best she could"—pregnant words! How hard it must be to do the best you can, and then to only fail! Even in the living of your life. There is more than one man on whose headstone might be placed the grotesque yet plaintive miners' epitaph: "He done the best he could."

But I am wandering. I wonder why I wander? Let me come back to life and to Laverne. Miss Pattie is a short person, somewhat rotund, rather vivacious, and exceedingly jolly. She is either a trifle coarse, or the Barton company are a trifle too subdued, for they do not go well together.

Yet the opera went with much more snap than with Jansen, although she is petite and pretty. I do not belong to the sect of Jansenists now existing in this city, yet I can not deny the little woman's *chic*. But I wish she wouldn't sing flat. By the way, look at the female figure on the new cover of the *May Century*; it bears a fleeting resemblance to Jansen.

John Howson plays Pontsablé, as he does everything, well. He is about one-fifth as senile as Lube, and about one-tenth as senile as Mézières. But Mézières was salacious as well as senile, and salacious senility is unpleasant on the English stage, however it may be on the French.

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Talking of senility reminds me of the girls. (I was in a front orchestra seat.) Well, the girls were gorgeous. The stage was full of girl. It was crammed with girl. It was running over with girl. Seated as I was with my eye on a level with the stage, the massive mass of girl, when drawn up in a square and keeping time, struck me very favorably. So also with the multicolored and multiform supports of the mass of girl. They presented a dazzling appearance as they waved back and forth in the slight movement required in keeping time. It was like a brilliant autumn forest, its limbs gently agitated by the wind. Yes, it was unanimously agreed among the senile seats that it was really a very good exhibition of leg—on the whole, a very superior article of girl.

Despite the fact that the costumes are remarkably handsome, I must say that they are delightfully absurd. The young women who play the parts of aids to Pontsablé wear sleeveless uniform coats, epaulets, tights, cocked hats, and low-cut corsets. They bear arms in bare arms, and bare their bosoms—presumably to the foe. This combination of male and female dress is very droll. But then possibly it was not intended to have them look like men. If so, it is a success. Their sex is apparent, even to the most casual observer.

The drill these girls go through is a pretty one, and well done. It is curious how much more apt at such things women are than men. This drill is practically a silent drill, (being done at the tap of the bell,) yet there were no mis-

takes. I have seen men drilling, with the word of command at every moment, and still make gross blunders. I have myself drilled men who actually seemed incapable of telling right from left. I speak, of course, of recruits. One awkward squad I shall never forget. They had not reached movements yet; I was teaching them how to handle a piece. I laboriously explained to them one position—it was "right shoulder *shift*" then, I believe; I pointed out to them that the piece should be held *so*; that the lock should be *so*, insuring the proper height of the piece; that the inside of the stock should be in line with the buttons on the front of the coat, thus insuring the proper inclination; and that the piece should be placed upon the *right* shoulder—and so forth.

Finally I gave the word of command. The effect of my teachings was most extraordinary, if rather discouraging. No two pieces pointed the same way; no two pieces were held at the same height; some were inside out; and four or five were on the *left* shoulder.

What did I say? Did I smile sweetly, and say, "Gentlemen, I am sorry, but we shall have to try it again, please?" No. I should smile—I mean, I should have smiled, but did not. I remarked, "—! —! —!" and then they did it over again.

They did it worse this time.

Yes, there is no doubt that women are much more apt than men at learning anything in the nature of military drill. I have sometimes wondered why they are so. I suppose, though, that it is because it will never be of any earthly use to them.

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There were so many pretty girls on the stage in "Favart" that I really could not centre my affections on any one of them. I tried most conscientiously, but I could not. So soon as my eyes became fixed on a short, plump girl in blue, she was immediately eclipsed by a tall slender one in white. I think I inclined to the white, of whom there were four. And that reminds me of a little story.

Once upon a time (so runs the tale) there lived in China a mandarin who wore the crystal button. He was a lover of his kind—both kinds, mankind and womankind—so he married. Then his troubles began. It is sometimes the case outside of China. Our mandarin became a misogynist. He transferred the hatred he bore his wife to the whole sex. Taking his infant son he left the haunts of men, determined that the boy should never gaze upon a female face.

Years passed. The boy became a man. Like Colin, he was a youth who never saw a woman. It goes without saying that he was happy.

One day the father was about to go to the nearest city, as was his wont at times, for necessary purchases. Hitherto he had always gone alone. But this time the son besought him so earnestly that he weakly yielded, and allowed the youth to accompany him. On their way out of the city they met some curious beings who wore their hair strangely, (so thought the son,) and who laughed and chattered incessantly. "Look, father, look!" cried the son, "look at those strange creatures. What are they?"

"Turn away your head, my son," said the father, hastily; "cover your eyes. Even the sight of them wreaks evil to man. They are devils."

The youth reluctantly did as he was bid, and they returned to their mountain home. But not to their old life, for the son was moody and taciturn. For days he remained so, till finally the distressed father implored him to reveal his secret grief. The youth long remained silent, but at last, bursting into tears, he spoke:

"O father!" cried he, "forgive me, but that tallest devil—oh, that tallest devil, father!"

This story came to my mind as I gazed upon the tallest of the four *d*—demoiselles.

But then I am not a hoy.

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Marian Wells, the sculptor, has just finished modeling in clay a bust of Longfellow. It is said, by those who have seen the poet, to be a fine piece of work. It will be exhibited for the first time at Talho's concert next Friday afternoon, when "The Masque of Pandora" is to be performed. I hope Talho will have a good house for this and his other concerts. He has gone to much expense for this one, having a large chorus, and a complete orchestra under Alfred Cellier's baton. He is a very good fellow, and the fact that the music at his concerts is not classical does not set me against him. I like music, as the countryman said of Ole Bull's fiddling, "with toons intew it." But this, I believe, is an unpardonable sin in musical eyes.

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One day last week I accompanied a friend to his country place, where he has been having some changes made—drives laid out, walks, paths, fountains, and flowers. It was just a flying trip preparatory to the summer flight of his family.

The place lies some little distance from the railway station, and as we drove over, my eye was caught by some strange object in the centre of the lawn. It glittered in the sun like some gigantic jewel, fitfully flashing back the rays as we spun over the road.

"Hilary," said I, "what in the name of all that is wonderful have you in front of your house?"

"I'll be shot if I know," he replied; "I've been staring at it for the last five minutes. It looks like a military heliograph."

We approached the gate and drove in. The mystery was revealed. In the centre of a large horticultural star in the middle of the lawn stood a gigantic jug or vase—"vawz" I believe they call it now. Around the jug ran three parallel stripes—red, white, and blue. They were brilliant with the brilliancy of fresh paint. In the distance lurked the *Deus ex machina*—he who had wrought it stood modestly concealed behind some trees, waiting to see the effect.

The effect was marked. Wonder deprived us of speech. Our feelings he evidently took for admiration.

He approached and spoke: "How do you like it?" said he. "I think it's kinder putty. Them is the national colors, and then—and then you kin see it, you know."

"You certainly can," I replied. "It is not an inconspicuous object in the landscape. But then I think it is rather too pretty. It detracts from the effect of the house, so to speak."

Your villa, Hilary, has an apologetic air in front of this pottery, while the jug itself looks haughty in its brilliancy. It is as who should say, 'I am a tri-colored jug, and they have laid out grounds around me, and built a house to serve as a foil for my beauty.'"

The gardener looked at me pityingly, Hilary plaintively. I went on:

"While it is intrinsically beautiful, Hilary, I would not advise you to keep it there. It is too intense. I fear you would ruin yourself living up to your jug, as Algernon did to his tea-pot."

Oh evil the hour when at Hilary's hower Zulano the scribbler rode over his lawn; the jug hid its light from the stars that night, for long ere sunset the jug was gone.

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Here is a very fair test of your knowledge of French pronunciation and of making the *liaison* which comes so slowly to American and English tongues:

Dans ces meubles laqués, rideaux et dais moroses,  
Danse, aime, bleu laquais; ris d'oser de mots roses.  
Gall amant de la reine alla, tour magnanime,  
Galamment de l'arène à la Tour Magne à Nîme.

Laurent-Pichat vivant, coup hardi! bat Empis:

Lors Empis, chavirant, couard, dit: Bah! tant pis.

You will notice that each couplet—while the sense is different, what sense there is—is pronounced the same, with the exception of one word in the last.

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Full many a gem of purest ray serene the unread columns of the *Call* do bear. Among these I may mention obituary poetry, popularly supposed to be written by Mr. Pickering. In Wednesday's issue, however, there was a gem which came from the facile pen of the Trotting Horse Reporter. It struck me so that I have lifted it like a pearl from its native mud, and set it in these fair broad columns: "There was an auspicious opening at the Bay District Track yesterday," says the Trotting Horse Reporter. "The day and track were as good as the most exacting could desire. There was a continuous stream of vehicles, or rather of carriages and coaches, landing the fair freight at the entrance of the Club House, and long before the hour of starting the halcyons were thronged with an array of beauty and fashion which the occidental metropolis can only equal. Beauty of every clime. Dark-haired, voluptuous señoritas, the warm blood of Espanola mantling their cheeks, and giving lustre to the flashing orbs; and in juxtaposition the fairest type of the Anglo-Saxon race, with golden locks, complexions of lily-like purity, and eyes which were mirrors of home comforts." I think I am justified in calling this fine writing. True, the carping critic might object to the marriage of the words "Espana" and "Hispaniola," the result being the hybrid "Espanola." But when the exceeding beauty of the passage is considered this would be hypercriticism.

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The "commerce" parties which have been so popular recently are affecting the moral fibre of San Francisco. They have left a legacy behind them in the shape of "loto" games. These differ from "keno" only in the name and the omission of an ejaculation.

I am pained to see this game being played. Small as the stakes are—generally from a cent to five cents a bean—it is gambling. It fills me with horror to see Zulana's eyes glancing with the greed for gain. Besides, she is always getting broke and asking me to stake her.

It is true I said at the altar, "With all my goods I thee endow," but the marriage service said nothing of beans. It fills me with disgust when, after having with much toil and waste of brain tissue amassed a few of them, Zulana calmly reaches over and uses my beans. And she never pays me, even when she wins. Why, the other night she took thirty-five cents' worth in the course of the evening, and I lost fifty-five myself. It might be tabulated thus:

Original gift to Zulana.....	25 cents.
What she stole.....	35 "
What I bet.....	55 "

51 15

—a dollar and fifteen cents thrown away immorally, sixty of them vicariously.

As we wended our way homeward, I endeavored to awaken her slumbering conscience.

"Zulana," said I, "I do not like this lotto business. It is gambling, pure and simple."

"How much did you lose, dear?" she inquired, quizzically.

"Never mind," said I, "I will not touch upon that. I will not mention the twenty-five cents I first gave you, nor the fact that you stole thirty-five. I will not dwell upon the fact that you came out ninety-five cents winner, and that you have said nothing about paying me. I merely wish to remark that I consider this business immoral, and I am surprised that you have not discovered it."

"You did not seem to discover it yourself," she retorted, "when you won two dollars and fifteen cents one night last week."

"That," said I, with dignity, "cuts no figure in this case. You do not seem to understand, Zulana, that—"

"I understand that you won three dollars and eighty-five cents night before last, and you said nothing about its immorality then."

"I am sorry," I replied, in my grandest manner, "that it is impossible for you to disassociate persons from principles. These are all side issues. They have nothing to do with the question we are discussing. You are, of course, too illogical to see that. Permit me to pity you, Zulana—also to remind you that I gave you a dollar both times."

She snorted—she actually snorted. I wish now I hadn't given them to her.

ZULANO.

The past few weeks have witnessed the deaths of men who had attained the pinnacle of fame in art, poetry, philosophy, and science. The death of Longfellow was quickly followed by that of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. France mourns the death of Quicherat, the archaeologist, and Le Play, the eminent political economist. Germany mourns for Bruno Bauer, the champion of Teutonic free thought. England can never supply the place of Charles Darwin. And now we have to chronicle the death of Ralph Waldo Emerson.



## VANITY FAIR.

Queen Victoria has entirely thrown off royal state during her stay at Mentone. Not only is the suite the most limited that has ever accompanied her majesty abroad, but the number of servants is unprecedentedly small, no one having been taken who was not indispensable. The queen is delighted with the place, and seems to have benefited considerably by the complete change. She spends the whole day, except the two hours, late in the afternoon, which are occupied by the drive, in the grounds. Among the "properties" brought from Windsor was one of the tents used by the queen at Frogmore in the summer. This is erected on the lawn, and after breakfast her majesty sits in it, and transacts her business with the Mediterranean in full view.

The fashion for wearing jeweled garters, observes the New York *Sun*, has spread so rapidly that jewelers all keep the article in stock. They are very expensive. A member of a conspicuous firm recently showed a collection to a visiting reporter. There was a show-case full of them, each pair mounted in a velvet box. The pattern was the same in all as far as the hand was concerned. The hand was a full inch wide, made of fine elastic, and covered with beautifully woven silk of every conceivable shade, pale blues and warm reds predominating. They are designed to match the tint of the dress worn with them. In one case two heart-shaped clasps of colored gold, inlaid with cross-hairs of tourquoises and pearls, joined the ends of a scarlet band with little frills of silk along the edges. The price was one hundred dollars. A pair with two oval clasps of hammered gold, perhaps an inch in length, could be bought for forty-eight dollars, while the cheapest pair, with plain gold clasps, was forty-six dollars. A pair that cost two hundred and twenty-five dollars had two shields with three big pearls in each and little diamonds at the edges. Another pair was expensive through its delicate lace, which was arranged in a fluffy bow-knot, with two little gold disks clasping in the centre. The majority of them are made to order. The price of the most expensive one was one thousand two hundred dollars. In this the lace and pearl-colored silk band was joined by an elaborate clasp. On one side was the lady's monogram in pearls; on the other the coat-of-arms, with frosted storks' heads, a crest of delicately carved gold, and a motto set in chip diamonds. It was a present from a mother to her daughter, who is to be married soon. The demand for such garters is a hundred per cent greater than last year, and grows constantly.

London had a grand marriage last month—that of Lady Georgiana Hamilton, only unmarried daughter of the Duke of Abercorn, to the Earl of Winterton, an Irish peer, but having no connection with Ireland. The duke is a poor man for his rank, but his numerous sons and daughters have all been a success. The eldest has long been in the Prince of Wales's household, and Lords Claude and George are highly respected and conspicuous M. P.'s. The seven daughters have married peers. Two will be duchesses. Until within a few years the duke had great parliamentary interest in Ireland, but the Land League has disposed of that. His rent roll there is one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, but his estate is much encumbered. He represents the Hamilton family in the direct male line, and the Duke of Hamilton represents it in the female.

Here, says a writer in London *Society*, is an anecdote of the princess royal when she first went to her home at Berlin: A Prussian princess, for instance, is not allowed by the mistress of her robes to take up a chair, and after having carried it through the whole breadth of the room, to put it down in another corner. It was while committing such an act that Princess Victoria was lately caught by Countess Perponcher. The venerable lady remonstrated with a considerable degree of earnestness. "I'll tell you what," replied, nothing daunted, the royal heroine of this story—"I'll tell you what, my dear countess, you are probably aware of the fact of my mother being the Queen of England?" The countess bowed in assent. "Well," resumed the hold princess, "then I must reveal to you another fact: her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland has not once, but very often, so far forgotten herself as to take up a chair. I speak from personal observation, I can assure you. Nay, if I am not greatly deceived, I noticed one day my mother carrying a chair in each hand, in order to set them for her children. Do you really think that my dignity forbids anything which is frequently done by the Queen of England?" The countess bowed again and retired, perhaps not without a little astonishment at the biographical information she had heard. However, she knew her office, and resolved to prove not less staunch to her duties than the princess to her principles.

The Queen of Holland is coming out as a leader of society at the Hague. She is fond of elegant toilets, music, dancing, and such gayeties as the Dutch capital affords. It appears that she has grown quite pretty since her marriage. Her hair, which is of a burnished blonde color, is very fine, and she understands how to dress it to advantage. The complexion is made up of roses and lilies, and the neck and arms, if wanting in purity of outline, are beautifully white and plump. Blue is her majesty's favorite color. She sits in a houndir hung with blue silk, decorated with nankin blue porcelain, and she often dresses in blues of various shades. At a ball, given at the palace a short time ago, she was in a white satin skirt covered with old point lace, sky-blue corsage and train, and had for garnitures and head-dress blue feathers and pearls.

Concerning one of Lady Lindsay's receptions, a London correspondent of the New York *Tribune* writes: Mr. Hayward, the last of the *raconteurs*, was there, and so were Mr. Browning, the poet, and Mr. Hare and Mr. Kendal, the actors, as well as Mr. Comyn Carr, the dramatizer of Mr. Hardy's greatly talked of "Far from the Madding Crowd." For hearty Miss Graham perhaps bore away the palm from such remarkably beautiful women as Mrs. Hare and Mrs. Moschelles. These two afford an admirable contrast. Mrs. Moschelles is blonde, *vapreux* and sentimental in appear-

ance, while Mrs. Hare is tall, dark, and strikingly handsome, with a fine figure. The last-named lady wore a frock of black satin, with gold stripes running longitudinally, which increased the effect of her outline. How strange it seems! A dozen years ago people spoke—and very had English it was—of a lady's "dress." Then we all called it a "gown"; but now it is never called anything but a "frock." This kind of thing is not so unimportant as it may seem. In this country any variation from the current language of the day is instantly voted "vulgar"—a word which kills. Before all and everything it is essential to have "trippingly on the tongue" the current phrases of the day and the current pronunciation of the same.

Theatre and circus parties are more numerous and popular than ever, says the New York *Sun*. The Thalia Theatre, in the Bowery, has been latterly the favorite resort for young New York, the sweet music of Strauss's operas making an excellent accompaniment for whispered nothings and flirtations in the early stages of developed possibilities. Only the whispers too often have been noisy chattering, which, in a place of public amusement, are both proofs of ill-breeding and an outrage upon the rights of the rest of the audience. Our German fellow-citizens have had good cause to complain of the behavior of many recent American visitors to the Thalia, and, if they had been so disposed, might have retaliated in a very disagreeable way.

A Paris correspondent says: "M. Baudry is hard at work on his ceiling for the drawing-room of Mr. William K. Vanderbilt's New York house on Fifth Avenue, which, as report says, will surpass in elegance and artistic beauty of decoration even that of the elder millionaire. It is a circular composition representing the marriage of Cupid and Psyche. The young God of Love folds the delicate white-robed form of his youthful bride in his arms and imprints on her brow a fervent kiss, while at one side stands a tiny elf holding the bridegroom's disused bow behind him, and looking laughingly on the pair. The allegory is very graceful and charming—Love throws aside his weapons when the beloved is won. Around the remainder of the circle are grouped the chief gods and goddesses of high Olympus; 'Uper sits in state, and Juno, with her peacock beside her, contemplates the newly wedded pair; Vulcan sleeps, with his hammer dropping from his listless hand, and Venus glances over her shoulder at Mars. M. Baudry has just sketched out a composition for a second ceiling. The design is wonderfully vigorous and original. It represents the Goddess of Night, not the earthly Diana, but the radiant and celestial Phoebe. Seated in a graceful and queenly attitude on the terrestrial globe, she points upwards with one extended arm, and on the tip of her finger so upraised is poised the full moon. A winged elf hovering in one corner veils his eyes from the planet's dazzling lustre. Beneath the globe that forms the throne for the goddess, and on which America is delineated, lies asleep the God of Day, with his extinguished torch beside him."

Speaking of the fascinating Lord Granville, a London correspondent says: "When I was a young man coming home from Germany and German education, I discovered that the most fashionable of all things was to pronounce one's 'r's' down in the throat, after the German and French manner. The most agreeable man of his day, charming in every way, is 'Pussy,' otherwise Lord Granville. 'Pussy's' r's are very low in the throat—genuine guttural sounds, but harmonious and pleasant. The sound is entirely different from that emitted by idiots, such as young Oxford curates and the like, who say 'vewy' instead of 'very.' It is nearer like 'vehrhy,' so far as it is possible to put it upon paper. The Prince of Wales and all his brothers have this German accent in perfection. 'Vehrhhy good' is the expression one hears very frequently from the heir-apparent. To-morrow becomes 'to-morrhrow,' and the world here affects this German guttural just now."

Mrs. John Jacob Astor has the finest fan in New York. Diamonds, circles, and dots of various sizes are embroidered in bright-colored silks on dark hosiery for young girls.—The Prince and Princess of Wales have, during the last two months or so, visited every theatre in London, and at those houses where there has been a change of performance, they have been more than once.—Bouquets and garlands of showy artificial flowers and large bows of ribbon ornament the tops of carriage and coaching parasols.—The New York *Mail and Express* is responsible for saying that young aesthetes, who circulate in society without their keepers, now hang their hair and keep it in place with handoline. In this part of the world young men who are not aesthetes have their "front" locks curled with irons by their hairdressers, and say nothing about it.—The heir to the dukedom of Wellington was very quietly married last month at the house of his brother-in-law, Colonel Owen Williams, M. P. The future duchess comes of a very fast lot. Her sisters are the notorious Lady Aylesford (who could not get a divorce on account of collusion for that end with her husband), Lady Charles Ker, and Lady Dangan, wife of the eldest son of Earl Cowley, who also is a Wellesley.—Long stocking mitts will be much worn with light costumes in midsummer.—Lord Rosebery is at the top of the wave. Lansdowne House, his present London residence, is the scene of a succession of festivities, and when he wishes for change he has Durdans, his delightful racing box at Epsom; Montmore, his wife's magnificent home in Buckinghamshire, and his own charming seat, Dalmeny, near Edinburgh. He now has an heir a few weeks old.—Bridesmaids are now arranged in two lines, not in pairs or threes, during the ceremony, in order that their toilets can be thoroughly inspected by the audience assembled.—Among the growing innovations in modern fashions is the wearing of velvet in all seasons, not excepting midsummer.—A London hairdresser announces a new æsthetic color for the hair, supplied by a glittering red bronze powder, which imparts the fashionable golden red or Titian red shade. He also offers to supply a perfectly natural-looking pair of eyebrows at twenty-one shillings a pair.—Mahogany color is the rival of terra cotta and copper.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"Money Making for Ladies," by Ella Rodman Church, gives many valuable hints concerning the numerous ways in which women—or, as the author puts it, "ladies"—of different grades of intelligence may earn funds for the family treasury, or gain their own livelihood. The book possesses the rare merit of common sense. The author states in the beginning that most of the popular roads to money-making are crowded with competitors; but she immediately proceeds to show how a woman may cleave her way through the crowd, and reach the front ranks. The boarding-house question, house-keepers' opportunities, needle-work, teaching, literature, art industries, gardening, poultry, and many other branches are discussed successively and with ability. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft.

Frederick Martin's "Statesman's Year Book" for 1882 is just out. For nearly a score of years this annual has served as one of the most valuable of reference books. It contains, in plain and condensed form, the statistics of population, government, commerce, and industries of every important country in the world. Beginning with the government of each state or empire, a list, and generally a brief history of each of its members is given. Following this comes a list of its revenues, and their source, together with the budget of enumerated expenditures. After these are census, railway, mining, trade, and army reports, beside many other valuable statistics. This book is almost indispensable for reference use, and is the result of all the latest and most accurate reports. Published and for sale by Macmillan & Co., London and New York.

Announcements: "The Prince of Wales's Garden Party" is the title of a new novel by Mrs. J. H. Riddell. The next volumes in Henry Holt & Co.'s series of "Lives of American Worthies" are R. J. Burdette's "William Penn," G. T. Lannigan's "Andrew Jackson," and John Habberton's "George Washington." The late Nathan Clifford, Justice of the Supreme Court, spent many hours in relating to his son incidents in his life. These incidents with other material the younger Clifford is now using in the preparation of a biography of his father. Mrs. John Wilson Croker having died not long ago, her husband's valuable collection of papers, letters, etc., is being prepared for publication. This probably means a considerable addition to the flood of bitterness which this slashing reviewer, "Croko," as George IV. used to call him, bestowed upon a grateful world.

Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's "Atlantis" is an encyclopædia of fact and fiction for any one interested in reading up on the subject of that fabled continent. If there was ever invented any romance or pleasant myth concerning ancient races, Mr. Donnelly has secured and tacked it into his interesting scrap-book. Fancy is made to do service for fact, and legends masquerade for history on every other page. Every discovery of modern archaeologists is moulded by the facile imagination of the author into proof positive of his theory. The stone-drawings of tapers found in Central American ruins Mr. Donnelly calls pictured elephants, and so with unnumbered other things. This book, nevertheless, possesses the fascination of the most attractive novel, and a perusal of its pages will not only prove instructive to the uninitiated, but intensely interesting. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft.

"Laide: A Fascinating Woman," is by the great French political genius among women—Madame Edmond Adam. This is, we believe, one of the few novels that Madame Adam has ever written. Her time is generally entirely consumed by her editorial work on *La Nouvelle Revue*. "Laide" is said to be the author's own history. Its main incident is the vivid description of an attempt at suicide by one of the characters. Madame Adam's forte lies more in political leaders, however, than in story-writing, and her powers are not displayed to much advantage in the realm of fiction. The translator, in a slight sketch at the beginning, states that the author was invited to St. Petersburg in January of this year by the Russian Czarina. We think that this is a mistake. Madame Adam did go, and is now in Russia. But the openly displayed slights put upon her by royalty at the Russian capital seem to show that the trip was a project of the lady herself. Published by T. B. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia; for sale by Bancroft; price, seventy-five cents.

Miscellany: That much talked-of novel, "Cape Cod Folks," has reached its eleventh edition.—Only one thousand copies of Mrs. Amory's "Life of Copley" were printed, and as it promises to become a rare book, the price has already advanced from three to four dollars.—Longfellow was once asked whether Paul Fleming, in "Hyperion," was a character drawn from life. He paused a full half minute, then answered: "He was what I thought I might have been; but I never." He shaded his face with one hand, and did not complete the sentence.—Perhaps it is not generally remembered that not only was "Evangeline" published in England in the same year as Tennyson's "Princess," but of the two the American poem was the most read and talked about there.—The Russian novelist, Tolstoy, has lately written a story so pathetic that as he read it aloud to some friends he himself shed tears.—The letters of Benjamin Constant to Madame Récamier, which have just been published in Paris, are full of frantic sentimentality.

"The Northeast Passage to India," by Baron A. E. Nordenskjöld, is the chronicle of the voyage of the ship *Vega* round Asia and Europe. This volume is the most complete history of an Arctic journey ever published. Not only is the narrative of the expedition given, but also reviews of all other expeditions which were ever known to be made to the localities treated of. The entire course of the *Vega* was thoroughly mapped out before starting. Every stage of the way was thoroughly discussed, and submitted to the King of Sweden. Even the accident which detained them for many months in the ice was calculated upon, and forestalled by complete preparations for wintering in the frozen region. The volume is filled with excellent maps and engravings. The queer old charts of the sixteenth century explorers are carefully presented, together with many illustrations from their writings. The account is told in a simple and direct manner. Much interesting scientific information is presented, and the various phenomena observed are carefully described. The *Vega*, on her trip down the eastern coast of Asia, visited China, Japan, and India; all of which are presented in the narrative. Published by Macmillan & Co., London and New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$6.

In the *North American Review* for May, Carl Schurz treats of "Party Schisms and Future Problems." "Days with Longfellow" is by Samuel Ward. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps furnishes an article entitled "What Does Revelation Reveal?" Lieutenant-Commander Gorringer writes of "The Navy." W. H. Mallock, the well-known English essayist, in the first of a series of "Conversations with a Solitary," very ingeniously contrives to put the advocates of democracy and modern progress on the defensive. Finally, Gail Hamilton contributes a paper, "The Spent Bullet," on the Garfield-Guiteau tragedy.—The *Atlantic* for May contains a poem by Longfellow hitherto unpublished; the opening chapters of Hardy's new serial, "Two on a Tower"; and the third of the striking papers entitled, "Studies in the South," together with the usual miscellany.—*Scribner's* for May is remarkable for the large amount of verse it contains, most of which is good; Archibald Forbes has an interesting paper on his lecturing experiences; and Richard Grant White continues his opera reminiscences.—*Harper's* for May gives the second paper of George P. Lothrop's "Spanish Vistas," a delightful review of "Music and Musicians in Austria," Edmund C. Stedman's long-promised "Some London Poets," and the first chapters of William Black's promising "Shandon Bells."—*Macmillan's Magazine* for April contains the continuation of Julian Hawthorne's "Fortune's Fool," an article on "Queen Elizabeth at Hatfield," "Rational Dress Reform," by Lady Harborton; a charming poem, "Adrift," by May Probyn; a sketch of "James and John Stuart Mill," by J. S. Stuart-Glennie, and a little story modelled after the famous "Battle of Dorking," called "The Story of the Channel Tunnel." This story has already created much sensation in London.



## THE "JUDAS ISCARIOT."

An Account of the Last Cruise that Celebrated Schooner Made.

"She formerly showed the name *Flying Sprite* on her stern mouldin'," said Captain Trumbull Cram, "but I had that gouged out and planed off, and *Judas Iscariot* in gilt sot ther instid."

"That was an extraordinary name," said I.

"Storrmory craft," replied the captain, as he absorbed another inch and a half of niggerhead. "I'm neither a profane man or an irreverend; but sink my jig if I don't believe the sperrit of Judas possessed that schooner."

I ventured to inquire in what manner this vessel had manifested its depravity. The narrative which I heard told of a demon of treachery with three masts and a jibboom.

The *Flying Sprite* was the first three-master ever built at Newagen, and the last. People shook their heads over the experiment. "No good can come of sech a critter," they said. "It's contrary to natur. Two masts is masts enough." The *Flying Sprite* began its career of hase improbity at the very moment of its hirth. Instead of launching decently into the element for which it was designed, the three-masted schooner slumped through the ways into the mud, and stuck there for three weeks, causing great expense to the owners, of whom Captain Trumbull Cram was one to the extent of an undivided third. The oracles of Newagen were confirmed in their forebodings. "Two masts is masts enough," they said; "the third is the devil's hitchin'-post."

On the first voyage of the *Flying Sprite*, Captain Cram started her for Philadelphia, loaded with ice belonging to himself and Lawyer Swanton; cargo uninsured. Ice was worth six dollars a ton in Philadelphia; this particular ice had cost Captain Cram and Lawyer Swanton eighty-five cents a ton including sawdust. They were happy over the prospect. The *Flying Sprite* cleared the port in beautiful shape, and then suddenly and silently went to the bottom in Fiddler's Reach, in eleven feet of salt water. It required only six days to float her and pump her out, but owing to a certain incompatibility between ice and salt water, the salvage consisted exclusively of sawdust.

On her next trip the schooner carried a deck load of lumber from the St. Croix River. It was in some sense a consecrated cargo, for the lumber was intended for the new Baptist meeting-house in southern New Jersey. If the prayerful hope of the navigators, combined with the prayerful expectations of the consignees had availed, this voyage, at least, would have been successfully made. But about sixty miles southeast of Nantucket the *Flying Sprite* encountered a mild September gale. She ought to have weathered it with perfect ease, but she behaved so abominably that the church timber was scattered over the surface of the Atlantic Ocean from about latitude 40° 15' to about latitude 43° 50'. A month or two later she contrived to go on her beam ends under a gentle land breeze, dumping a lot of expensively carved granite from the Fox Island quarries into a deep hole in Long Island Sound. On the very next trip she turned deliberately out of her course in order to smash into the starboard how of a Norwegian brig, and was consequently libeled for heavy damages.

It was after a few experiences of this sort that Captain Cram erased the old name from the schooner's stern, and from her quarter, and substituted that of *Judas Iscariot*. She seemed animate with the spirit of purposeless malice, of malignant perfidy. She was a floating tub of cussedness.

A board of nautical experts sat upon the *Judas Iscariot*, but could find nothing the matter with her, physically. The lines of her hull were all right, she was properly planked, and ceiled, and calked, her spars were of good Oregon pine, she was rigged taut and trustworthy, and her canvas had been cut and stitched by a God-fearing sailmaker. Yet she always did the unexpected thing, except when bad behavior was expected of her on general principles. If the idea was to luff, she would invariably fall off; if to jibe, she would come round dead in the wind, and hang there like Mohammed's coffin. Sending a man to haul the jib sheet to windward was sending a man on a forlorn hope; the jib habitually picked up the venturesome navigator, and, after shaking him viciously in the air for a second or two, tossed him overboard. A boom never crossed the deck without breaking somebody's head. Start on whatever course she might, the schooner was certain to run, before long, into one of three things, namely, some other vessel, a fog-bank, or the bottom. From the day on which she was launched her scent for a good, sticky mud bottom was unerring. In the clearest weather fog followed and enveloped her as misfortune followed wickedness. Her presence on the banks was enough to drive every codfish to the coast of Ireland. The mackerel and porgies were always where the *Judas Iscariot* was not. It was impossible to circumvent the schooner's fixed purpose to ruin everybody who chartered her. If chartered to carry a deck load, she spilled it; if loaded between decks, she dived and spoiled the cargo. In short, the *Judas Iscariot* was known from Marblehead to the Bay of Chaleur as the consummate schooneration of malevolence, turpitude, and treachery.

Nearly at the end of a season, when the wretched craft had been even more unprofitable than usual, a conference of the owners was held in the Congregational vestry one evening, after the monthly missionary meeting. No outsider knows exactly what happened. On the forenoon of the next Friday there was a general suspension of business at Newagen. The *Judas Iscariot*, with her deck scoured and her spars scraped till they shone in the sun like yellow amber, lay at the wharf by Captain Cram's fish-house. This time her cargo was an extraordinary one. It consisted of nearly a quarter of a mile of stone-wall from the boundaries of the captain's shore pasture. "I calklet," remarked the commander of the *Judas Iscariot*, as he saw the last hoilder disappearing down the main hatch, "thar's nigh two hundred'n fifty ton of stone-fence aboard that schooner."

Conjecture was wasted over this unnecessary amount of hallast. The owners of the *Judas Iscariot* stood up well under the consolidated wit of the village; they returned witticism for witticism, and kept their secret. "Ef you must know, I'll tell ye," said the captain. "I hear thar's a stone-wall famine over Machias way. I'm going to take mine over'n peddle it out by the yard." On this fine sunny Friday

morning, while the luckless schooner lay on one side of the wharf, looking as bright, and trim, and prosperous as if she were the best-paying maritime investment in the world, the tug *Pug* of Portland lay under the other side, with steam up. She had come down the night before in response to a telegram from the owners of the *Judas Iscariot*. A good land breeze was blowing, with the promise of freshening as the day grew older.

At half-past seven o'clock the schooner put off from the landing, carrying not only the captain's pasture wall, but also a large number of his neighbors and friends, including some of the solidest citizens of Newagen. Curiosity was stronger than fear. "You know what the critter air," the captain had said, in reply to numerous applications for passage. "Ef you're a mind to resk her antics, come along, an' welcome." Never had the *Judas Iscariot* carried such a load. She seemed suddenly struck with a sense of decency and responsibility, for she came around into the wind without halking, dived her nose playfully into the hrine, and skipped off on the short hitch to clear Tumbler Island, all in the most proper fashion. The *Pug* steamed after her.

The crowd on the wharf and the boys in the small boats cheered this unexpectedly orthodox behavior, and they now saw for the first time that Captain Cram had painted on the side of the vessel in conspicuous white letters, each three or four feet long, the following legend:

THIS IS THE SCHOONER JUDAS ISCARIOT.

N. B.—GIVE HER A WIDE BERTH!!

Hour after hour the schooner bounded along before the northwest wind, holding to her course as straight as an arrow. The weather continued fine. Every time the captain threw the log he looked more perplexed. Eight, nine, nine-and-a-half knots! He shook his head as he whispered to Deacon Plympton: "She's medittatin' mischief o' some natur' or other." But the *Judas* led the *Puga* wonderful chase, and by half-past two in the afternoon, and before the demijohn which Andrew Jackson's son Tobias had smuggled on board was three-quarters empty, and before Lawyer Swanton had more than three-quarters finished his celebrated story about Governor Purington's cork leg, the schooner and the tug were between fifty and sixty miles from land.

Suddenly Captain Cram gave a grunt of intelligence. He pointed ahead, where a blue line just above the horizon marked a distant fog-bank. "She smelt it, an' she run for it," he remarked sententiously. "Time for business."

Then ensued a singular ceremony. First Captain Cram brought the schooner to, and transferred all his passengers to the tug. The wind had shifted to the southeast, and the fog was rapidly approaching. The sails of the *Judas Iscariot* flapped as she lay head to the wind; her bows rose and fell gently under the influence of the long swell. The *Pug* hobbled up and down half a hawser's length away.

Having put his guests and crew aboard the tug, Captain Cram proceeded to make everything ship-shape on the decks of the schooner. He neatly coiled a loose end of rope that had been left in a snarl. He even picked up and threw overboard the stopper of Andrew Jackson's son Tobias's demijohn. His face wore an expression of unusual solemnity. The people on the tug watched his movements eagerly but silently. Next he tied one end of a short rope to the wheel, and attached the other end loosely, by means of a running howline, to a cleat upon the rail. Then he was seen to take up an ax, and to disappear down the companionway. Those on the tug distinctly heard several crashing blows. In a moment the captain reappeared on deck, walked deliberately to the wheel, brought the schooner around so that her sails filled, pulled the running howline taut, and fastened the rope with several half hitches around the cleat, thus lashing the helm, jumped into a dory, and sculled over to the tug.

Left entirely to herself, the schooner rolled once or twice, tossed a few hucketsful of water over her dancing bows, and started off toward the South Atlantic. But Captain Trumbull Cram, standing on the how of the tugboat, raised his hand to command silence, and pronounced the following farewell speech, being sentence, death warrant, and funeral oration, all in one:

"I ain't advancin' no theory to 'count for her cussedness. You all know the *Judas*. Mehhe thar was too much fore an' aft to her. Mehhe the icknery of a vessel's in the fore an' aft, and the virtue in the squar' riggerin'. Mehhe two masts was masts enough. Let that go; bygoness is bygoness. There's a hole, good two foot acrost, stove in her helly, and unless— Oh, yer makin' straight for the fog, are ye? Well, it's your last fog bank. The bottom of the sea's the fust port you'll fetch, you critter, you! Git, and he d—d to ye!"

Meanwhile, the fog had shut in around the tug, and the *Judas Iscariot* was lost to view. The tug was put about and headed for home. The damp wind chilled everybody through and through. Little was said. The contents of the demijohn had long been exhausted. From a distance to the south was heard at intervals the hoarse whistling of an ocean steamer.

"I hope that feller's well underwrit," said the captain, grimly, "for the *Judas* 'll never go down afore she's sarched him out'n sunk him."

\* \* \* \* \*

"And was the ahandoned schooner ever heard of?" I asked, when my informant had reached this point in the narrative.

The captain took me by the arm, and led me out of the grocery store down to the rocks. Across the mouth of the small cove back of his house, hocking the entrance to his wharf and fishhouse, was stretched a skeleton wreck.

"Thar she lays," he said, pointing to the blackened ribs. "That's the *Judas*. Did yer suppose she'd sink in deep water, where she could do no more damage? No, sir; not if all the rocks on the coast of Maine was piled onto her, and her hull bottom knocked clean out. She come home to roost. She come sixty miles in the teeth of the wind. When the tug got back next mornin' thar lay the *Judas Iscariot* acrost my cove, with her jibboom stuck through my kitchen winder. I say schooners has souls."—*New York Sun*.

## AMERICANS IN EUROPE.

A British Analysis of Our Peripatetic Fellow-Countrymen.

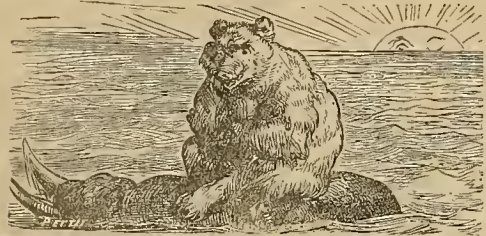
The Americans in Europe, says the *Saturday Review*, may be roughly divided into three classes. First come the cultivated and æsthetic few, of the type that the late Mr. Longfellow glorified in his "Hyperion," and that Mr. James loves to elaborate in a series of novels which would seem more artistic were they less monotonous. Then follows the far more considerable body who are refined in manners rather than in intellect; and who, settling chiefly in France, although sometimes in Italy, chameleon-like, take the colors of the people they live among. Finally we have the grand rush of the tribes of the Philistines, or tourists proper, who might, of course, be subdivided indefinitely, but who, nevertheless, have their most characteristic features in common. The cultivated American, when he does not carry æstheticism to excess and imitate the morbid eccentricities of the feminine-minded English philanderer, is one of the most agreeable and entertaining traveling companions. It is a godsend when the solitary English tourist stumbles upon him in one of those out-of-the-way towns which are the relics of the Middle Ages and the favorite resorts of Mr. James's heroines. He is a man of the world, yet something of a dreamer, with a great deal of the student. He seems to steep his soul at the shortest notice in the characteristic spirit of the place; yet he regards objects and their associations from the original standpoint of one who has been bred in a new country, and braced by habitual contact with the practical. He is well, if somewhat superficially, read, and he has dreamed and speculated with thoughtful interest on the arts which he has mastered theoretically, if not mechanically. And withal he generally shows a certain modesty of thought which is far from being a conspicuous feature of the national character, as of one who feels himself treading unfamiliar ground, and is groping his way cautiously to conclusions. In short, the cultivated American, when he is free from one absorbing taste, is generally an excellent fellow and a capital comrade. The American likes the habits of the French, and flatters himself that he rather shines in the salons; but what he respects in the Englishman is his knowledge of horseflesh, and his hereditary firmness in the saddle. The only time when, as a rule, he cares to face the fogs and damp of our island is on the eve of one of the great summer race meetings, especially if American colors are likely to run forward. The spring meetings are somewhat too thoroughly professional for his tastes; and even the luxuries and good company of the Langham can scarcely tempt him to risk the probable inclemency of the weather. Even in a hotel he can not help being hospitable; and he would rather any day entertain an old acquaintance than accept that acquaintance's invitation to potluck. The genial back-settlement fashion of standing drinks to everybody all round at the bar has developed in him into the art or instinct of dinner-giving. In his own home and at his own round table he is seen in his glory. He is seldom or never guilty of those dreary state banquets which have the solemnity and chill profusion of funeral feasts; and we need hardly say that he holds aloof from those public entertainments, with their interminable "orating," which come off periodically in Paris at the Grand or the Continental Hotel. He is no public speaker, although he is a pleasant talker. He assorts his snug little parties of six or eight, thoughtfully mixing the materials according to his knowledge of men and women. His wife and her female friends are as carefully dressed as the table is gracefully decorated. Both in the toilets and the table ornaments there is much quiet richness, but neither garish display nor glaring inconsistencies of color. He knows he can trust his cook as himself, so he can spare all his thoughts from his company. From the oysters of Ostend or Marennes to the dessert there is nothing superfluous in the menu; and as for the wines, which he has carefully selected himself, they harmonize to perfection with the successive courses. We have left the ordinary American tourist to the last, because, unfortunately, we all know him only too well, and consequently there is little to be said of him. The solitary male is perhaps the least obnoxious of the species; and, moreover, should he throw a dark shadow across your path, you may comfort yourself by reflecting that you will quickly lose sight of him. Yet, to a feeling heart there is something inexpressibly sad in meditating on that self-imposed over-exertion. There he goes, like the latter-day Wandering Jew. He rises early, snatching his sleep like his meals; he is always toiling at the heels of guides, or in the custody of uncompromising *laquais de place*. Yet you know he will never come up with the phantoms he is chasing; and that, for any practical benefit he is likely to get in the way of improving his fallow intelligence, he might as well do his touring leisurely and luxuriously among rocking-chairs, spittoons, and the New York journals. We pity the solitary and sinewy misanthrope who seems to be toiling after the secret of perpetual motion; but our feelings toward the overgrown American family parties are of a very different nature. Year after year, and especially in the Swiss mountains in the fine season, the fashion of accumulating sundry moderate-sized households into a single monstrous agglomeration seems to be growing. It is no light matter coming in contact with one of these at the mountain inn which you have hitherto associated with ideas of peace and comfort. One of the confederated fathers has struck oil; another may have lighted on his legs in a rich silver mine in Nevada; while a third and fourth have done powerful strokes of business in pork or corn in Cincinnati or Chicago. Wealth draws kindly to wealth, and doubtless they are become the best friends in the world; but they talk against each other, and they spend against each other, and they compare notes as to their respective dyspepsias; and the wives and daughters dress and screech against each other. The girls are all shrill-voiced and physically flighty; while the matrons are asthmatic and portentously heavy. The wooden staircases creak under the forms of scuttling maidens and the ponderous feet of their parents; the giggling of affectionate young women is to be heard at all hours resounding through flimsy partitions of lath and shingle; and you fly from your once-loved retreat as from a pandemonium, to face the certainty of similar afflictions elsewhere.



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## THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

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An intelligent Democrat met the writer the other day, and with sly sarcasm asked whether he thought he could come around gracefully before election day and support the Republican ticket, and whether it would be an easy task to explain away all his harsh utterances against the party leaders. We assured our Democratic office-holding friend from the South that if it became necessary, and the facts justified it, we thought it quite probable that our genius would enable us to accomplish even that difficult exploit. The Republican party has had an honorable career. It has accomplished patriotic results. It has leaders of intellectual capacity and great moral worth. It has a rank and file which embrace a majority of the best men of the nation, and it is destined to great future usefulness. It does not drop to pieces when leaders desert and dishonor it; it does not dissolve when these leaders become strong enough to violate a great principle. It is not destroyed when thieves break through and steal. It is only disturbed, and not ruined, when vanity and ambition control its councils, and when avarice, fraud, and accident obtain control of the executive office. Its strength lies in its general honesty of purpose, its high patriotism, its intelligence, and in its unselfish devotion to the country, as embodied in the great, thinking, earnest, and honest mass of citizens who compose its working force. Having saved the life of the nation, and preserved the union of States, it is not distrustful of its ability to successfully administer the government of the country. It achieved victory in the civil war in spite of the incapacity of its early military leaders, in spite of political blunders, and in spite of the thieves that swarmed around its armies, and the spies who endeavored to betray it. The Republican party outlived the treason of Johnson, and the mistakes and crimes of Grant. It survived Hayes, and it is possible that it may endure the accident of Arthur. The best service that an honest man can render his party is to expose its crimes and blunders; to attempt to correct its mistakes; to rebuke by outspoken words the efforts of its leaders to betray it, and to denounce with honest indignation the attempts of those whom it has placed in authority whenever they endeavor to depart from the guidance of the principles which underlie it. The Republican party will never deserve to die until there is a better party to take its place. The rank and file will never desert its standard until the flag is seized by worthier hands, who will bear it onward to more glorious victories. The rank and file may displace the incompetent and treacherous leaders, reduce them to the ranks, and tear the epaulets from their shoulders; it may drive them out of the party in shame and disgrace, or imprison them with ball and chain; but it need not go over to the combined Rebel and Irish Democracy to find statesmen to lead in council or patriots to hold office. Its soldiers need not go beyond their own ranks to find honest men competent

to serve them, and they will not go to the Democratic party in this city or in this State until it is demonstrated that that party has come under the influence and control of respectable citizens. Not so long as its office-holders are hatched in the fermenting dunghill of the slums; not so long as an irresponsible mob of foreigners dictate its policy; and not so long as its rightful leaders lack the moral courage to stand up and resolutely endeavor to direct its organization in the interest of good government will Republicans join the Democratic party.

The Republican party on this coast is, by the conduct of its representative men at the East, placed in a most critical position; for we can not deny, and it is in vain to attempt to conceal the fact, that upon the Chinese question they are deliberately endeavoring to avoid legislation restrictive of Chinese immigration. To say that skilled laborers may come is to break down the only barrier that can be raised to prevent an unlimited invasion. There is no possible mode of determining whether the immigrant arriving belongs to the artisan or laboring class. After his arrival there is no practical way of getting rid of him. To refuse to pass an act denying him the privilege of citizenship is to affirmatively declare that the question is an open one. If Mr. Edmunds and his associates in the Senate shall eliminate this clause from the bill, it is equivalent to the deliberate declaration of the party that at some future time, and under certain possible conditions, it will offer to the Chinese the ballot. Mr. Hoar has openly declared himself in favor of this step, and it is no longer a secret that at the East, especially in New England, a large portion of the Republican party look to this expedient as a solution of the Chinese problem upon this coast. The argument is openly made by prominent Republican leaders in this wise, and is being reproduced in party journals: "The Pacific States can no longer be relied upon for Republican majorities; but let us give the elective privilege to Chinamen, and we at once secure their votes for the Republican party." To do this is to reproduce the history of negro enfranchisement. The Republican party, as a measure of political necessity, unwisely gave the ballot to the emancipated slave; unwisely, because through ignorance he was unfitted for its use. The result was a temporary party triumph in the Southern States. It led, through debt and blood, to a short-lived party supremacy, which only endured while it was under the protecting shadow of bayonets. This triumph was followed by a reaction, and Southern white men did not yield the struggle till they had made the negro subservient to them. We will not pursue the parallel any further in this argument than simply to say that we upon this coast will never, so long as we live, submit to this indignity. No Chinaman shall come to our polls. To allow this act is to yield our State to the Mongolian; it is to yield our liberties, our civilization, our property, and our lives to an incursion of barbarians who will ultimately occupy our land. Rather than submit, we will offer our lives in armed resistance. Rather than submit, we will invite civil war, and welcome the horrors that shall result from an heroic endeavor to defy the army and navy of the United States. Rather than submit, we would welcome conflagration to our city and ruin to our State. Rather than submit, we will welcome here, in the streets of our city, a bloody struggle, upon the results of which shall depend the question whether the Mongolians or Caucasians shall occupy it. If the Republican party in the Senate of the United States; if senators Hoar and Edmunds, and the President, are the representatives and exponents of the popular opinion of that party, there will be, as a matter of course, no Republican party upon the Pacific Coast. We shall be driven to the opposition as a necessity, and when the time comes that we go over to the Democracy, we will go *en masse*, and in such overwhelming numbers, and with such irresistible force that we will capture and control it. In alliance with its respectable leaders, and its intelligent and honest rank and file, we will present to the Republicans of New England, and those who choose to follow them in their effort to assassinate liberty upon this coast, an unbroken front. This political effort will precede any endeavor on our part to protect ourselves by measures outside the law. Resistance to the law will come only as the final act of despair. But it will come as certain as God rules if we fail to find a legal remedy. There is not an intelligent Republican in California who does not hope that he may be spared the necessity of armed resistance to the law, or organized opposition to the Republican party. We look to the East, and appeal to the great body of sensible Republicans to see to it that their leaders carry out their pledges to us in good faith. We say to the leaders that we upon the Pacific Coast regard this Chinese question as one of paramount importance to us. In comparison with it the Republican party is of no importance. We beg also to remind the party leaders that while this question is ours to-day, it may be theirs to-morrow. The Rocky Mountains are no barrier to the spread of opinions. We would remind our Christian friends at the East, that for every Chinaman who on this continent, for thirty years past, has made the hypocritical profession of religion, and who in church and Sunday-school has been taught in pigeon-

English to mouth the name of Jesus, and in the jargon of his heathen gibberish to profess the name of God, a hundred boys have been ruined by idleness, opium, gambling, and lewd women. For every Chinaman that Saint Peter has kicked away from the gates of heaven to the bottomless pit for his vile hypocrisy, a hundred girls have gone to hell from a hell on earth. To come back to the point from which we started, and in answer to our sarcastic Democratic friend, we say: "We desire to support the Republican party. We are anxious that no harm shall come to it. We think its leaders at the East have betrayed and injured it. We hope they will be found to be in the minority. We hope the Chinese bill, with all its provisions as it passed the House of Representatives, will pass the Senate. We hope the President will sign the bill, and that it will become a law. We will then endeavor to make the best of a bad mess. We will endeavor to think as well of the Republican party as it deserves." And it will deserve well of the country and the people if it has the power and the will to resist the influence of its selfish rich men, and the ignorant sentimentality of those Eastern paroxysmal sanctity sharps, running at the nose in sympathy for a race that sells women for harlots and murders female babes.

We have always found it impossible to discuss the Chinese question with certain classes of persons. First, the good, pious, Christian man or woman who says that the earth is God's and the fullness thereof; that He gave it as an inheritance to all His children; that the Chinese are His children, and therefore they have the same right here that we have, and if we can not compete with them, then we must die—and of course be damned; and that if we are not willing to enter into the competition, then we had better leave the country. Second, those other good and pious Christian men and women who, inspired by the missionary spirit, say the Chinese have souls to save, and their coming to this country gives us Christians an opportunity of saving them, and one soul saved from hell is worth more than all the world beside, and hence the Chinese must be permitted to come. Third, those who wrap the American flag around them, and, drunk with the traditions of our early history, declare that all men are free and equal; that expatriation is a natural right; that America is the home of the oppressed, the asylum of the persecuted, the free-lunch counter of the world's hungry, the haystack, where all the tramping bums of earth may steal in and sleep. Fourth, those profound political economists who think cheap labor the solution of society's most serious problem; who compare the Chinaman to the labor-saving machine, and declare that if a day's earning is sent out of the country its full equivalent in labor is left. Fifth, the man who so hates the Irish and the Catholic Church as to blind him to the folly and idiocy of declaring that he likes the Chinaman better than the Irishman, and that the danger to American institutions is less from Chinese invasion than from the supremacy of the Roman Church, and who, to the argument that the Chinese send their earnings out of the country, replies "So did the Irish." Sixth, the class who say, in reply to the argument of homogeneity, that they do not become citizens, and do not bring their families to the country, and can not be charged with the responsibilities and duties of citizenship: "We are glad of it; don't want them to become citizens; too many foreign politicians now. It is a relief to have a class of men among us who are willing to work, and who do not desire to vote or hold office." This class declare that the Chinese are our best immigrants, "as they are the only class who mind their own business, and do not want to control us." Seventh, the business man who looks upon the Chinese as he does upon horses, as Southern owners did upon negro slaves, and says: "I can make money out of Chinese labor. It is their right to find a market for their muscle, and it is my right to employ it. I can build railways cheaper with Chinese, and I will hire them. They pay their fare on ships, and I will import them. They make shoes and cigars cheaper than white men, and I will use them. They pay rent for my houses, and shall occupy them. They are better servants than Irish girls, and I will employ them. I look out for myself; let everybody look out for himself, and the devil take the last fellow." It is fortunate for the country that these selfish persons are in a large minority. It is fortunate for the country and for the people of California that we can truthfully assert the following facts to prove the almost universal sentiment of the people of this State upon the question of restricting Chinese immigration: At a general election in 1879 it was ordered by the Legislature that a vote be taken upon this question. One hundred and sixty-one thousand four hundred and two votes were cast, of which eight hundred and eighty three were in favor of Chinese immigration, and one hundred and fifty-four thousand six hundred and thirty-eight were cast against. This vote was absolutely conclusive of the condition of popular opinion at the time, and it is worse than idle for any one to declare that the number desiring Chinese immigration has increased. The question was at that time a burning one, and every friend of the Chinese was appealed to, that the strength of their numbers might



be shown. Many people who employ Chinese, and many who thought those in the country should not be harshly dealt with or driven out, were then, and are now, in favor of restricting any further immigration. The leading Protestant and Catholic clergy, and the respectable portion of the religious community are not divided on this question. There is not one reputable divine of any Christian denomination in San Francisco, not having business interests in connection with the Chinese, who favors their unrestricted immigration. There is not one intelligent, disinterested lawyer in California, having no Chinese clientage, and no professional business connected with them, who is not in favor of limiting their immigration. There is not a banker, merchant, manufacturer, mechanic, or business man in San Francisco—not in money-making relations with the Chinese—who does not favor the passage of a law looking to restricted immigration. There is no member of either political party, holding an independent, disinterested relation to the Chinese, who does not oppose the invasion. There is no journal in California, daily, weekly, or occasional, religious, secular, or special, that is not opposed to unrestricted Chinese immigration. There is not a thinking, intelligent, disinterested, observing man or woman, of adult years, residing in San Francisco, or who has resided here one year, who does not judge the presence of Chinese among us an evil, and who does not desire that the immigration should be restricted by law. If there are such persons, holding a responsible position in society, who will declare themselves in favor of the unrestricted immigration of Mongolians, and give intelligent reasons therefor over their own signatures, the *Argonaut* will publish their communications, and either answer their arguments or demonstrate the insincerity of the writers.

If, then, the people of California are so united in sentiment, why is not the remedy within our own control? This question, asked by Eastern men, is a pertinent one. The remedy is within our own municipal laws. The laws of health and police are sufficient to control this question. There can be no doubt but that within the exercise of our sanitary laws we have a right to throw such embarrassing restrictions around the landing of Chinese passengers as to make their importation unprofitable. There is no doubt but that, under color of police regulations, we have authority to make their residence here unendurable. The Federal laws, as interpreted by Federal judges, have stood in our way, and without going in review over the decisions of Judges Field, Sawyer, and Hoffman, one case—and the last one decided—illustrates the whole difficulty. The District-Attorney, Mr. Teare, and his assistant, Mr. Van Duzer, could not find enough proof to justify Judge Hoffman in excluding prostitutes from landing under the following circumstances: An old harlot, plying her vocation in a vile alley of our city, goes to China, and returns with a consignment of females. They are under her care. Their passage is paid by her. They are destined for her bagnio, in an alley devoted to no other occupation than the dreadful one she plies. This hag is known to the police, and when the writ of *habeas corpus* has been made to play its part, the procession of demireps, with the old Asiatic hag, marches from the Federal court-room direct to Stout's Alley. The presumption of law is in favor of female virtue, and Judge Hoffman demanded proof. Whenever this community is sufficiently in earnest, and the governor of the State has sufficient firmness to dare to do his whole duty within the law, and to take the chance of overstepping the boundary line, he will appoint for San Francisco a health board that will quarantine Chinese-passenger ships. One case of small-pox on board a ship of one thousand passengers justifies the quarantining of that ship until the last Chinaman has had the disease. Energetic effort in this direction would pile up the Chinese passenger fleet in the harbor at Sausalito, until there were no ships left for the trade. Let no cabin passengers be put on shore; let no merchandise be discharged; let no mail be landed, and this would settle the problem of profit in carrying coolies in our passenger, merchandise, and mail ships. Let the great steamship *China* lie at Sausalito for four months with her swarming crew of barbarians, and her business in transporting white persons and merchandise would be ended. If our Mayor and Board of Supervisors were in earnest, or had the intelligence to know the extent of their authority, and the nerve to exercise it, they have a power within the scope of their police authority to solve the problem of Chinese residence among us. Let them declare some one of the nasty holes a nuisance, and authorize the police force to demolish the buildings. Let them fill up the lot, and grade it with clean earth. Let them take some vile structure belonging to the Reverend Otis Gibson, the Chinese missionary, or the Reverend Albert Williams, Presbyterian clergyman, or the Right Reverend Bishop Alemany, of the Catholic Church, and make an example of it as an earnest of further demolition. Let the Supervisors take a block in the heart of Chinatown, and condemn it for a public park, to be valued by a jury, or public board, or in whatever way the law provides. Let them pull down the houses, and plant it with eucalyptus trees,

and so on, as fast as land-owners rent and Chinese occupy, till the present Chinatown is transformed into a slightly pleasure ground. Let an ordinance be passed declaring that within the line of certain streets, there shall be no market where meat, fish, and vegetables are sold. Let the Chinese gambling and opium dens, and houses of prostitution be cleaned out, closed, and kept closed. Let the cubic air ordinance be enforced by arresting every Chinaman who violates it—one thousand or ten thousand—and when convicted, let them be sentenced for the full term of the law—say one year—and placed with ball and chain in Golden Gate Park. Let them be herded, fed, and worked, corralled at night, and worked by day. Heretofore the Chinese culprit has been glad to sleep and feed in the public jail, and at the public expense. Their numbers rendered it impossible to take charge of them. Ten thousand Chinese at work on Golden Gate Park, and made to feed themselves on tea, rice, and dried vegetables, at eight cents a day, guarded by mounted police during working hours, and corralled at night, would not be found unprofitable. In the meantime every class of society should be called upon to consider this question. There is in San Francisco an order of native-born citizens, numbering some thousands—the "Patriotic Order Sons of America." Let it bring this question up for the consideration of its members. Let the Order of Free and Accepted Masons discuss this question in their lodges. This is not politics or religion, and what is Masonry good for, if, with splendid machinery, secret organization, and very large numbers, it can not lead in this direction? Let other secret orders do the same thing. Let the clergy of all denominations meet and speak to their co-religionists at the East. Let the Chamber of Commerce, the Board of Trade, and the Mechanics' Institute be heard. The Trades Union, now in session, is doing good service, and is doing it with dignity, and good sense, and good temper. And finally, when Congress shall have failed to give us a law, or the law being passed shall have been found ineffectual, or not being enforced for any reason, let there be formed in San Francisco a "Council of Safety," composed of the best citizens—those who have something to lose, and who are not afraid to risk it. Let such steps then be taken as will prevent Chinese immigration. First, let us demonstrate that we are united, and then that we are in earnest.

The number of Republican United States senators who are unwilling to declare Chinese ineligible to citizenship are twenty-six. Their names are as follows: Aldrich, Allison, Anthony, Blair, Conger, Davis of Illinois, Dawes, Frye, Hale, Harrison, Hawley, Hoar, Ingalls, Kellogg, Lapham, McDill, McMillan, Miller of New York, Morrill, Platt, Plumb, Rollins, Saunders, Thayer, Van Wyck, and Windom. Cameron of Wisconsin, Chilcot of Colorado, Jones of Nevada, and Miller of California voted to prevent Chinese naturalization. The names of Don Cameron of Pennsylvania, Logan of Illinois, John Sherman of Ohio, and Edmunds of Vermont, are conspicuously absent. They either paired or dodged. All the Democratic senators present voted to prevent Chinese naturalization. *Will not this vote be rightfully construed as evidencing the intention of the Republican party to confer the privilege of citizenship upon Asiatics?*

The Trades Assembly of the Pacific Coast has been in convention during the past week in San Francisco to consider the Chinese problem. It has resulted in a permanent organization, with Mr. George R. Morrison, of Nevada, as president. The deliberations of this convention have been characterized by dignity and moderation. The substance of their work is to declare that *unless legislative relief is afforded by Congress on or before the fourth day of next July, they will prevent the landing of Chinese immigrants upon our shore.* This means forcible resistance to the law as it now exists. It is a bold attitude to take, and will, unless carried out with firmness, moderation, and order, do more harm than good. If there is any other or better mode of solving this problem, it becomes our wise men and officials to find it out within the time fixed for popular action. When all the men who earn their bread by their labor, and all who are engaged in manufacturing and trading enterprises, declare that competition with imported Chinese labor brings to them impoverishment and degradation; that they can not survive under the struggle, and will not yield their right to exist without a fight for their lives, their families, and their homes, there has come a condition of things which prudent men must consider. We use the term "must consider" as meaning that neglect is dangerous. The incident at Martinez should not pass unheeded. This is no time for deprecatory platitudes. This is no time for meaningless resolves. And we commend the authorities of our city and State government to call into council leading men of the city and State, to consider what steps can be taken to ward off what seems to us at this writing an imminent peril. It is clearly apparent that Eastern opinion is not in accord with us upon this question. It is quite certain that it will be when sufficient time has passed to enable them to intelligently understand our position. It is quite apparent that

money and money interests control the President, the cabinet, and a majority of Republican senators. The rich men of the nation are determined that we shall have no law to prevent Chinese immigration, and we have determined that we will not submit to the immigration. This is the issue. It has culminated, and must be disposed of. Either we are to submit to a Mongolian invasion that will occupy this coast, or, in the interest of the white race, we must repel it. We desire to resist it by law. We are determined to repel it, law or no law. Our Eastern friends should understand this, and the object of holding a council of the leading men in authority and position would determine, first, whether we are united upon the primary fact of resistance, and second, whether we can agree upon a mode of accomplishing the result. Governor Perkins is the one to take the initiative in this movement.

The laws of Congress authorize the revenue officers of the port to prevent the landing of deleterious drugs. The postal authorities are authorized to arrest or destroy lewd books and pictures passing through the mails. But when paupers, diseased persons, criminals, and lewd women arrive in our port, some shyster lawyer invokes the writ of *habeas corpus* to turn them loose upon the community. The United States judges and commissioners uniformly set them free.

If the Republican party in California is really in earnest to prevent Chinese immigration, what is the evidence of that fact? We have a Republican governor and attorney-general. In San Francisco there are a Republican mayor, board of supervisors, health board, chief of police, and sheriff of the county. Ships may be quarantined, the cubic air ordinance enforced, property-owners prosecuted for renting property to Chinese prostitutes, nuisances abated, and the Chinese quarter cleaned out. Gambling and opium-smoking dens may also be broken up. All these things may be done under the law. If the authorities have made any serious and intelligent effort to enforce the laws of health and police, we have not heard of it. We have had a city government from the Sand-lot, with a Hard-Shell Baptist preacher elected on the issue. Did he do anything more than promise? Our last State administration was Democratic. Governor Irwin did nothing, and attempted nothing in this direction. Before Kallach came Bryant as mayor. Republicans, Sand-lotters, and Democrats have accomplished nothing through their parties. Their promises amount to nothing. Resolutions are all sham. If an independent political organization could be formed to give us the right man for governor and the right men for mayor, sheriff, and chief of police, this Chinese evil could be abated, and immigration arrested. It needs earnest men, who can not be frightened or purchased.

The Democratic party had for fifty years been the prominent party of this government. Substantially it had administered the affairs of the nation. It took the side of slavery, and became the apologist for it. Out of the Democratic party there came a revolt in the interest of free labor. The Northern Democratic Free Soil party was the Aaron's rod that swallowed up the Abolitionists, captured the Whig party, called itself Republican, and took the championship of free soil, free speech, and free labor. The result has become history. The Chinese question is the slavery question over again. The Republican party of New England is repeating the history of the Democratic party of the Gulf States. The Rhett, Toombs, Wigfalls, Yancies, and Davises of the South are now the Edmundses, Hoars, Windoms, Shermans, Hawleys, Logans, and Don Camerons of the North. Just so fast as human intelligence can grasp the argument, just so fast the American people are coming to the comprehension of this new problem of national life. New England, in its greed, encouraged the slave trade till slavery became a national evil, ineradicable except by a long and bloody war. New England, in its mawkish pietism and its greed for cheap labor, is endeavoring to force upon the Pacific Coast an evil similar and not less threatening than it imposed upon the South. If New England has its way the Republican party will become the party of millionaires, aristocrats, and cheap-labor lords, and the Democratic party will become the party of free labor and white civilization. The Pacific Coast States and Territories, wise through the experience of a labor conflict, will reverse the history of the rebellion, and will, in the interest of white working men and women, and in the interest of freedom and free labor, fire upon Sumter, leaving New England, New York, and the Republican party to enact the roll of the slave-holding fanatics who precipitated the civil war.

Within the past four months there came to the port of Sydney an English ship having on board four Chinese. The city authorities seized the Chinamen, placed them in jail, sent them out of the country, and fined the captain of the ship that brought them. If the authorities of an English colony can do this thing, why may not the united people of a sovereign State so legislate that Chinese laborer, coolies, and criminals can be prevented from landing.



## THE WHITE BEAR.

How a Young Russian Played a Confidence Game on his Uncle.

A wealthy Russian nobleman, while living in the retirement of his vast estates, found life intolerably dull. But like the generality of landed proprietors, he preferred the quietness of home to amusements elsewhere.

One day, while suffering from his usual ennui, his nephew, a promising young man, and a rising diplomat with fine future prospects, arrived at the castle. This nephew, who seldom visited his eccentric relative unless lacking money, displayed upon this occasion extraordinary civility and suavity of manner. After tea had been served, and while lighting their cigars, the uncle said:

"What have you come to ask for to-day?"

"Oh, uncle!" exclaimed the nephew.

"There is nothing in my question to offend, surely," replied the uncle. "I am always delighted to receive visits. You divert me, therefore I secretly bless the grievances which favor me with your society."

"Well, dear uncle, a fine opportunity offers for thanking Providence."

"Oh, if it is too fine, I shall not be at all grateful. How much?"

"Five thousand roubles, my prince of uncles."

The uncle coldly replied: "I do not bless the occasion. The visit before your last one it was five hundred, the last one it was one thousand. This progression is too rapid. You may return—dullness is preferable."

"I will next time visit you a whole week, and ask nothing."

The nephew looked so droll while uttering this speech, that the uncle could not refrain from laughing. The young man, seeing that he had gained a point, took courage, and said:

"Give me five thousand roubles, dear uncle, and I will relate to you a perfectly new story."

"What will you do, you spendthrift, with five thousand roubles?"

"I lost that amount in play; it had to be paid in twenty-four hours; a friend loaned it to me; he, however, must be paid within fifteen days."

"Well, let me hear the story; but if it is not a good one, you shall have nothing."

"Agreed, uncle; but you must pay me in advance."

The uncle went to his escritoire, and taking out a bundle of bank-notes, laid them on the table near him, at the same time striking the too eager fingers of his nephew with his teaspoon.

"If the story is good, you shall have these; if not, I shall keep them."

Sighing resignedly, the nephew sank into his easy chair, and began as follows:

There was once an excellent but rather miserly uncle, (like you). He had a charming nephew, (like me), who was a trifle fast. This uncle was very rich, but so avaricious that his nephew had never seen the color of his gifts, if a silver mug and knife and fork on his entrance into this vale of tears he expected. In twenty-five years this was insignificant, considering that the nephew had sent him game, cigars, and magazines. The uncle ate the one, smoked the others, cut the leaves of the third, thanked, and gave nothing. The nephew, hoping for an explanation, ceased his attentions. Alas! the uncle was oblivious to it all. Yet this uncle was kind and jovial, and while living luxuriantly, bestowed his hospitality upon the nephew without stint, if the young man would accept it, but gave him not a farthing. This uncle had one failing. How can I explain it to an uncle without seeming disrespect? He was—a little—well, rather stupid. He was not an ordinary uncle, for he was extraordinarily simple. His folly was known for fifty miles around, and not a landowner in the neighborhood but had played him some joke. Yet he was so good-hearted that nothing made him angry, and so honest that everything seemed true to him. Through making unavailing presents to his uncle the boy had become so poor that he resolved to regain in one effort all his expenditures, with interest. The nephew determined to make a bold stroke. So he mounted his only horse, took a small valise, and started for the city. He first entered a jeweler's establishment, then a pottery, and having at length completed his purchases, and placed them carefully in his satchel, proceeded to his uncle's. The pleasant autumnal season, a good breakfast, and an excellent cigar had put the uncle in high spirits, and disposed him to make all concessions not entirely gifts.

"What have you brought," he said, addressing his nephew, who was carefully unpacking a mass of odoriferous herbs, and a number of small packages covered with Latin names.

"What I have brought you shall know," solemnly said the young man. "Having learned a secret recently, of such magnitude that it renews the face of the world, I have come to impart it to you."

"Indeed!" said the uncle, greatly astonished.

"Yes; to-day I have brought you a wonderful gift—the sovereignty of the whole world; unlimited fortune. You can hereafter purchase the diamond mines of India, the islands of the Pacific, Africa, or even America. In a word, I have the philosopher's stone."

The uncle gazed at the nephew with open mouth; then, closing his teeth, and reflecting, said:

"You have been imposed upon, my poor friend."

Seizing the arm of his uncle, he murmured: "Uncle, I have made gold!"

"I would like to see you make it," said the uncle, hanteringly; for however credulous he might be, the idea could not be received at first.

"Nothing is easier. You have a cellar?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Gold is never made elsewhere than in cellars. Have a furnace carried down. I have a crucible, and the necessary ingredients."

"We will catch cold."

"Will you allow such childish considerations to deter you?"

"No, no; wait. I will put on a great overcoat, and over-shoes, and I entreat you to do the same."

Five minutes later, three servants, each more astonished than the other, carried into the cellar a small brick furnace, formerly used for making preserves, as well as the requisite paraphernalia of the nephew.

"Go," said the nephew, theatrically, to the servants, who went at once.

He closed the door, and opened the ventilator for the admission of air, the room being in reality a basement, and damp.

To the amazement of the uncle, the young man mixed together the herbs and the packets. Adding a little water, he put them on the fire, and while stirring the mixture with a punch- spoon, read in a low voice a nonsensical rigmarole which he had copied from I know not where. The mixture exhaled a most abominable odor. The uncle, following with his eyes the fantastic cookery, remained near the ventilator, holding his nose.

"Tis done, uncle," said the youth; "seek the precious metal for yourself," extending to him the spoon.

The uncle, at the expense of hurt fingers, having plunged his hand into the unsavory mess, brought out two or three grains of gold—gold, without doubt.

"Gold!" he cried; "bring the tester from the armory in my room."

The nephew, disappearing, returned in a moment, and the gold assayed gave the best result.

"This is strange, very strange," muttered the uncle, abstractedly. "Is it expensive?"

"Not compared with the results—it is a mere trifle."

"Where did you procure this secret? If controlled by an evil spirit I would not have wealth, which, after all, is perishable."

"An old monk confided the secret to me. He was making a pilgrimage. Resting at my house, he found me congenial, and so revealed this marvelous secret. It is necessary to prepare for this ordeal by fasting and prayer."

"But, I had my breakfast."

"And I fasted; and it was I who performed the operation."

"True."

"Well, uncle, if you would have a little collation served for me—"

"With all my heart; let us ascend."

The two alchemists locked their laboratory door, and the younger one was soon enjoying a lunch composed of the best the house afforded.

"You are willing, then, to impart to me your secret?" the uncle said, in his most caressing manner.

"Yes, dear uncle; you deserve it for your goodness to your orphan nephew."

"I have always loved you tenderly," said the miserly uncle, with emotion. "Now, give me your recipe."

"With pleasure, dear uncle; but there is a small consideration."

"What is it?"

"Twenty thousand silver roubles."

"Twenty thousand roubles!" exclaimed the uncle. "What will you do with them, since you have the power to manufacture as much gold as you please?"

"The materials cost money."

"But with the sum you want you could make a mountain of gold, since it costs so little."

"Doubtless; but I do not care to spend the next six months making gold. Why do you cavil over the possession of a secret that will make you my only rival?"

The question of money, after being a long time discussed, ended in a compromise. The nephew agreed to accept ten thousand roubles. The contract was sealed. The nephew dined with his uncle, pocketed the coin, and took his leave.

"What, are you going away?" said the uncle, dismayed. "I thought you were going to stay and help me."

"You do not need me. I have left you materials. You have the list, the proportions, and the formula, and saw how I did it. Have I forgotten anything? Fasting, you know."

"Yes, yes; he easy."

"I think, then, you know all. Adieu, dear uncle. Good luck."

His horse was brought, he mounted, and set off. But in a few moments he returned, his hair disheveled by the wind.

"Uncle," he cried, "you have not yet commenced?"

"No; you know we have but just taken lunch, and it must be while fasting."

"The Lord he praised, I am in time! What remorse would have been mine."

"Why?"

"I forgot to tell you; but there is yet time, so nothing is lost. In heaven's name remember, uncle, when you are making gold, never to think of a white bear."

"A white bear?"

"Yes; a white bear has an influence averse to the planets, and the simple evocation of his image is sufficient to prevent the combination of metals in the crucible. Then never think of that fatal bear."

"The devil take you and your white bear!" grumbled the miser. "How you terrified me. I would no more have thought of it than of hanging myself. Why did you fancy I would think of a white bear?"

"There is no knowing, the chances are so great. You are forewarned. Now I will return."

He went without delay, and did not reappear in the neighborhood for five years. After that time, thinking there was no danger, he ventured to return home. At a neighboring friend's he encountered his uncle. He expected cruel reproaches. No.

"Is it you?" said his uncle, sadly.

"Yes. I have made the tour of the world."

"Do you know, I could never make the experiment succeed, though I have attempted it two hundred times. But it is all your fault. Why need you have told me of a white bear? I had never thought of one in my life, and now it is never out of my head."

The young diplomat had finished his story. His uncle, without a word, passed to him the package of notes.

"But do not return," said he, "for your next story will find me more exacting for the same price."—Adapted from the

*French for the Argonaut* by Mrs. May A. Halsey.

## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

From time immemorial hairpins have been accused of various idiosyncrasies, but never, until lately, of actual crime. This mediocre record has been recently varied in Manchester, England, where a hairpin has been found guilty of murder in the first degree. A woman lay down upon her bed to sleep, and presently awoke a corpse to all intents and purposes, for she lived only a few moments. An examination showed that a hairpin had been driven two inches into her brain.

A paper laid before the Biological Society of Paris tells us, from a scientific point of view, what it is to be "dead drunk." It seems that this condition exists when the vital fluid presents the proportion of one of alcohol to one hundred and ninety-five of blood. It is at this stage that most drunkards cease drinking, or we would have more deaths from alcoholism; for when the inebriate continues to drink until each one hundred parts of blood contains one part of alcohol, death invariably ensues.

A lunatic at the asylum in Utica, New York, is a United States pensioner, and the largest one in the United States. Since 1866 he has been paid eight thousand two hundred and eighty dollars, while his arrears amount to almost as much more. By the various acts of Congress he is entitled to receive the same pay as if he had lost both eyes, both arms, or both legs, insanity leaving him as helpless as if he were entirely crippled. It does not do him much good, as he is unaware of his wealth or distinction.

The journal *L'Electricite* of Paris announces that premature burial can be rendered absolutely impossible by applying, in cases where the certain signs of death are wanting, an electric current to the body. Such a test, being applied five or six hours after presumed death, non-contraction of the muscles will prove beyond a doubt that life is extinct. This discovery is received with much satisfaction in France and Germany, where the laws requiring prompt burial admit the possibility of horrible mistakes, which, in the belief of many persons competent to form an opinion, are of not very infrequent occurrence.

Quite a little breeze was occasioned in Milwaukee recently by the discovery that Doctor E. F. Fish, a prominent local disciple of Esculapius, possesses and daily wears a pair of low-cut shoes made from the tanned hide of a bumpy negro named Samuel Steenberg, who was hanged near Albany, N. Y., not long ago. Steenberg killed his skin to Fish's father, who is a barber, for defending him when no other would undertake the task, so heinous and open was the crime charged upon him. That the Fish family made good use of the negro's corpse is self evident in the pair of fine, soft shoes which the young man wears.

Two young Hungarian noblemen, having quarreled, chose seconds to arrange a duel. The seconds met, and decided upon the following method of combat: Two tiny spheres—one white, the other black—were placed in a wineglass, and the principals, having been blindfolded, were asked to draw. Both the would-be combatants, it should be observed, had pledged their honor to observe the conditions of strife prescribed by their seconds in common. He to whose lot the black ball fell found himself, to his infinite surprise and discomfort, condemned to fast upon bread and water for a whole fortnight, under the supervision of his adversary's "friends." He redeemed his pledge, and preserved his "honor." So much for two pairs of sensible seconds.

A curious adventure, resulting from a mistake, occurred in Manchester, England, a few evenings ago. A gentleman who had been staying with friends until a very early hour in the morning started for home somewhat the worse for liquor. When he arrived at a street in which he supposed he lived, he knocked at the door of the house. Failing to awaken any of the occupants, he went round the adjoining houses to the back entrance of the building. Here he climbed over a yard door, and effected an entrance into the house by means of a window. Some food, the remains of the evening's supper, was upon the table, and of this he partook. He then pulled off his boots, and prepared to go to bed. He managed to ascend the stairs, and entered a bedroom. In the room a most astonishing spectacle met his view. In bed before him lay peacefully in sleep a lady, whom he supposed was his wife, and a gentleman. Jumping, without hesitation, to the belief that his wife had been guilty of a great crime, he seized the sleeping gentleman and dragged him out of bed. A fierce struggle ensued, which resulted in the two men rolling down stairs. All at once it then dawned on the inebriated contestant that he had got into the wrong house, and he rushed out of the place with amazing rapidity. Happening to come across a cab, he hailed the driver, and gave most urgent instructions to be driven to the house of an acquaintance in town. At this place he was supplied with a pair of boots in place of those he had left at the house of his adventure.

The complaint, says the London *Globe*, that money will not go so far in our generation as it did a generation ago is frequent enough, although the compensating truth that money, on the whole, is made more quickly nowadays than it was formerly is not so frequently dwelt upon. The general shrinking of the value of money was most instructively and pleasantly illustrated in a paper read by M. Avenel a few days ago in Paris before the Academy of Sciences. His subject was confined to the period of Louis XIII.—1610 to 1643. A tolerably brilliant bousekeeping, with ten servants, could be easily managed, as M. Avenel tells us, upon a yearly income of twelve thousand francs. This is proved by the account books of Cardinal Richelieu's niece, Madame de Pont Courbay, who had exactly that income, and maintained herself, her two daughters, and no fewer than sixteen servants in the style corresponding to the high place and power of her eminent kinsman. A nobleman with a revenue of one hundred thousand francs was held to be amazingly wealthy. This was the *apanage*, M. Avenel says, of Gaston, the King's brother, and also of the Duc de Rohan. The Constable de Montmorency, the richest nobleman in France, gave his bride only three hundred thousand francs as her dowry. Queen Henrietta Maria, the wife of our Charles I., only brought about three hundred thousand francs into her English home as her wedding grant. The rents of the most splendid houses in Paris were extraordinarily low—measured by the scale of two centuries later. Then the English Ambassador in Paris only paid two thousand francs a year for the hire of his imposing hotel.

With regard to the names Annabella, Arabella, Claribel, Christabel, and Rosabel, says a writer in the *Antiquary*, I am disposed to come to the conclusion that, though molded into the same shape, they are not by any means all of a similar origin. Annabella would be a very natural corruption of Amibella, a name in the *Liber Vitae* of Durham, (a record of Benefactors to the shrine of St. Cuthbert, from about the ninth to the fifteenth century, and a most valuable repository of old English names.) Arabella might be a corruption of the old Frankish Heribolth, as an ending, often changing into *bel*. So, also, Claribel might be from the old Frankish Clarelinda. This appears to be from Latin *clarus*, (illustrious,) and is not the only case in which the old Franks at that period mixed up Latin and German in the same name. It is possible that Christabel might be from a similar origin, for the early Frankish converts at that period freely adopted the name of Christ, and mixed it up with German compounds, such as Christbilda, a woman's name, from *hild* (war). But, on the whole, I am rather disposed to suggest a different origin for Christabel. Finding among the Franks of that period such names as Firmatus, Stabulis, Constahulis, and the woman's name, Constahilla—in the sense, no doubt, of "established in the faith"—it might not be unreasonable to suggest such a compound as Christabilla ("established in Christ") as the origin of Christabel. As to the last name, Rosabel, the ordinarily received explanation, "fair rose," would be a natural and graceful name for women if the French had to form names at a later period. But there is a woman's name, Rosibia, in the *Pol. Irminion* which looks rather like as if it might have something to do with it. It seems, from its ending, like that of Elisabeth, to be also from the Hebrew, and suggests a possible process like that in the case of Isabel, viz., a corruption into Rosibean, and then a change into Rosibel.



## TRUTHFUL TALES.

## The Great English Cemetery.

A thoroughly well-authenticated anecdote, illustrating his excessive tact, was told of Disraeli, soon after he was created Earl of Beaconsfield. It appears that not long after his transplantation from the House of Commons to the House of Lords, Disraeli met a brother peer in the street, who asked him how he liked the change. "Like it!" exclaimed Disraeli, forgetting himself for the moment, and blundering out with the truth; "Like it! I feel as if I were dead, or buried alive!" Then seeing the expression of discomfort on the peer's face, he added, hastily, with a courtly bow and an irresistible smile, "and in the land of the blessed!"

## Take Potluck With Me.

Gentleman meets a friend, and takes him home to dinner. Arrived at the house he leaves him in the sitting-room, to announce the fact to his wife. The friend, hearing directly a clamor of tongues in the adjacent room, decorates the key-hole with his ear.

Hoarse voice—"Ssh!"  
Shrill voice—"Always the way—bringing people home without a minute's warning! Him, too! Why don't you leave him to hatten on his usual free-lunch route?"

Hoarse voice—"Ssh!"  
Shrill voice—"I won't ssh!"  
Hoarse voice—"I tell you you will. Oh, if he wasn't in the room outside, wouldn't I just give—"  
The friend, shouting through the key-hole—"I ain't here any longer; give it to her." [Exit, slamming the door.]

## The Wise Men of Gotham.

One day at the Academy of Sciences they had a long and rather tiresome session. Arago thought he would go out and take the air. At the foot of the stairway there was a leather horn upon which the rays of the sun were hotly heating. Arago turned the horn around, and rushing upstairs told the distinguished assemblage that he had just met with something which was very mysterious. "That leather horn," he said, "at the foot of the stairway is cool upon the side which presents itself to the sun, but warm upon the other side." The scientists descended in a body and substantiated this assertion. They took the measure of the horn, the inclination of the sun, the hour, the minute, the second, and a vast array of other details. They made calculations, and several weeks afterward each of them presented a paper explaining the phenomenon, Arago himself taking care to send in his explanation with the rest. There is no knowing how far the discussion might have gone had it not been for the *conciierge*, who, having seen Arago turn the bowl, and pitying the worthy gentlemen who were so much worried, cleared away the mystery.

## Two Strings to Her Bow.

An interesting tale is told of a Brooklyn belle and her faithful admirer. Last year the young lady in question and her mother were among the boarders at one of the large hotels at Ashbury Park, and among the regular "Saturday-nighters" was a friend of the family—and especially of its younger female member—about whose punctual habits and rapid devotion no doubt was permitted to exist. Never a Sunday passed that was not spent in the young lady's company, and words of love were whispered to the accompaniment of the mosquito's musical hum. All went merrily, until recently the young man was informed that a photographer at Philadelphia possessed, and, indeed, had put on exhibition, an interesting photograph of himself (the Y. M.) and the lady sitting on the sad sea sands, backed by a halo of Japanese umbrella. The young lady was greatly concerned. Acting as her guardian or brother would have done under the circumstances, the young man induced the Philadelphia artist to send him the pictures. With the precious pictures in his possession, he hastened to the young lady's residence, and on being ushered into her presence, announced his success by waving the package aloft and crying, "Eureka!" The gas was turned up, and the young man took out the pictures.

There was a hoarse and utterly irrelevant remark, a shrill scream, the crunch of crumbling tin, and the slam of the vestibule door.

It was the young lady's picture, but the arm laid trustfully about her canvas belt was not his arm. The picture had been taken on a week day.

## A Deacon's Fall from Grace.

In one of the puritanical towns of New England lived Deacon Brown, a dignified Christian model of propriety. Deacon Brown had the misfortune to lose his wife, and at the age of forty found himself with a family of four small children, and without a mistress to his farm-house. He had recourse to employ a young woman as housemaid. Nancy Stearns was a laughing, romping girl, who delighted in experimenting upon the deacon by way of testing the strength of human nature. For a long time the deacon was invulnerable; but at last was led into temptation, and into committing a slight indiscretion with his beautiful housemaid. When in his wretched presence of mind he was horrified at the enormity of his sin. Finally, at the conclusion of the services on the following Sunday he rose and said: "My Christian friends, you all know that I lost my dear wife some months ago, and that Nancy Stearns has been keeping house for me; and you know that I have a little child not a year old. Well, that child would cry in the night, and it would be a long time before I could quiet it; and last Tuesday night—God forgive me—the child cried so bad that Nancy rose and came into the room, and leaned over the bed to hush the child; and, and, and brothers and sisters, her leaning over me made me forget Christ!"

"What did you do?" sternly demanded the minister.

"I—I—ki—kissed her!" stammered out the deacon, between sobs; "and I want you to forgive me, and pray for me, brothers and sisters."

As the deacon bowed himself upon his seat, Deacon Goodfellow rose, saying:

"Brothers and sisters, you have heard what Deacon Brown has said, and now he wants our forgiveness. For my part, I think Brother Brown is truly penitent, and I am willing to forgive him with my whole heart. And, brothers and sisters, I add still further, that if I had no wife, and a pretty girl like Nancy Stearns should come to my room and lean over me, I'd kiss her, and abide the consequences."

## INTAGLIOS.

## Estrangement.

The path from me to you that led,  
Untrodden long, with grass is grown,  
Mute carpet that his lieges spread  
Before the Prince Oblivion  
When he goes visiting the dead.  
And who are they but who forget?  
You, who my coming could surmise  
Ere any hint of me as yet  
Warned other ears and other eyes,  
See the path blurred without regret.  
But when I trace its windings sweet  
With saddened steps, at every spot  
That feels the memory in my feet,  
Each grass-blade turns forget-me-not,  
Where murmuring bees your name repeat.  
—James Russell Lowell in *May Century*.

## Romance.

My love dwelt in a Northern land,  
A dim tower in a forest green  
Was his, and far away the sand  
And gray wash of the waves was seen  
The woven forest—boughs between.  
And through the Northern summer night  
The sunset slowly died away,  
And herds of strange deer, silver-white,  
Came gleaming through the forest gray,  
And fled like ghosts before the day.  
And oft, that month, we watched the moon  
Wax great and white o'er wood and lawn,  
And wane, with waning of the June,  
Till, like a brand for battle drawn,  
She fell, and flamed in a wild dawn.  
I know not if the forest green  
Still girdles round that castle gray,  
I know not if the boughs between  
The white deer vanish ere the day;  
The grass above my love is green;  
His heart is colder than the clay.  
—Andrew Lang in *May Century*.

## H. W. Longfellow: In Memoriam.

Nec turpem senectam  
Deferre, nec citara carentem.  
"Not to be tuneless in old age!"  
Ah! surely hest his pilgrimage,  
Who, in his winter's snow,  
Still sings with note as sweet and clear  
As in the morning of the year  
When the first violets hlow.  
Elest!—but more hest, whom summer's heat,  
Whom spring's impulsive stir and beat,  
Have taught no feverish lure;  
Whose Muse, benignant and serene,  
Still keeps his autumn chaplet green  
Because his verse is pure.  
Lie calm, O white and laureate head!  
Lie calm, O Dead! that art not dead,  
Since from the voiceless grave  
Thy voice shall speak to old and young  
While song yet speaks an English tongue  
By Charles' or Thamis' wave!  
—Austin Dobson.

## Drift.

Ever the water-lily rocked  
Upon the rocking stream,  
Where the little clouds, reflected, flocked  
And steered across her dream,  
And ever she sighed, "Why must I stay  
In the river's head from day to day?  
Oh, were I free to sail away,  
Where the seas with wonder teem!"  
"I know that I am fair," she said,  
"I watch it in the wave,  
At anchor here in the river—head,  
That holds me like a grave.  
What good is the sun's gold light to me—  
Or what good a living thing to be,  
When none draws ever nigh to see  
The beauty that I have!"

The birds in the alder farther flew,  
At the ending of his song;  
The rat plunged in where the rushes grew,  
And paddled his way along;  
The wind in the osiers stirred and sighed  
That the current was swift, and the world was wide—  
And "away! and away!" the ripples cried,  
And the river tide ran strong.

Was she happier when the stars were born,  
And the bird sat mute in the tree?  
When she rocked and swayed, with her cables torn,  
And felt that she was free?  
When the banks slid backward on either hand—  
For the rat had gnawed through her anchor strand,  
And the wind had kissed her away from land,  
And was kissing her out to sea.  
The river mouth was broad and black,  
With currents counter-crossed,  
Where the foam churned white in the eddy's track,  
And the scattered stars were lost.  
No glimpse she saw of either bank,  
But a waste of weed that heaved and sank,  
Where from gulf to gulf she reeled and shrank,  
And from wave to wave she tossed.

The sun uprose through a glory spread,  
And climbed by a cloudy stair;  
And "What is the thing, O Sea!" he said,  
"Your breakers are tumbling there?"  
"That?" said the Sea, "with the muddled face,  
And the cup all tattered and reft of grace?  
A flower, they say, from some inland place,  
That once on a time was fair!"  
—May Probyn in *Macmillan for April*.

## Love Crowned.

A maiden with a garland on her head  
Sat in her tower between two lovers: one  
Wore such a wreath as hers; the other none.  
But him, in merry wise, she garlanded  
With that she wore; then, gayly, took instead  
The other's wreath and wore it as her own;  
Whereat both smiled, each deeming she had shown  
Himself the favorite. Though she nothing said  
Concerning this by any spoken word,  
Yet by her act methinks the maid preferred  
The lover she discerned. A friendly thing  
Or whimsical—no more—the gift she gave  
(A queen might do as much by any slave),  
But he whose crown she wore was her heart's  
king. —John G. Saxe in *May Century*.

## THE INNER MAN.

Some of us who are middle-aged, says a writer in the *New York Times*, have a vivid recollection of a time in American social history when it was fashionable and "genteel" to eschew eating as a vulgar and sensuous matter. Those were the times when it was the custom for high-bred and refined people to discuss only the most ethereal diet. The dear creatures who (nominally, at least,) dined on a canary-bird's wing, or suffered a surfeit when they had absorbed a spoonful of clover honey, are no more. How well we remember them! They wore white muslin and blue ribbons. They seldom danced. They adored Byron, (Byron, who hated to see a woman eat,) and talked of Kant, and wished there could be a new moon all the year round. The younger portion of that generation ate slate pencils to improve their complexions, and smelled at vinegar cruets to make them look pale and interesting. To look at one of these girls one would say that they had never seen any food more substantial than tea and toast. To follow them into the privacy of home would be to find them secretly addicted to hacon and greens. The public scorn for all solid food was an affectation. It was fashionable to eat next to nothing. It was needful to eat a great deal, and fashion carried the day.

Fashion moves in cycles. In the time of the great Samuel Johnson it was thought fit and proper for young women in high life to host of their gastronomic achievements, and to announce their preference for certain dishes. A charming young friend of Madame d'Arhlay, clasping her hands rapturously, and looking Doctor Johnson in the face, said: "Oh, I do love mashed turnips!" The aged cynic, slowly pulling himself together, said: "My dear young lady, as the experiences of life accumulate, and the attractions of this mortal existence sink to their true valuation, I hope you will find something more worthy of your affections than mashed turnips." It was after Johnson's time that young ladies at boarding-school adored Byron, and were content with a diet of slate-pencils and water. When the muscular, cricket-playing, and brawny school began to be popular with men, the women, very naturally, took to advertising their liking for what our plain-speaking California friends call "a square meal." The dear creatures no longer pretended that they lived on air, and that eating and drinking were vulgar. The languishing, die-away creatures whom we meet in old-fashioned novels exist no longer. The young lady of the present time is not afraid of sunshine, rain, fog, and freckles. She is robust, athletic, and hearty. She can tell Burgundy from Bordeaux, knows the difference betwixt *fromage* Roquefort and Gorgonzola, and is critical as to the exact time required for the cooking of a canvas-back, and the number of minutes safe for the proper boiling of a lobster. Something good to eat is more to her than art or even fashion. Such a one, describing an evening entertainment, said: "It was unusually swell. The gentlemen were witty and clever, and the crabs salad was simply heavenly."

This is not an exaggeration. It is merely a reaction from the lackadaisical and sentimental age of our grandmothers. The days are gone when it was fashionable to wear thin slippers, lace tightly, assume a languishing air, and pretend to live on next to nothing. If the matter-of-fact, eating-and-drinking generation of young women that has come in does sometimes trench nearly on the bounds of genuine refinement, we can forgive the apparent trespass. Even a coarse and boisterous affectation of hearty liking for good eating and drinking is better than a deceitful pretense of abstemiousness that deceived nobody. Men and women must eat to live. It is a high state of society in which the pleasures of the table are made to minister to the stern necessities of existence. It is a low state in which men and women fill themselves mechanically, never considering anything but the volume of the food absorbed. And there is no reason why women who are not convivial, at least, should not be competent judges of what is best in food and drink. Of course, we admit that all women are angels, but so long as angels dwell among men they must partake of the nature of mortals. The woman who can not appreciate a good dinner is a libel on her sex.

Let no man say that the change of woman from the sentimental, insipid, and angelic creature of the last century to the vigorous and hearty person of today is a change that begins and ends with eating and drinking habits. Let the pessimists say what they will, the present is an age of genuineness and candor. There is less mock modesty, less of the humbug of seeming, than in any generation that has gone before us, if we may accept as true the pictures of life given us by Smollet, Fielding, Fanny Burney, Thackeray, and the writers of the time of Queen Anne. The civilized world admires the delicate and fragile beauty of American women. But it is the pride of the country that feeds the world with beef, grain, and game, that the rare flower of American loveliness is no hothouse plant, reared in a nicely adjusted atmosphere. The womanliness and the manliness of our country spring from a rich and nutritive soil. We have the best provision for the table in the world.

At table in China etiquette requires that all conversation should be directed to the subject of the food. The novelist Thackeray was a good Celestial, for he held that supreme attention should be given to the dinner until the *piacide resistance* was passed. Before that brilliant conversation was an impertinence.

## CCXXVI.—Sunday, April 30.—Bill of Fare for Eight Persons.

Rice and Tomato Soup.  
Fried Flounders, Excelsior Sauce.  
Potato Croquettes.  
Stewed Terrapin.  
Herring Salad.  
Green Peas. Stewed French Carrots.  
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce.  
Lettuce.  
Ice Cream, Branded Peaches, Pound Cake, Figs, Oranges, and Raisins.

HERRING SALAD.—Take a cupful of spiced pickled herring, one of cold veal, one of boiled potatoes, one of boiled beets, one of raw apples, half a cupful of raw onions, all finely cut, (not chopped), three or four hard-boiled eggs, vinegar, pepper, salt, oil, and capers. A little chopped ham improves it. Season each separately, place in layers on a platter, each kind separate. Garnish with chopped eggs, beets, parsley and olives. Mustard may be used.

TO STEW CARROTS FRENCH STYLE.—Take two bunches of small round carrots, clean and trim, put into a saucepan with salt, pepper, one teaspoonful of water, two tablespoonfuls butter, and eight lumps of sugar, cover and boil for half an hour, then remove the lid and push back where they will simmer slowly, until all the water has cooked away, leaving nothing but the butter.

## TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

If you wish to use goods of full weight and absolute purity, see your grocer supplies you with

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OSWEGO  
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AGENTS

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Any one who went to the Yosemite Valley in the summer of '77 may remember the extraordinary breed of horses which infested the regions of the great falls at that time. We were at Clark's Station, on the hither side of the valley, when I saw the first of them. I thought them a lot of exhausted beasts, worn out upon the steep trails of the Yosemite, and turned out in this beautiful, green, nestling spot to die a peaceful, comfortable death. But when we all concluded to try an after-dinner gallop, we found that these jaded-looking little mustangs had been saddled for our riding. "The ladies will have to come down to the corral and get on," said an anxious hostler to us, as we stood waiting; "the horses won't come up to the front door." This did not sound promising, but we went to the corral, and found our obstinate steeds pouting most sullenly after their ineffectual struggle against saddle and bridle. "How much is this animal supposed to be worth?" I asked the confidential hostler as I mounted my own especial Rosinante. "Well, ma'am," said the man, with unexpected truthfulness, "the boss paid eight dollars a dozen for 'em last winter; and as they mostly last a season out, and he rents 'em to tourists for three dollars a day, it's a pretty good spec." "There is more in the creature than appears," I thought to myself, and ventured to try his paces. Not a peg would he move. I laid the reins insinuatingly across his neck, as one would a gently bred city horse, and he sniffed disdainfully. I tugged at his hard, hard mouth, like a Mexican at his bronco, and he smiled a broad, scornful, obstinate smile. "He'll start when he gets ready," said the hostler, assuringly, and he did. He bolted out of the corral as if he had been shot out of a cannon, and when he had gone about a quarter of a mile at a rattling gait, he pulled up as suddenly as he had started. I dare swear that horse had no joints in his forelegs. His gallop was a swinging, exhilarating motion, but his stop was a revelation. When I had recovered my breath and senses I found that every one else's horse had been doing exactly the same thing. I discovered it afterwards to be an inviolable custom with them. Not a one of them asserts his own individuality. If the reins were made of iron chains they would have no effect. It would be impossible to lead one of them off upon a side path for a lonely ramble. They go only in herds. They are not amiable-looking creatures, but they huddle lovingly together. If the first one turn three inches to the right on the path, there is a three-inch scramble to the right down the whole cavalcade. If the foremost one go perilously near to the edge of an abyss, the whole line, down to the last nag, refuse their riders' reins, and follow suit.

How vastly like the public they are. We all follow an invisible bell-wether, and do exactly what some one in front of us is doing. "Why have you not been to see 'Madame Favart'?" I asked some one the other day, who is fond of music, and pleasure, and spectacle. "Why, they tell me no one goes," was the answer; "that the houses are half empty half the time." Which is only half true in fact, yet it was only a chance that it has not drawn crowded houses. We have never had a bouffe opera so handsomely put upon the stage. It is more than fairly well acted, and during the last week really well sung, for Pattie Laverne, the funny little English prima donna, diffuses it with the life and sparkle which it seemed to lack at first. Every one misses Marie Jansen from the stage. She is such a pretty creature to look at. She dresses so daintily well, and has such a naive engaging manner; but if that voice were matched with anything else than those plaintive eyes, how it would rasp. As for Pattie Laverne, she made a conquest of the audience in the face of fearful odds. She is a roly-poly little woman, with a distressing ingenuity at disfiguring herself. That first costume—that awful mixture of green, and red, and insufficiency—is the very oriflamme of ugliness. The second is a degree less startling. And the third, while well enough in itself, might have been worn more fitly at a ball last week. It has nothing to suggest the times of the Maréchal Saxe, and is put doubly to shame by the fidelity of John Howson's picture of that time. Gracie Plaisted's costume, too, is of an offensively modern fashion on this brilliantly set stage, where light, and color, and costume have been so faithfully studied. The little woman sings quite sweetly, but it would have been graceful in her to contribute her mite to this beautiful *mise en scene*. What a welcome relief it would be, by the way, if Miss Plaisted would control those spasmodic jerks which are growing more numerous and more jerky with each succeeding season.

To return to Pattie Laverne. They must keep rather a good article of prima donna in the land of the bush, for this unheralded little woman, while not having a phenomenal voice, is a cultivated singer, and has the technique of opera bouffe at her finger tips. To one given to reading between the lines, she appeared to be working against odds. The company were not *en rapport* with her, and it was only by some resistless force of her own that she roused them to sing with the spirit which a leading voice gives, and which they have not before exhibited. It makes "Madame Favart" something more than a feast of the eye.

Talking of feasts, what a highly intellectual entertainment "The Member for Slocum" is as compared with "Hobbies." One can follow up the mere ghost of an idea in "The Member for Slocum," but does any one know what "Hobbies" is all about? Does any one know what Nat Goodwin means when he puts on that brief calico skirt, and black, lowering bang, and prows about the stage armed to the teeth? Does any one know the social standing of the pert, pretty maid in blue, who seems to be at once housemaid and stage-manager? Can any one tell why the young man who comes to court the housemaid disguises himself as a professor? Fortunately it never occurs to any one to inquire. It is simply a hodge-podge of hilarious impossibilities, a setting for Nat Goodwin's especial talent. What a capital mimic he is, for Raymond himself is scarcely more like himself, and if the Irving imitation be equally faithful, what a horribly bad actor Mr. Henry Irving must be. Some one was trying to analyze Goodwin's acting the other night, and again the other day at the Actors' Fund benefit, when he played "Camille." He seems to abide by none of the traditions of the orthodox comedian, or even of the burlesquer, in whose province his talent more particularly rests. The analyzer said afterward that he had found himself startled into a laugh every time he did laugh, and opined that Goodwin's suddenness had much to do with that spontaneous outburst which follows his every move. In point of fact, his talent is *sui generis*. When he played with Howson in the burlesque of "Camille" one could observe the different methods of the two comedians. For that matter, Goodwin has no method, and plays only the spontaneous suggestion of the moment; but the spontaneous suggestion is always intrinsically funny. He can not play so wide a range as Howson, for he will be only himself, and consequently always the same. But Howson gives to everything something of artistic thought and study. Two of his poses in the Marquis de Pontasbé are inspirations. His make-up is usually a triumph. It is only in sustained effort and uniformity that he fails. Somewhere, sometime, somewhere in the part, he is sure to step out of it for a little minute. He can not resist a momentary temptation, and is lured in a second from high comedy to burlesque. But what would the Comley-Barton troupe be without him? His burlesque raises the laugh, and possibly that is what they engage the first comedian in an opera bouffe troupe for.

We are shortly to have one or two members of the troupe in another line of music. Mr. Ugo Talbo's popular concerts having become established affairs, the first, a miscellaneous concert, is to be followed by a series of national evenings. Yesterday English ballads only were sung, on Friday, May 12th, Scotch ballads, and on the Friday thereafter Irish songs. On the intervening Friday a new departure will be made, and the concert given in the afternoon, when the "Masque of Pandora" will be produced. The greatest pens can not resist the temptation to do a little dramatic writing. Perhaps it is a longing to see the creatures of their fancy embodied; perhaps it is a thirst for that tangible applause which seems so much more real a reward than the silent appreciation of the reading multitude. Whatever it be, the greatest of them try a hand at it, for who will believe that all the closet plays were written for the closet? Even Tennyson, in his declining years, tempts late criticism with "Queen Mary" and "The Cup," and Alfred Cellier, the composer of "The Masque of Pandora," had no less distinguished a collaborator than Longfellow, a poet who always loved the theatre, and essayed in this instance to write for it; but it is to be given as a cantata rather than an opera. Just now, poetically, its production should be a doubly interesting occasion, and musically it should be a treat, if one is to gather anything from the snatches of it that are being hummed about town. Mr. Cellier himself swings the baton, Miss Marie Jansen and Miss Louise Elliott take the leading female parts. There is to be a fabulously large chorus, and an unusually numerous orchestra, and a host of good things generally. Who will say we are not growing rapidly musical? BETSY B.

The committee on arrangements of the "Actors' Fund" wish to return thanks to all who assisted to bring about the resulting success. About seventeen hundred dollars was realized by the entertainment.

M. Gray has just published "Reminiscence," a poem by Thomas Moore, set to music by August Mignon, and dedicated to Mrs. J. E. Tippet of this city.

Mr. Clay Green is at present engaged in finishing his play, "Straws," for John Howson.

#### DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

"Hobbies," at the Bush Street, is to be followed by Milton Nobles in his extraordinary "drama" called "The Phoenix."

Miss Marian Elmore has been engaged by Messrs. Davis & Hayden to play Chispa next season in Green & Thompson's play of the same name.

The friends of Joseph R. Grismer, late leading man at the Baldwin, are talking of a benefit to him next week. He is an excellent and trustworthy actor, and deserves one.

It is reported that there is a probability of "Hazel Kirke," "Esmeralda," and "The Professor" being produced at the Baldwin Theatre, instead of Haverly's California.

The Standard Minstrel Company—twenty-two strong—left for Oregon by Friday's steamer. At the Standard on Monday "Callender's Genuine Colored Minstrels" appear.

The lady who was known on the stage as Ethel Lynton died on Thursday of pneumonia. She was a bright little actress, and a great favorite. She appeared at the minor theatres.

While Pauline Markham was playing Louise in "The Two Orphans" recently in the South, a Florida editor said it was worth more than the price of admission to see her arm. Wait until he sees her—in burlesque.

The biggest benefit ever had in this city was that of Burt Haverly and Pete Mack at Woodward's last Sunday. There were nineteen thousand people present, and the beneficiaries cleared about thirty-five hundred dollars.

"Madame Favart" at the California is to be followed by "Manola," ("Le Jour et la Nuit"). Its first presentation was billed for last night. Next week the theatre will be run for the benefit of F and G companies, with change of opera nightly.

Mr. John Howson, who is an old favorite with San Franciscans, will take a benefit next week—probably on Sunday night. This date has been rendered necessary by reason of the theatre having been given over for the preceding six nights to local militia benefits. It is to be hoped that Howson will have a good house.

The gas went out suddenly at a performance of "Patience," at Kingston, Ont., and before it was relighted two or three wicked men in the chorus kissed the backs of their hands violently, and the audience yelled, and you ought to have seen the way the chorus girls looked at each other when the light was again turned on. There was envy in every face.

A New Orleans octoroon girl named Lydia Montrose is to be put forward conspicuously as a tragic actress. She is described as superlatively beautiful, with a deep, musical voice. She learns readily, and is being carefully drilled for a tour next season. Her wardrobe is to be something astonishing, and gorgeous street-posters will herald her like a circus. Up to this time she has been a teacher in a negro school.

Peter Robertson, who for some months has filled the post of dramatic critic on the *Chronicle*, in place of Mr. T. J. Vivian, has finally been permanently installed. His predecessor, on his return, occupied the place for one week, and then was promoted to a position on the local staff. Mr. Robertson's many friends will be pleased to hear of his induction. Mr. Vivian's many friends will be pleased to hear of his promotion.

Personal: Mr. Gus Frohman arrived in the city last Tuesday; Mr. Frohman is here in the interest of the Madison Square Theatre enterprises. Mr. Seymour Locke, brother of Manager Locke, arrived here Thursday. Miss Rose Osborne has returned from the East. Mr. Ed Marble has arrived in the city, in charge of Callender's Minstrels. Mr. Marble will be remembered as one of the members of the old California Company, when that theatre opened.

Signor Chizzola, like all Italians, is eminently suspicious. He said the other day: "I knew before my season began with Rossi that it would be a failure. Every one told me so, and the omens came out right, as always. The day Rossi arrived in St. Petersburg the Czar was killed. The day I signed a contract for America with him President Garfield was shot. The steamer we came over in took thirteen days to cross, and we arrived on a Friday. There were three carriages waiting at the boat when we arrived. The first street-car we took had seven people, and the first man who bought a ticket in Boston was cross-eyed. How could we make money after all that? And we didn't."

The Rossi engagement has come to an untimely end. After playing for some weeks to spectral houses, Mr. Kelly, the present manager, shut down on the tragedian. An acrimonious controversy has resulted, which may develop into a suit, and which may not. In the meantime, the Baldwin stock company are playing "The Two Orphans," and playing it fairly well. "The Russian Slave" is underlined. It is unfortunate for Belasco that he should have accepted the position of stage manager at this house just at this ill-starred period. He has been doing some excellent work in the way of stage-setting, arrangement, and discipline. Grismer has apparently left the company. Norris is doing leading business

#### THE EMOTIONAL BUSINESS.

East Lynne as Seen by the Sporting Reporter.

"I saw you at the theatre last evening," said the dramatic critic to the horse reporter; "you don't often favor dramatic representations with your presence, do you?"

"No," was the reply. "As a rule, my glances into the domain of Thespis have been infrequent, and since the death of Longfellow I have kept more aloof from the giddy throng than ever—*morlous semper tenera*, you know."

"I think you are laboring under a misapprehension regarding the party who died," said the dramatic critic. "It was not the horse, but the poet."

"Oh, I know that well enough," said the friend of Maud S., "but nobody ever heard of the poet until the horse beat the mile-and-three-quarter record, so we concluded to honor his memory, although there are plenty of good poets, while first-class horses are scarce."

"You seemed to take a good deal of interest in the play last night, though," said the critic; "your party had a private box."

"Is that what you call that place?"

"Why, certainly."

"Well, I'm glad you told me, because we were a little puzzled about it. You see, a lot of us fellows concluded to go together, and one fellow he marched us to the patrol judge's place out in the front hall. He went up there and says to the man, 'I want box-stalls for five, with plenty of hay on the floor, and no leaks in the roof. The Track Superintendent—'"

"Ticket-seller," interjected the critic.

"Well, whoever he was, he said fifteen dollars was the price, and when one of the boys asked him if there was any chance to declare out before the race started by paying half forfeit, he only smiled, and said no. And then another young man, he tore the receipt for entrance money in two pieces, kept one of them, and opened a door. We went in, and a third young man made a move like he wanted to get the other half of that ticket. But you bet he didn't. We hadn't been through the Michigan circuit five seasons without being pretty fly. We let him look at it, though, and he scored us around the outside of the track, and into that box-stall where you saw us. I thought it was the judges' stand at first, but concluded I was wrong. Then we watched the play, and of all the no-account, slobbery plays I ever saw that one sells first choice. When we arrived there was a bed on the stage, and a little boy in it. He was a nice, clean little boy, but I couldn't see much drama about that, and the big print bills on the fences said in three different colored letters that this was 'an emotional drama.' Pretty soon a woman came along. She had goggles on—same as the boys wear when they are going to drive a slow horse on a dusty day. She scores alongside of the bed, and flops down on her knees. 'Blind Stagers,' I says to one of the boys, but he said no; she was only acting."

"Well, this woman, she began kissing the little boy and hee-hawed around him a good deal. The boy he said his own dear mamma was dead, and was going on to give quite an account of his life and career when the woman pulled off the goggles, snatched the kid out of the bed, and said she was his own dear mother. I guess she must have yanked him around a little too gay, for when she was done kissing him he was dead. 'I have killed me cheeld,' she said, and put him to bed again. Then the curtain fell."

"Well, pretty quick the curtain went up again, and there was the woman lying in the same bed that little Tommy Cold Toes—or whatever his name was—had just died in. She was pretty sick, and mumblin' something to herself. Then a man came in. He had patent-leather shoes on, so I knew he was an actor. 'Great God! Isabel, is this you?' he says. She said it was her, and then they jawed awhile about her having left him. Then she said she was dying. About this time I began to weaken a little myself, thinking maybe it was pink-eye, or sewer-gas, or something that might nip the balance of us before the evening was over, but concluded to trot the race out, anyhow. Finally the woman said, slow and feeble like: 'I want to see Lucy.' Well, of course I knew that Lucy died five years ago, just after she had her second colt, and I says to myself, 'this woman is loony; the pink-eye has got her, sure.' But just then out scoots the little boy that died about ten minutes before. He had girl's clothes on—he was Lucy. The woman slammed herself around in the bed for a while, and died. Then the curtain went down, and the people began to leave. Our crowd never moved. Finally a fellow came round, and said we had better go. 'Not much,' says I; 'we have seen the mother and one of the children die, and we are bound to sit here until the old man is attacked, if it takes all night.' But the usher said there wouldn't be any more drama that evening, and so we went away."

"It was evidently 'East Lynne' that you saw," said the dramatic critic, "and a great many people consider it a fine play."

"They do, eh? Well, in that case a great many people ought to have their heads overhauled, and then screwed on again. Don't talk to me about a 'powerful drama' with nary a song and dance in it," and the horse reporter retired in disgust.—*Chicago Tribune*.



## The Message of the Rose.

HE.

She gave me a rose at the ball to-night,  
And I—I'm a fool, I suppose,  
For my heart beat high with a vague delight.  
Had she given me more than the rose?

I thought that she had, for a little while,  
Till I saw her—fairest of dancers—  
Give another rose, with the same sweet smile,  
To another man, in the Lancers.

Well, roses are plenty and smiles not rare;  
It is really rather audacious  
To grumble because my lady fair  
Is to other men kind and gracious.

Yet who can govern his wayward dreams?  
And my dream, so precious and bright,  
Now foolish, broken, and worthless seems,  
As it fades, with her rose, to-night.

SHE.

I gave him a rose at the ball to-night—  
A deep red rose, with fragrance dim,  
And the warm blood rushed to my cheeks with  
fright,  
I could not, dared not, look at him.

For the depths of my soul he seemed to scan;  
His earnest look I could not hear,  
So I gave a rose to another man—  
Any one else—I did not care.

And yet, spite of all, he has read, I know,  
My message—he could not have missed it;  
For his rose I held to my bosom, so,  
And then to my lips, while I kissed it.  
—Bessie Chandler in *May Century*.

There was so strong an opposition in Rhode Island in 1762 to theatrical entertainments, says the Providence *Star*, that those who engaged in them had to resort to various methods to evade arrest. The most common mode was to issue a programme similar to the following, which is an exact copy of one which has been preserved:

KING'S ARMS TAVERN—NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.  
On Monday, June 10th, at the Public Room of the above Inn, will be delivered a series of  
MORAL DIALOGUES

IN FIVE PARTS.

Depicting the evil effects of jealousy and other had passions, and proving that happiness can only spring from the pursuit of virtue.

Mr. Douglass—Will represent a noble and magnanimous Moor called Othello, who loves a young lady named Desdemona, and after he has married her, harbors (as in too many cases) the dreadful passion of jealousy.

Oh, jealousy, our being's bane,  
Mark the small cause and the most dreadful pain.

Mr. Allyn—Will depict the character of a specious villain, in the regiment of Othello, who is so base as to hate his commander on mere suspicion, and impose on his best friend. Of such characters, it is to be feared, there are thousands in the world, and the one in question may present to us a salutary warning.

The man that wrongs his master and his friend,  
What can he come to but a shameful end?

Mr. Hallam—Will delineate a young and thoughtless officer, who is traduced by Mr. Allyn, and, getting drunk, loses his situation and his general's esteem. All young men whatsoever take example from this case.

The ill effects of drinking would you see?  
Be warned, and fly from evil company.

Mr. Morris—Will represent an old gentleman, the father of Desdemona, who is not cruel or covetous, but is foolish enough to dislike the noble Moor, his son-in-law, because his face is not white, forgetting that we all spring from one root. Such prejudices are very numerous and very wrong.

Fathers, beware what sense and love ye lack,  
Tis crime, not color, makes the being black.

Mr. Quelch—Will depict a fool who wishes to become a knave, and trusting to one, gets killed by him. Such is the friendship of rogues. Take heed.

When fools would knaves become, how often you'll  
Perceive the knave not wiser than the fool.

Mrs. Morris—Will represent a young and virtuous wife, who, being wrongfully suspected, gets smothered (in an adjoining room) by her husband.

Reader, attend, and ere thou goest hence,  
Let fall a tear to hapless innocence.

Mrs. Douglass—Will be her faithful attendant, who will hold out a good example to all servants, male and female, and to all people in subjection.

Obedience and gratitude  
Are things as rare as they are good.

Various other dialogues, too numerous to mention here, will be delivered at night, all adapted to the improvement of mind and manners. The whole will be repeated on Wednesday and on Saturday. Tickets, six shillings each; to be had within. Commencement at seven; conclusion at half-past ten, in order that every spectator may go home at a sober hour, and reflect upon what he has seen before he retires to rest.

God save the King,  
And long may he sway,  
East, north, and south,  
And fair America.

Lilian Russell, who appeared here with Edouin's "Sparks," made a reputation singing in Tony Pastor's theatre. The papers have been full of her praise recently, and she seems to have entirely superseded the once popular Catherine Lewis as a singer in light opera. She is the daughter of Mrs. Cynthia Leonard, who was a delegate to the National Woman's Suffrage Convention, and who was one of the finest-looking women there. Lilian became popular all at once, and Mrs. Leonard now claims that the applause of the public and the attention of the millionaires are wearing her out, and that she had to go quietly to a secluded place near Chicago to take a rest. When Lilian left New York there was a rumor spread about that she had eloped, but Mrs. Leonard declared to a reporter that such was not the case. It seems that Lilian has a husband, one Mr. Braham, for whom, however, she has no very overpowering affection. Since she made a hit in "Patience" and other light operas, she seems to have discarded Mr. Braham altogether. One of the devoted admirers of Miss Lilian is young Mr. Howell Osborne. He is a gay and festive youth, and seems to have a special liking for ladies who dress in tights and slog songs behind the footlights.

—Mrs. LOUISE HUMPHREY SMITH, the talented elocutionist, will give one of her delightful dramatic recitals at Platt's Hall, this evening.

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## Obscure Intimations.

Does any reader of the *Argonaut* know of a poem entitled "Aphrodite?"

B. F. L.—Who are you?

"What My Lover Said."—The poem was published in the *Argonaut* about two years ago. It has been erroneously attributed to Horace Greeley, because it appeared in the *Evening Post* years ago over the initials "H. G." Its writer is one Homer Greene, and it appears over his name in a number of collections of verse.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert has had four works being played at one time in London—"Patience," at the Savoy Theatre; "Princess Toto," at the Opera Comique; "Ages Ago," at St. George's Hall, and "Engaged," at the Court Theatre.

## HANDSOME TOILETS.

AN HOUR SPENT AT A FASHIONABLE MODISTE'S.

An hour was pleasantly spent yesterday in admiring several lovely costumes just completed by the well-known modiste, Miss M. James, whose dress-making establishment is over Kean Bros., No. 115 Kearny Street. With one outfit, which is intended for a society helle of this city, was a reception dress of black merveilleux satin. The front, or apron part of the dress, was crossed with scarfs of black Spanish lace, while handsome floss embroidery, done in lovely tints and shades, lent a certain grace and beauty to the costume. It commenced at the point of the waist in front with the tiniest bits of flowers upon the shirred-in paniers, and continued down upon the train until it formed a bunch of flowers and leaves, tied together with a knot of gold-colored ribbon, done also in embroidery. The paniers were joined together in the back with a sash, the ends of which were embroidered to match a spray of the same trimming, resting on the left side of the front part of the waist, near the shoulder. The sleeves were finished to correspond in flowers and Spanish lace.

Another costume—which will be seen at one of our fashionable watering-places this summer—was of a light sea-green silk, covered with a robe of white grenade that was embroidered in sea-shell designs and long sea-grasses, which produced a charming effect. The overdress was draped high on the left side, with a sash of white surah which clouded into sea-foam. The base of the under-dress was edged with an extra full ruching of the silk, while a jarbot of white lace adorned the overdress and trimmed the sleeves and neck of the bodice.

Another toilet—which was intended for a traveling costume—was of French camel-hair and satin surah of the new shades of Havana colors. The skirt was of surah in mounted platings, and the polonaise of the camel-hair was draped short in front and very bouffant in the back, and when finished with chenille fringe and loops of ribbon was indeed handsome. Miss James has a wonderful talent for harmonizing colors and for fitting the human form.

—THE PATRIOTIC ORDER SONS OF AMERICA will give their first annual reunion and picnic on Wednesday, May 17, at Badger's Park, Oakland, in which the members of camps 1, 2, 4, 7, 9, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, will participate.

—ICHI BAN—DOUBLED IN SIZE—IS THE LARGEST Japanese sale exhibition in the world. Shattuck & Fletcher export their printing inks to Japan, receive Japanese goods in return, pay for this advertisement with printing ink, and this is why Ichi Ban exists on low prices. Logical, isn't it? Wholesale and retail. Goods for every branch of country retail trade.

—FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—TWELVE Volumes of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, ninth edition, full Turkey morocco binding, gilt edges, together with a contract for the remaining volumes, at a reduced price when issued. May be seen at Hofmann's Book Store, 208 Montgomery Street.

—LADY READERS OF THE ARGONAUT will remember that the place to buy colognes, perfumery, toilet soaps, brushes, sponges, cosmetics, etc., is at the elegant and well-stocked store of James G. Steele & Co., Chemists and Apothecaries, 635 Market Street, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

—AN ARTICLE SO FAVORABLY KNOWN AS HALL'S Hair Renewer needs no words of praise from us. It has won its way to the highest favor in the public mind, and multitudes who have vainly used other preparations have, on trying this, been made glad by the speedy restoration of abundant locks as in the days of youth.

—MR. LOUIS LISSER HAS REMOVED FROM 304 Sutter Street to 320 Geary Street, near Powell.

—LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND revives the drooping spirits; invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions; gives elasticity and firmness to the step; restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of beauty the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

—BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS OF GERMAN Corn Remover. All druggists keep the genuine. 25c.

—Go to Bradley & Rulofson's, 429 Montgomery.

—BEFORE DANCING PUT YOUR FEET IN GOOD order by using German Corn Remover. 25c. Sold by all druggists.

—Dr. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.

"For Auld Lang Syne."  
**ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY.**

Tenth Annual Excursion and Picnic, FAIRFAX PARK, MARIN COUNTY.

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1882.

THE SECOND REGIMENT N. G. C.

Uniformed Band, and accomplished Pipers in full Highland Costume, will furnish first-class music on the occasion.

The Games (which are always a prominent feature of the Picnic) are more numerous, and the prizes even more valuable than at former years' gatherings. The amusing Ethiopian Ball Dodge will be on hand, and will hold leaves during the day.

As a social Family Reunion the Committee anticipate that this will, as in former years, be one of the most enjoyable of the season.

The N. P. C. R. R. Co.'s favorite steamers, "Saucelito" and "San Rafael," connecting with special trains, will leave San Quentin Ferry Landing, East Street, at 7:10, 8:30, 10 A. M., and 1:35 P. M. Returning Trains will leave Fairfax at 2, 3:10, 5, and 6:15 P. M.

TICKETS.....ONE DOLLAR

HALF TICKETS (for Juveniles).....FIFTY CENTS

To be had from the members, or at Samuel Irving & Co.'s, 206 Kearny Street; D. W. Laird's, 27 Post Street; John Reil's, 2714 Market Street; Elder Bros., 315 Hayes Street; Frey's Music Store, 109 and 109 Post Street; and at the Ferry on morning of Picnic.

**HOTEL DEL MONTE,**  
**MONTEREY.**

FIRST HOP OF THE SEASON.

THIS, SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 29TH.

THERE WILL BE A FORMAL OPEN-

ing of the Summer Season at the Hotel Del Monte, and an Opening Hop. Music by Ballenberg's Band.

All of the roads are in splendid order, and the warm salt-water swimming tanks at the Pavilion are in fine condition; as are, indeed, all the accessories of that famous place. The Hotel is now ready for guests for the Summer.

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235 KEARNY ST. S.F.

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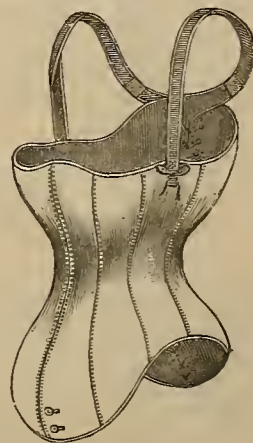
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## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Odd and Even.

Some men do write when they do wrong,  
And some do live who dye;  
And some are short when they are long,  
And stand when they do lie.  
A man is surly when he's late,  
And round when he is square;  
He may die early and dilate,  
And may be foul when fair.  
He may be fast when he is slow,  
And loose when he is tight,  
And high when he is very low,  
And heavy when he's light.  
He may be wet when he is dry,  
He may be great when small,  
May purchase when he won't go by;  
Have naught when he has awl.  
He may be sick when he is well,  
And hot when he is cold;  
He's skilled so he on earth may dwell,  
And when he's young he's sold.

—H. C. Dodge.

## In the Spring

In the spring the stalwart matron  
Knocks the splinters from the rug;  
In the spring the gentle housewife  
Kerosenes the nameless bug.  
In the spring entrancing Dora  
Plains her yearly mignonette;  
In the spring the brindled Billy  
Eats old overshoes—you bet!  
In the spring the water-creases  
Form upon the singing rills;  
In the spring each rock is lettered  
With the charm of liver-pills.  
In the spring eggs, growing cheaper,  
Speak the poetry of fowls;  
In the spring the baffled plumber  
Gets up on his ear and howls!

—A Tennysonian Liar.

## Happiness.

Ah, well! I'll put the tress away,  
In this old escritoire;  
Last time we met your hair was gray,  
And now—we meet no more.  
Above your grave the grasses mingle,  
And I am forty, fat, and single.

—Man Who Escaped.

## Our Blue Blood.

Two centuries and a-half ago,  
Off trudged to work with shouldered hoe  
A woman, barefoot, browned, and rough,  
With pluck of Puritanic stuff.  
Six lusty children tagged behind,  
All halless, shoeless, unconfined,  
And happy as the birds that flew  
About them. Naught of books they knew.  
Save one they read at twilight hour,  
Brought with them in the staunch *Mayflower*.

A pretty lady, thin and white,  
In a hammock swinging light,  
Languishes, and in the shade,  
Devours rhyme and lemonade,  
While bending near her lover sighs,  
And gently fans away the flies.  
She murmurs, "'Tis so nice that we  
Are neither of low family,  
But of old Puritanic stock  
That landed upon Plymouth Rock."

—Harvard Lampoon.

## The Cobbler Uncobbled.

They grew in booty side by side;  
They filled one home with glee;  
They were their maker's hope and pride—  
A shoemaker was he.  
But joy their wearer ne'er can know;  
With grief his sole is torn;  
A bunion decks his major toe,  
While near it grows a corn.

—American Queen.

## Tra-la-la-la!

"Where are you going my pretty maid?"  
"To sing in the opera, sir," she said.  
"What is your talent, my pretty maid?"  
"A divorce and two runaways, sir," she said.  
P. S.—She was a success first night. —Burdette.

## Mary and Her Little Ram.

Mollie had a little ram as black as a rubber shoe,  
And everywhere that Mollie went, he emigrated, too.  
He went with her to church one day—the folks hilari-  
ous grew  
To see him walk demurely into Deacon Allen's pew.  
The worthy deacon quickly let his angry passion  
rise,  
And gave it an unchristian kick between the sad  
brown eyes.  
This landed rammy in the aisle; the deacon followed  
fast,  
And raised his foot again; alas! that first kick was  
his last.  
For Mr. Sheep walked slowly back, about a rod, 'tis  
said,  
And ere the deacon could retreat, it stood him on his  
head.  
The congregation then arose and went for that 'ere  
sheep;  
But several well-directed butts just piled them in a  
heap.  
Then rushed they straightway for the door, with  
curses long and loud,  
While rammy struck the hindmost man, and shot him  
through the crowd.  
The minister had often heard that kindness would  
subdue  
The fiercest beast. "Aha!" he says, "I'll try that  
game on you."  
And so he kindly, gently called: "Come, rammy,  
rammy, ram;  
To see the folks abuse you so, I grieved and sorry  
am."  
With kind and gentle words he came, from that tall  
pulpit down,  
Saying, "Rammy, rammy, rammy, ram—best sheepy  
in the town."  
The ram quite dropped its humble air, and rose him  
off his feet;  
And when the parson lit he was beneath the hind-  
most seat.  
As he shot madly out the door, and closed it with a  
slam,  
He named a California town—I think 'twas "Yuba  
Dam,"  
—Unknown Liar.

## MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

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## LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

## Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Com-  
plaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulcera-  
tion, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent  
Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the  
Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in  
an early stage of development. The tendency to can-  
cerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flaccidity, destroys all craving  
for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.  
It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration,  
General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indi-  
gestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight  
and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in  
harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this  
Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COM-  
POUND is prepared at 23 and 25 Western Avenue,  
Lynn, Mass. Price \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail  
in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on  
receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham  
freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamph-  
let. Address as above. Mention this Paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S  
LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness,  
and torpidity of the liver. 5 cents per box.  
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This standard article is compounded with the greatest care.

Its effects are as wonderful and satisfactory as ever.

It restores gray or faded hair to its youthful color.

It removes all eruptions, itching and dandruff, and the scalp by its use becomes white and clean.

By its tonic properties it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, preventing baldness, and making the hair grow thick and strong.

As a dressing nothing has been found so effectual or desir-  
able.

Dr. A. A. Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, says of it: "I consider it the best preparation for its intended purposes."

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE,  
For the Whiskers,

This elegant preparation may be relied on to change the  
color of the beard from gray or any other undesirable shade  
to brown or black, at discretion. It is easily applied, being  
in one preparation, and quickly and effectually produces a  
permanent color which will neither rub nor wash off.

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NEW TREATMENT BY INHALA-  
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## CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Fran-  
cisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining  
District, Storey County, Nevada.Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of  
Directors, held on the 29th day of March, 1882, an  
assessment (No. 3) of Twenty Cents per share was levied  
upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable im-  
mediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the  
office of the Company, Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309  
Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-  
paid on the sixth (6th) day of May, 1882, will be delin-  
quent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and,  
unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday,  
the 5th day of June, 1882, to pay the delinquent assess-  
ment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of  
sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery  
Street, San Francisco, California.

## POTOSI MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco,  
California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of  
Directors, held on the 12th day of April, 1882, an assess-  
ment (No. 8) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon  
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately  
in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office  
of the Company, 309 Montgomery Street, Room 79, Nevada  
Block, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid  
on the (16th) sixteenth day of May, 1882, will be delin-  
quent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, un-  
less payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the  
5th day of June, 1882, to pay the delinquent assess-  
ment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of  
sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery  
Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## BEST AND BELCHER SILVER

Mining Company—Location of works, Virginia City,  
Storey County, Nevada. Location of principal place of  
business, San Francisco, California.Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of  
Directors, held on the 29th day of April, 1882, an assess-  
ment (No. 23) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was levied  
upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immedi-  
ately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the  
office of the Company, Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No.  
309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid  
on the 11th day of May, 1882, will be delin-  
quent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and un-  
less payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the  
23rd day of June, 1882, to pay the delinquent assess-  
ment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of  
sale.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.  
Office—Room No. 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgom-  
ery Street, San Francisco, California.

## DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada

Block, Room 27.—San Francisco, April 15, 1882.—At a

meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Com-  
pany, held this day, a Dividend (No. 72) of Fifty Cents per  
share was declared, payable on the 27th day of April,  
1882. Transfer books closed on the 28th instant.

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San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 1st, 1882.

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Other Real Estate..... 5,225 35  
United States Bonds..... 626,977 35  
Loans on Real Estate..... 134,868 00  
Loans on bonds, gas, water and bank stock..... 132,198 35  
Loans on other securities..... 577,448 96  
Loans on personal security..... 1,106,001 27  
Due from banks and bankers..... 392,457 61  
Money on hand..... 398,669 34

**LIABILITIES.** \$3,523,844 23  
Capital paid up..... \$1,000,000 00  
Surplus..... 460,759 13  
Due Depositors..... 1,898,635 07  
Due Banks and Bankers..... 174,370 53  
Dividends unpaid..... 59 50  
**\$3,523,844 23**

R. H. McDonald, President.

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25 STEEL PLATE AND PEARL CHROMO  
Cards, (half each,) name on, 10c, 14 packs, \$1.00.  
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Proprs.

VOL. X. NO. 18.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 6, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## THE COMMITTEE ON VIRTUE.

From the German of Sacher Masoch—adapted by Jerome A. Hart.

It was the height of the Viennese winter. The icy north wind was dashing the snow against the imperial palace, howling in the chimneys, and rattling windows and doors.

Midnight was striking. As the last peal died away a tall and stately lady might have been seen gliding through one of the vaulted corridors, bearing a light, which she shaded with her hand. She was clad in a long white robe. Could it be the fateful White Lady, who tradition says appears whenever disaster menaces the Austrian empire or the house of Hapsburg? No; her beauty was too fresh and rosy for one returned from the other world; no ghost was she—a messenger from the tomb would have been more sombre, would not have had those sparkling eyes. Was it one of the court ladies on her way to a rendezvous under cover of the tempestuous night? Not so; she was a virtuous lady. More—she was a virtuous sovereign, a rare thing in that dissolute eighteenth century. It was the great empress—it was Maria Theresa, faithful in his life and in his death to her handsome husband, Francis of Lorraine.

But why was she wandering through the palace at this untimely hour? Alas! Francis was a gallant man, and the empress was a jealous wife. Not only that, she had a feverish desire to see that all the members of her court were as moral as she wished her husband to be. While the inmates of the palace were wrapped in slumber, and supposed the empress was, she was wandering through the corridors, stopping at every door, listening, looking through key-holes, and generally exercising a strict supervision over the doings of her ladies in waiting and her maids of honor. She wished the latter to continue so. Sometimes, even, she would enter their apartments in their absence, and examine desks and drawers in search of *billets-doux*. But if the empress, in her researches, ever found traces of some honest passion, where the course of true love did not run smooth, such was her natural kindness of heart that she was immediately interested, and a marriage speedily followed.

On this night fortune favored her. Scarcely had she begun her round when the footfall of a man resounded on the marble floor of the corridor. The clink of spurs betrayed that it was an officer. Like lightning the empress's thoughts darted on her fickle husband. She extinguished her light, and concealed herself in the embrasure of a window. She was none too quick. Almost immediately a man passed her in the dark. He was tall and stately—so was the emperor; but the white mantle in which he was wrapped, and the hat pressed over his brows, prevented her from being sure of his identity.

"It is the emperor, and he is going to a rendezvous," was her first thought.

She followed him as far as the door of her own apartments, where she entered. The noise of the closing door made him pause for a few minutes, during which time she threw a mantle over her shoulders, and when he resumed his route she followed him.

He left the palace. Despite the bitter cold, the empress did not feel it. Warm and ruddy ran the blood in Maria Theresa's veins. She was in the habit of sitting daily at her desk with all the windows open. True, she wore furs at all times; but it was only because she knew that wrappings of ermine and sable better set off her haughty beauty.

Before the gate of the palace the officer paused a moment, as if to assure himself that he was unobserved; then with rapid steps he crossed the Square of Saint Michael, and reached the market-place. The empress followed him at some distance, but without losing sight of him. Before a tall and narrow building, with three windows looking on the street, the stranger paused. He sounded once the heavy knocker at the door. A window opened on the third floor; a pretty head, framed in blonde tresses, showed itself for a moment, then disappeared; after some minutes the door opened, the cloaked stranger disappeared, and the door was quickly closed.

The empress stamped her little foot with vexation, and approached the house, in order to discover if there were no means by which she could identify it. By the dim light of the stars she perceived above the door one of those signs with which the Viennese streets abounded—a gilded fish. This was enough. She was about to withdraw, when a very little man armed with a very large cane barred her way.

"Aha, my beauty!" cried he, "whither away so late?"

The tone was not that of a Don Juan. The empress continued her route without deigning a reply.

"Hold, I say," he cried, seizing her by the arm.

"Release me, sir," exclaimed the empress, angrily.

"Hoity-toity, my lady," said the little man, "not so fast. I have the right to stop you."

"The right? You have the right to stop and insult honest women in the street? Stand aside, I say!"

"Honest women!" sneered the little man, "a likely story that an honest woman would be strolling the streets at this hour. I arrest you, woman, in the name of the Committee on Virtue."

The words had hardly left his lips ere he received such an energetic box on the ear that his hat flew off; as he stooped to pick it up his captive disappeared in the darkness.

The blonde young person whom we left closing the door had in the meanwhile interrogated the man in the mantle.

"Is it really you, Leopold?" she asked, peering through the darkness.

For answer the stranger pressed a kiss upon her lips. "Yes," said she, blushing. "I know you now. But you have icicles on your lips."

"It is the snow," replied the officer; "it is a bitter night without, and my moustache has been powdered by the storm."

"And how were you enabled to pass the palace guard?" asked the young girl, uneasily.

"That is nobody's business but mine. For a quarter of an hour I am no longer the subject of her imperial majesty Maria Theresa, but the slave of Lina Deckermann."

"Welcome, then, flatterer," said the little blonde, "welcome, although I scarcely know how I have gained the courage to admit after nightfall the most noble Leopold Von Planta, one of the empress's officers, as if there were no Committee on Virtue in our good city of Vienna."

"Pooh! What do we care for the spies of Baron Handl and his committee?" said the young man, gaily, as they mounted the stairs together. "Is not our love an honest one? Do you not live with your mother, supported by the labor of your hands? Have I ever given you aught but a bouquet? And are we not to be married as soon as military law will let me do so?—that is, when I win my captaincy."

"I know that you are honest and good, Leopold," replied the young girl, "but the people who live in the house, and Handl's spies, would not hesitate to deprive me of my reputation. What can have been the idea of the empress in founding this Committee on Virtue?"

"I shall tell you," began the officer. But at this moment they reached the door of Lina's apartment, and her mother, who was seated, sewing in hand, rose to receive them.

"I am glad you have come at last, Herr Von Planta," she said; "Lina was beginning to fear you would not."

"Do not flatter him," interrupted her daughter, quickly, "he is too vain now. Let him go on and explain to me what is the Committee on Virtue."

The officer threw his cloak upon a chair. He was in truth a handsome fellow. His white uniform faced with red, his stalwart frame, his ruddy face under its powdered hair, all went to explain Miss Lina's infatuation. He seated himself beside the mother, and made as if to place Miss Lina on his knee.

"Tut, tut!" said the mother, "no indeed! It is highly improper, sir."

So Lina released herself, and went for a chair. As she crossed the room in her simple muslin gown, the high red heels of her little slippers clicking on the floor, the lieutenant followed her with a most ardent gaze. And when she seated herself beside him, he could scarcely take his eyes off the charming little figure and the blonde head coquettishly set off with a dainty cap.

"Well, I hope you'll know me again," said Lina, at last; "when his lordship is tired of staring at me, perhaps he'll be good enough to go on with his story."

"About the committee?"

"Yes."

"Well, here it is. There is little need to tell you that Vienna has never been a scrupulously moral city. While in other cities of the empire, less gay than ours, light ladies did not dare to exhibit their shame to the sunlight, here they have ostentatiously paraded it. After the siege by the Turks they were Sultana's pelisses, and when the city was attacked by Hungarian malcontents they sported the dolman and the heron's plume. The aristocracy was dissolute; the common people followed their example, till at last the imperial city has become the most profligate of the empire. To check the waves of dissipation, therefore, the empress instituted the Committee on Virtue. There are not wanting wicked tongues to say that she is more solicitous about the morals of her husband than she is about those of her good city. Be that as it may, it is certain that Prince Kaunitz has furthered her project with the utmost ardor. His motive is to thus introduce among us the French system of secret police, a system which has never met the approval of her majesty. Under the cloak of the Committee on Virtue, Kaunitz will doubtless succeed in establishing the odious police system."

As he finished speaking, the young officer pounced upon Miss Lina, and would have collected a fabulous amount of kisses as a reward for his story had she not grasped him by his queue, which afforded a convenient handle.

"You are my prisoner," she cried, with mock indignation. "Alas!" said Leopold, ruefully, "I fear I always shall be."

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning the empress appeared—as was her custom whenever her husband excited her ire—in a most coquettish negligé. She was a woman of great beauty, and when she chose to look handsome she was indeed so. She avoided the paniers which were worn at that epoch, and which disguised the figure. She wore a simple white gown, whose soft and clinging folds revealed the outlines of her magnificent form; a satin pelisse, edged with ermine, gave an oriental tinge to her beauty. Her haughty carriage, her magnificent bust, her Grecian head poised on well-rounded shoulders, made her look what she was—every inch an empress. Her reddish-blonde hair was carelessly tied up with

a ribbon, and in her shell-like ears hung two immense pearls.

The emperor was both surprised and charmed. He kissed her hand gallantly, but she made no reply to the well-turned phrases with which he complimented her. She seated herself in silence.

"What is the matter?" he asked at length. "Some cabinet complication?—a dispute with your ministers?"

Maria Theresa sneezed.

"God bless you!" cried the emperor.

The empress sneezed again.

"You have a cold, my love," said Francis; "I understand now why you are out of humor this morning. You must have been writing in your cabinet with the windows open, while poor Prince Kaunitz and Joseph were shivering by you in their furs. Ah, I understand."

The empress did not reply. Without a word she began to turn over a package of papers which a chamberlain presented her—reports, petitions, letters. She glanced over them, penciled a word here, a word there, sent one to this minister, another to that, or even hurriedly wrote out herself a decision. Women read quickly, and Maria Theresa, despite her superior faculties, was a woman.

Suddenly a paper came to her hand which impressed her as being of particular importance, for she read and reread it attentively. The emperor, who was pacing up and down the room, cast a curious glance over her shoulder. The paper which his portentous spouse was reading so keenly was headed:

### REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON VIRTUE.

"Hum!" thought the emperor, "I wonder if there's anything about me in the confounded thing?"

Despite his merit as sovereign, as financier, as husband and father, the emperor had his little weaknesses. The ardent blood of Lorraine ran in his veins, and he was not so scrupulous in the matter of conjugal fidelity as he might have been. Yes, the emperor was not a Joseph, and he was in continual terror of some awkward discovery by the empress.

"It is shameful," said Maria Theresa at last, in a sort of audible thinking. "Our efforts seem to be vain. Despite all the vigilance and the severity possible, the most rigorous punishments, and the most terrible examples, vice increases from day to day. Religion is decaying; so is morality. This is the fruit of bad books, of theatres, and of newspapers."

"I wonder what she's found," mused the emperor.

"It is the example of those who live in high places which has corrupted the common people," the empress continued. "Courts, which should be asylums of piety and virtue, are open, on the contrary, to frivolity and vice. The King of Prussia, whom French scribblers dub 'the great,' has himself written evil books. The Czarina tramples under foot every sentiment of female propriety. The Pompadour, that insolent creature who should be whipped at the cart's tail, now reigns in splendor at Versailles. But it is useless to go so far afield for examples. We have them near at hand."

"Decidedly," thought the emperor, uneasily, "decidedly she has found something in that abominable report which concerns me." And he leaned on the back of his wife's chair.

"Look for yourself," said she, "look and tell me how persons placed near the throne commit such infamies!"

"What infamies?" stammered the emperor.

"A nobleman," the empress read, "the Baron Von Kronenburg, has seduced a young girl, the daughter of worthy tradespeople, and then abandoned her."

"It is infamous indeed!" cried the emperor, much relieved; "be should be punished—make him marry her."

"Do you call that a punishment?" replied the empress, frowning, "it would be a reward rather. But it is too late. The unfortunate girl, unable to bear her shame, has drowned herself in the Danube. But he shall suffer for it."

And seizing a pencil she wrote on the margin: "Let Von Kronenburg be arrested at once. He shall be deprived of his titles, wear irons for five years, and sweep the streets in the company of the commonest convicts. To-morrow it is our pleasure that he sweep in front of the imperial palace."

"You know how to punish," said the emperor.

"And also how to reward," replied the empress, haughtily.

"This charming negligé," said Francis, passing his hand lightly over the ermine of her robe, "does it betoken for me reward or punishment?"

"Take it as you will."

Francis loved all beautiful women—even his wife. He seized her in his arms at this reply, but she released herself quickly.

"But my love—"

"I am displeased with you."

"Displeased! and why?"

"Do you not give me occasion at every hour of the day?"

"Why, I believe you are jealous," said Francis, with an ingenuous smile.

"As if there were not cause," replied the empress.

"But you know I love you."

"And a hundred others as well."



"A hundred! Why—"

"We will not dispute about the number."

"We will not dispute at all," said the emperor, who became more tender as his wife became more cold. "Come—let us be reconciled. Forgive me."

"No."

He knelt before her like a lover: "Pity me, Maria; pity my love!"

"It is that your love may last that I do not pity you," she replied, and without heeding him she continued her reading. Suddenly she burst into a peal of laughter.

"What is it?" asked Francis.

"Handl—Baron Handl," she said, between her laughter, "the president of the Committee on Virtue. It is too droll."

"What has happened to that pillar of morality?"

"Just think—last night he attempted in person to arrest a woman—"

Again she had to pause through merriment.

"Well?"

"Well, he had his ears boxed."

"What—Handl?"

"The same—he relates it in his report in the most serious manner. It is too droll. And the poor haron does not know who it was that boxed his ears. The culprit escaped."

Rising and still laughing, Maria Theresa extended her dimpled hand to the emperor, and quitted the cabinet. She sent for her faithful servant, Guhler, and bade him to procure at once complete details respecting a certain blonde young lady who lived near the market-place, in the third story of a house which bore the sign of the Golden Fish.

And the emperor? He drew a long sigh and murmured: "Thank Heaven it wasn't there!"

When Prince Kaunitz, at noon-day, entered the cabinet where his imperial mistress was wont to hold council with her ministers, he found her in a reasonably good humor, and not too much inclined to consider affairs of state.

"Well, Kaunitz," said she, glancing at the bundle of dispatches and papers he placed before her, "what is there to report?"

"I have to report, your majesty, that I am exceedingly chagrined," replied the prince, glancing over his sovereign at a large mirror, where his elegant person and luxurious dress were reflected.

"What or who has chagrined you?"

"The Pope, your majesty."

"Oh, let the Pope alone."

"I would willingly, your majesty, if he would return the favor."

"Let us change the subject," said the empress, "do you wish to spoil my good humor?"

"I hope—," began the prince.

"You well know that it is impossible for me to speak with you of the Pope without exciting my anger. I do not wonder at your feeling toward him. You are a libertine, Kaunitz; you read bad books; you never go to mass. Sometimes I fear you are a Freemason." And the empress shuddered.

The prince suppressed a smile, paused a moment, and spoke:

"Will your majesty deign to look over my report?"

"No—no politics to-day. Apropos—you are always exhorting me to encourage art, Kaunitz; to imitate the kings of France and Prussia, and the Czarina. Let us go to the Belvedere, and inspect those paintings which the archduke has just sent me from Brussels."

"I am at your majesty's disposal."

Maria Theresa rang, ordered her carriage, and in a moment the first lady in waiting, Countess von Tchora, appeared, bearing upon her arm one of those fur-trimmed satin polonaises which Maria Leczinska introduced into France.

"Is your majesty going out?" demanded the high priestess of etiquette.

"Yes."

"But not alone! Surely your majesty would not think of—"

"Be it so. You may accompany me. But make haste."

The countess assisted her mistress to don her cloak, and in a few minutes the party was seated in the imperial carrosse, on their way to the gallery. At the door of the Belvedere they were received by its custodian, Stulpnagel, an old and pedantic artist. He conducted them to the salon where were placed the newly arrived paintings.

"All Flemish paintings, your majesty," he began. "Here, now, is one by Mieris, which (with your majesty's approbation) I shall call 'The Shopkeeper's Wife.'"

And Stulpnagel pointed out the well-known painting, where a plumed gallant is represented as paying infinitely more attention to the pretty saleswoman than to the rich stuffs heaped up before him.

"Rather pretty," said the empress, "but nevertheless immoral. Do you not think so, Kaunitz?"

"Why so, your majesty?"

"Look—do you not see in the corner that elderly man who is watching the couple so closely? Evidently he is the husband; that woman there is married; and yet the idle spark is chucking her under the chin. Tut! tut! It will never do. But great heavens, what is this?" cried the empress, approaching another painting which represented a nude female form. "Oh, fie! fie!" and she turned away, blushing.

"Oh, fie! fie!" cried the Countess Von Tchora, also turning away, and attempting to blush.

"It is a Rubens," said Kaunitz, examining it with the eye of a connoisseur. "What superb coloring! What marvelous flesh tints! Before such a Venus one can easily believe the assertion of Rubens's contemporaries—that he mixed human blood with his colors. It is a Venus, is it not?"

"No, your excellency," replied the painter, "it is a portrait."

"A portrait!" exclaimed the empress, "impossible! Who can the shameless creature be?"

"Helen Forman, the second wife of Rubens."

"No matter who it is; this painting must not appear in the gallery. It is scandalous!"

"Your majesty," began Kaunitz, "you surely would not deprive the people of such a master-piece?"

"Well, then," said the empress, "we must have recourse to mythology. Call it a Venus, or some nymph or other."

"If your majesty will permit me to make a remark," interrupted Stulpnagel, howing profoundly, "I would say that connoisseurs would at a glance detect that it is a portrait, and the mythological pretense would render Vienna ridiculous in the eyes of strangers."

"Well, then I have another plan," said Maria Theresa, decidedly. "Paint a gown upon her, Stulpnagel."

"Your majesty," stammered the painter, "is perhaps jesting."

"Not at all," said the empress, frowning.

"But it would be vandalism, your majesty," interrupted the prince.

"Vandalism! Do you think I know nothing of painting? I have ordered it—let it be done."

"A Rubens!" groaned the prince, "a Rubens retouched by a Stulpnagel!"

And in the ardor of his zeal for the Flemish painter, he dared to remind the empress that she had once been herself painted as a sultana, and as a somewhat décolletée sultana at that.

"True," she replied, "but that was only the shoulders, Kaunitz. There is a difference. You have my orders, Stulpnagel; the painting goes into the gallery, but the woman must wear a frock."

\* \* \* \* \*

In a cabinet furnished with the luxury characteristic of the time, and which, thanks to its rich carpets, its numberless mirrors, its costly furniture, and its many paintings and statues, resembled more a lady's boudoir than an official's bureau, sat a little fat man before a walnut desk inlaid with mother-of-pearl. He was round, rosy, and merry. He might have been taken for a man about town, a good-liver, a squire of dames, but no one would have thought it was Baron Handl, President of the Committee on Virtue. Yet it was he. At this moment he was reading a letter from the empress. She wrote:

"Baron Handl deserves the boxed ears he received, for he has the bad habit of thrusting his nose where it does not belong, and of being blind when his eyes should be open. A person belonging to the court is in the habit, nightly, of visiting a young woman who lives on the third story of the house bearing the sign of the Golden Fish. This young woman's name is Caroline Deckermann. Baron Handl knows nothing of these visits. This is natural, but not commendable. These visits can not be actuated by a worthy motive. They are clandestine. Let Baron Handl at once set inquiries on foot, but with the utmost precaution. There must be no scandal. A great personage is mixed up in this affair."

The President of the Committee on Virtue placed his index finger beside his nose. "A great personage—hum! Evidently the emperor. I must manage this affair discreetly. Yet if I lack zeal, I shall bring down the empress's wrath upon my head; if I am too zealous, the emperor will disgrace me. Hum!"

The baron touched a bell. A meagre and yellow attendant appeared.

"Are there any of my agents here?"

"Yes, your excellency—several."

"Tell them to enter."

In a moment the dainty room was filled with a choice assortment of hang-dog faces. You might not have been surprised to see such gallows-hirns in a prison, but scarcely in the office of the Committee on Virtue. Yet they were Handl's spies.

The baron did not consider it necessary even to turn his head in speaking to them, although they stood behind him.

"Does any one of you know a young woman called Lina Deckermann, who lives in a bouse at the sign of the Golden Fish?" he asked.

"I do, your excellency," replied one of the police-agents—a one-eyed rascal, picturesquely attired in a red velvet coat and green velvet breeches, something the worse for wear.

"What do you know of her, Luchsheim?"

"Nothing of value—that is, nothing bad, your excellency. She lives with her mother, and both of them earn their livelihood by their needles."

"Is she handsome?"

"A beauty."

"Has she lovers?"

"None that I know of."

"But I know of some," cried the baron; "my genius discovers or divines everything, while you, you lazy rascals, discover nothing. She receives visits every night, and not only that, but from some one at court. You are ignorant of it, Luchsheim, which is very natural, but not very commendable. My instructions are for all of you—this girl must be watched, both she and the person who visits her."

"Who is it?" inquired Luchsheim.

"Never mind—I know who it is, and that is enough. Watch her, but discreetly; let there be no scandal. Her majesty the empress is interested in this affair. If there should be any trouble, any public scandal, I will make a terrible example of him who causes it. Do you hear?"

All the agents inclined profoundly.

"Then get out!"

Again the President of the Committee on Virtue found himself alone.

"The girl is pretty, eh?" he mused. "Hum! I shall myself take a personal interest in this matter—solely, however, in the interests of her majesty."

And Baron Handl's eyes twinkled.

Alas for Lina and her lover! The lynx-eyed spies of the committee were soon upon their heels.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A young, rich, and pretty widow in London, with plenty of animal spirits, and in want of some innocent amusement, hit on the original plan of inscribing her name in the books of a matrimonial agency as a wealthy but blind candidate for matrimony. The number of suitors was legion, and the charming widow amused herself to her heart's content. Some came in shabby clothes, some stretched themselves at full length on the sofa and made themselves quite at home, but spoke in tones of the deepest affection. The charming widow was, however, soon obliged to cut the joke short, for one of her suitors, after annexing a pair of candlesticks, introduced a bunch of long fingers into her pocket and abstracted her purse.

## QUEER RAILROADS.

Some of the Singular Customs of our Neighbors Over the Border.

The first Mexican railroad (from Vera Cruz to Paso del Macho, at the foot of the mountains,) was chartered by a company of British capitalists, built by American engineers, and captured successively by French, Mexican, and American troops, but somehow all parties agreed that only Americans could manage it, says Dr. Felix Oswald, in a late number of *Our Continent*. The Imperialists manned their trains with European machinists and Algerian sharpshooters, but they could never make it a popular institution. Only foreigners availed themselves of the reduced tariff; the native merchants preferred to patronize the muleteers. Three years after an English contractor finished the job in less than fifteen months, and extended the tracks to the foothills of the Cordilleras, on the western boundary of the plateau. It was still a foreign road, but the American *agente general* had managed to make it popular. The local agents, and even the train conductors, were at first permitted to adapt their *modus vivendi* to the exigencies of the circumstances, and where the discretion of these sub-autocrats could be relied upon, it was generally found that the most elastic system had the best chance of success. In the midst of the chaparral, farmers, hunters, and herders used to flag the train, as the settlers on the Upper Arkansas hail a steamboat, and on such occasions the engineers were instructed to "slow up" till the conductor had ascertained the motive of the appeal. For not would he passengers only were apt to improvise a station by swinging their *serapes*; some of the signalists turned out to be private mail-carriers, rancheros with a load of brushwood for sale, and even idlers in quest of *novedades*—the commercial or political news from the coast. To save time the engineer himself often attended to such inquiries. "Hahlan a las mil maravillas—the town is hrimful of news," he would hawl out without troubling the brakeman—"Say! Meet us at Dos Rios, if we come back—half rates on Saturday," and down the reply in a full-steam clatter. Bona fide passengers were invited to jump on, and referred to the ticket-agent of the next station, unless they preferred to ride on the *colada*, or tail end—the platform car in the rear of the train. As the company could not afford to build restaurants and hotels, as well as depots, the first stations were often mere weather-sheds, where refreshment-seekers had to rely on the incidental presence of a fruit-vender till the disparities of demand and supply resulted in the adoption of the *colada* system. On the rear car of every passenger train cake-venders, Indian *plataneiros*, and hucksters in general were permitted to ride free on condition of assisting the train-hands in loading wood, cleaning the engine, etc., or doing chores for the depot-master. Sporadic *coladeros* could easily shirk their share of the work, but as the rear car is nothing but a rough-hewn platform on wheels, there was not much danger of the franchise being abused. An *hombre de bien*, in a temporary strait, would as soon have mounted a cow-catcher as a *colada*, even if his peers had tolerated the indignity. But a section of any branch of the Caucasian race could generally count upon a seat in the cars. The *agente general* himself once ejected a ragged gray-coat who had hoarded the cars at a water station, and tried to conceal himself behind a crowded seat, but just before the train started the stranger—probably a Confederate deserter—entered another car, and the general protest of the Mexican passengers prevented the official from repeating his inhospitable act. "Dejalo! Don't! Don't you treat a white man like that," they interfered from all sides. "Esta blanco!"

"Yes, hut—a heretic?"

"Oh, *quien sabe*—who knows? There are some Christians in every country, and he is certainly a white man." Heretic or not, they paid his fare and took him along.

"Sueltalo—let him go, he will pay you some other day," is a frequent appeal if the *impecunio* is a native Mexican.

Between Vera Cruz and Paso del Macho the track has been "hlocked" no less than forty-eight times, and at least thirty times the robbers have accomplished their object, though the Imperialists had sharpshooters on board, and at last even a Gatling gun. On the table-land the trains were robbed only twice; the attempt, however, was made in fifteen or sixteen different places and often at quite unexpected times, as on the day before the inauguration of Porfirio Diaz, when the cars were packed with soldiers. A year before the collapse of the empire a troop of masked *ladrones* hoarded the train at Soledad, loaded their horses with an assortment of valuables, including the person of the Austrian conductor, and effected their escape, though a regiment of cavalry started in pursuit on the afternoon of the same day. A portion of the plunder was afterward traced to Santander, in the State of Potosi, where the robbers had sold it "in the name of the government," at prices that created a bonanza sensation among the local traders. The conductor was seen no more, and his successor turned the baggage-car into a perfect arsenal of firearms, and really succeeded in defying the *ladrones* for a while. Since 1880 the only serious "hlockade" was caused by a rock avalanche. The railway has become a national institution; the patronage of native planters and business men has steadily increased; the export traffic has left its old channels, till now a full third in value and about one-fifth in bulk of the total exports passes through the freight depots of the Trans-Cordilleras Road. Refreshment-seekers still depend on the *colada* hucksters, and the interior of the *oficio* recalls the time when trunks and barrels formed the only furniture of our waiting-rooms; but the *oficio* master has begun to pride himself on the trim flower-plots of his little parterre, a gilded Mexican eagle adorns the top of the roof, and swarms of living birds inhabit the gourds that hang in festoons from the trees and cactus hedges. The railroad has demonstrated its usefulness, and the wanton destruction of its property has ceased to be a popular amusement. Still the managers have never relaxed their vigilance. An obnoxious administration or the return of hard times might prove that the *ladrones* had not forgotten their old tricks. In a latitude where even the winter nights are warm enough for a comfortable bivouac, the soil seems to produce bandits as naturally as banyan trees.



## TRUTHFUL TALES.

## Conjugal Amenities.

"Everything requires time; don't hurry to speak," said the Italian Count Buondelamente, as he stood weeping and sobbing by the bedside of his dying wife, who had been fading away for more than a year. "But I must hasten to tell my sin," gasped the wife. "I can not die without confessing that I have been unfaithful to my marriage vow, and that I have loved Count Malvazzi." "I know it well enough," replied the count, blandly, "and that is why I began to poison you from the moment he first entered the house."

## Disguised by Foreign Names.

A rich manufacturer having made a wedding feast, invited thereto his chief mechanic, a man more familiar with science than society, named Smith. Late in the evening one of the young men of the family, finding Smith roaming about the supper table, pressed him to partake of various dishes, which were declined on account of their unfamiliar look; but upon being assured that he would certainly like the croquettes, he consented to try the strange viand. The first taste surprised him into his early dialect, and he ejaculated: "Gosh, it's hash!"—*Buffalo Express.*

## A Story Without a Moral.

"No," exclaimed young Harry, when tempted to take a bright half-dollar from the till of his employer, "no, it is not mine, and I will touch it not. And pray what good would it do me? It would buy but a few hunches of cigarettes, which would soon be smoked up, and then where is the half-dollar? No, I will withstand this temptation, and beg my cigarettes from Fred. I will make no haste to acquire wealth. I will have patience." So Harry turned his back on the half-dollar. By patience and careful doctoring of his employer's accounts, he was in a few short years enabled to leave for Europe with fifty thousand dollars in his pocket.—*Boston Transcript.*

## What it Meant.

Many mechanics are busy building a big restaurant and beer hall on One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street, New York. When the frame was completed, one of the men nailed a big fir tree on top of the foremost truss of the roof. A *Sun* reporter saw it, and asked a waiter in the restaurant next door what it meant. "Oh, dot's a funny dings," said he. "Der carpenters in Yermany always done somedings like dot ven der vrame uf der pilding vos up already." "What does it signify—good luck, or something of that sort?" the reporter asked. "Vell," the waiter replied, "maype it does, hut I can't zay apout dot. All vot I know apout it is dot it zignifies dot its petter vot der poss zets up fife or six kegs of peer by der carpenters."

## How a Senator's Wife Electioneered.

The wife of Senator Bingham used to tell a pleasant story of the time when her husband was trying to get votes in the Pennsylvania Legislature. He gave a dinner-party to a number of the members, one of whom managed to break a plate—one of an expensive set of Sévres of great value. The unhappy guest fell into an agony which Mrs. Bingham at once soothed by saying, with a careless air: "It's of no sort of consequence, for this ware is exceedingly brittle, and breaks very easily; just look"—and to illustrate her statement she took up another of the priceless plates, and placidly broke it into hits with a knife. Fresh plates were brought, and the clumsy member was so pleased and relieved that as soon as might be he voted for the husband of this woman of tact.

## A Pickpocket's Pocket Picked.

Herrmann, the conjurer, was one afternoon strolling up Broadway, when a gentlemanly person in a light overcoat gently tapped him on the shoulder, and politely inquired the time of day. "It eses four by ze watch," said Herrmann, after taking out his chronometer. "Thanks," murmured the gentlemanly person, stepping briskly away. Herrmann soon realized that his morocco pocket-book, containing a very considerable quantity of legal tenders, was missing. So was the light-fingered party by this time; but Herrmann quickened his pace, and caught sight of him entering a saloon. He followed the thief closely, and the latter, a few moments later, as he raised his gentle eyes over the rim of a tumbler, was horrified to see Herrmann standing right beside him in the act of paying for the drink with a bill from the morocco wallet, which a few moments before had reposed in the clever 'un's overcoat pocket. He put down his glass and fled. Herrmann drank the liquor and said no more about it.

## He Got What He Wanted.

"You had better get rid of that stove-pipe hat; you'll be livelier without it," said a powerfully built red-faced young truck-driver the other day as he nearly drove over a delicate-looking gentleman. The pedestrian had to skip in an undignified manner to escape. "You want your neck wrung badly," he said as he gained the sidewalk, and looked after the truck. The driver heard him, and pulled up his horses at once. "Will you wring it?" he asked, in gruff tones. The gentleman took a few seconds to consider the question. Then he said: "No, I'll leave that job for the hangman; but I will flatten your nose, if that will suit you." It appeared that the proposal suited the driver, for in thirty seconds he stood before the fragile-looking man. "Now flatten my nose," he said, defiantly. It was done before the words were well out of his mouth; and as he lay on his back in the gutter, the expression on his blood-hesitated countenance was that of pain and amazement. "What did you strike that man for?" asked a policeman, hurrying up, and seizing the gentleman by the arm. "Because he asked me to strike him, you know," was the reply; "and as he looked like an honest, good-natured young fellow, I didn't like to disoblige him." The policeman looked at the truckman, who rose slowly, and without making any complaint, mounted the seat of his wagon and drove off. "Well," said the policeman, impressively, as he walked away, "there's no account in' for tastes."—*New York Sun.*

## OLD FAVORITES.

## On the Rio Grande.

We chased the wild guerrillas  
Through chaparral and glade,  
And they fell beneath the sabres  
Of the fearless Tenth Brigade;  
Then faint with wounds and parched with thirst,  
We pitched our tents that day,  
And it was on the sandy  
Banks of the Rio Grande  
Where we lay.

Up spoke our gallant leader,  
Astride his fretful roan,  
"Sleep ye who can, my comrades,  
I'll watch the camp alone;  
A restless spirit in my brain  
Keeps sleep and rest at bay."  
And it was on the sandy  
Banks of the Rio Grande  
Where we lay.

All in the misty moonlight  
I saw him come and go,  
With his long Kentucky rifle  
Across his saddle-bow;  
And he hummed a tender love-tune,  
A ballad blithe as May,  
And it was on the sandy  
Banks of the Rio Grande  
Where we lay.

The dew was on the flowers,  
The air was full of June,  
And the river on the shallows  
Made music to the moon,  
While around our still encampment prowled  
Wild beasts in search of prey.  
And it was on the sandy  
Banks of the Rio Grande  
Where we lay.

A rustle in the coppice!  
A shadow on the grass!  
Is that a friend, O sentinel,  
That you should let him pass?  
Then the sharp, quick crack of a rifle broke  
On the air, and died away.  
And it was on the sandy  
Banks of the Rio Grande  
Where we lay.

The drummer beat reveille,  
The startled war-horse neighed,  
And our leader, reeling in his seat,  
Tugged at his trusty blade,  
Rose in his stirrups once, and then—  
We heard the bugles play.  
And it was on the sandy  
Banks of the Rio Grande  
Where we lay.

And Leavenworth was dying,  
His head upon my knee;  
"Take these," he faintly said, "to one  
Who long will wait for me!  
And tell her—" 'twas a tress of hair  
And a three-year-old bouquet.  
And it was on the sandy  
Banks of the Rio Grande  
Where we lay.

We wrapped him in our colors—  
The red, and white, and blue—  
Oh we wrapped him in our colors,  
That tender soul and true!  
And more than one bronzed hero wept  
Like a little child that day,  
As we buried him on the sandy  
Banks of the Rio Grande,  
Where we lay.

## Tantalus—Texas.

"If I may trust your love," she cried,  
"And you would have me for a bride,  
Ride over yonder plain, and bring  
Your flask full from the Mustang spring;  
Fly, fast as western eagle's wing,  
O'er the Llano Estacado!"  
He heard, and bowed without a word,  
His gallant steed he lightly spurred;  
He turned his face, and rode away  
Toward the grave of dying day,  
And vanished with its parting ray  
On the Llano Estacado.  
Night came, and found him riding on,  
Day came, and still he rode alone.  
He spared not spur, he drew not rein,  
Across that broad, unchanging plain,  
Till he the Mustang spring might gain,  
On the Llano Estacado.  
A little rest, a little draught,  
Hot from his hand, and quickly quaffed,  
His flask was filled, and then he turned,  
Once more his steed the maguey spurred,  
Once more the sky above him burned  
On the Llano Estacado.  
How hot the quivering landscape glowed!  
His brain seemed boiling as he rode—  
Was it a dream, a drunken one,  
Or was he really riding on?  
Was that a skull that gleamed and shone  
On the Llano Estacado?  
"Brave steed of mine, brave steed!" he cried,  
So often true, so often tried,  
Bear up a little longer yet!"  
His mouth was black with blood and sweat—  
Heaven! how he longed his lips to wet!  
On the Llano Estacado.  
And still, within his breast, he held  
The precious flask so lately filled,  
Oh, for a drink! But well he knew  
If empty it should meet her view,  
Her scorn— But still his longing grew  
On the Llano Estacado.  
His horse went down. He wandered on,  
Giddy, blind, beaten, and alone.  
While upon cushioned couch you lie,  
Oh, think how hard it is to die,  
Beneath the cruel, cloudless sky,  
On the Llano Estacado.  
At last he staggered, stumbled, fell.  
His day was done, he knew full well,  
And raising to his lips the flask,  
The end, the object of his task,  
Drank to her—more she could not ask.  
Ah! the Llano Estacado!  
That night in the Presidio,  
Beneath the torchlights' wavy glow,  
She danced—and never thought of him,  
The victim of a woman's whim,  
Lying, with face upturned and grim,  
On the Llano Estacado, —*Joaquin Miller.*

## GOTHAM'S GOLDEN YOUTH.

## Our Correspondent Tells of Some of their Peculiar Ways.

I mentioned young George Gould's fondness for actresses society in a recent letter, and spoke of his schemes for the alterations in the Grand Opera House which his father had just thought. Young George is having a new green-room put in, or to be more accurate, is having the old green-room enlarged and improved. When his architect submitted plans for it, young George asked how much it would cost. The architect said it could not be done for less than eight thousand dollars, whereupon young George, it is said, remarked: "Spend at least sixteen thousand dollars, and make it gorgeous. I want it tip-top."

That is a neat little sum of money, and ought to make rather a respectable room. Respectable room did I say? Respectable is not exactly the word, or at least I'm afraid it won't be when young George and his friends get in there with the ballet girls next season. And this leads me to remark on the "first" young men of New York. What a set! Wouldn't it make a stir to write them up one by one! But who would publish it? There is Howell Oshorn for instance, who poses as a swell of the first magnitude, and keeps up his pretensions by running away with actresses. He runs away with a persistence and vigor that would call for unlimited admiration but for the fact that he always chooses such undeniably commonplace women or chorus girls. He has been among the missing with Miss Alice Burville of "Patience," Miss Jarbeau of the Standard Theatre, and Miss Russell of Tony Pastor's theatre lately. I have a dim impression that there are several others, but their names elude me just now. In announcing the elopement of Miss Russell, one of the dramatic papers said a good thing. The paragraph read: "Miss Lillian Russell has deserted her husband and theatre in company with the usual one." A few days ago he came back, and shortly afterward she arrived, very unhappy and indignant, and said she had only been to Chicago to see her mother. So it goes. He is one of the "first."

Another is Freddie Gehhard, whose fiendish fate it was to be born outside of England. This is a misfortune that would hear most men down so as to make life a barren waste, and Mr. Freddie Gehhard knew it. But he didn't give in. No; he said, "If I can't be English I'll be as English as I can." And he has succeeded to an extent that would command the admiration of every cockney in London, and reduce every Englishman to tears. Many people call an American who apes the English in every word and gesture a "cad," but the word "cad," you see, belongs to England, and surely shows that even they are aping the English. Mr. Gehhard has his clothes, boots, hats, canes, and linen made to order in London, and drives a coach, a T-cart, and a Stanhope. He rides to hounds just like an Englishman, and can hold a glass in his eye for fully twelve minutes at a time, provided he doesn't speak. His dialect is one of the most striking things on the American continent, and he always wears the colors of the Prince of Wales. He only notices the few Americans who can trace their ancestry back to aristocratic English stock, and treats them with a condescension truly beautiful. Who is he? I don't know. Who was his father? I never heard, nor have I ever met any one who had.

What an amazing uproar the recent exposures in the Turf Club have made! "To think," cries everybody, including the most incorrigible reprobate, "that a club which we recognized, which we believed in, which we in fact indorsed, should suddenly turn out to be the worst gambling hell on the American soil." It always amazed me to observe the blandness with which people treat a thing of this kind. They are positively Pecksniffian about the Turf. No one seems to have known that heavy play was the rule at the Turf every night in the week until the somewhat "young" man-about-town was ignominiously kicked into the street, and made a hue and cry about his loss, though everybody talked of it for months before. Poor Tommy H—rd did make a noise in all truth. He is the son of a well-known Wall-Street banker, and is ambitious to shine in the high sporting line. He was a member of the Turf Club, and talked very loudly of his losses at private poker-parties there to his friends. Then he announced at dinner at the Brunswick that he would go over to the club and win ten thousand dollars before he quit. He took two of his cronies with him, and went to the haccarat table. In an hour's time he had swallowed half a dozen glasses of brandy. An hour later and he had lost eighteen thousand dollars over the table in seven clean, crisp, and solvent checks. He grew reckless, and put up five thousand dollars more. He lost, jumped to his feet, and swore he had been cheated. He snatched back his last check, and lost his head. The room was a pandemonium in which the few level-headed men who could drop a fortune and never wink, and the handful of professional gamblers, who, of course, are always cool, could do nothing. Tommy R—rd accused the members right and left, and was thrown bodily into the street.

Then came the row, for he jumped into a cab, and bowled over to the staid and aristocratic Union club, where his highly respectable papa was enjoying his glass of port with several other respectable papas. Tommy hurst in upon them all disheveled and torn, and told his tale. Then came the heavy indignation part of it, and the next day about nine-tenths of the fast young men about town were unceremoniously yanked out of the Turf Club by their papas. It was discovered after this that every blackleg in town was a member of the Turf. The first initiation fee was only thirty dollars, and when they raised it to one hundred dollars the Club had fifteen hundred members. So you see it made plenty of money outside of its haccarat table. By-the-by, the cry against haccarat is nonsensical. It is the fairest game that can be played against a bank. There are no blanks or zeros, and cheating is next door to impossible. It resembles roulette slightly. Well, a number of ugly stories of false play in poker parties have come out since Tommy's blowout, and the "lower classes," as they are called, are making a great hullabaloo in letters to the papers, and meetings in working men's halls, calling for the abolition of the "hell."

HALL HUNT

NEW YORK, April 29, 1882.



## SOCIETY.

SATURDAY, May 6, 1882.—What with marrying and giving in marriage, and yachting, and dancing, and feasting, and having a good time generally, the grass which was permitted to get lush under one's penitential feet during the Lenten rest, has been merrily trampled under hilarious extremities since the termination of said season of decorum. And while some of the early birds have flown, and left metropolitan cares and dust behind them, a large majority of those who indulge in the usual summer recreation still remain, preferring rather to linger and revel in city comforts and joys during this matchless month of May than to seek too early those pastoral scenes which become commonplace and monotonous so speedily after the location for the vacation term has become an accomplished fact.

One of the most delightful of social affairs was the formal opening of the yachting season, which took place at the club-house at Saucelito on Saturday afternoon last, under the auspices of the San Francisco Yacht Club, and which drew out the youth and beauty of the metropolis; for there were present Mrs. Holmes, the Misses Carrie and Kate Laidley, Mrs. Spaulding, Miss Kittie Staples, Mrs. Regua, Miss Fannie Hoyt, the Misses Selleck, Miss Griffith, Miss Kellogg, Miss Story, Mrs. Winterburn, Mrs. Bailey, Captain Harrison, Robert Callingham, Hyde Bowie, Captain Eldridge, Captain Harloe, Frank Fisher, Frank McMullin, Harry Tevis, George Colby, Charles R. Story, Hugh Tevis, and at least one hundred others. The day was very beautiful, and the jolly mariners and their friends whiled away three or four hours in dancing and conversation.

The members of the Pacific Yacht Club, and their ladies and other friends, have their formal frolic to-day, this afternoon having been set apart for dancing and other festivities, at the club-house at Saucelito. If the day is fine there will no doubt be a large gathering of yachtsmen, and really there yacht to be.

Quite an interest is being taken by our society people in the "Frog Opera," to be given at the Grand Opera House the last week in May. The principal parts and chorus are in the hands of our best amateur talent, under the direction of Mr. Stephen Leach. Four nights a week are devoted to rehearsals at "F" Company's Armory, corner Powell and Sutter Streets. This "Frog Opera," with its Pollywog chorus, was given throughout the East with great success, and has at last reached California, where it is sure to create an interest. The proceeds are to be devoted to the Homœopathic Hospital of this city.

On Tuesday evening last quite a large number of young ladies and gentlemen assembled at Black Point to participate in a German given to Harry McDowell, by Mrs. General McDowell, his mother. The party was a very pleasant one in every way. The favors were pretty, and many of the figures original.

Almost within sound of the yachtsmen's revelry another gay throng tripped it on the light fantastic at Angel Island, there being present, beside the officers and their ladies, quite a number of young ladies and gentlemen from this city. This was the last reception at Angel Island for a while. On Saturday evening last the first hop of the summer season took place at the Hotel del Monte, and over a hundred people were present. This evening the second hop takes place; music by Ballenberg's band. There are to be Saturday evening hops at the Tamalpais Hotel, San Rafael, during the coming season, and occasional ones at the Napa Soda Springs, which was last year one of the favorite resorts.

On Thursday evening last Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Ewen were given a reception by Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Coleman, at their residence, 758 Eighth Street, which proved to be a brilliant affair. The house was very beautifully decorated with cut flowers and smilax, and otherwise ornamented for the occasion. Mrs. Ewen, *née* Miss Di Hamilton, received her friends in an agreeable manner, and the otherwise delightful occasion was further enlivened with music and dancing, and the discussion of an ample midnight spread.

On the same evening Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Collier, 916 Van Ness Avenue, entertained a number of their young friends informally, but very pleasantly.

An informal party took place at Mr. and Mrs. Gordon J. Blanding's residence, on Franklin Street, last evening, which developed into the full proportions of a set affair, in which there was dancing, etc.

Those who have the honor of intimate acquaintanceship with a certain noble family at Menlo will behold something novel and rare in the way of china at the first family entertainment of the season—nothing more nor less than country residence sets—full breakfast, dinner and lunch sets—each with a cream ground, with designs in black of pastoral scenes, domestic animals, cows being milked, vegetables being gathered, the home, barn-yard, fowls, and everything connected with rural industrial life, and the quiet, resting seasons for animals and workers, each piece showing a different phase of country life.

## Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee were among the first to visit the Geysers this season; Mrs. Wetherbee, who will occupy her summer residence at Fruit Vale, Alameda, until November next, contemplates short visits to Monterey, Santa Cruz, and San Rafael, nevertheless. Mrs. Jay Lugsdin, and her two daughters, Miss Flora E. Lugsdin, and the very beautiful Miss Nellie Wood, who have been passing the last six or seven months in New York and Washington, returned to the Palace on Tuesday last. Colonel Henry T. Hammond, who has been visiting ex-Lieutenant and Mrs. Wise, at Los Angeles, returned to the city on Saturday last. Col. O. Livermore returned from New York on Tuesday last. Mrs. J. M. Malone, of Sacramento, is visiting friends in this city. Norman Rideout, of Marysville, after an eighteen months' tramp over Europe, has returned to the bosom of his family. Mrs. Sumner is visiting Mrs. Henry Starr, at Sacramento. Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Knight, of Marysville, are passing a few days in this city. Colonel and Mrs. C. E. Judd, of Honolulu, arrived here from New York on Wednesday last. Miss Lizzie Hawkins, who has been sojourning in Eastern cities for several months, returned home on Sunday last. Mr. and Mrs. Stuart M. Taylor have taken up their permanent residence in Wyoming Territory. Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Holla-

## SAN FRANCISCO FASHIONS.

day, after spending a few days in Washington and Baltimore, accompanied by their daughter Ruth, have arrived in New York, and are at the Hoffman House. Mrs. J. B. Haggin and daughter are at the Sierra Madre Villa. Captain Dearborn is contemplating an Eastern trip of two or three months' duration. Colonel and Mrs. Creed Haymond have left the Grand, and gone to housekeeping on Grove Street near Fillmore. Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Hastings are ruralizing in Napa County. Mrs. William H. Platt, is in Petersburg, Virginia. Evan J. Coleman has returned from Southern California. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis T. Ewen, who have been enjoying their honeymoon in Napa County, have returned to San Francisco. Mrs. J. A. Ford has returned from Monterey. Mrs. Frank Staples, who arrived from Tucson a few days ago, will spend a portion of the coming summer at San José. Colonel J. D. Fry is expected home from the East on or about the seventeenth of the present month. Mr. and Mrs. Edward McNeill Moore, whose brief honeymoon was passed at Monterey, have returned to the city. Mrs. John Corning, who has been spending the past eighteen months in the East, has returned to San Francisco, and is at the Palace. Lady Hesketh is passing a few days at Belmont in company with Mrs. S. F. Thorn, of the Grand. Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott Jr. left here for New York on Saturday last, and will take a steamer for Europe on the seventeenth inst. Mrs. H. McAllister and family go to San Rafael on Monday next. Miss Minnie Cole, of Sacramento, who has been visiting friends in this city for a week or more, returned home on Saturday last. At the last reception given by the President, Mrs. Senator Miller wore a black velvet embroidered in colors, and Miss Dora Miller wore a white satin and brocade with tablier, embroidered with white flowers. Previous to the departure from Washington of Hon. A. A. Sargent for Germany, Mr. and Mrs. Sargent were entertained by Senator and Mrs. Miller, upon which occasion Mrs. Sargent wore a black gros-grain silk, trimmed with point appliqué lace. Miss Dora Miller gave a lunch party to some young ladies on Thursday, the twentieth ult., and on that occasion wore a white satin and gauze costume. Senator Fair's dinner to the President on Saturday evening, the twenty-second ult., at the Arlington, was a gorgeous affair; the individual cards and menus were printed in silver on delicately embossed boards with gilt edges; sixteen courses and eight wines were served; gilt and nickel baskets filled with the choicest roses, and tied with satin ribbons, were laid at each lady's plate; and *bouquets* of rosehuds and lilies-of-the-valley were provided for the gentlemen; there were three California ladies present—Mrs. Justice Field, in a black satin, trimmed with Chantilly lace; Mrs. Senator Jones, of Nevada, in blue brocade satin; and Miss Julia Sterling, of Napa, in a short costume of pale-blue gros-grain, trimmed with Valenciennes lace. Lieutenant J. S. Parks, U. S. A., arrived here from the East on Thursday last. Major J. C. Breckinridge, U. S. A., arrived here from Arizona on Monday last. Hon. William M. Gwin has returned from Southern California. Miss Nellie Bacon is at Magnetic Springs. Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Johnson, of Alameda, left for the East on Monday last, to remain away until November. Mrs. Colonel J. R. Smedburg left for the East a day or two ago. H. D. Wolfe, special correspondent for the New York Herald, leaves for Alaska to-day. William S. Hopkins arrived from the East on Thursday, accompanied by Mrs. Mark Hopkins Jr., Mr. and Miss Barnaby, and Miss Nellie Smith, of Oakland. The friends of Miss Nellie will welcome her return with much pleasure after her long absence of twelve months. The engagement is announced of Miss Lillie May Buckbee, daughter of Rev. Dr. C. A. Buckbee, of San Francisco, and Robert J. Currey, of Dixon, son of ex-Chief Justice John Currey, of this city. Mrs. Laura Morton, for many years a resident of Sacramento, has taken up her permanent residence in this city. David McClure left for the East on Monday last. R. B. Scofield, of Oakland, returned from New York on the first inst. Lieutenant George Delop, U. S. N., arrived here from the East yesterday. Mrs. Colonel E. C. Catherwood will take up her summer residence at the ancestral Madrona Villa in a few weeks. Mrs. Henly Smith is expected home from her Baltimore visit next week. Mrs. William Fulton, who has been sojourning in Southern California a long time, has returned home. Mrs. K. F. Dillon, of Santa Clara, who has been visiting Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, at the Palace, has returned home. Mrs. Colonel Eddy and Miss Mary Eddy have left Constantinople, and have been roaming through Italy during the past two weeks; they soon go to Switzerland, to spend a portion of the summer. Miss Jennie Hawley is visiting relatives in Marysville. William M. Thornton is in New Mexico. Mrs. W. T. Crowell, of Sacramento, accompanied by her children, is visiting Oakland. Mrs. Leland Stanford and Mrs. Charles Crocker each gave the California Woman's Hospital five hundred dollars a few days ago. Mrs. Mark Hopkins has presented the University with Leutze's famous painting of "Washington at the Battle of Monmouth." R. D. Hitchcock, U. S. A., and family arrive here to-day from the East. Mrs. Colonel Horace Fletcher and family have taken up their residence at Monterey for two months. Ex-Senator William M. Stewart has returned from Nevada. Mrs. Henry Miller, of Sacramento, returned from her Eastern trip on Tuesday last. Mr. Fritz R. King has returned from Harvard University to spend the annual summer vacation in this city. Hayward M. Hutchinson, of the Alaska Company, arrived here a few days ago, and is at the palace; he will dine with his partner and friend, Captain William Kohl, at San Mateo, to-morrow, and the two gentlemen will leave for the East next week. S. Cook, U. S. N., is at the Palace for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Rose, of Los Angeles, are at the Palace. Mrs. General Barnes has returned from Monterey. Henry Schmiedell has returned from his *pasear* in Southern California; Mr. S. and family will soon go to San Rafael for a month or two. Miss Jennie Dayton, of Oakland, is visiting the Misses Van Voorhies, at Sacramento. Mrs. Fassett, of Sacramento, is contemplating a European trip, the time of departure to be deferred until after the return of her mother and sister. Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Collier go to Monterey in a day or two. The Misses Lena and Edith Blanding are contemplating a short summer trip to Sulphur Bank, Lake County. Miss Maude Denison, of Sacramento, is visiting Mrs. J. H. Sharpe in this city. Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw, of the Palace, went to New York on Tuesday last, to remain away about two months.

The principal trimming for traveling dresses now is braid or galoon. This is used, in great profusion. A favorite fashion for making these suits is for the skirts to be composed entirely of box-plaits, about three inches wide, and about the same width apart. The galoon is then crossed over the plaits, forming a diamond pattern, with a little loop at each turn. The hasque is finished on the edge with a row of the galoon, put in diamond shape, with deep loop to hang as a sort of fringe. The cuffs, collar, and lapels over the pockets are formed of diamond-worked galoon. The favorite material for traveling dresses is a fine ladies' cloth, or a thick twilled flannel that is now imported expressly for this part of a lady's toilet. Wraps still continue to be made of silk or satin. I saw quite a novelty the other day in the shape of wraps. It has just been imported. It was a cashmere shawl of solid colors, in pink, blue, lavender, white, and all in the most delicate tints, and with a fringe made of the same, as though the shawl had been unravelled out. These will be found pretty and convenient for breakfast shawls, or for light wraps for the seaside. They can be purchased for seven dollars, and some are offered as low as four dollars. Another pretty novelty in this line is the white mull shawls, finely, and in some instances, most elaborately embroidered in plain white or brilliant colors. They come in large squares, fichu or scarf shape, and range in price from five up to twelve and fourteen dollars. Some of these pretty mull wraps have only a deep hem bem-stitched to the body of the wrap. The old-fashioned scarfs, such as our grandmothers took such pride in displaying, are beginning to come into use again. The prettiest are in figured China silks, about half a yard wide and two and a-half or three yards in length, ending with a fringe at least nine inches deep. These scarfs are woven expressly for the purpose, the figures being large and prominent at the ends, gradually growing less until they fade to nothing as they reach the centre. I learned the other day that the Pompadour style, which has held its place so long, promises to give place to the George the Fourth, or perhaps what is better known as the style of 1829. I saw at a leading store some newly imported patterns for suits and wrappers. They were of cashmere, and also of fine silk poplins, with a part of the material embroidered, to be used as trimming. One pattern that caught my eye was of the very loveliest shade of light blue, with bands of embroidery done in floss of all the shades and tints of red, from the brightest rose-color down to the most delicate tints of pink. These bands were to be put straight down the front, and on the collar, cuffs, and pocket of the wrapper. Another in this same line was of dark navy-blue, the embroidery showing such shades as cream, lemon, old-gold, and olive with the least little dash of red, which produced a wonderfully pretty effect. Another was of black, with pure white floss. Others were of white, done with every imaginable color brought together, or with only one color. Embroidery appears to be used in every possible way it can with any excuse be introduced. It comes in all sorts of material—silk, satin, wool, and above all, in wash-goods, although in wash-goods one sees more of the Hamburg work than any other, and more especially in children's suits when made of piqué, chevots, or heavy cambric. I saw one suit that had just been finished for a child of five years old. The skirt was made in kilt plaitings, every fourth kilt giving place to a band of insertion of the Hamburg work, through which was seen bright blue silk. It was so put on that it could easily be ripped off when the garment was to be washed. The belt of this little skirt was of the embroidery, and the sleeves and collar of the jacket, which was also of piqué, were adorned with a ruffling of Hamburg edging. One suit, about being finished, was shown me where, I was assured, twenty yards of embroidery had been used. The suit was for a child not four years old. On the skirt, which was a yard and a half wide, were three rows of embroidery four inches deep, and laid in close knife-plaitings. The jacket was edged with three rows of the same pattern of embroidery, only much narrower, being only a little over an inch. The pocket on the right side of the skirt was formed of the embroidery, also the turn-back cuffs and large square collar. I was easily convinced that twenty yards of trimming could be employed. The material of the suit was of heavy cambric. Quite a novelty in the shape of a hat is now introduced at one of our fashionable milliners. It is called the summer hat, and is for both ladies and children. It is of chambray, and in a variety of colors as well as shapes. But all the shapes have a careless, comfortable look about them, as they are destitute of any wire or steels, and can be folded into a very small compass. One of the prettiest of these new hats had the brim composed solely of cords stitched in. The crown was made of a large piece of the material, with three strips of shirring, which formed a couple of tucks around the lower part of the crown, while the upper part was one large puff. A cascade of bows, made of the chambray, cut narrow, and hemmed on both sides, ornamented the back part of the crown, with the ends falling over the rim. Another one was all of cords; the crown, as well as the rim, had finishings of box plaitings of white lace, or of the material stitched, and either plain or edged with narrow lace. Others were turban-shape, but these are intended more for infants. They can be bought for three and four dollars each, although some are as high as nine and ten dollars—all according to the style of lace used. Black Spanish lace and *jet passementerie*—in fact, jet in any form, is growing more popular than ever. The *jet passementerie* comes in designs of feathers and leaves. The new sleeves are slightly full at the top, and are gradually approaching the long-ago leg-of-mutton shape, which I suppose we must be prepared to receive kindly, as Worth has already sent out to a house bere one of this style, belonging to a costume ordered for one of our society ladies. The old style of reps is again coming in, together with Marguerite waists, Watteau polonaises, narrow turned-over collars of lace and embroidery, and black lace veils with borders. Ribbon was never so fashionable as at the present time. It is used in loops, bows, ends, cascades, and around the neck, either straight or under a collar—especially a linen collar—and tied under the chin, leaving long ends. HELENA.

May 4, 1882.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## The Voter's Motto—What Am I?

I have heard the zealous partisan at the Democratic Convention repeat with glowing emphasis what seems to be the party creed. "I was born a Democrat! I have been all my life a Democrat! I am a Democrat now! I shall be a Democrat while I live! I shall be a Democrat when I die! And I will be a Democrat after I die!" Now, I am a Republican. But I was not born a Republican, and in view of the present outlook I shall not die a Republican, unless I die long before I want to. Aristocracy and slavery are complements of each other. Each is necessary to the existence of the other. Their inevitable concomitants are idleness, insolence, and injustice in the one, and ignorance, degradation, and suffering in the other. Before the war the proper definition of Democracy was "aristocracy and slavery." I despised the former and hated the latter; and yet I was a Democrat, because I thought the perpetuity of the Union depended upon non-interference with State sovereignty, and I cared more for the unity of the Government than for the emancipation of the slaves. The first shot at Sumter made a Republican of me. That one shot demolished the pedestal upon which stood my hideous political idol. To me it was a grateful deliverance from moral bondage. It was a glorious change from aristocracy to manhood; from slavery to honorable labor; from ignorance to intelligence; from insolence to merit; from degradation to respectability; from suffering to happiness; from injustice to equity. It was a comfortable feeling to have my political faith jump with my moral creed. It felt good to have nothing to apologize for in my political conduct. But a change came. It transpired that what pro-slavery had lost in Alabama by war it had gained in California by accident. California had become a far better slave State than Alabama. To the slave the essence of slavery is deprivation of freedom. But deprivation of freedom is only a means to an end. To the slave-owner the essence of slavery is not deprivation of freedom, but cheap labor. In California we had that essence of slavery on far more favorable terms than Alabama ever hoped for. In Alabama it required a thousand dollars of capital to buy a single nigger; the California nigger could be had for nothing. In Alabama, when the nigger was sick, he had to be cared for at any necessary expense to his owner; the California nigger took care of himself at his own expense. In Alabama the nigger had to be fed, work or no work; the California nigger fed himself. In Alabama when the nigger died a thousand dollars of capital was hurried with him at his owner's expense; the California nigger not only retained all his capital by his death, but he buried himself at his own expense, and even hustled his disagreeable hooves out of the country. Here was a veritable slave-holder's heaven upon earth for my Democratic friends. In California they could recover with heavy interest all that they had lost by the war in Alabama. If ever human prognostications were reliable, it was certainly reasonable to suppose that the Democratic party would be the pro-Chinese party of the nation. But a change had come in the personnel of American aristocracy. The war had made great numbers of Republicans rich. Congress had enriched other Republicans by great land grants and loans of public credit. This new aristocracy hungared for its natural complement—slavery. The nigger was free, and the Alabama style of owning niggers was seen to be inferior to the California method of securing cheap labor. The Democratic aristocrats had become impoverished by the war, and instead of owning railroads and factories for which to employ labor, they were themselves employed as laborers in or on them. Now is presented to us the strange spectacle of the Democracy in favor of free labor, and the Republican party creeping out of its free-labor skin and crawling into the cast-off, slimy, slave-hide of the Democracy. The only defensible motive for countenancing slavery was wiped out by the war of secession. The essence of slavery is repugnant to the essence of Republicanism. What am I, Republican or Democrat? I have a vague, nebulous perception that in State matters I shall remain a Republican, but that in Federal matters I may be forced into Democracy. FRESNO, May 2, 1882. B. M.

## The Late James F. Bowman.

The papers of the city have referred appreciatingly to the chief intellectual characteristics of the late James F. Bowman. They are in accord as to his unusual talents, but they do not give his moral and mental traits that full recognition they so eminently deserve. It is of these latter, as they appear to the writer, that he would like to say a few words. Mr. Bowman had the good fortune to have been disciplined by a collegiate course in an institution of some pretensions as an educator. He well laid there the foundation to fit him for any position to which he might aspire. He was an excellent classical scholar, and in general literature—in a critical knowledge of its spirit, form, and philosophy—had no superior on this coast. He possessed a keen, dialectical mind, a well developed instinct for analysis, and no one had a greater repulsion for literary shams, and a quicker perception in detecting them than he. He had always been a close observer and a careful reader, and his tenacious memory not only preserved all he had seen and read, but his admirable talent for classifying and arranging it gave him in any emergency an advantage of argument and illustration few possessed. These qualifications peculiarly fitted him to be the successful writer he was in the editorial department of a paper—a position demanding just such a readiness and abundance of resources as he undoubtedly had. At a moment's notice he could have written intelligently and satisfactorily on almost any subject that could have been presented. Add to all these a clean, vigorous, compact, and terse style of expression, and you have the best qualifications of a model journalist. Unfortunately for himself he was always subordinate. He never had an opportunity to put forth his full strength. He had to pursue a line of thought and to write upon subjects selected by others less capable and honest than himself. Because of his independence and conscientious reluctance to submit his mind and morals to the keeping of another, he has on several occasions been compelled to abandon positions of comparative profit, refusing to lend his ability to further schemes and questions of doubtful propriety and good. Had he been chief, or even lieutenant to a commander of equal strength and nicety of moral principle, he would have made himself a marked person in journalism.

He was an unusually ready and fluent speaker, and that aptitude, combined with his logical faculty, would have made him a most respectable lawyer. He was for some years in doubt as to his own bent and genius, but his fondness for literary pursuits was so palpable, his gift with his pen so ready and intuitive, and his knowledge of letters so critical and extensive, that his renunciation of the bar was, as it were, a natural process. But he did not go as far as he wished in his new career. He stopped at journalism as a means to bread. But that was rather an avocation than an occupation. It did not employ his best and strongest qualities, nor did it satisfy his aspirations and aims, which stretched beyond to that broad literary field which was the object and hope of his pilgrimage. Could he have had at that period a generous patron to raise him above the *res angusta domi*, and had he been permitted to gratify his clearly developed fitness for book-writing, how different to-day in all human probability would be his reputation, and perhaps there would be no need of this tribute, at present at least. How far his disappointments and cares have aided in breaking up his career here we can surmise, but can never fully know. He himself was conscious that he had spent years vainly and in indifference to his gifts, and that all he had hitherto accomplished was neither up to his capacity nor strictly in the line of his genius. It was this consciousness of misplacement, of being scarcely in his proper sphere, and of the poverty which bestrode him, as the old maid astride of Siobad's shoulders, which naturally warped him, suppressed his native goodness, and made him at times cynical and morose—he who was, as Colonel Newcome is described to have been, even as a little child in tenderness. All these disappointments gave to his recent years a touch both of misanthropy and melancholy, but after more than a twelve-months' residence in the country, leading a secluded life of reading and reflection, bappy in his marital relations, led into a purer atmosphere by his accomplished wife, waandering day after day over the meadows and among the hills, led by the sweet voices of nature, and calmed, too, by what his favorite poet, Wordsworth, daily spoke to him, a change came over him, and under such influences his own honest, broad, and manly nature asserted itself.

He planned here and then a literary course, which would have had a

larger success and fruition from his own experience, and vicissitudes, and suffering. He could have portrayed human nature from his own life and heart—especially its tenderness and more refined changes—for he had in his inmost soul great pathos, and an indescribable reverence for all that was intrinsically good. Either in prose or poetic fiction he would have declared himself an artist. His—we can say as well as unexpected—death has defeated all these plans and hopes, and now he is of that class, unfortunately too numerous, which could have achieved great successes if it had been kept up to its aims, and singly used its strength. Bowman has left testimony enough of what he could have done under fairer conditions, and had not God seen fit to gather our poor friend to Himself.

A few days before his death, in an interval of his sickness when he was upon his feet, he commenced a poem, of which he finished but four stanzas. They are added hereto—just as he left them in their original draft—unprinted and uncorrected. The religious, calm spirit of beauty which pervades them, and the power and pathos running through every word, unite in making them perhaps the most notable he has ever written.

## NATURE'S PARACLETE.

I know not what it is, nor whence  
It comes, from near or far; I know  
Unthought and sudden, breathing low,  
A quick and subtle influence,  
With deeper calm, and stronger light,  
And sweeter mood, and clearer sight,  
It comes, like whispering winds that blow  
And soft from happy islands blow—  
'Tis this, and this alone I know.

'Tis in the glimmer of the star  
In azure fields that shakes afar;  
And in the rapture of the bird  
By morn's first breath in summer stirred;  
In waves that whisper on the shore,  
And moonbeams shimmering on the wave,  
The dirge of pines, the ocean's roar,  
Or where the shattered torrents rave—  
In all is something felt or heard  
That is not wave, or star, or bird.

I know not what, I know not whence—  
A breath, a pulse, an influence;  
Something that comes with sudden thrill,  
Sweeping mysterious chords of will,  
Smiling weak moods and low desire,  
Bidding the languid soul aspire.

'Tis in the light of setting suns,  
And cloud-shapes housing to the west,  
The brook that toward the ocean runs,  
Shadows that on the mountains rest;  
And in the petals of the rose,  
And every meadow flower that blows,  
And all the changing seasons' shows.

And oft at midnight's solemn time,  
Walking, I know a presence near,  
And feel my spirit's altered clime,  
And breathe a rarer atmosphere.  
And, lo! the thoughts I thought by day  
Have changed and vanished quite away.  
In this new light, so wondrous clear,  
All things transfigured do appear.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 4, 1882.

R. C. R.

One day, some years ago, when visiting the East, the writer attended an international rifle-match at Creedmore. Near by was a pigeon match, which he also visited while waiting for the more reputable sport. It was a contest between certain sporting bloods of New York. Among them was a very dark and bright-eyed little gentleman, about five feet high, with his hair parted in the middle. He was dressed in a suit of Scotch tweed, with a short coat, and bright necktie; evidently a foreigner—Babylonian we thought at the time. He shot badly, drank freely, and his name it was Perry Belmont, son, as we guessed, of August Belmont, banker, and chairman of the National Democratic Committee. This young gentleman is now in Congress from New York city, and is endeavoring to distinguish himself by hagering Blaine. So far he has only succeeded in making the country regret that John Morrissey has absented himself from Congress, and that the little polo-playing Perry Belmont has taken his place. He must be very annoying to Mr. Blaine. The smallest-sized black-and-tan terrier dog is used in hunting grizzly bears. While the monarch turns to crush the vociferous pup that barks at his heels, the hunter gains upon him with his rifle.

The Washington Sunday Herald has this to say about our California girls: "Another American girl has joined the ranks of the English aristocracy, Miss Margaret Hamilton, of Napa, California, becoming Lady Waterlow. The Pacific Coast quite rivals the Atlantic shore in providing beautiful wives for English and foreign noblemen, and has made many contributions lately, Lady Hesketh and Countess Telfener being most notable. Miss Eva O'Brien, step-daughter of Mr. J. W. Mackey, was nearly made the wife of Don Philippe de Bourbon by the chattering cable. Mrs. Mackey and her parents, Colonel and Mrs. Hungerford, had the life nearly worried out of them by audacious and mercenary suitors and false rumors while Miss Ada Hungerford was unmarried, and since she has become Countess Telfener the attentions have been turned to her niece, Miss Eva O'Brien Mackey."

The Vienna theatre fire, in which seven hundred persons lost their lives, occurred on December 8. The English and American newspapers published long despatches about it on the following morning, detailing the origin and progress of the fire, and giving estimates of the loss of life. On the same morning the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, a representative paper of Germany, published in Augsburg, one hundred and fifty miles from Vienna, did not contain a line about the fire, and the *Volks Zeitung*, of Berlin, the leading daily of the Prussian capital, printed in its second edition a dispatch only ten lines long, announcing that a fire had broken out in the theatre, but that it could not be learned whether any lives had been lost.

Let no one have any anxiety lest in event of the Chinese bill becoming a law that it will not be enforced. There will be no such difficulty on this side of the continent. There will be no successful evasion of the law, and if it is attempted no vessel will succeed but once in smuggling in its cargo of Asiatic slaves. It will be necessary to use the utmost vigilance on the New England coast, lest our Puritan countrymen of Boston and Cape Cod attempt to set at defiance the laws of the country.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

In the reorganization of the park commission Captain Oliver Eldridge, of San Francisco, was not reappointed, for the reason that he has been designated as one of the pilot commissioners of the harbor of San Francisco.

And now will his excellency, the accidency of the White House, sign the Chinese bill? We think he will. But if we were in his place we would not. We would swallow the Chinaman, nail his pigtail to the mast, and go down with the junk.

Senator Plumb of Kansas, having voted continuously against a restrictive Chinese bill, and in favor of all vexatious amendments; having supported the veto, and the infamous and utterly diabolical proposition to allow Chinese naturalization; now, after the final passage of the bill in the Senate, from which final vote he cowardly absented himself, declares that had he been present he would have voted for the bill. Thank you, Mr. Plumb; but you have crawled into your hole too late, and you are not quite out of sight. The most conspicuous part of your anatomy is still visible. We take pleasure in kicking it.

It is said that there are eighty thousand Chinese at Hong-kong awaiting shipment to California, and that every stray ship from the Suez Canal is chartered for a load of Mongolians to our Coast. If the President vetoes the present bill, and our people do not take measures to prevent the landing of passengers, the invasion is likely to overwhelm us. Whose fault will it be if there shall be forcible resistance to their landing? Another lot of Chinese prostitutes are in port. Mr. Sullivan, collector of the port, will arrest them. Judge Hoffman will doubtless presume that they come out as school teachers, and will give them the protection of the court.

If New England were overrun with Norway rats that were eating up her substance, and it required a law of Congress to exterminate them, and New England was unanimous—people, preachers, press, and politicians—that they were unprofitable, dangerous, and destructive; and if New England should ask for a law to limit and restrict the further immigration of rats from Norway, then if we represented California in Congress, and had never visited Boston, and had never seen a rat, we would be guided by New England opinion, and would vote with her senators to abate the evil. The difference between the rat question and the Chinese question is simply the difference between rats and Chinamen. We prefer rats.

As we are all preparing for our summer recreations, to go to the country and farms with nurses and children, to the various fashionable watering-places, to the ocean's breezy shores, the picturesque valleys, and to the mountain heights, for pleasure, health, and fashionable display, let us remember the sick, and poor, and destitute that we leave behind us in hospitals and fevered rooms. As we look out over the broad ocean, over the fruitful valleys, and adown the mountain slopes, eat strawberries and cream, and cram ourselves with trout and green corn, take in the views of scenery, and are fanned with refreshing breezes, and lol in hammocks, if old, leer and eat, if young, dress and flirt, let us not forget the workers whom we leave behind us. All during this summer, when we are on borseback riding in the mountains of Santa Cruz, sea bathing at Monterey, or dipping our gouty toes in hot mud baths, or dancing on the lawn, or picnicking in the grove, there will be left here in San Francisco a lot of nice girls carrying fruits, flowers, wine, and jellies, and bright, cheerful faces to sick girls in poor rooms, dying, and dreaming of the pleasant places that they can not visit; young men, dying in the prime of early life; old men and women, poor and sick in hospital wards, standing on the verge and looking out to an unknown and hopeless future. THE FRUIT AND FLOWER MISSION, 713 MISSION STREET—young girls and young wives—will carry on their work here in our hot, dusty, and windy streets, visiting and cheering the sick, ministering to the destitute, aiding the poor, getting up now and then a country excursion, giving to poor children frosted cake and a frolic in the fields, and a chance to breathe the fresh air. This work will be carried on all the summer through by the young ladies of this most admirable of all charities. And we must help them. Everybody must help. They want young lady volunteers to help for the next few months. They want lively men to volunteer occasional carriages for their toilsome distributions—distances are far, and baskets are heavy. Fat coachmen and lazy horses left at home might be profitably directed to hold themselves subject to the orders of the "Mission" one day in a week. Fruits and flowers are especially needed. Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express will convey baskets and boxes free from the country, and the girls will send back the packages free to the senders. Fruit dealers, too! What you can't sell give to God's poor. It won't hurt the market. One generous lady we know has left a standing order with her fruit merchant. Vegetables are wanted as well, for the "Mission" has a soup kitchen, from which goes many a dainty dish. Canned merchandise is just the thing. Their storerooms should be piled high with every variety of toothsome preserves. And the next thing they want is money. MONEY! Mr. Dombey was right when he told his dying child that money could do anything. It can—everything. No one ever abuses money, or depreciates it, or moralizes over it except those who haven't any. These young ladies want money—money for rent, for carriage hire. They have one salaried lady visitor to pay. There are all sorts of little expenses. The more money the more charity, the softer pillows, the more cooling drinks, the more palatable soups. And let it be remembered there is no nonsense in this institution. These ladies go to the sick and destitute of all colors, all creeds, all nationalities; to all the hospitals; to any house or home or tenement where there is poverty and sickness. God loveth a cheerful giver. Fruit and Flower Mission, No. 713 Mission Street.

P. S.—Give before you go in the country, lest you forget it.



## VANITY FAIR.

The correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* thus writes from London: "Sir Sydney Waterlow, who has just married Miss Hamilton, of California, is being mercilessly chaffed wherever he puts in an appearance in his various capacities of M. P., alderman, and what not. It is all in good part, of course, but still it must be rather trying to be punched in the ribs fifty times a day, and asked, with a grin: 'How's Lady Waterlow?' I am told the great Waterlow printing works in Finsbury Square are besieged about the pavement by beggars, young and old, who rush after any elderly individual emerging therefrom, who appears to be of a suitable age to answer their ideas of the proprietor, and shrill cries rend the air of: 'Ow's Lady Waterlow, Sir Sydney? Chuck us a penny in honor of your marriage. Come, now; do the 'andsome.'"

The object of Almack's, the new society in London, is to provide opportunities for social gatherings. Some of the oldest and wealthiest families will be unable to entertain this season. Lady Florence Chaplin's sad death has put the house of Sutherland into mourning, and the death of the Duchess of Westminster has closed the doors of Grosvenor House. This society will organize entertainments to which only the *crème de la crème* will be admitted. A ball will be given on the twelfth of June by the Almack's, at which the Duke of Albany will be present with his bride.

At a recent New York German the cream was frozen in horseshoes, with the nails of a different color from the shoe itself. For the first time there was introduced the latest Parisian thing in dinner favors—large imitation roses in different colors, with stems, leaves, and all, filled with frozen ices and other sweets. The flower opens so that its contents can be eaten with a spoon. There are also many other favors, constructed in the same way, in the shape of miniature muffs, candy habies, frogs, toy helmets, and a museum of other things, from which the ladies may extract the sweetness, and then carry off the shells as trophies. The cards containing the names of the guests are worked in silk with the varied figures of the animal or toy they are to have. No two bouquets are alike at these Germans, but each of two colors; one for instance being one-half of pure white and the other half of pink roses, with two bows and streamers of ribbons of the same colors. The ladies and gentlemen there who are partners have similar cards, bouquets, and boutonnières to match.

Whatever may be said in praise of the so-called English professional beauties, the American coterie in London holds its own, for what with Lady Mandeville, Mrs. Paget, Lady Angelsea and others, the Stars and Stripes are well represented. The coming beauty of the London season is likely to be found in the person of Miss Willie Warden, a handsome young American lady, whose beauty of complexion and length of hair are said to outrival those of the Jersey Lily.

Mrs. Langtry, says the New York *Sun's* London correspondent, is looking round to see how she can shake the bells of popularity about her name, and not let it die on the world's public lips. *Faute de mieux* she has resumed her husband. When funds were running low he vanished; he has now opportunely turned up again with the incoming tide of fortune to take the head of his wife's table when she entertains the Prince of Wales at supper. By a most providential coincidence, his Royal Highness suddenly awoke to the necessity of patronizing the drama in the person of all the members of the profession, and to receive them on the day when they alone can be convivial, namely, Sunday. These receptions were a precedent which almost compelled him to be present at Mrs. Langtry's Sabbatical gatherings. The conjugal presence is strictly limited to the duties of host at post-theatrical suppers, and never intrudes itself on other occasions. The Jersey Lily is seen day after day driving in the park in a Victoria, now as well known and as eagerly watched as the Princess of Wales's turnout. She is still better in her parts on the world's stage, from more practice, no doubt, than in those she is cast for at the Haymarket, although critics agree that in one sense she plays with all the intensity and fervor of an experienced comédienne.

A large ruby ring, said to have been the property of Queen Isabella of Spain, was seized recently in New York for non-payment of customs duty. The jewel has been in this country about two months, and has been in the hands of half a dozen firms dealing in diamonds. It is valued at ten thousand dollars. Experts say the ruby is the largest ever brought to America, and that it was sold in Paris at the recent sale of the jewels of Queen Isabella. It is three-quarters of an inch long, and more than half an inch broad. In shape it is elliptical. Around the ruby are set twelve very white diamonds, each one of which weighs over a carat. The ruby weighs fifteen carats. The ring is of gold, and heavily chased. The seizure was made at the office of the Morse Diamond Company, by special agent Charles N. Brackett, no duties having ever been paid upon it. The owner of it is not known.

The banquet known as a ladies' lunch party, says the New York *Hour*, becomes every year more imposing and luxurious. A great part of the day is consumed in these elaborate entertainments, which rival dinners in the number of courses and in their quality. Five or six wines are served during the repast, and ladies are dispatched to the table in pairs, arm in arm. Where the house is large, twenty-eight or thirty guests can be accommodated at table. Ten or twelve musicians, skillfully placed behind shrubbery in an adjoining conservatory, enliven the conversation with snatches from popular operas. The table is usually a bank of natural flowers. The porcelain used for the first course at a recent luncheon was of Sèvres, and bore the cipher of Louis Philippe. This was replaced by very fine Dresden china and a beautiful Japanese service. The glass and crystal were all white, even to the finger bowls. The toilets on these occasions are not usually more striking than an ordinary walking-dress would be. A surab dress of dull Pompeian red, trimmed with a kind of white gimp, in imitation of antique Venetian

point, was worn with a bonnet of straw-colored lace, trimmed with a wreath of very small flowers, straw-color and black. The most delicate of attentions on the part of the hostess toward her guests, nowadays, is to discover in advance the color of a lady's dress or bonnet, and to choose the ribbon which, stamped with the name of each guest, defines their place at table, in a shade which may harmonize with each costume.

The recent rush of New Yorkers to Europe had a motive, which was the hope of participating in some of the royal entertainments which follow the late marriage of Prince Leopold and the Princess Helene of Waldeck. So many American families are now united in marriage ties with the English, that there is no longer any difficulty in getting proper introductions. The arrival of the old people from America, though, sometimes creates consternation. When Mrs. Paron Stevens or Mr. Jerome sometimes write to the "dear children" that they are thinking of crossing, the dear children are frequently found to be just starting for a tour on the Continent.

The New York correspondent of the *Free Press* says that in the Knickerbocker city Cinderella dances are the latest style of informal parties given among intimates, in which the amusements are followed by a light and early supper, prepared by the young ladies of the house. The bill of fare comprises sandwiches, a simple salad, lemon and harlequin creams, and small cakes like cheese cakes, fancy cakes, sherbet, and coffee. Dancing is kept up until twelve and then the maidens all flit like their sister, who feared to lose her glass slipper if she remained after the stroke of twelve. Roast oyster suppers also come to the front again, after more than half a century of quietude. The first stage of the entertainment consists in fastening a delicately embroidered damask hib under the chin of each of the guests. Then two deep silver pans, one of which is provided with a hot-water arrangement at the bottom, a pair of silver tongs, a silver dagger, and two damask napkins are placed at each plate. The oysters are brought to the table in a huge silver dish, in shape and size, though not in the metal of which it is made, strongly resembling a dish-pan. They are removed from their luxurious receptacle with the tongs, opened with the dagger, the shells cast into one of the pans, and the oysters into the other, when, with the addition of cream and condiments, they are allowed to remain long enough to become thoroughly heated, and then at last find their way to the epicurean palates of the guests.

"I met," observes a writer in the London *Figaro*, "the other day, two ladies who had just returned from Paris, and who were very proud of the 'newest' fashions which they had brought with them. Their bonnets were so small, and fitted so close around the face, that in shape they looked like old-fashioned nightcaps. Their texture seemed to be of a soft glossy silk, but they were so covered with flowers that it was difficult to see what they were really made of."

A Londoner thus remarks on the young German princess who recently married the Duke of Albany: The future duchess, on her arrival in England, found her position of bride expectant rather irksome and embarrassing. The only consolation she had was in seeing indefinitely postponed the occasion when she would have to wear the hideous white bonnet which it is the queen's pleasure that all her daughters-in-law should wear on their first appearance in public, and which they invariably receive as a gift from her hands. Tender memories attach to this miracle of old-fashioned millinery. A Wapping modiste had the honor of constructing a bonnet for the queen before her accession to the throne, and her well-known fealty to obsolete customs makes her persevere—not, it is true, in going to the same source for her own headgear, but in ordering at the same establishment a counterpart of the fearful bonnet, and presenting it in a local handbook to her son's brides. On the occasion of the state entrance of the Duchess of Edinburgh into London, the crowds assembled in Paddington station viewed with dismay the ridiculous white thing stuck on the head of the poor home-sick imperial girl, made more incongruous by the remainder of her tasteful violet velvet costume and the snow-storm without. Somehow a suspicious gleam in the queen's otherwise stolid face gave token of her hidden enjoyment at its absurdity. Even John Brown, sitting behind, gazed on the top of it with calm wonder.

Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, remarks a New York journal, seems to have gone mansion mad. Never has such untold generosity permeated the breast of a member of this family. Two days ago he bought a plot of ground on the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fourth Streets, upon which to build two mansions for his two daughters. When these are finished there will be six Vanderbilt palaces on Fifth Avenue, between Fifty-first and Fifty-eighth Streets, the total cost of which is estimated at nine million dollars, including the furnishing and interior. The last generous freak of the millionaire is accounted for privately by the fact that Mrs. Leila Webb has been making it a trifle warm in the house of her father where she now lives with her husband, Dr. Webb, and she will not go until she is properly provided for elsewhere.

A navy-blue parasol, with pink silk lining and Dresden china handle, has been devised to reconcile some women to living on this mundane sphere. According to the London *Figaro*, it is rumored that Mr. W. H. Mallock was black-haired at the Cosmopolitan Club because his "Romance of the Nineteenth Century" shocked the members. In Paris, as a variety, young ladies have adopted, to a limited extent, riding habits of creamy-white or pale buff, instead of dark cloth ones. The bodice is a glove-fitting cuirass, lengthened behind into coat lapels, and fastened and trimmed with buttons of carved pearl. The neck is finished with a ruffle of creamy lace; the sleeves are tight and partly concealed under the long gloves of soft deer-skin slipped over them. The hat, of white felt, is a Gainsborough, lined with black or dark velvet, and decorated with a long plume. At Monte Carlo the administration of the Casino sent a magnificent bouquet to Queen Victoria, at Mentone. It was returned at once, with the brief answer, "Declined."

## LITERARY NOTES.

"The Song Wave" is a volume of collected solos and part songs, compiled by H. S. Perkins, H. J. Danforth, and E. V. Degraff. The authors have mainly selected popular and well-known melodies, although several of the solos and quartettes are new. The book is designed for school and home use, and contains a well-written and illustrated article on elementary instruction. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

"Myth and Science," an essay by Tito Vignoli, is the latest number of the International Scientific Series. Its main subject is the theory that the tendency to myths still exists in man, independently of the traditions and superstitions which surround him. The author proceeds to prove his proposition by the presentation of a most interesting series of experiments which he tried on animals and humans, and whose ultimatum was the ascertaining of the various psychological characteristics of the subjects. The volume proves one of the most attractive of the series. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

Mr. Frederick B. Hawley, of New York, is the author of the latest essay on political economy. It is entitled "Capital and Population," and is a study of the economic effects of their relations to each other. The author, like many other writers on the subject, and in fact like Henry George, develops the teachings of Mill and Ricardo, not in order to discover fallacies, but merely to show the incompleteness of many of their theories. One of the most interesting portions of the volume is the final chapter on free trade, protection, taxation, and the demonetization of silver. The author in several instances points out what he considers fallacies in the theories of Henry George. Published by D. Appleton & Co.; for sale by James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

Bronson Alcott, at the age of eighty-three, issues a volume of "Sonnets and Canzonets." They are arranged and introduced by F. B. Sanborn, who also gives an interesting review of the history and structure of the sonnet. Mr. Alcott's verses show a decided familiarity with the Elizabethan period in the sonnet's history. The first series of seventeen sonnets is a succession of pictures of what is evidently a history of the poet's domestic life, from courtship until he witnesses the success of his children. Following these come "Sonnets of Character," written upon various subjects, among them several which are eulogies on great men, such as Channing, Garfield, and others. While there is no extraordinary merit in any of the poems, Mr. Alcott has maintained, notwithstanding the many awkward faults in metrical structure, a certain grace and originality of expression that saves the verse from mediocrity. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale at Bancroft's; price, \$1.00.

The world will never tire of Charles Kingsley's novels, "Hypatia" and "Westward Ho," which have just been reissued in a new dress. No more faithful study of Alexandria's days and the early Christians than is transcribed in the early pages of "Hypatia" could be found. And the same may be said in regard to the Elizabethan age of "Westward Ho." Amyas Leigh is a character whose qualities are continually reproduced by the Saxon race at the present day, and the heroes of Afghan and Zulu campaigns have ever the bright examples of Sidney and Raleigh before their eyes. As for "Hypatia," it possesses a charm which those novels that treat of the same scenes and period do not possess. Ebers is the only writer in this field who can be compared with Kingsley, and he, while displaying wonderful archaeological and artistic powers, is not so imbued with the spirit and feeling of the age as is the more spiritual writer. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1 each.

Miscellaneous: Of the late Thomas Hill Green, Whyte's professor of moral philosophy at Oxford, and the editor of "Hume," it has been said that he was the only Englishman who ever saw his way through metaphysics, or rather through the Hegelian metaphysics, to life and practice. Copies of the first and third "Shakespeares" were purchased at a recent London sale by Mr. Quaritch at prices which clearly show that copies of the folios will rise in time to a fabulous value. Mr. Longfellow, curiously enough, never saw the scene in which he began the pathetic story of Evangeline. The authorities he mostly relied on in writing the poem were the Abbe Raynal for the pastoral details of Acadian life, and Mr. Halliburton for the history of the unhappy people's banishment. The Metastasio centenary is to be celebrated at Rome by the performance of selections from the operatic setting by Pergolesi Leo, Hasse, Durante, and other composers of the famous Roman poet's "Olimpiade." A loan collection of letters, music, etc., connected with the poet, will also be held.

Mr. Charles H. Phelps, editor of the *Californian*, has written many striking poems, which have appeared from time to time in the pages of his magazine. He now issues them in a collected form, under the heading of "Californian Verse." Mr. Phelps is particularly happy in some characteristics. He displays an artistic deftness in handling a pleasing succession of short verses (we mean verses not stanzas) with rhythmical facility. The "Californian Cradle Song" is an instance of this. His poems possess a strong local flavor. One of the daintiest specimens is the "Cradle Soog," of which we have spoken. It is characterized by a most refreshing simplicity and naturalness, which is marred only by the forced alliteration of the opening phrases. "Yuma" has already been much admired by the reading public, and needs no comment upon its descriptive fidelity. "Tenaya" would be admirable, were it not for its unfortunate likeness to a once popular and much-parodied lyric. In "Love in a Cottage" Mr. Phelps has rather attempted society verse; but while the theme is bright and appropriately turned, the setting is intensely commonplace. Published and for sale by The Californian Publishing Company, 408 California Street.

Announcements: Mr. W. H. Mallock's "Is Life Worth Living?" has just been translated into French, and published with notes and a commentary by a French abbé. The third volume in the new edition of Bret Harte's complete works will comprise his "Tales of the Argonauts," and this will be followed by his novel "Gahriel Conroy."

John Richard Green is at work upon a volume which is a continuation of his "Making of England." It is to be called "England and the Northmen." The first English translation of Heinrich Heine's important work on "Philosophy and Religion" will be published in a few days by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The venerable Kossuth has completed his Memoirs, the last volume having just appeared. He makes in it a prediction that Hungary will shortly separate herself from Austria. Mr. G. P. Lathrop's new novel, "An Echo of Passion," which will be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., next week, will have a unique cover designed by his artist brother, Mr. Francis Lathrop, of New York. A new edition of Charles Dickens's "Letters" is to be brought out in London. A few additional letters will be given, and all will be chronologically arranged. Charles Nordhoff has written a "Guide to California," which the Harpers have in press. "Emile Zola: Notes d'un Ami" is the title of a brief biography of the leader of the "Naturalists," by one of his followers, M. Paul Alexis, who has induced his master to let him print a lot of his school-boy verse. Charles Reade, whose labors have for three years been interrupted by bereavement and sickness, will return to fiction early in May in the columns of *Harper's Weekly*. It will be called "Multum in Parvo"; a series of stories with no waste of words. The work as a whole will present a wider picture than usual of human life. With the March number, *Le Moliériste*, the interesting monthly review devoted wholly to Molière, and the history of his works, and edited by M. Georges Monval, archivist of the Comédie-Française, closes its third annual volume. Mr. Jenkins, the author of "Ginx's Baby," is writing a book which is to appear simultaneously in this country, in England, Austria, and France. A volume of "Speeches and Table Talk of Mohammed" will soon be published by the Macmillans as one of their Golden Treasury series. It will contain a short series of chapters from the Koran illustrating the development of Mohammedanism.



## THE POACHER'S DEATH.

What Happened Him that Killed the Deer Under the Greenwood Tree.

My brother and I were passing the little village of D—, on our way to the town of R—, when the desire seized us to pay a visit to Maritane, our good old nurse, and shake hands with Jacques, her husband, who was the first person to place a gun within our hands, and who taught us to handle it skillfully. I say this without any vanity. The road we were pursuing passed within about six miles of our old friends' home; but, animated by a wish to see these good people again, the memory of whom recalled our happy youth, we soon cleared the distance.

Jacques's cabin was not one of the group of houses which composed the village, but stood alone in the middle of a large plain, having a forest for the horizon, and nearly surrounded by an arm of the river, thus forming a peninsula. We very soon recognized the thatched roof where a few red tiles were conspicuously displayed, while an enormous pear-tree, whose inclining trunk was blackened with the mildew of time, seemed to threaten it with destruction in its fall; but there was no danger, for we had often run among its branches without causing the giant to bend its body or to seem disturbed by the violence of our gymnastic exercises. Our old acquaintance had not changed in appearance, except that industrious Jacques had built a pigeon-house between its two principal boughs, and we saw the inhabitants of this aerial dwelling flying through space, their white feathers glistening in the sun. One is never free from apprehension on returning to a home which he has left some time before. Everything seemed to be in its ordinary condition. The smoke was escaping from the chimney in thin circles, and the fishing-tackle was hanging up to dry on the branches of the pear-tree, for Jacques was a good fisherman, and what is more, if I must say it, the most skillful and dreaded poacher in the country.

He was a man fifty years old, and of proud carriage. His closely cropped black hair showed a rugged brow, where daring seemed to be written in the deep wrinkles. His eyes were so wonderfully bright that the peasants believed he possessed the power of charming the deer. A mass of black beard framed his bronze face, and, finally, he was supple and muscular, as are all primitive races who are dependent on their sole efforts to procure the necessities of life.

Joyfully we raised the latch, thinking of the pleasant surprise we were going to give old Maritane, whose dry cough we heard coming from a still vigorous chest. On seeing us the poor woman stood still, as if nailed to the spot, and instead of the cry of joy which we expected, we were surprised to see two large tears roll down her emaciated cheeks.

"Well, mother nurse!" I exclaimed, "are you not glad to see your two had children again?"

The good woman's heart-broken glance startled us.

"Ah, Monsieur Jules," she finally sobbed out, "trouble is in this house. My poor Jacques—"

She could not finish. A torrent of tears gushed from her eyes, and sitting down as if her limbs refused her support, she leaned her head on her knees, and uttered loud wailings. I noticed then that she held a strip of white linen in her hand, and glancing round the room, I saw a tub in which some bloody clothes were soaking. A horrible suspicion crossed my mind. Was Jacques the victim of one of those numerous accidents to which they are exposed who are in constant rebellion against the law?

"See here, mother," I said, taking the old woman's hand, "if you are in trouble, perhaps heaven has sent us to you at this moment. But, for pity's sake, speak! You know you can depend on us as if we were your own children."

"Oh, my good boys," she said, at last, "Jacques is there, dying, with two bullets in his body."

I sprang toward the door to which she pointed, but she stopped me with an imploring gesture.

"He is sleeping a little," she said, softly, "but when he wakes up I'll tell him you are here. Maybe it will do him some good."

"But," I replied, "if Jacques has been shot, why isn't the doctor here? Perhaps the danger is not so great as you think, and with the help of science he may be saved."

"Monsieur Jules," she answered, and this time in a voice in which indignation overcame sorrow, "a dog with a broken foot is cared for; but the doctor didn't want to trouble himself about Jacques, the poacher, who has been nearly murdered."

We were filled with indignation.

"Henri," I cried, turning to my brother, "run to the village and bring back the doctor, willing or unwilling. It isn't possible that a person could be so cruel as to allow one of God's creatures to die this way."

While my brother was executing his commission with the dispatch of a hunter twenty-five years old, Maritane gave me the following account:

Early in the morning of the preceding day Jacques had gone out as usual to inspect the numerous snares he had set in the woods. Beside a large linen sack, in which he concealed his prizes, he carried his game-bag and his gun, which never left him any more than his shadow. The harvest was only moderate. All the traps were un sprung except one in which a fine cock-pheasant was caught. Jacques penetrated further into the wood, hoping to get a shot at a buck or a boar. The night had been rainy, so the wet branches flapped in his face, and his feet were continually immersed in water, but the bold hunter cared little for these discomforts, and pushed on, keeping his eye on a little terrier whose wagging tail announced the recent passage of some kind of game. "Bibi scents something," thought Jacques, encouraging him with a silent gesture, as, with excessive prudence, he never, even by chance, raised his voice in these solitudes whose echoes would have betrayed his presence. The frisky movements of Bibi's tail became more violent, and he seemed to want to devour the grass, plunging his nostrils into it. Suddenly Jacques stopped, and his dog followed his example. The faint sound of a hunting horn was borne on the breeze through the woods.

"The devil! The marquis and his pack!" muttered Jacques. "I don't know why, but I have a presentiment that had luck will follow me to-day." He glanced at his trusty fowling-piece, and his eyes brightened. "Forward!" he

said, in a low voice to Bihi. "The game that God has made belongs to everybody."

Bihi recommenced the hunt, but not without turning his head frequently toward his master, as if to tell him that they were approaching the game. Jacques unwrapped the bannier of his gun, which he had kept tied up in his handkerchief for fear of the dampness. He then let the dog loose, and redoubling his precautions, followed him.

In the middle of a glade a superb stag stood motionless, his bam-strings stretched and his head raised as if some threatening noise had just struck his ear. In fact the distant harkings and the sound of the horn were again audible, and the stag was just going to dart like an arrow, when the report of a fire-arm burst from under the vault of the foliage, and the noble animal fell, struck dead by a ball which pierced his neck. The poacher commenced to clean the stag, thinking all the time how he could carry the animal away without being seen, when he suddenly paused, hearing the rapid gallop of a horse in the woods. He picked up his gun, which was lying a few steps from him, reloaded the barrel which he had just emptied, and then plunging into the thicket, awaited the sequel, bidden among the bushes of broom and fern. Bihi was in front of him, sniffing toward the noise, which seemed to disturb him as much as it did his master. The horseman came right on, regardless of all obstacles, and in a few minutes would have been in the glade where Jacques's victim lay dead.

"Rameau is the only person who can gallop that way through the thicket," thought Jacques. "If I stay here there'll be trouble. It's best for me to go away, and leave my game to him."

He was about to carry out this wise resolution, when he heard a noise as if produced by a violent collision, followed by a cry from a man in distress. Jacques smiled maliciously.

"Rameau has fallen into the bog," thought he. "Let him stay there, and God have mercy on his soul."

While muttering these words with an almost ferocious joy, he returned to his first occupation. Meanwhile, Rameau, who was the chief of the marquis's huntsmen, howled with despair, for he had, in fact, fallen into a deep and miry bog, where both he and his horse would undoubtedly perish if no one came to his assistance.

"Help! Help!" he cried. "Isn't there any one who hears me? Poacher or hunter, whoever you are, who fired just now, for mercy's sake come and give me your hand, for the mud has already reached my shoulders."

Jacques was touched in spite of himself. He advanced towards the hole, where Rameau was vainly struggling, and suddenly appearing before the wild eyes of his mortal enemy, said in a mocking tone:

"Aha! It's the head-keeper who is enjoying a cold bath, although the season isn't warm. Take your time, your lordship, and I shall get some white clothes ready for you, for it's my opinion you'll have great need of them when you get out of your bath-tub."

"Jacques," replied Rameau, raising himself with a violent effort, "whatever your reasons for hatred toward me, you surely will not leave me here to die like a dog. Help me out, then go your way and say nothing; but try never to meet me again. It will be best for both of us."

"That is to say," said Jacques, gloomily, "that once safe and sound, you will begin again to-morrow to hunt me like a wild deer. That won't do. Promise me to turn away when I am in your path, and I will give you my hand. If not, by St. Jacques, my patron, you can lie there and rot, and the wolves can tear your carcass to pieces for food."

"But, wretch, even if I should make you this promise, the other keepers will not have the same reason to spare you, and some day or other you will certainly be caught."

"The other keepers!" exclaimed Jacques, with supreme contempt. "I don't care for them any more than for the skin of a dead rabbit. They are afraid to come within gunshot of me, and I must say you are the only one brave enough to deal with Jacques, the poacher."

"I can't make that promise," replied the unhappy keeper. "Even you would despise me for not doing my duty with regard to you." Then he commenced to shout again, in a pitiable voice, "Help! help!"

"Die then, fool!" said Jacques, pretending to go away. "I'd be very stupid to supply the whips to heat myself with."

Rameau anxiously followed him with his eyes. "See here, Jacques, you won't abandon a Christian in this way, who personally never did you any harm? Ask something else of me, and as I hope to save my soul, you can have the choice of everything I possess, except my rifle."

"I know I can rely on you, friend Rameau," said Jacques in an undecided tone. "You're the only one I'd look at twice down there, before shouldering my gun. But you must promise what I ask, or as sure as my name is Jacques you can stay there till judgment day, if I'm the only one to help you out."

Rameau uttered a sigh of despair. His horse had completely disappeared in the mire, and he knew that if this support failed him, the slime would soon be over his head, and that would be the end of him. At last he said:

"Let it be then as you wish. Your person shall be sacred to me, and if ever you are sent to prison, I swear I will never accuse you. But how are you going to manage? The pond is large, and you can't reach me without risking your own life."

"Don't let that trouble you," said Jacques, spying a young and pliant oak, which he climbed like a young wildcat. Reaching the top, he let himself hang down, shaking the tree violently, and forming an arch, one end of which was directly over Rameau. Then he held on by one hand, and extended the other to the head-keeper. Giving an oscillating movement to the supple branch, he succeeded in completely pulling his enemy out of the slime.

"There's enough of water here for a good swimmer like you to reach the shore. As for me, look!"

He caught hold of the young sapling with both hands, and, as it sprang back, fell twenty paces distant, right on his feet.

Rameau was very pale, as he rose up all covered with mud. He looked sadly at the hole where his faithful courser was forever immured, and then extended his hand to Jacques, who looked at him defiantly.

"Well, Jacques," he said, with a cordial manner, "I owe you my life, and you have my promise; but perhaps it would

be better if I were dead or you changed your occupation." "Never!" answered Jacques, with a savage joy. "You don't know what it is to feel the delights of wandering alone in the midst of this vast forest, especially when the wind whistles through the tops of the old oaks, when the lightning flashes through the depths, and the rumbling thunder seems to make the echoes howl. I see the deer, the wolves, and even the boars run away, frightened, while I, my body drenched with the rain, my head exposed to the lightning, which respects it, I stride through the forest saying: 'God disturbs the elements up there; the tempest breaks the tops of aged oaks, but around me His breath does not disturb a blade of grass.' Why should any one fear God, who punishes only the wicked? He has given me a brave heart, to despise other men who live in society only to destroy themselves, or to enslave others in exchange for a few mouthfuls of bread or a little gold. Well, here I am almost as great as God. My subjects tremble at my sight. My food is the fruit of my skill and my liberty. In spite of the law which pursues me; in spite of the marquis, who calls himself proprietor of the inhabitants of this forest, by right of succession, my life flows on calm and tranquil, and I can say with pride, 'I am master here!'"

Jacques looked truly noble while he was speaking, but Rameau shook his head.

"Friend Jacques, I know you're a good fellow, but everybody does not agree with you in your ideas. By Jove! here is some more of your work—a full-grown stag lying there on the grass. Listen, Jacques; my comrades are coming, and if you take my advice you'll be off toward home. If they question me, I'll make up some story. Hark! I hear a horn. My keepers are coming. Save yourself. They have not the reason for sparing you that I have."

Jacques picked up his gun and his game-bag, and went away—not like a man fleeing from danger, but with the slowness and tranquillity of a hunter going to beat the woods. He had scarcely taken twenty steps when a keeper cautiously appeared on the border of the glade. He saw the slaughtered stag, and then his chief, lying on the ground splashed with mud, in which he thought he recognized blood, and convinced that Rameau had just been assassinated by the poacher, whose tall figure was visible through the trees, he fired two shots before Rameau had time to prevent him.

At the first shot Jacques seemed to sink down on his left hip; and at the second, he quickly put his hand to his side. But, with iron will, he continued his way, without stopping, and fell, bleeding and almost lifeless, at the door of his hut. His poor wife helped him into bed, and after quenching the blood which flowed profusely from his wounds, in the thigh and below the heart, she ran to the village to implore the aid of the doctor. He was a young man, who was a constant guest at the château, and shared the hostile feelings of the marquis toward the poacher. He was very rude to the old woman, abused her husband for having dared to encroach on my lord's pleasures, said he had only received what he deserved, and then positively refused to attend a robber who ought to consider himself fortunate to die in his head instead of on the scaffold.

While my old nurse was telling me this sad story, Rameau entered. He was a youth of an open and frank countenance, whose bright color had given place to an excessive pallor. Through the partly open door, I saw Henri accompanied by the doctor, to whom he was talking earnestly.

"Good-day, mother Maritane," said Rameau. "How is Jacques?"

"Badly, Monsieur Rameau, badly. If God doesn't have pity on me, I'll be a widow before the day's over."

"Take courage, my good mother," I said, pressing her hand, while the head-keeper hid his face in his handkerchief to stifle his sobs. "Here is the doctor, and we will soon know if the danger is as great as you fear."

Suddenly we heard the voice of the wounded man.

"Water," he gasped, in a voice of dreadful suffering. We hurried into the room. He was sitting up, and appeared to be searching for something near him. He looked at me, and his eyes seemed to light up with joy. He extended his hand to Rameau as a sign of pardon, and then fell heavily back, murmuring "Water." I put a glass to his lips, but the liquid ran out of both sides, and when the doctor reached his bedside, he found only a corpse.—Translated from the *Argonaut* from the French of Jules Marchant.

In view of the discussion going on in San Francisco and other cities regarding underground telegraph wires, the following from the London correspondent of the *Detroit Free Press* will be found timely: "I often see the men at work along the Strand fixing the underground telegraph wires, and recollecting the ever-recurring agitation in Detroit in the matter of overhanging wires, I have been collecting quite a little information on the subject. From what I can judge of the London system it is very complete and satisfactory, and I doubt if the cost is much greater than the overhanging plan with its ugly poles and dangerous accumulation of lines. On the north side of the Strand there are two sorts of tile drains run close to the stones. Every few rods there is an iron trap-door, which can be raised, and exposes all the wires. In each of these tile drains are from eighty to one hundred wires, the whole forming a compact mass, like an untwisted wire rope. Each wire is covered with a kind of India rubber coating, and the wires are of copper, at least those I saw the workmen handling were. Each wire is numbered, and the machinist had no trouble in fishing out any particular wire that was wanted. There was no tearing up of the sidewalk to fix a wire. Their instruments enabled them to detect where the defect was located; the wire was cut, hauled out, and in the drawing of it out it was made to draw after it the new section of wire that was to take its place. The workmen said that this method was more satisfactory to the government than the iron-pole system, and that it was also considered cheaper."

At St. Petersburg they say, in French, "there is a parliament (*parlement*) at St. Petersburg." "A parliament at St. Petersburg? That is impossible." "Yes, there is a parliament. Skobeloff *parle* (speaks) and Ignatieff *ment* (lies)."

A Russian proverb says: "Before going to war, pray once; before going to sea, pray twice; before getting married, pray three times."



## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

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The nation is divided into two great parties which are nearly equal in States, in popular numbers, and in electors. The political power of the country rests between them, alternating from one to the other as the politics of one or the other best commend themselves to the intelligence of the people. These two parties are the Democratic and the opposition. The Democratic organization is a fixed and seemingly permanent factor in American politics. For a long period it was the party of the majority. The opposition to it has taken different names—Whig, American, and Republican. In the early history of the Republic, the material that composed the Democratic party was democratic. The aristocracy, the wealth, and largely the intelligence of the country were found in the opposition ranks. The bone and sinew, the muscle, the labor element, and the foreign immigration were Democratic. The learned men, the more highly cultured, the bankers, the slave-owners, the cotton lords, those who delighted to hoast of culture, of wealth, and of family, were found among the Whigs. The emblem of the Democracy, used upon its printed election posters in early times, was a muscular arm wielding a ponderous hammer. The Know-Nothing, or American party, was a protest and revolt against the influence of foreigners in the Democratic party. "Long exercise of power begets abuse" is a maxim true in all governments, and especially true in those of a republican form. To the strong party there naturally tend the wealthy and the well-born. Money allies itself with political power. Every one who wants office and everything that needs protection gravitates to the party in power. Commerce placed itself under the shelter of the Democracy of the North. Slavery placed itself under the shelter of the Democracy of the South. The great body of foreign immigrants continued for years to form the rank and file of the Democratic party, content to vote early and often, content with the lesser offices, and content to allow money and brains to run the machinery and grasp the higher honors. The slave-holders, having both money and brains, were the natural leaders of the Democratic party, and for fifty years substantially governed the country. The country was being governed and its affairs administered in the interests of Southern slavery and Northern commerce. Drunk with the long use of party power, the cotton lords became first insolent and then defiant. Commerce, always selfish, always cowardly, submitted. The first revolt came from the Northern Democracy. The working men, who composed the real strength of the Northern Democratic party, revolted under

the leadership of the Van Burens. Butler of New York, Wade of Ohio, and others, set up the standard of the Free-Soil Democracy at the Buffalo convention in 1847. The little band of Abolitionists struck hands with the Free-Soilers. The split in the Democratic party over the question of extension of slavery to the territories brought about the political compromises that gave existence to the Republican party. It became at a bound a great and formidable Northern organization—necessarily Northern, because opposed to the extension of slavery. It proclaimed freedom national, and slavery sectional. Necessarily the section that had slavery adhered to the Democratic party, and thus Republicanism, in the after stormy times, came to stand for free labor, and for consecrating the soil of the whole country to freedom. How the Whigs were driven to the Democratic party at the South, and the Democrats to the Republican party at the North, occurs to all intelligent readers. When the war closed the Republican party had drawn to itself the patriotism of the nation—and patriotism is a synonym for everything that is good and grand. It was the party of intelligence and moral ideas; the party of order, government, and law. It was the party of the fighting men of the loyal and triumphant North; and the men who fought the battle of freedom against slavery, of free labor against slave labor, were the working men of the nation and the native-born of the country. These soldiers of freedom were all Republicans; and the Republican party, possessing the intelligence and the property of the nation, had rightfully its political control. A large part of the foreign-born of the country—especially the Irish—stood by the Democratic organization. In their ignorance and their steadfast bigotry they were loyal to a name. Democracy expressed to their besotted intelligence an idea which neither education, experience, nor observation could remove. To be a "Democrat" was the length, breadth, depth, and circumference of an Irish Catholic's political opinions, and he surrendered everything but his religion to the Democratic party. The Republican party, respectable for its membership, its patriotic achievements, and its high national purpose, was the more so because this class of Irish had not joined it. The Democratic party, unfortunate in possessing all the disloyal elements of the country, and unfortunate in its defeat in arms, was more so from the fact that the Pope's Irish had been loyal to it, and true through all its political adversities. If victory ever comes to the party, and it ever achieves a national triumph, it will be base ingratitude and political treachery if the Democracy does not reward, with its highest honors, its steadfast Irish.

The Republican party has not escaped the fate of all parties entrusted with long exercise of political power. It has abused it. In a thousand ways and in a thousand instances the party has been guilty of unworthy acts. It has fallen under the control of ambitious leaders who have been destitute of patriotism and honest purpose. It has yielded to the influence of thieving partisans and scheming rings, who have carried their acts of plunder to all the departments of government, while the shameful fact is apparent that, during the second term of Grant's administration, these crimes were perpetrated under the very shadow of the Republican throne, with more than a presumption that they enjoyed its protection. Most naturally, the wealth of the nation gravitated to the party in power for protection. The war had enriched a multitude of adventurers—scheming and bold operators. Great fortunes were made. The era succeeding the war was the era of subsidies and land grants. Never in the world's history were such concessions made from a public treasury in aid of individual enterprise, in promotion of private schemes. Never in the world's history had there been such gigantic strides in the accumulation of wealth. Corporations and individuals amassed fortunes in comparison with which all preceding enterprises seem insignificant. Money has neither conscience, patriotism, nor principle. It has one single object, and that is self-protection. National banks, great railway companies, great oil companies, and great telegraph companies unite and combine for their own protection. Political power is a necessity to them. There has been formed at Washington a political lobby that is most formidable, and whenever one is endangered all other interests rush to its rescue. If a national navy is to be built, John Roach has power to take its construction from the national navy-yards to his own private establishment. When the writer was recently in Washington, this man was permitted to entertain with wines and dinners the Congressional Committee who were to determine whether he or the nation should have the disbursement of the millions necessary to provide for the nation's defense. His paid attorney and lobbyist is appointed Secretary of the Navy. National bankers control the national currency. Railway and telegraphic companies are stronger than the government. Corporation attorneys, holding seats in the national legislature, openly act as attorneys in the Supreme Court of the United States. The last National Republican party convention was largely dictated to by a railway millionaire. There is not a Republican State where the influence of the millionaire is not largely

felt. There is not a city or State where the political agent of these wealthy combinations is not a recognized authority and a formidable power. The Supreme Court of the nation, the Supreme Courts of the States, the Senate, Congress, the Cabinet, the executives of States, the legislatures, and the boards of supervisors are dominated and controlled by them. There is not a primary election in San Francisco or New York; there is not a State government, from Nevada to Pennsylvania, where political power is not exercised by organized capitalists in the interest of associated capital. Since the Republican party has been in power in this country there has grown up an aristocracy of wealth, stronger and more formidable in its exercise of political power than in England in two centuries of time. The Republican party stands to-day as the representative and servant of a combined moneyed power, and is gravitating every hour to a concentrating point. No bill in opposition to the interests of capital can pass the Senate of the United States without a struggle, and any bill inimical to the moneyed interest is in danger of a Presidential veto. An act, like that in Germany, to give the government control of railway transportation, would be treated with contempt in Congress. An act to permit the government to control telegraphic communication, as in England, could not possibly pass. It is not within the power of Congress to regulate the national banks or control the currency of the nation. The revenue laws of the government are framed in the interest of rich manufacturers; the navigation laws in the interest of ship-builders. And yet the Republican party is composed of the best and most intelligent men of the country. The Republican party has had a splendid history, and has accomplished splendid results. It has fought a great war, abolished slavery, reconstructed the States, and established the national credit. How much of this prosperity is due to the accident of our broad empire, and the era of universal advancement in the line of national progress, and how much to party management, may be difficult to determine; but it is very apparent that the American people are now revolving in their minds whether the usefulness of the party is not passed, and whether it will not be wise to change the national administration. Once the popular vote has been against the successful presidential candidate. Once the Electoral College stood at a tie, and the result obtained is still open to question as to the legality of the conclusion that gave us a President. The last contest was close in both the Electoral College and the popular vote. The Republican leaders will not be wise if they do not recognize the fact that no party can survive long after it comes under any influence not in harmony with the general interests of the people, and not in sympathy with the great class that labors.

These reflections come to us as we consider the action of the party, its conventions, its leaders, its senators, its cabinet, and its President, in reference to the Chinese question. The history of this Chinese question, as connected with Republican party conventions, congressional legislation, and party leaders, goes very far toward demonstrating that, whatever else the Republican party may be, it is no longer the friend of free white labor. Its conduct with reference to this question is simply infamous. It has been treacherous to its pledges, and its leaders have been guilty of the crimes of cowardice, lying, and hypocrisy. Faithlessness and insincerity have attended its every step since the time when the Hon. Pierrepont Edwards, as chairman of the committee on platform and resolutions, deliberately planned the insertion of a plank which gave the right of suffrage to the Chinese. When the committee on resolutions had agreed, through a sub-committee, of which he was a member, to report a strong anti-Chinese resolution, he deliberately forfeited his word, suppressed the resolution, reported another, and when the platform was ready to be announced in convention, it contained a resolution giving the elective privilege to Chinamen. How that small and contemptible trick of the honorable Republican aristocrat of the New York Union League was defeated is well known on this coast. That contest then disclosed a strong element within the party favoring Chinese suffrage. This element was especially strong in New England. Mr. Blaine was not strong among New England delegates because of his position on the Chinese question. The clause in the bill excluding Chinese from naturalization only received three Republican votes in the Senate of the United States; and after all the contest, and on the final vote, only nine Republican senators—all, save one, Western men—were found in favor of restricting Chinese immigration. President Hayes and President Arthur vetoed Chinese bills, and we have no guarantee at this writing that Arthur will not veto this one. Our Republican members did their entire duty, and we are grateful to them for their efforts. But the fact stands out that we owe the passage of the anti-Chinese bill, not to the Republican, but to the Democratic party. If it had not been for the Democracy this coast would have been given over to the alternative of an unlimited heathen invasion, or the less dreadful one of forcible resistance to the law. If it had not been for Senator Farley and his Democratic associates in the Senate of the United States we



should have been left to combat this invasion of Chinese with uprisings against the law, with riotous demonstrations, which might have resulted in blood, and in scenes that would have appalled the civilization of the age. That we have been spared these scenes; that we have escaped the commission of crimes against the law and humanity, we owe not to a Republican President or his ill-advising cabinet, not to Republican senators, and not to Republican leaders, every one of whom betrayed us when the crisis came. Edmunds of Vermont is the most conspicuous of those who betrayed us. He was on the committee which reported the original bill. He voted against it. He pledged himself to vote for ten years. He failed to keep his word. He admitted the law of the case, and affirmed the principle of the measure. He endeavored to destroy the bill by amendments, and finally, when all his technical objections had failed, he voted against it. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that this measure came up for discussion at a time of the day when the senator from Vermont is habitually drunk. John M. Logan is always a leader in all important political questions, always to the front in a party contest. He is a presidential candidate, and one whose claims in that direction were entitled to honorable consideration. He dodged this question. So far as we know, he did not once answer to the roll-call. He ignominiously and cowardly skulked. Some say he was sick. He was not so sick that he could not have paired in favor of the bill. He did pair against it. Sherman, Windom, and Harrison, all voted squarely against us, and have made their political beds with the Chinese. Our worst wish for all these gentlemen who have the presidential maggot in their ears, and all who have the vice-presidential itch, is that they do not become candidates until they can have the assistance of Chinese votes.

In this political review let us do the Republican party the justice to remember that a national convention did pass an anti-Chinese resolution; that it carried a popular election with this as a prominent issue; that in the popular branch of Congress the Republicans—except those from New England—stood manfully up to the question; that the elected chief of the party, who would have been true to us, is dead, and that the accident of a crime holds the position of President; that the rank and file of the party have always been true to the principles involved in this discussion, and that the rank and file of the Democracy have not been true, but have ever been false to the free labor interests of the country. Then we state the position to be: *Republican leaders have betrayed the Republican party upon this one important issue.* The rank and file are true, and as they become better informed upon the real relation of this question to the labor interests of the country, they will become more reliable. The question which presents itself to the Republicans on this coast is a troublesome one—whether they will abandon a great national organization with which they are in general sympathy, and go over to a party whose history they condemn, and for whose rank and file they have a strong contempt, or remain in alliance with a party whose leaders have betrayed them on a vital question. The Chinese question will in time right itself. The intelligence of the Republican party is a sufficient assurance that in a short time it will be understood, and when understood, the working men and business men of the whole nation, and every part of it, will be as united in opinion as we are upon the Pacific Coast. It is a question of dollars and cents to the American people—one of interest and of bread. When to the sniveling pietists of the nation—those represented by the thin man of Kansas and him with the indelicate name from Massachusetts—are called upon in their prayers to choose between their daily bread and their harvest of Asiatic souls, they will let the whole crop of Chinese go to the worship of their ancestor—the devil. There is no trouble about the outcome of this Chinese question. It is settled. There are too many votes in Congress, too many journalists, for the President to venture another veto. If he does, it will be overruled; and if not overruled, we will settle it here, with orderly disregard of the opinions of the factious minority now temporarily in power at Washington.

The millionaire side of our politics is one more difficult to meet. Money to the extent of thousands of millions invested in national bonds, hanks, railways, corporations, monopolies, and moneyed magnates, bringing their power to bear directly upon the President, the press, the cabinet, and the Senate, is a formidable power. If the Republican party has the strength of an unpurchaseable virtue sufficient to resist this moneyed power, it will be and will deserve to be the continuing administrative power of the Government. If it has not the strength to resist this influence, it will deserve to go into an immediate and hopeless minority. The effort, then, should be within the party to reform it. Let the present leaders be thrown overboard. Let John Sherman pack his ill-gotten wealth from Washington to Ohio. Let Windom air his treasury schemes in Minnesota. Let Mr. Harrison weep over the grave of his ancestor in Indiana. Let Mr. W— return to Massachusetts. Let the Hon. John M. Logan give way in Illinois to a bolder leader. Let Messrs. Edmunds,

Anthony, and Lapham be relegated to their corner groceries. And let every Republican senator, cabinet officer, and party leader, who has, in the interest of capital, betrayed labor, be driven from the councils of the party. Let the rank and file all over the country fight for the organization of the party. It is from the primary and ward organizations that come delegates to national conventions and candidates for national offices. Then the next national Republican Convention can pass resolutions declaratory of the principles of the party, and choose candidates for office who will not dare to betray them. Such a revolution, worked within the party, would be a reform worthy of the honest men who compose its membership.

We formulate the party condition upon this coast in this wise: Republicans have their party, are proud of its history, and have every confidence in the integrity of its masses. The Chinese question found those masses of the party not well informed upon all the phases of the controversy. From the leaders a better appreciation of the question was expected. When once the principle of opposition to Chinese immigration had been adopted in the national conventions, we had a right to expect that Republican leaders, officials, and legislators would enact a restrictive law. They promised to do so. They betrayed us. They forfeited their obligations. They endeavored—President, Cabinet, and Senate—to defeat the bill. They went further, and disclosed the fact that all but three of the Republican senators were willing to perpetrate the unpardonable sin against the political Holy Ghost by admitting Chinese as citizens. For this we have a right to denounce the President, his cabinet, and the senators who betrayed us. We would punish these leaders, but in their punishment we would not destroy the Republican party. We are sure we express the real sentiment of intelligent and earnest Republicans when we declare that they have no desire to go to the Democracy; that they have no admiration for the party, or respect for its past history; that, with the exception of this Chinese business, they are in but little accord with its professions; and that they do not like the rag-tag and hothailed Pope's political Irish, who compose a majority of its rank and file. Republicans do not desire to leave the Republican party. They do not desire to go to the Democracy. But rather than submit to an unrestricted Chinese invasion, and the naturalization of Chinamen, they will go to the Democracy or to the devil. What the Republican party of California will do it is impossible to forecast. Upon this Chinese question Democratic leaders have acted well. Their motives it is not our business to question. Their acts we approve. What the Republicans ought to do is for themselves to determine. As a rule, each will determine for himself. Republicans are intelligent and independent. They will not look to a State central committee, or to a State convention, or to a newspaper editor for advice. We are not prepared to say what our own action will be, and hence we have no advice to give to anybody else. We are prepared, however, to say this, to the extent of one man's vote and voice and influence and ink, we will consecrate to the infernal political devil the following named: Chester A. Arthur, acting presidential accidency; those of his cabinet who advised his veto, and the following named Republican senators of the United States who refused to vote against the naturalization of Chinamen: Aldrich, Allison, Anthony, Blair, Conger, Davis of Illinois, Dawes, Frye, Hale, Harrison, Hawley, W— of Massachusetts, Ingalls, Kellogg, Lapham, McDill, McMillan, Miller of New York, Morrell, Platt, Plumb, Rollins, Saunders, Thayer, Van Wyck, Windom, Logan, Edmunds, Sherman, Cameron of Pennsylvania, Ferry, Mitchell, and Sawyer.

Mr. T. M. Henly, an Irish member of Parliament, thus paints the character and condition of the Irish emigrant. We copy it from "the Catholic family journal, devoted to the propagation," etc.: "Grubbing the stony slope of some 'Irish hill-side, or struggling for life on some wretched bog, 'dwelt a cottier peasant, say some thirty years ago. He 'knows some few words of English, but his thoughts are 'formed in his own tongue; his knowledge is limited to the 'use of the rude implements which he plies with hand or 'foot on this bit of ground. There is a school in the neighborhood, and when he was born (as his father has told 'him) the same price lay upon the head of a school-master 'as upon that of a wolf. He has never traveled off his own 'plow-land, except to mass or to market. There is no rail- 'way in the place, nor very much that can be called a road. 'When business or duty calls him from the farm, he trudges 'to some melancholy little village of about a half thousand 'folks, into which two newspapers come every week. One 'of these the priest gets, and perhaps he hears some faint 'echo of what was going on in the outer world when the 'news circulates, after mass, in the chapel-yard. As it is 'Sunday, there is no work to be done, and his vacancy is 'provided for by the establishment at one corner of the 'street' which makes up the village, of a public house, 'and at the other of a police harracks. If his potato-fed 'stomach can not stand the mess of had porter or the meas-

'ure of vitriolic whisky that is chalked up to his account 'under a government license, the same government has, 'with prudent forethought, stationed half-a-dozen men with 'rifles (called police) outside the groggery, who will fling 'him into a commodious cell within their harracks, and to- 'morrow he will learn from a paid government magistrate, 'through an interpreter, that he is fined two shillings six 'pence, with costs. The routine of his life is varied now 'and then by a rise of rent, to reward him for the 'improvements he has made in his holding. He he- 'comes too ragged now to go to mass on Sunday, and 'too poor to pay two cents a pint for porter. If he has to 'go to market, he will wait for a Saturday when the nearest 'of his neighbors who owns a coat is not going himself, and 'will obtain a loan of the garment. The famine comes. 'He can not pay his rent. He is turned out, and goes with 'his wife and children to the poor-house. There the famine 'fever relieves him of some of his burdens, and his family 'having been thinned out, the landlord calculates that it will 'be cheaper in the end not to have a permanent charge on 'the rates, and contracts with a shipper to deposit him with 'other consignments of paupers in New York. And so this 'hopeless, dazed, emhruted peasant, whose whole life has 'been passed on his own little speck of soil, and who had 'no horizon, and no experience, and no future beyond it, is 'landed upon the quay at Castle Garden, amid the strange 'whirl of a foreign city, with perhaps just as many coppers 'in his pocket as will buy him his first day's bread." And now, let us continue the narrative of this Irish peasant's life. He emerges from Castle Garden, with his shillalah in his hand, and begins to look for a place on the police force. He joins a Democratic ward club, and on the next election day votes early and often for a set of Irish blackguards who came to the country a few months before him. His first political inquiry is: "Have yez a government?—then, he- 'dad, I'm agin it." He earns money enough to open a gin-mill; he becomes a ward magnate; gets an office; presides over a land-league meeting; joins the Wolf Tone Guards; becomes a member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians; attends mass; organizes a Democratic ward club; is elected marshal's aid in a Saint Patrick's procession; collects money from Irish servant girls to fight England; is vice-president of a mass meeting to protest against Chinese immigration; denounces the right of the 'nagurs" to vote, and in cooperation with his ignorant, higgoted, and priest-ridden countrymen, endeavors to control the politics of the country. He sends his children to the parish school, and denounces our free school system as ungodly and dangerous. He votes to steal our school moneys. He procures his own election to our school board, where he fights for Irish teachers and janitors. He is always a candidate for office. There is no position too exalted for him to aspire to, and there is no place too mean for him to take. He never works himself, but is ever encouraging those of his countrymen who do to strike for less hours of labor and higher wages. His idea of patriotism is to emhroil us in a war with England. His idea of religion is to make our country subservient to the Pope. Such being our experience of him, it is not surprising that we should desire to send him back to grub the stony slope of an Irish hill-side, or dig for life in some wretched Irish hog.

It is not in good taste that the *Examiner*, the *Sonoma Democrat*, or any other Democratic paper, should question Senator Miller's sincerity on the Chinese bill because some thirteen years ago he entertained certain views in reference to commercial intercourse with China. "Flop" is not the word to properly express the conversion of Saul of Tarsus, nor the change of opinion that has come over the minds of intelligent citizens of all political parties in reference to Chinese immigration. Thomas H. Benton was the first American statesman who announced in the Senate of the United States the desirability of Chinese coming to our coast. Buchanan was the first President of the United States with whom a Chinese treaty was made. Reed, a Democratic commissioner, was the first to negotiate such a treaty. A Democratic Senate was the first to ratify it. Governor Haight was the first governor who presided at a civic banquet to celebrate the inauguration of unrestricted Chinese intercourse. General Miller is doing his entire duty in the premises, and he is doing it intelligently and well. We accord to Senators Farley and Fair the full meed of deserved praise for their work. We admit our obligations to Democratic senators and the Democratic party, and hence we have the right to say that any insinuations against Senators Miller and Jones, or anybody else who is doing his best, are lacking in good taste. Let Democratic orators and journalists recognize the fact that their party is not strong enough to restrict Chinese immigration, and that to accomplish the result we need every friend—the votes of all we can get. Let us not quarrel over the spoils till we have gained the victory. Let Democratic writers confine their assaults to those Republicans who have betrayed their trusts, and let those alone who are fighting roically in the trench of what seems at best but a hope.



## BURDETTE'S ORCHARD.

The Fatal Effects Wrought by his Deadly Plums.

While the Jester was traveling recently, a nursery man got on the train. Why he should have selected the Jester as a man pining away for a Norwegian stock pear-tree or an assortment of early green Lomhardy apple scions, no one can tell; but he did, and he talked tree to that patient child of sorrow for fifty-two miles.

"I have tried this pear," the Jester said, his sad face lighting up with a gleam of pleased recognition as the tree man showed him a colored lithograph of a pear as big as a foot-hall, with a neck like a champagne bottle, golden-yellow on one side, scarlet-streaked on the other. "I have tried this pear. I planted four of these Hibernian Dutch-cheeked mongolia tricolors ten years ago."

"She's the daisy," the tree man said; "didn't they do splendidly?"

"Beautifully," said the Jester. "All died the first year, and I never had a particle of trouble with them."

Then the tree man showed him a picture of an Oliver Gilsey open-stone hybrid peach (*Americanus brandificarius*). It was larger—in the lithograph—than a turnip, with down on it like the mustache of a college boy in the junior year, and it was rose-tinted like the deep-set heart of a sad-sounding curled sea-shell. On the opposite page a picture of the tree showed up like a century-old oak, gnarled, and rugged, and hardy as the granite cliff that from the mountain side frowned on the shadowy vale below.

[Loud cheers from the man on the wood-box, and cries from the passengers of "Go on!" and "More!"]

"Oh, yes," the Jester said, "I know that fruit. I have tried that brand of peach. It would have done well, no doubt, had we not planted the trees in the onion bed. The onions came up and choked all the trees out but one. It came up, and bore peaches, two of them. Not just exactly like that picture. One of them looked like a wart on a gum log, only it was harder, and the hair stuck out like bristles and quills. The other would have been a peach just like this, I suppose, only the stone grew on the outside. I don't want any fruit trees this spring, anyhow."

"But—" began the nursery man.

"I never see a beautiful lithograph of a fruit tree, crowned and gemmed with luscious fruit," the Jester went on, "without being reminded of an eminent success I made with plums. I owned a beautiful home surrounded with charming grounds, and fruit trees were one of my pastimes. A tree man came along one year, and sold me a plum tree. I had had little success with plum trees, on account of the rapacious and never satisfied curculio. But the tree man assured me the curculio would never touch this particularly beautiful variety; the Alonzo du Belvidere, or Light of the Harem-scarum. I bought the tree. It grew as never plum tree grew before; a great swelling mass of foliage that wooed the sunbeams to play with its dancing shadows. And fruit! Everybody that went by the homestead swore to himself there weren't enough dogs in the commonwealth to keep him on the roadway side of that fence a week longer. It never failed, not one single year. Season after season it put forth hlooms until it looked like a spring-time snow bank, and then in the season of its fruit it shone and glowed like a royal purple sunset in the hack garden. One day Smith praised the tree, and I gave him of its fruit. He hit a piece out of the plum, and then started home for his gun. It was only a few steps, but twice before he got there he forgot what he had started after. He climbed over into the foundations of a new house and tried to die. Then he stopped in a vacant lot, and ate the tops off the tar-weeds, to take the taste out of his mouth. When he got home he sent for Doctor Miller, and told him the Jester had poisoned him to get some money he owed him, and he wanted him to take down his *ante mortem* statement."

"But he lived, and forgave the man who had filled his young life with bitterness, and one day, standing under the swaying boughs of this deadly upas plum tree, I told him all its woeful history. How at night the long-drawn howls and wails of terror-stricken boys, lying in the dew-sprinkled grass of the cow pasture, had filled the night with a weird uncanny horror, and scared all of the neighbors' dogs, or so many of them as the wails would go round, under the harm in the tree-horded hollow. How thievish and road-weary tramps had eaten of this fruit, and had gone off down street shouting "fire!" and had never been seen again. How one day a sandy pig, three and a half feet long, had eaten a couple of these plums that somebody had thrown over the fence, and then sat down in the dust of the street, and cried and sobbed with pain and mortification, until the golden sun went down in a sea of roseate splendor in the distant west. How visitors, friends of the family, and guests of the home, had plucked and bitten a plum before they could be warned, and then, with ghastly countenances, tried to look as though they liked it. The robins shunned that tree. The curculio never went near it. The wandering crows of the air wouldn't look at it. Nothing ever touched it except the English sparrows. They liked it, and grew fat upon it. Nothing," added the Jester, "nothing that ever grew can kill the English sparrow."

But the passengers knew that if he wandered off on that topic he could never be silenced, and the man on the wood-box hesought him to tell the rest about the plum tree, while the tree man gathered his lithographs, and got off at a cross-road.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The women who work in the collieries of England wear loose trousers, and are naked to the waist; around the waist is a leathern belt, to which a large chain is attached. This chain is dragged between their knees, and pulls loads of coal through long, low, damp, dark passages, the women compelled to go on all fours like brutes. In this way they haul loads of six thousand yards a day. The "gentlemen" owners of these collieries compel this work, yet talk of the "delicacy of the sex being destroyed by the hallo!"

Morse, who invented the telegraph, and Bell, the inventor of the telephone, both had deaf-mute wives. Little comment is necessary, but just see what a man can do when everything is quiet.

## ARGONAUT VERSE.

Vivien.

O passionate splendor of beauty!  
Regal, dusk, and intense,  
Flaming out from the shadows  
That, brooding, encompass thee, dense.  
Who shall betray thee and hold thee,  
O marvel of glorified sense?

Lips like a crimson poppy,  
Eyes that are hateful and sweet,  
Hair like the mined gold-dust  
Of a sunset spent and fleet.  
Gods! but to lie and shiver  
Under those spurning feet!

Who shall ravish thy kisses  
In a midnight starless and dim?  
Who shall enfold thee in silence  
Till the morn' breaks over the rim?  
In a madness of tremulous longing,  
O fairness of lotus-limbs?

Not all the sirens of story  
Could match thy passion and glow,  
Thy sorceress grace and witching,  
Or smiling—subtle and slow,  
O marvelous beauty that crumbled  
To ashes long cycles ago!

May, 1882.

FANNY DRISCOLL.

Wedded—Rondeau.

O heart beloved! I consecrate  
The powers and aims of man's estate—  
The dearest hopes of life to thee;  
Thy happiness my care shall be;  
On every wish my love shall wait.  
I sought thee not for wealth or state;  
A thousand graces on thee wait,  
But thy sweet, loving self made thee,  
O heart, beloved.

If frowning fortune be our fate,  
More tender and affectionate  
My sympathizing love shall be;  
No ills that Heaven may decree  
Our knitted souls can separate,  
O heart beloved!

May, 1882.

JAMES T. WHITE.

Second-Sight.

Though no man twice this way may tread,  
And man at most and best am I,  
No clearer when the course is sped  
Shall I its latest stage descry.  
I see it; other ways I see,  
And they are smooth, most rugged this,  
Thorns hedge it; by them flowers be  
Sweeter than all things save a kiss.  
They end upon the sun-bathed heights,  
This burrows in a darksome pit;  
And lighter than its days their nights,  
But this appointed is, forewit.  
I shall be robbed, and bruised, and maimed;  
I shall filth and mire my garments smear,  
And I before men shall be shamed,  
And shall cry out for pain and fear.  
And rains that sting like flame, for cold,  
Shall vengeful on my temples beat,  
Hoar-frosts shall clothe me as a mold,  
Winds search my heart to quell its heat.  
Then shall come fever, famine, thirst,  
With changeful humors of the skies,  
And I shall know naught is the worst,  
Cursed ever by a dread surmise.  
All must I suffer—for the end  
Will flee by so much as I haste,  
I have so much of sighs to spend,  
So much of bitterness to taste.  
Yet at its every tortuous turn  
My eyes shall seek along the path,  
To know if they may him discern  
Who of my coming knowledge hath.  
All leagues, all years unlesened yet  
Lie 'twixt his station and my place,  
Yet somewhere by the roadway set  
He stands, and I shall know his face—  
Shall know him, cry with voice elate:  
"Thou, Master?" hear the words he saith:  
"Yea, friend, it is for thee I wait,  
I am the messenger of Death."

May, 1882.

A. E. WATROUS.

Quantum Mtatus.

Leaning over the garden gate,  
Where the old-fashioned cinnamon roses grew,  
Where gorgeous tulips nodded late,  
And lilies bent to the cooling dew.

Glimpses of bronze in the golden hair,  
Glimpses of blue in the violet eyes,  
Shadows lurking here and there,  
Under the lids where the amethyst lies.

Sweet and tender, and fair, and young,  
With a life as pure as a shy wild-flower;  
As free from care as an untaught bird,  
That joyous sings through each golden hour.

Bronzed and bearded with lines of care,  
In the dark face bending down so low;  
Threads of gray in the glossy curls  
That droop where the cinnamon roses grow.

But the old, old story is told in the eyes,  
And the dark face beams with a wondrous light;  
O youth and beauty, your matchless power  
Can make a day of the darkest night.

\* \* \* \* \*

A woman's face, still sweet and fair,  
Strong with the knowledge that years will bring;  
Brown eyes soft with a passion rare,  
That comes but in love's perfect blossoming.

Sweet eyes clouded with unshed tears,  
White lips quivering in hopeless woe;  
Quick, dry soles that come like a storm,  
Swaying the slight frame to and fro.

"He was mine by the force of love;  
Mine, by a power that's mighty yet;  
Oh, long years, in your passing, bring  
Only the power to forget."

A laugh without, a sob within,  
While the roses bloom by the garden gate;  
And the tireless years roll on—ah me!  
God pity those who their coming wait.

May, 1882.

B. F. L.

## BILL NYE'S FOREST.

The Vicissitudes He Experienced in Improving His Estate.

Some years ago we had a large sum of money that we were not using, and as it lay idly in our coffers, we decided to purchase a fine building site in northeast Laramie, improve it, and sell it at a large profit. Being considerably struck with the primeval beauty and solemn magnificence of the evergreen, we decided at first to secure some spruces, and make that corner a kind of spruce-gum orchard, which would naturally be the envy and admiration of the West. Acting upon this impulse, we purchased a load of this vegetable, setting out the trees on two sides of the plantation, and digging an irrigation ditch two hundred and sixty-four feet long, by which to water them. For two weeks the irrigation ditch failed to connect with the central office, and we carried water to the trees through the agency of a mechanical arrangement known as the patent pail.

All these trees died of pinkeye hut one. We then sent East and purchased one hundred seedlings of the Norway spruce variety, and fringed the ditch with them, protecting them from the hot sun by means of wide shingles placed on the south side. These trees staggered along through the summer, and when winter set in were pale and emaciated, but cheerful and hopeful for the future. The winter was an unusually severe one, and toward spring a large, lonely cow, known throughout the West as Dr. Tanner, in an ungarded moment got over into the inclosure, and ate the entire forest.

We had almost decided at that time to abandon timber culture in Wyoming, but when vernal spring opened we decided to get some choice trees from the adjacent mountains, and make one grand final effort. One pleasant day we consented to make a picnic excursion into the Black Hills with a small party of friends, and while others packed the large lunch-baskets, we put into the harouche a spade and some other hurglers' tools. The picnic was not a financial or social success. Picnics very rarely are.

A bottle of glycerine, that had been brought by one of the young ladies to protect her hands from the rigorous climate, got broken, and worked itself into the sponge-cake, and a pint of camphor got mixed up with the pie. A rain-storm came up also, and created a lunch-basket full of chaos, which we poured out under a tree.

While the rest of the party gathered wood violets and a rare exogenous plant unknown to them as poison oak, we skirmished around and gathered small spruce trees.

It was a glorious day for all. The sun came out just long enough to peel the noses of the party, and then went under a cloud, followed by a cold rain and hail. All that had been brought along to eat was spoiled except some candy with mottoes on the side. When you have been riding all day in the vigorous air of the mountains, and have to fill yourself up with a drink of warm water and a lozenge on which is printed "I can never be thine," it tends to hush the vigorous laughter of the giddy throng, and make people get acquainted with each other in a way that is not pleasant. The mountain picnic has broken up more engagements and shattered more loving hearts than grim-visaged war and the angry parent combined.

There are two prolific causes of crime in this country. One is rum, and the other is the picnic.

But we deflect from the original line of thought. Our trees were brought home, and planted in the same old hole where we had been in the habit of killing evergreens.

By this time unemployed men had learned to look to us for steady work. One man wanted us to hire him at a salary to replace trees, and haul away the deceased.

The new forest thrived during the summer, until August, when we were called away from town to put up a political job for the good of the country. We were absent two weeks, and while away a neighbor, who was erecting a croquet lawn, composed of wild buffalo grass and a velvet sweep of red sand, turned the humid contents of our ditch into his luxuriant gravel patch, where he was trying to promote the guileless game of croquet.

On our return, the sombre green of our little wilderness had changed to a dazzling sorrel color, that looked like the big Michigan fire.

People sometimes ask us this season why we do not go into the tree business with our old enthusiasm, but we answer them rudely and harshly, for who can chat gaily of that which tears out his heart and grinds it into the grave of hurried hopes?—*Boomerang.*

Richard Watson Gilder is well known as the editor of the *Century*, and as a poet of no mean ability. His sister, Miss Jeannette Gilder, was for several years one of the literary editors of the *Herald*, and is now engaged in editing, with a younger brother, for some time night city editor of the *Herald*, that right literary paper, the *Critic*. She is also the talented correspondent of the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette*, writing under the *nom de plume* of "Brunswick." The brother who has just made the Siberian journey is the oldest of the family, and is also a writer. The Gilder family is becoming quite famous. The children of a Methodist clergyman, at Bordentown, New Jersey, they have almost all made their mark in some way, although chiefly in literature.

A gentleman of Columbus, Ohio, says the *Bohemian*, of rather an eccentric turn, visited New York, and wandered one Sabbath into a fashionable church, and complacently seated himself in a vacant pew. Shortly a gentleman and his wife came in and sat down in the same pew. The gentleman eyed the stranger critically for a few minutes, and then wrote on the fly-leaf of his prayer-book, "My pew," and passed it over to the intruder. The Ohio man read it, smiled sweetly, and wrote under it: "D—d nice pew. What did you pay for it?" The New Yorker learned that he was an Ohio man, and invited him to dinner.

The Mississippi, it seems, is itself straightening and shortening its course. In 1872 the distance by river from Cairo to New Orleans was twelve hundred and eighteen miles; it is now only nine hundred and seventy-five miles.



## THE INNER MAN.

The *Annales d'Hygiene* says that oysters acquire by confinement a green color, which is probably due to disease of the liver. This causes an increase of adipose tissue, and makes them much more palatable. As these green oysters command high prices, the omnipresent adulterator steps forth with his little solution of a salt of copper, and dyes the bivalves a delicate green. Analysis has shown that a dozen of them contain 0.147 grain of metallic copper, enough to cause serious trouble if taken frequently. It may be detected by washing them in a solution of acetic acid, and dipping a needle into the washings. If copper be present it will be deposited on the needle.

At the Hotel Bellevue, Philadelphia, the other night, says the *Bulletin*, the second annual dinner of The Last Man's Club was held, covers being laid for seventeen, the maximum membership of the club. It is a rule of the club that plates shall be laid for absent members as though they were present, and each course served at those empty plates. The plan upon which the Last Man's Club is formed is that the annual dinner shall be given until there is only one member of the club left, when he shall himself hold the dinner, having a table spread for seventeen, as usual, and all the courses served at the vacant places. After he has eaten and toasted all the deceased members in turn, The Last Man's Club will come to an end.

The appetite of the English royal family for supper, and indeed every other meal, is astonishing, writes one of the New York *Tribune's* London correspondents. They have truly royal appetites for food and amusement. The Prince of Wales has transmitted his happy disposition to his children. It is delightful at garden-parties and afternoon teas to see the young princesses dispose of cake and other refreshments, while their august father makes awful havoc with the muffins, and drinks tea as if he really enjoyed it. This peculiarity of the House of Hanover is hereditary. From George I. downward all the Guelfs have had magnificent appetites. The Bourbons also have shone greatly as trenchermen. Louis Quatorze was an enormous eater, and everybody knows the story of the famous pie which he and his chamberlain devoured, and of which the latter died.

The London *Lancet* says: Nervous diseases and weaknesses increase in a country as the population comes to live on the flesh of warm-blooded animals. This is a point to which attention has not been adequately directed. "Meat"—using that term in its popular sense—is highly stimulating, and supplies proportionally more exciting than actually nourishing pabulum to the nervous system. The meat-eater lives at high pressure, and is, or ought to be, a peculiarly active organism, like a predatory animal, always on the alert, walking rapidly, and consuming large quantities of oxygen. In practice we find that the meat-eater does not live up to the level of his food, and, as a consequence, he can not or does not take in enough oxygen to satisfy the exigencies of his mode of life. Thereupon follow many, if not most, of the ills to which highly civilized and luxurious meat-eating classes are liable.

The true reason, remarks the London *Pall Mall Gazette*, why we seem to the visitors of the restaurant to have no vegetables is that the cooks of England have served an apprenticeship of a thousand years on the carcasses of ox, pig, sheep, deer, goose, hare, and other game, and fish in fine variety. We are meat-eaters because our fathers had little else to eat. The plains and green hills of the cold North were dotted with wild-grazing animals, as an English park is now dotted with deer, or a Western prairie with antelope and hison. There was no green meat worth eating. A few generations only have passed since our now commonest vegetables came from the Continent. We are adding to their number every day, and thus by the aid of cultivation we are winning back our way to a simpler, healthier food, and one more like in kind that on which man subsisted in the tropical or sub-tropical regions whence he originally came. But the education of the cook bars the way to progress. Even when he gives us French beans they swim in butter. The French cooks, supposed to be the best, systematically make the natural flavor of the many delicate vegetables of their markets secondary to that of butter—now, alas! often only cart grease or hardened oil. In our restaurants the best fish and meat are always procurable. The vegetable kingdom is usually represented by a mess of ill-smelling cabbage and a boiled potato. Under the circumstances one wonders why anybody has the courage to advocate vegetarianism; but at the very time that this may be witnessed in the restaurant, our gardens are full of tender vegetables. No doubt we may have much to do to improve them, and we ought to grow more than we do. Nevertheless, it will all be almost useless until there is a revolution in our modes of cookery, in the sense of cooking and serving for their own sakes, and in most cases without the aid of the animal kingdom, the more delicate green vegetables that are and may be grown in our gardens. Old and inferior vegetables require the art of the cook, and must be saturated with grease and spices to make them edible. The true art of cookery is only to deal with the best and tenderest of each kind, and jealously preserve its flavor; but this art is in any general sense yet unborn. Those who know our markets best can also verify that no one connected with hotels or restaurants ever takes the same trouble to purchase the best vegetables that they do with meat, fish, or game. They do not know or inquire after the best quality, much less pay for it. Our garden products should not be judged by a visit to any restaurant, however good.

CCXXVII.—Sunday, May 7.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Crab Soup.  
Broiled Beefsteak. Potatoes à la Maitre d'Hotel.  
Cauliflower. String Beans.  
Roast Chicken.  
Cucumber and Tomato Salad.  
Charlotte à la Polonoise. Strawberries.

CHARLOTTE A LA POLONAISE.—Make a sponge cake, cut it transversely, dip each piece in cream, and then place them back where they were, so as to give the cake its original form as near as possible. When thus reformed cover it with cream, dust with sugar, and decorate with any kind of sweetmeats. Besides the sweetmeats that are placed here and there all around, some currant jelly may be used to decorate. Place on ice for some time and serve.

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"What is going on at the theatres?" asked Jack the other night, as he threw his tired length upon the *chaise longue*, and announced his intention to relax his mind for the evening from high intellectual pressure, and regale it with the simple pulchrum which the drama offers in these days. "Your choice is wide, Jack," I said, "for there are no less than four theatres in full blast, to say nothing of the lager-beer operas," and I read from the advertising columns "Manola" at the California, "The Russian Slave" at Baldwin's, "The Phoenix" at the Bush-street Theatre, and the Callender Minstrels at Emerson's. "Well, Jack, which shall it be?" I asked, when I had concluded the list. "I am too lazy to make a choice," quoth Jack. "I think the easiest way will be to swoop them all in, but we will begin by going to the minstrels for the first part." I knew as well as if he had told me that he had stood upon the curb that day and watched the Callender procession go by. A procession is a tremendous advertiser. It is an irresistible appeal, for no one ever outgrows a certain fancy for the pomp of street parade, and I do not think there are many grown men or women who would not follow a procession or a barrel organ a block or two if they dared. "Are they real negroes?" I asked, innocently, and Jack said they were, down to the last drummer. And yet there was the familiar burnt cork, when the curtain swung up upon a pretty scene enough, for the stage was set in tiers under the reaching moss-hung trees, which suggest swamps, and malaria, and blood-hounds, and other cheerful things peculiar to Southern fiction. And there was a mossy foreground, with tree stumps for chairs, and the minstrels came sauntering in the lazy way peculiar to the race, and they were of all colors, from pale mahogany to Guinea black. Of course they opened with the spurious music which has come to be known as negro melody. And it was only now and then that they drifted into the swinging rhythm which characterizes their own. "What a curious thing it is," observed Jack, after he had been thoroughly hored for some twenty minutes, "what a curious thing it is that a white man makes a much better minstrel than a black one. Now, if that were an orthodox minstrel making those grimaces with that mastodon mouth, I should be convulsed with laughter. As it is, I feel moved to the deepest solemnity and pain. It is a genius," continued Jack, meditatively, "to know when to stop. Schneider, in her palmy days, would go so far that you fairly thrilled with apprehension, but she pulled herself up with a round turn at just the critical moment, to your infinite relief and your half dismay. With what excellent judgment Sothern always managed that little skip in 'Dreudrey'! I have caught myself half a hundred times waiting for it, and wondering would it never come." Meantime the minstrel with the mouth continued to put that feature through its paces. After we had watched him unreef it two or three times, and coil it up again, it became a trifle wearisome. "Let us divert our attention," said Jack, "or our minds will be unseated. You have a fancy for looking up musical instruments; what is that small yellow boy in the foreground supposed to be playing?" "Well, Jack, at a casual glance, it appears to be a gigantic wishbone; but although the wishbone has been poetized and decorated, even admitted to the domain of æsthesia to a certain extent, I do not feel that the youngest extracts such sweet sounds therefrom as to give it a place in the musical world." "Betsy," cried Jack, in despair, as he took one more glance at the man with the mouth, "if these fellows insist upon being funny I am going away. There is no sweeter natural music than the plantation melodies sung with that peculiar quality of voice which is found only among the blacks; but when it comes to a real negro minstrel imitating a white minstrel's negro minstrel, the process is too circuitous for my intelligence—indeed I may say exhausting for a man who is seeking to relax the tension upon his mental faculties. Let us go to see Milton Nobles. He is a real child of nature."

The child of nature was effecting one of those curious entrances in which his soul delights. "Jim Bludsoe," reads some one from a card at stated intervals, and "On deck," cries Jim Bludsoe, and bolts into the room with a curious totter and a dazed expression, which seems to ask how did you get here? "I observe," spoke Jack, after he had silently watched the act through, "that my child of nature drops his hat at precisely the same moment and upon precisely the same spot where he dropped it last year; that he buttons and unbuttons that long nondescript coat at precisely the same cue where he buttoned and unbuttoned it last year; and that every lift of his eyebrows, every tone of his voice is precisely what it was last year. Betsy, do you think my child of nature is a machine actor?" "Not so, Jack, for it is the hoast of the great actors that they study with this fidelity every line, every glance, every pose, every situation. Perhaps Milton Nobles is a great actor." "I am not in the mood for quizzing, madam," remarked Jack, solemnly. "Nor I," I said; "I have approached the theatre to-night in a Scheherazade sort of spirit. I can not tell stories for my liege, but I can talk over the theatres with him when he is in the vein. When I say Milton Nobles is a great actor, I am not thinking of Edwin Booth or Henry Irving; but there must be rank in act, even as there is caste in the Bohemia of which he writes, and as a dramatist and exponent of the *drame* novel, he is simply superb." "My dear girl,"

cries Jack, disdainfully, "no one reads dime novels but hohhledeboy boys, who smuggle them under their desks more because they are forbidden than because they enjoy the story." "And my dear boy," I say, "do you not think that such an impossible villain as Leslie Blackburn would make any boy's mouth water?" "Leslie Blackburn is a very possible villain, madam, in such a big wicked city as New York, and if the *Police Gazette* were proper reading for you, I could point out to you a hundred just such stories as 'The Phoenix' taking place all the time." "My liege," I said, "I will tell you an over true tale. In the earliest days of my novel-reading it was a forbidden pleasure, and I used to smuggle my books into the trunk of an old tree, and read them at stolen moments, which to this day I look back upon as the sweetest of my life, for I believed that all the beautiful things I read might be. I heard some grown-up ladies talking one day, and one of them said that she had just been reading a charming story called 'The Gipsy's Prophecy.' It cost me weeks of labor and finesse to get hold of it, and smuggle it into my tree-trunk. I read one-half of it, and was so sated with sweet pap that even my young appetite for reading could not stand it. Jack, it was written by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. 'Might I ask, Betsy, what is your drift?' 'Why, simply this, that there is a public, some of whom sit in high places, to whom the works of a Milton Nobles appeal, for my grown-up lady is a high and mighty dame who floats upon the very topmost wave of California life. She is the wife of an eminent and a scholarly man. She is a patron of the fine arts in a small way, and it is even said that she could dabble in literature if she would. She is never seen in the theatres except upon the occasions when it is eminently the correct thing to be there; but I know the bent of her natural taste, and I know in her heart of hearts she would rather see Milton Nobles play 'The Phoenix' than Rossi play Othello, or the Sociétaires Français in 'Daniel Rochat.' 'Not if it came to this,' said Jack, with some disgust, as the veiled lady led a confiding old man into an underground den. 'I confess to having some romance left in my disposition, and I do not dislike a drama of low life; but I do not care for the dive in my drama. The realistic effect is such that the place seems to reek with had tobacco, and worse whisky. Let us go to see 'Manola.' If there be any wickedness in that, it will be a dainty wickedness served up with sauce *ravissante*."

But they had cut all the wickedness out of "Manola," and they must have cut all the good out with it. There was nothing left but dullness and costumes. Both were a superior article of their kind. Of the latter some were familiar, notably the peddler's costume, which Marie Jansen wore in the last act of Madame Favart, and which then seemed to have no *raison d'être*. But as a Portuguese postilion's costume its balls and odd scarf seem less inappropriate, although it is not probable that Portuguese postilions ever dress this way, excepting in opera bouffe. The little page resumed the attractive wraith of "Moustique." "Who is the young man who always walks about the stage like a young hantam?" asked Jack. "That, my dear," I said, "is the tenor of the troupe." "Is he indeed? I thought always that the tenor was rather an important member, but no one here seems to be doing very much excepting John Howson. Digby Bell, who was so really clever as Favart, is simply execrable as Dom Brasiero. Miss Laura Joyce is more like the principal of a young lady's seminary, asking credentials, than an opera housewife, and the pretty Jansen can not sing. I will devote myself to the chorus." "Which is precisely what you and the other habitués of the orchestra have been doing all the season. You are always talking about the music of male voices. I have not heard you mention the male chorus once since the Comely-Barton troupe came to town." "Why, bless my soul, I forgot there was a male chorus," cried Jack, with a startled look. "But then you know, Betsy, we have not had any pirates or huntsmen, or anything of that sort, you know, to bring them forward." "We have had dragons," I murmur, with an ominous roll of the "r." "My dear," said Jack, "I am engaged just now in a cold, artistic admiration of the ingenuity of the man who dared to combine those parrot-green tights with those scarlet satin shoes, those white sombreros, and those golden neck-yokes. But if you like, I will tear myself from all this glitter and color, and go to see the last act of the 'Russian Slave,' in pursuance of our original programme." "Another theatre to-night, after the sea of dense dullness that we have waded through? We have been to three theatres, and in all the three we have seen nothing worth seeing but a fanciful costume. I am going home. I find that I can relax my mind better by my own fire-side. If your mind wants any more relaxing, I advise you to keep out of the theatres till they all change the bill."

The hill for John Howson's benefit, to take place at the California on Sunday evening, is about as follows: "The Violin-maker of Cremona," with Miss Marie Jansen and Messrs. Howson, Grismer, and Bradley in the cast. The rôle which Howson assumes in this piece was that taken by Coquelin (ainé), and as Howson is also an eccentric comedian, the part will doubtless fit him. Following the play comes an olio; Digby Bell will give a song from "Jeanne, Jeanette, et Jeanneton"; James Barton (Key), grandson of Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star-spangled Banner," will sing his grandfathers' song; Miss Joyce will give one of Molloy's hallads, and Ugo Taiho will sing "The Death of Nelson." The performance closes with the second act of "Les Cloches de Corneville," in which Howson has played Gaspard over five hundred times.

During next week Aldrich and Parsloe will appear at Haverly's California Theatre in "My Partner." At the Bush-Street Theatre Milton Nobles will play Jack Ryder, in "A Man of the People." The Callender Minstrels will have a change of programme at Emerson's Theatre. On next Friday afternoon, at Platt's Hall, Mr. Ugo Taiho will repeat the *in memoriam* celebration of Longfellow's "Masque of Pandora," aided by Alfred Cellier, and a large company.

#### Obscure Intimations.

"To-morrow"—E. J. N.—Declined; MS. awaits you.  
"Lost"—C. F. B., San José.—Declined; MS. awaits you.  
"San Jacinto"—W. J. C.—The article arrived too late to be timely; MS. awaits your disposal.  
"An April Day"—Declined; MS. awaits you.  
"The Thorn in the Flesh"—T. C. P., Oakland.—Declined; MS. awaits you.

#### DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

"The Violin-maker of Cremona," which is about to be played for the first time in San Francisco, is a translation of the powerful "Luthier de Cremona," by the great French dramatist François Coppée. It is one of the most valued plays of the Comédie-Française, and a brief sketch of the plot may prove interesting to our readers. A rich prize being offered in Cremona for the best violin made within a certain time, Ferrari, syndic of the craft, promises, in addition, his beautiful daughter Giannina as a wife to the successful maker. Giannina remonstrates with her father, saying that while her lover Sandro is a skillful craftsman, yet he is excelled by Filippo, the hunchback, and that a deformed husband would be repugnant to her. Her father replies that she shall certainly marry Filippo if he prove winner, adding:

"For thou must confess  
Filippo is a treasure among men,  
Kind-hearted, sunny-skulled like skies in June,  
Honest, affectionate, and skilled withal.  
A hunchback to be sure—but then an artist,  
The ghost of Palestrina haunts his fingers,  
For the last time he played for us, I sat  
Before a mellow glass of rare old wine;  
And as his bow caressed the plaintive strings,  
His tender touch drew so much sadness out,  
Each note so sobbed and sighed with depth of pain,  
That two great tears escaped from out my eyes  
In spite of me, dropped in my wine, and spoiled it."

Giannina tells her fears to her lover. He in turn confesses that, though his own instrument is a fine one, Filippo's is superior:

"Yes, for I know his skill as none beside,  
But as the world, I fear, to-day will know,  
For on one calm, still night, not long ago,  
I leaned from out my casement. Overhead  
Heaven's watchers lit their lamps, that in the dark  
No soul might miss its way. The crescent moon  
Hung like a silver sickle in the sky.  
The air was passionate with sweet perfume  
From orange flowers and roses. In their midst  
Was hid a nightingale, whose love-fraught song  
Bore on its notes my thoughts of thee to heaven.  
Suddenly there grew upon the air  
Another strain, as pure, as sadly sweet  
As the bird's song. I looked around and saw  
The hunchback at his window—in his hand  
The violin, from which, with tender touch,  
He waked such music that it seemed to be  
A second nightingale's responsive note.  
And as they thrilled, with longing ecstasy,  
Re-echoing each other's melody,  
My dull ears were unable to discern  
Which was the hunchback's song and which the  
bird's."

Just then the hunchback enters. Sandro realizes by his actions that he loves Giannina. Filippo, left alone, soliloquizes over his hopeless love for Giannina. He exclaims:

"On that day I first tasted happiness,  
And as a miser hugs his bags of gold,  
So I have clasped my secret to my breast,  
Nor dared betray it by a look of joy.  
Only in solitude the most profound  
Have I allowed a whisper to find breath.  
Each morning, ere the night has taken wing,  
I steal away from out the sleeping city,  
My violin concealed beneath my cloak,  
Unto a little nook beyond its walls.  
And there I sit alone and dream till dawn.  
Then, when the rosy flushes first appear—  
As if the sky listed her lover's tale—  
When every blade of grass is diamond-tipped,  
And the trees rustle in the morning wind,  
The birds, uprising from their dewy nests,  
Pour out their little souls in songs of praise,  
And the great sun climbs upward from the East,  
And earth is dight to greet another morn,  
I take my violin and improvise.  
All sounds of nature issue from my touch,  
Myself is lost in melody; I seem  
To feel the power of Orpheus in my arm.  
Throbbing against my heart, my violin  
Sings life, and speaks, and sighs, and shouts with joy,  
Till, overwrought, I faint from ecstasy."

As he says this, Giannina enters. He learns her intense love for Sandro. He resolves to give her up to Sandro. On her departure he goes to Sandro's case and changes his violin with him. Sandro, ignorant of the fact, consents at the hunchback's request, to carry the two cases to the public hall. Filippo, refusing to be present at the competition, waits without. Suddenly Sandro returns in haste. He confesses to Filippo, that on the way he was overcome by temptation and changed the violins in their cases; but that on opening them publicly in the hall, seized with remorse, he fled. The populace approach Filippo to crown him winner. He takes the chain and places it on Giannina's neck, giving her hand to Sandro. He hopes that the pair will be happy; as for himself, he is wedded to his violin alone.

Frank L. Gardner's name has thirteen letters. He came to grief recently with the "Legion of Honor"—thirteen letters also. He has become so superstitious about it, says the *Mirror*, that he has dropped the L from his name, and has compiled the following list of professionals having that supposed-to-be unlucky number of letters in their names: Lester Wallack, Steele Mackaye, Anna Dickinson, Lotta Crahtre, Frank Mordaunt, Marie Prescott, Joseph K. Emmet, Genevieve Ward, Charles L. Davis, Kate Castleton, George S. Knight, Robert Pateman, Elliott Barnes, George Holland, Louise Raymond, Jennie Yeamans, Alice Hastings, Bessie Darling, Hyde and Behnam, Lillian Cleves, Alice Harrison, Louis Harrison, Louise Dempsey, Minnie Madden, Sara Bernhardt, James B. Dickson, Robert Filkins, Robert G. Morris, Wm. H. Strickland, Sam E. Werther, George Stanhope, Frank L. Goodwin, George W. Farron, Harry J. Clapham, Alfred Cellier, Ernest Stanley, and he ended the list with Booth's Theatre, "The White Slave," and "Lights of London."

The following details on theatrical make-up were obtained by a *San* reporter in an interview: "Almost any amateur could learn to make up artistically if he has an eye for effect. Some parts, like Romeo, Charles Surface, and Claude Melnotte, require very little make-up for a young and good-looking actor. The face and neck should be thoroughly covered with white powder, and the cheek bones and chin lightly touched with rouge, which should not be too red. Then, as the lover, ought to look handsome, he should draw a fine black line under his lower eyelashes with a camel-hair brush and burnt umber. This makes the eyes brilliant. To make a maturer man, like Cassio, Iago, or Mercutio, it requires a little more work. After the actor has laid on his powder and rouged his face pretty heavily—for men are commonly rather red-faced—he must take his brush and umber, and trace some lines from the outer corners of the eyes, and other lines down toward the corners of the mouth from the nose. In short he must make the 'crow's feet' that are visible in all

men who have lived over thirty years in this tantalizing world of our. Then the chin should be touched with a little blue powder, which makes it look as if recently shaved. These precautions will make the most juvenile face look mature. If he has to go further, and look like old age, as in such characters as Lear, Virginius, Richelieu, Sir Peter Teazle, and so on, more work is necessary. Heavy false eyebrows must be pasted on, and the eye hollow-darkened and fairly crowded with lines. Wrinkles must be painted across the forehead, furrows down the cheeks, downward lines from the corners of the mouth, and (very important) three or four heavy wrinkles painted around the neck, to give it the shriveled appearance common to old age. The hollow over the upper lip should be darkened, and also the hollow under the lower lip. This gives the mouth the pinched and toothless look. A little powdered antimony on the cheeks makes them look fallen in and shrunken. Then tone the face down with a delicate coating of pearl powder, and you'll have as old a looking man as you'd care to see. It causes rather mournful for casts when a man looks upon his own face made up for a corpse. Such characters as Lear, Virginius, Werner, and Beverly are before the audience some time before they actually die, and therefore, their faces can't be made so very corpse-like; but Matthias in "The Bells," Louis XI., etc., are discovered dying when the scene opens, or are brought in dead, so that their faces can be made extreme. For the last series the face and neck should be spread with prepared white, and afterward touched up with Dutch pink, to give it a livid hue in places. Then put a deep shading of powdered antimony under the eyebrows and well into the hollow of the eye, on the cheeks, throat, and temples. This is very effective, as it gives the face that dreadfully sunken appearance as in death. The sides of the nose and over the upper lip should also be darkened, and the lips powdered blue. Then the face will look about as dead as it would three hours after a real death. False noses and chins are rarely used. Usually the method is to stick some wool on the nose with gum, and mould it in whatever shape you will; then powder and paint it as you would the natural nose for grotesque or comedy parts. Paste is put on with gum, instead of wool, sometimes. Clowns have to encase themselves fairly with whitening, and they find this trouble enough without building up noses or cheeks. Grotesque artists have to work hard with their faces as a rule. In witches it is of great importance that the hands and arms should be skinny and hony. This is usually done by a liberal powdering of Dutch pink, and painting in between the knuckles with burnt umber. Painting between the knuckles, you see, makes them look large and hony. But this sounds a good deal like ancient history, now, does it not? The art is falling into disuse.

Mr. Joseph R. Grismer, late leading man at the Baldwin Theatre, is about to be tendered a benefit by his friends, to take place at the above theatre on Saturday evening, May 13th. Mr. Grismer has done much good work during the season just closed, and a list of the rôles he has assumed will not be without interest, as showing the amount of study the leading man in a stock company has to perform. The list is as follows:

Duke de Nemours, in "Louis XI.," Sir Richard, in "Willow Copse"; Harry Thunder, in "Wild Oats"; André, in "The Lyons Mail"; Bastiano, in "The Merchant of Venice"; Laertes, in "Hamlet"; Wellborn, in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts"; De Mauprat, in "Richelieu"; Othello and Iago, in "Othello"; Richmond, in "Richard III.," Sir Clement Huntingford, in "The World"; McDermott, in "Eviction"; Tender Jim, in "The Winniefred Lode"; Colonel Von Stettenheim, in "Wedded by Fate"; Charles Greythorne, in "Pink Dominoes"; Count Rudolph, in "Led Astray"; Gerald Massey, in "Two Nights in Rome"; Le Tour, in "Miss Merton"; Daniel Rochat, in the play of that name; Pymalion, in "Pymalion and Galatea"; Joseph, in "Leah, the Forsaken"; Phineas Fogg, in "Tour of the World in Eighty Days"; the leading rôle, in "A Mad World," Joseph Surface, in "The School for Scandal"; Macduff, in "Macbeth"; Count Orloff, in "Diplomacy"; Henri, in "The Strangers of Paris"; Sir Horace Welby, in "Forget Me Not"; Shaughran, in "The Shaughran"; Priuli, in "Priuli, the Italian" (this at six hours' notice); Sartoris, in "Frou-Frou"; Henri de Kerdan, in "Alix"; Armand, in "Camille"; Edgar, in "King Lear"; Richard Forester, in "The Colonel"; Parminster Blake, in "Imprudence"; Marquis de Barmeda, in "French Flats"; Michael Strogoff, in the play of that name; Zeke Stevens, in "Chispa"; Falconbridge, in "King John"; Bertuccio, in "The Fool's Revenge"; Robert Emmet, in the play of that name; Ernest Vane, in "Masks and Faces"; Dazie, in "London Assurance"; Sir Rupert, in "The Curse of Cain"; Geoffrey Gordon, in "The Great Divorce Case"; Don Jose, in "Don Cesar de Bazan"; Prince of Wales, in "Edmund Kean"; and Pierre in "The Two Orphans."

It is to be hoped that the public will sufficiently appreciate Mr. Grismer's efforts to make his farewell a pleasant one.

Covent Garden Theatre is one of the finest buildings of the kind in the world, and for promenade concert purposes a space beyond the stage equal in area to that of the auditorium has been included in the promenade, while a large adjacent room called the "Floral Hall," magnificently decorated, and illuminated by electricity, serves as a salon and lounge. The dress circle, upper circle, gallery, and boxes remain as usual, and the orchestra is placed upon a raised dais in the middle of the promenade. Ladies may safely venture into the seated portion of the theatre, but only ignorant women or *demi-mondaines* frequent the promenades. The space behind what is usually the stage is probably the most outrageously open market of the kind in England. It is partially concealed from observation by the dais occupied by the orchestra, and here flock the *crème de la crème* of the London *demi-monde*. There is no disguise at all about it. You may see here, physically speaking, some of the finest and most beautiful women in the world, and some of the best dressed. Standing at the bar, which runs the back of the space, with a police inspector, he told me, says a London correspondent, that nearly all these fallen ones used to be regular habitués of the "Argyll," and many of them had a history of no small romance and interest. While chatting with the officer he pointed out one "unfortunate" known as "The Princess." She wore a striking likeness, both in face and figure, to the Princess of Wales, and evidently strove in her dress to imitate her Royal Highness's fashions as much as possible. A magnificent, queenly-looking creature who floated by, clad from head to foot in a "hazardous" but effective costume of blue silk velvet, was the daughter of one earl and sister to another, who had "gone wrong" ten years ago. More than one "unfortunate," before she had taken to the Covent Garden promenade, had figured in a high-society divorce suit.



## To Our Readers.

In order to save correspondence we shall from this date print the names of our subscribers by mail, as evidence of the receipt of their orders. It is, of course, understood that the increase through the sales of the San Francisco News Company, the newsboys, the city carriers, the news dealers, and the Oakland and San José carriers does not figure in this list.

## SUBSCRIBERS BY MAIL FOR THE PAST WEEK.

J. H. Jones.....Saratoga Springs, New York  
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Miss Jessie Sunderland.....Washington, D. C.  
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Miss A. Nettie Marden.....Davisville, Cal.  
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Enos Barton.....Camp Badger, Cal.  
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A. D. Hallsted.....Spanish Ranch, Cal.  
A. D. Baldwin.....East Orange, New Jersey  
Charles Fish.....Lompoc, Cal.  
Stearns' Wharf.....Santa Barbara, Cal.  
Miss E. B. Holtor.....Howards, Cal.

In a recent interview with Mademoiselle Cornalba, the danseuse, regarding her profession, the lady said: "I began at a school in Naples, where children are trained to the business. I received four years of education, making my debut at La Scala Theatre, in Milan, when quite a child. Nobody can imagine the amount and kind of physical torture and bodily pain I underwent in the acquirement of my profession. Day after day I was strapped up to the proper positions, and taught the use of my toes. People who see me glide down toward the footlights on my toes can not notice anything particularly difficult about it, but let them undertake the task for a second, and I think they will shortly discover that it requires a certain amount of strength and endurance that only come after years of patient labor. The premiere danseuse is not a graduate of the ballet. I never was in the ballet in my life. While there are hundreds of American ballet girls, there never was and never will be an American premiere danseuse. American girls have not enough ambition to meet the requirements of one who would become a danseuse. They do not care to undergo the real pain of learning the business. In fact, they appear to prefer to hop around on one foot, displaying a shapely form, for ten dollars a week, rather than become a real artiste for five hundred a week. The idea that national modesty has something to do with their backwardness in this direction is absurd. The American people talk more about modesty and have less of it than any people on earth."

Frank Mayo is an actor who would like to play tragic parts, but has been doomed to make a fortune by personating Davy Crockett. At the beginning of the present season he returned to the legitimate drama, and started on a tour with a company costing as much in salaries as half a dozen "Davy Crockett" casts. The venture cost him a large amount of money, and he has at length abandoned it. He says: "I have played Crockett so long that the public has identified me with it, and I am not allowed to produce anything else. I am regarded as the real Davy Crockett. In Western towns I am invited to join hunting parties, when the truth is I never shot a gun in my life. And buffalo-killing expeditions have been organized for my special benefit, though I have neither experience nor taste for that kind of sport. I often wish I had never seen nor heard of the play, or at least that I had quitted it long before the public had thoroughly associated me with the character."

—ON THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 11TH, AT PLATT'S HALL, there will be given, under the direction of Mrs. E. Heimburger, a grand complimentary benefit concert, the proceeds to be devoted to Laurel Hall Seminary, in order that the principal may be enabled to add supplementary tuition in the art department of the school. The proceeds will be devoted to the purchase of such appliances as are indispensable to the teaching of those industrial arts that are allied on the one hand to industry and on the other to the higher culture of women. Among the artists who will appear are Signor Parolini, Mrs. Porteous, Mrs. Blake-Alverson, Signor Ortori, Mr. Stein, and Mr. Schroder. In the programme we notice Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hoogrooise," piano solo, by Mrs. Heimburger; Faure's "Stella," sung by Mrs. Porteous; Donizetti's "Romanza," from "Maria di Rohan," sung by Signor Parolini; violin solo, from "Der Freischütz," played by Signor Ortori; and the fourth act of "Ernani," in costume, by Mrs. Porteous, Signor Parolini, and Mr. Stein. This is a worthy cause, and deserves a hearty recognition.

—THE ANNUAL SPRING AND SUMMER CATALOGUE issued by C. Herrmann, the hatter, at 336 Kearny Street, is just out. It presents, in the completest detail, all the latest styles of hats, both for Europe and America.

—THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION. At the last regular monthly meeting of the Association the committee on membership reported that over six hundred had joined within the last few months, making a total membership of nearly sixteen hundred. The Educational Department closed its term. The classes in French and Spanish, under the tuition of the well known Professor De Filippe, have been a success. A life-membership certificate was presented by the Board of Directors of the Association to Professor De Filippe as a token of appreciation.

—ICHI BAN—DOUBLED IN SIZE—IS THE LARGEST Japanese sale exhibition in the world. Shattuck & Fletcher export their printing inks to Japan, receive Japanese goods in return, pay for this advertisement with printing ink, and this is why Ichi Ban exists on low prices. Logical, isn't it? Wholesale and retail. Goods for every branch of country retail trade.

—TO OVERLAND TRAVELERS.—COMMENCING Monday, May 8th, new and elegant dining-cars will be added to the fast Limited Express between Chicago and New York, via Fort Wayne and Pennsylvania Route, and the hotel cars now in service will be withdrawn. Upon the new cars, meals will be served at the uniform price of seventy-five cents. Large sums of money have recently been expended in perfecting the equipment of the "Limited Express," and as a model passenger train it is now unrivaled.

—IT IS TO BE HOPED THAT THE POISONOUS AGUE medicines have had their day. Arsenic and quinine are not desirable commodities to carry about in one's system, even for the sake of temporarily displacing the malarial poison which produces Fever and Ague. Ayer's Ague Cure is a sure antidote for the Ague, and is perfectly harmless, leaving the system in as good condition as before the Ague was contracted.

—SECURE EASE AND COMFORT BY USING GERMAN Corn Remover. Sure cure for corns. 25c. Druggists.

—DURING THE EXISTENCE OF THIS PAPER THERE has been no advertisement so calculated to win the confidence of readers as that of Dr. Scott's Electric Brushes in to-day's issue. Please read it.

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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—LADY READERS OF THE ARGONAUT WILL REMEMBER that the place to buy colognes, perfumery, toilet soaps, hushes, sponges, cosmetics, etc., is at the elegant and well-stocked store of James G. Steele & Co., Chemists and Apothecaries, 635 Market Street, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

—AN ARTICLE SO FAVORABLY KNOWN AS HALL'S Hair Renewer needs no words of praise from us. It has won its way to the highest favor in the public mind, and multitudes who have vainly used other preparations have, on trying this, been made glad by the speedy restoration of abundant locks as in the days of youth.

—MR. LOUIS LISSER HAS REMOVED FROM 504 Sutter Street to 320 Geary Street, near Powell.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.

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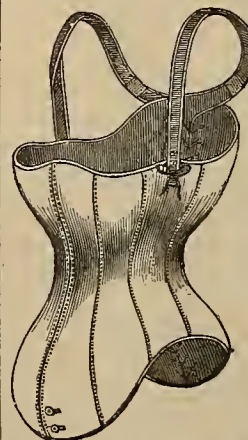
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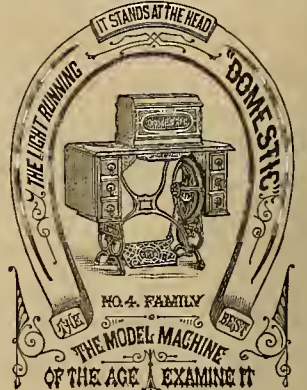
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# The Argonaut.

VOL. X. NO. 19.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 13, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## WASHOE WANDERINGS.

How Ross Browne Accompanied the Great Nevada Pilgrimage of 1860.

[The following reminiscences will be read with interest by many Californians who recall the excitement which attended the great Washoe rush. The volume in which they first appeared, twenty-two years ago, is now out of print.]

Ever since 1849 the citizens of California have been subject to periodical mining excitements. After the great discovery of Sutter came the Gold Bluff fever; then the Kern River rush. Scarcely had the reverberation caused by the hursting of the Kern River hubble died away, when a faint cry was heard from afar—the inspiring cry of “Fraser River!” But this was the same. It is enough to add that the time arrived when it became a matter of personal offense to ask any spirited gentleman if he had been to Fraser River.

But softly, good friends! What rumor is this? Whence come these silvery strains that are wafted to our ears from the passes of the Sierra Nevada? What dulcet Æolian harmonies—what divine, enchanting ravishment is it “that with these raptures moves the vocal air”? As I live, it is a cry of silver! Silver in Washoe! Not gold now, you silly men of Gold Bluff; you Kern Riverites; you daring explorers of British Columbia! But SILVER—solid, pure SILVER! Beds of it ten thousand feet deep! Acres of it! Miles of it! Hundreds of millions of dollars poking their backs up out of the earth ready to be pocketed!

Many good friends shook their heads when I announced my intention of visiting Washoe, and although they designed going themselves as soon as the snow was melted from the mountains, they could not understand how a person who had so long retained his faculties unimpaired could give up a lucrative government office, and engage in such a wild-goose chase as that. Little did they know of the brief but irritating document which I carried in my pocket, and for which I am determined some day or other to write a satire against our system of government. I bade them a kindly farewell, and on a fine evening toward the latter part of March, took my departure for Sacramento, there to take the stage for Placerville, and from that point as fortune might direct.

My stock in trade consisted of two pairs of blankets, a spare shirt, a plug of tobacco, a note-book, and a paint-box. On my arrival in Placerville I found the whole town in commotion. There was not an animal to be had at any of the stables without applying three days in advance. The stage for Strawberry had made its last trip in consequence of the bad condition of the road. Every hotel and restaurant was full to overflowing. The clothing stores were covered with placards offering to sell goods at ruinous sacrifices to Washoe miners. The forwarding houses and express offices were overflowing with goods and packages marked for Washoe. The stables were starting off pack trains for Washoe. Mexican vaqueros were driving headstrong mules through the streets on the road to Washoe. The newspapers were full of Washoe. In short, there was nothing but Washoe to be seen, heard, or thought of. Every arrival from the mountains confirmed the glad tidings that enormous quantities of silver were being discovered daily in Washoe. Any man who wanted a fortune needed only to go over there and pick it up. There was Jack Smith, who made ten thousand dollars the other day at a single trade; and Tom Jenkins, twenty thousand by right of discovery; and Bill Brown, forty thousand in the tavern business, and so on. Everybody was getting rich “hand over fist.” I went to bed rather tired after the excitement of the day, and somewhat surfeited with Washoe. Presently I heard a tap at the door; a head was popped through the opening:

“I say, Cap!”  
“Well, what do you say?”  
“Are you the man that can’t get a animal for Washoe?”  
“Yes; have you got one to sell or hire?”  
“No, I haint got one myself; but me and my pardner is going to walk there, and if you like you can jine our party.”  
“Thank you; I have a friend who is going with me, but I shall be very glad to have more company.”  
“All right, Cap; good-night.”  
The door was closed, but presently opened again:  
“I say, Cap!”  
“What now?”  
“Do you believe in Washoe?”  
“Of course. Why not?”  
“Well, I suppose it’s all right. Good-night; I’m in.”  
And my new friend left me to my slumbers. But who could slumber in such a bedlam, where scores and hundreds of crack-brained people kept rushing up and down the passage all night, in and out of every room, banging the doors after them, calling for hoots, carpet-sacks, cards, cocktails, and toddies; while amid the ceaseless din rose ever and anon that potent cry of “Washoe!” which had unsettled every brain. I turned over and over for the fiftieth time, and at length fell into an uneasy doze. But I was awakened again with a rattle at the door, and—  
“I say, Cap!”  
“Well, what is it?”  
“Bout time to get up, if you calk’late to make Pete’s ranch to-night.”

So I got up, and after a cup of coffee, took a ramble on

the heights, where I was amply compensated for my loss of rest by the richness and beauty of the sunrise. It was still early spring; the hills were covered with verdure; flowers bloomed in all directions; pleasant little cottages, scattered here and there, gave a civilized aspect to the scene. The road from Placerville to Strawberry Flat is for the most part graded, and no doubt is a very good road in summer; but it would be a violation of conscience to recommend it in the month of April. The melting of the accumulated snows of the past winter had partially washed it away, and what remained was deeply furrowed by the innumerable streams that sought an outlet in the ravines. In many places it seemed absolutely impracticable for wheeled vehicles, but it is an article of faith with California teamsters that wherever a horse can go a wagon can follow. There were some exceptions to this rule, however, for the road was literally lined with broken-down stages, wagons, and carts, presenting every variety of aspect, from the general smash-up to the ordinary capsize. Wheels had taken rectangular cuts to the bottom, broken tongues projected from the mud, loads of dry-goods and whisky-barrels lay wallowing in the general wreck of matter, stout beams cut from the road-side were scattered here and there, having served in vain efforts to extricate the wagons from the oozy mire. Whole trains of pack-mules struggled frantically to make the transit from one dry point to another; “hurros,” heavily laden, were frequently buried up to the neck, and bad to be hauled out by main force. Amid the confusion worse confounded, the cries and maledictions of the *vaqueros* were perfectly overwhelming; but when the mules stuck fast in the mud, and it became necessary to unpack them, then it was that the *vaqueros* shone out most luminously. They shouted, swore, beat the patient mules, kicked them, pulled them, pushed them, swore again; and when all these resources failed, tore their hair, and resorted to prayer and meditation.

Owing to repeated stoppages on the way, night overtook us at a place called “Dirty Mike’s.” Here we found a ruinously dilapidated frame shanty, the bar, of course, being the main feature. Next to the bar was the public bedroom, in which there was every accommodation except beds, hedging, chairs, tables, and washstands. That is to say, there was a piece of looking-glass nailed against the window-frame, and the general comb and tooth-brush hanging by strings from a neighboring post. A very good supper of pork and beans, fried potatoes, and coffee, was served up for us on very dirty plates, by Mike’s cook; and after doing it ample justice, we turned in on our blankets and slept soundly till morning. It was much in favor of our landlord that he charged us only double the customary price.

The ascent of the mountains is gradual and continuous the entire distance to Strawberry. After the first day’s journey there is but little variety in the scenery. On the right a fork of the American River plunges down through a winding cañon, its force and volume augmented at short intervals by numerous smaller streams that cross the road, and by others from the opposite side. Thick forests of pine loom up on each side, their tops obscuring the sky. A few patches of snow lay along our route on the first day, but on the second snow was visible on both sides of the cañon. The succession of scenes along the road afforded us constant entertainment. In every gulch and ravine a tavern was in process of erection. Scarcely a foot of ground upon which man or beast could find a foothold was exempt from a claim. There were even bars with liquors, offering a tempting place of refreshment to the weary traveler, where no vestige of a house was perceptible. Board-and-lodging signs over tents not more than ten feet square were as common as blackberries in June; and on no part of the road was there the least chance of suffering from the want of whisky, dry-goods, or cigars. An almost continuous string of Washoeites stretched “like a great snake dragging its slow length along” as far as the eye could reach. In the course of this day’s tramp we passed parties of every description and color: Irishmen, wheeling their blankets, provisions, and mining implements on wheelbarrows; American, French, and German foot-passengers, leading heavily laden horses, or carrying their packs slung across their shoulders; Mexicans, driving long trains of pack-mules, and swearing fearfully, as usual, to keep them in order; dapper-looking gentlemen, apparently from San Francisco, mounted on fancy horses; women, in men’s clothes, mounted on mules or “burros”; Pike County specimens, seated on piles of furniture and goods in great lumbering wagons; whisky-peddlers, with their bar-fixtures and whisky on mule-back, stopping now and then to quench the thirst of the toiling multitude; organ-grinders, carrying their organs; drovers, riding, raving, and tearing away frantically through the brush after droves of self-willed cattle designed for the shambles—in short, every imaginable class, and every possible species of industry was represented in this moving pageant—all stark mad for silver. But the tide was not setting entirely in the direction of Carson Valley. A counter-current opposed our progress in the shape of saddle-trains without riders, long lines of pack-mules laden with silver ore, scattering parties of weather-beaten and foot-sore pedestrians, hearing their hard experience in their faces, and solitary stragglers of all ages and degrees, mounted on skeleton horses, or toiling wearily homeward on foot.

Among the latter, a lank, leathery-looking fellow, doubtless

from the land of wooden nutmegs, was shambling along through the mud, talking to himself, apparently for want of more congenial fellowship. I was about to pass him, when he arrested my attention:

“Look here, stranger!”  
I looked.  
“You’re bound for Washoe, I reckon?”  
I was bound for Washoe.  
“What line of business he you goin’ into there?”  
Was not quite certain, but thought it would be the agency line.

“Ho! the agency line—stage-agent, maybe?”  
That was not it, exactly; but no matter. Perhaps I could do something for him in Washoe.

“Nothing, stranger, except to keep dark. Do you know the price of grindstones in Placerville?”

I didn’t know the price of grindstones in Placerville, but supposed they might be cheap, as there were plenty there.

“That’s my hand exactly!” said my friend, with an inward chuckle of satisfaction. I expressed some curiosity to know in what respect the matter of grindstones suited his hand so well, when, looking cautiously around, he drew near, and informed me confidentially that he had struck a “good thing” in Washoe. He had only been there a month, and had made a considerable pile. There was a dreadful scarcity of grindstones there, and seeing that miners, carpenters, and mechanics of all sorts were hard up for something to sharpen their tools on, he had secured the only grindstone that could be had, which was pretty well used up when he got it. But he rigged it up ship-shape and Bristol fashion, and set up a grinding business, which brought him in from twenty to thirty dollars a day, till nothing was left of the stone. Now he was bound to Placerville in search of a good one, with which he intended to return immediately. I wished him luck and proceeded on my way, wondering what would turn up next.

It was not long before I was stopped by another enterprising personage; but this was altogether a different style of man. There was something brisk and spruce in his appearance, in spite of a shirt far gone in rags, and a shock of hair that had long been a stranger to the scissors. What region of country he came from it was impossible to say. I think he was a cosmopolite, and belonged to the world generally.

“Say, colonel!”—this was his style of address—“on the way to Washoe?”  
“Yes.”

“Excuse me; I have a little list of claims here, colonel, which I would like to show you.” And he pulled from his shirt pocket a greasy package of papers, which he dexterously unfolded. “Guess you’re from San Francisco, colonel? Here is—let me see—

Two hundred feet in the Pine Nut.  
Three hundred feet in the Grizzly Lodge.  
One hundred and fifty feet in the Gouge Eye.  
One hundred and twenty-five feet in the Wild Cat.  
One hundred feet in the Root-Hog-or-Die.  
Fifty feet in the Bobtail Horse.  
Twenty-five feet in the Hell Roaring.

And many others, colonel, in the best leads. Now, the fact is, d’y’e see, I’m a little hard up, and want to make a raise. I’ll sell all, or a part, at a considerable sacrifice, for a small amount of ready cash.”

“How much do you want?”

“Why, if I could raise twenty dollars or so, it would answer my present purpose. I’ll sell you twenty feet in any of these claims for that amount. Every foot of them is worth a thousand dollars; but, d’y’e see, they are not yet developed.”

Circumstances forced me to decline this offer, much to the disgust of the enterprising speculator in claims, who assured me I might go further and fare worse.

Well, there is an end to all misery upon earth, and so there was to this day’s walk. A light at length glimmered through the pines, first faint and flickering, then a full blaze, then half a dozen brilliant lights, which proved to be camp-fires under the trees, and soon we stood in front of a large and substantial log-house. This was the famous “Strawberry,” known throughout the length and breadth of the land as the best stopping-place on the route to Washoe, and the last station before crossing the summit of the Sierra Nevada. The winter road for wheel-vehicles here ended, and indeed it may be said to have ended some distance below, for the last twelve miles of the road seemed utterly impracticable for wagons. At least most of those I saw were fast in the mud, and likely to remain there till the beginning of summer. Dark and rainy as it was, there were crowds scattered around the house, as if they had some secret and positive enjoyment in the contemplation of the weather. Edging our way through, we found the bar-room packed as closely as it could be without bursting out some of the walls. And of all the motley gangs that ever happened together within a space of twenty feet, this certainly was the most extraordinary and the most motley. Dilapidated gentlemen with slouched hats and big boots, Jew peddlers dripping wet, red-shirted miners, teamsters, vaqueros, packers, and traders, swearing horribly at nothing; some drinking at the bar, some warming themselves before a tremendous log fire that sent up a reeking steam from the conglomerate mass of wet and muddy clothes, to say nothing of the socks that lay simmering near the coals. A and sore-footed outcasts crouched down in the corner, g to



catch a nap, and here and there a returned Washoeite described in graphic language, garnished with oaths, the wonders and beauties of Virginia City. But chiefly remarkable in the crowd was the regiment of light infantry, pressed in double file against the dining-room door, awaiting the fourth or fifth charge at the table.

At the first tinkle of the bell the door was burst open with a tremendous crash, and for moment no Crimean avalanche of troops, dealing death and destruction around them, could have equaled the terrific onslaught of the gallant troops of Strawberry. The whole house actually tottered and trembled at the concussion, as if shaken by an earthquake. Long before the main body had assailed the table, the din of arms was heard above the general uproar; the deafening clatter of plates, knives, and forks, and the dreadful battle-cry of "Waiter! waiter! pork and beans! coffee"; "Waiter! beefsteak! sausages! potatoes! ham and eggs—quick, waiter, for God's sake!" It was a scene of destruction and carnage long to be remembered. I had never before witnessed a battle, but I now understood how men could become maddened by the smell of blood. When the table was vacated, it presented a shocking scene of desolation. Whole dishes were swept of their contents; coffee-pots were discharged to the dregs; knives, forks, plates, and spoons lay in a confused mass among the bones and mutilated remnants of the dead; chunks of bread and hot biscuit were scattered broadcast, and mince pies were gored into fragments; teacups and saucers were capsized; and the waiters, hot, red, and steamy, were panting and swearing after their superhuman labors.

Half an hour more, and the battle-field was again cleared for action. This was the sixth assault committed during the evening; but it was none the less terrible on that account. Inspired by hunger, I joined the army of invaders this time, and by gigantic efforts of strength, maintained an honorable position in the ranks. As the bell sounded, we broke. I fixed my eye on a chair, rushed through the struggling mass, threw out my hands frantically to seize it—but, alas! it was already captured. A dark-visaged man, who looked as if he carried concealed weapons on his person, was seated in it, shouting hoarsely the battle-cry of "Pork and beans! waiter; coffee, waiter!" Up and down the table it was one gulping mass—jaws distended, arms stretched out, knives, forks, and even the bare hands plunged into the enemy. Not a spot was vacant. I venture to assert that from the commencement of the assault till the capture and complete investment of the fortification, did not exceed five seconds. The storming of the Malakoff and the fall of Sebastopol could no longer claim a place in history. At length fortune favored the brave. I got a seat at the next onslaught, and took ample satisfaction for the delay by devouring such a meal as none but a hardy Washoeite could be expected to digest. Pork and beans, cabbage, beefsteak, sausage, pies, tarts, coffee and tea, eggs, etc., were only a few of the luxuries furnished by the enterprising proprietor of the "Strawberry."

Let us omit the trials of the remainder of the way. I arrived finally at Carson City. It is really quite a pretty and thrifty little town. Situated within a mile of the foothills, within reach of the main timber region of the country, and well watered by streams from the mountains, it is rather imposing on first acquaintance; but the climate is abominable, and not to be endured. I know of none so bad except that of Virginia City, which is infinitely worse. The population was about twelve hundred at the time of my visit. There was great speculation in town lots going on, a rumor having come from Salt Lake that the seat of government of Utah was about to be removed to Carson. Hotels and stores were in process of erection all about the plaza, but especially drinking and gambling saloons.

Chief among the curiosities in Carson City of which I took note is the *Territorial Enterprise*, a newspaper of an origin long anterior to the mining excitement. I was introduced to the "Colonel," who presides over the editorial department, and found him uncommonly strong on the ultimate destiny of Carson. His office was located in a dirty frame shanty, where, amid types, rollers, imposing-stones, and general rubbish of a dark and literary aspect, those astonishing editorials which now and then arouse the public mind are concocted. The Colonel and his compositors live in a sort of family fashion, entirely free from the rigorous etiquette of such establishments elsewhere. They cook their own food in the composition-room, (which is also the editorial and press-room,) and being as a general thing short of plates, use the frying-pan in common for that purpose. In cases of great festivity and rejoicing, when a subscriber has settled up arrearages, or the cash is paid down for a good job of hand-bills, the Colonel purchases the best tenderloin steak to be had in the market, and cooks it with one hand while with the other he writes a letter of thanks to the subscriber or a puff on the hand-bill. But the great hope upon which the Colonel feeds his imagination is the removal of the seat of government from Salt Lake to Carson City, which he considers the proper place. As usual in new countries, a strong feeling of rivalry exists between the Carsonites and the inhabitants of Virginia City. I have summed up the arguments on both sides and reduced them to the following pungent essence: Virginia City—A mud-hole; climate, hurricanes and snow; water, a dilution of arsenic, plumbago, and coppers; wood, none at all except sage-brush; no title to property, and no property worth having. Carson City—A mere accident; occupation of the inhabitants, way-laying strangers bound for Virginia; business, selling whisky, and so dull at that, men fall asleep in the middle of the street going from one groggery to another; production, grass and weeds on the plaza.

A few days after my arrival I took the stage for Virginia City. At Silver City, eight miles from Carson, I dismounted, and proceeded the rest of the way on foot, passing through the Devil's Gate at Gold Hill. A short distance beyond Gold Hill we came in sight of the great mining capital of Washoe—the far-famed Virginia City. In the course of a varied existence it had been my fortune to visit the city of Jerusalem, the city of Constantinople, the City of the Sea, the City of the Dead, the Seven Cities, and others of historical celebrity in the old world, and many famous cities in the new, including Port Townsend, Crescent City, Benicia, and the New York of the Pacific, but I had never yet beheld such a city as that which now burst upon my delighted organs of vision.

On a slope of mountains speckled with snow, sage-bushes, and mounds of upturned earth, without any apparent beginning or end, congruity or regard for the eternal fitness of things, lay outspread the wondrous City of Virginia. Frame shanties, pitched together as if by accident; tents of canvas, of blankets, of brush, of potato-sacks, and old shirts, with empty whisky-barrels for chimneys; smoky hovels of mud and stone; coyote holes in the mountain side forcibly seized and held by men; pits and shafts with smoke issuing from every crevice; piles of goods and rubbish on craggy points, in the hollows, on the rocks, in the mud, in the snow, everywhere, scattered broadcast in pell-mell confusion, as if the clouds had suddenly burst overhead, and rained down the dregs of all the flimsy, rickety, filthy little hovels and rubbish of merchandise that had ever undergone the process of evaporation from the earth since the days of Noah.

Upon fairly reaching what might be considered the centre of the town, it was interesting to observe the manners and customs of the place. Groups of keen speculators were huddled around the corners, in earnest consultation about the rise and fall of stocks; rough customers, with red and blue flannel shirts, were straggling in from the Flowery Diggings, the Desert, and other rich points, with specimens of croppings in their hands, or offering bargains in the "Rogers," the "Lady Bryant," the "Mammoth," the "Woolly Horse," and heaven knows how many other valuable leads, at prices varying from ten to seventy-five dollars a foot. Small knots of the knowing ones were in confidential interchange of thought on the subject of every other man's business. Here and there a loose man was caught by the button, and led aside behind a shanty to be "stuffed." Everybody had some grand secret, which nobody else could find out; and the game of "dodge" and "pump" was universally played. Jew clothing-men were selling out their goods and chattels in front of wretched-looking tenements. Monte-dealers, gamblers, thieves, cut-throats, and murderers were mingling miscellaneous in the dense crowds gathered around the bars of the drinking-saloons. Now and then a half-starved Piute or Washoe Indian came tottering along under a heavy press of fagots and whisky. On the main street, where the mass of the population were gathered, a jaunty fellow who had "made a good thing of it" dashed through the crowds on horseback, accoutred in genuine Mexican style, swinging his *riata* over his head, and yelling like a devil let loose. All this time the wind blew in terrific gusts from the four quarters of the compass, tearing away signs, capsizing tents, scattering the grit from the gravel-banks with blinding force in everybody's face, and sweeping furiously around every crook and corner in search of some sinner to smite. Never was such a wind as this—so scathing, so searching, so given to penetrate the very core of suffering humanity; disdaining overcoats, and utterly scornful of shawls and blankets. It actually seemed to double up, twist, pull, push, and screw the unfortunate biped till his muscles cracked and his bones rattled—following him wherever he sought refuge, pursuing him down the back of the neck, up the coat-sleeves, through the legs of his pantaloons, into his boots—in short, it was the most villainous and persecuting wind that ever blew, and I boldly protest that it did nobody good.

This was surely—No matter; nothing on earth could aspire to competition with such a place. It was essentially infernal in every aspect, whether viewed from the Comstock Ledge or the summit of Gold Hill. Nobody seemed to own the lots except by right of possession; yet there was trading in lots to an unlimited extent. Sales were made in the Mammoth, the Lady Bryant, the Sacramento, the Winemucca, and the innumerable other "outside claims," at the most astounding figures, but not a dime passed hands. Every speck of ground covered by canvas, boards, baked mud, brush, or other architectural material, was jammed to suffocation. There were sleeping houses, twenty feet by thirty, in which from one hundred and fifty to two hundred solid sleepers sought slumber at night, at a dollar a head; tents, eight by ten, offering accommodations to the multitude; anything or any place, even a stall in a stable, would have been a luxury. The chief hotel, called, if I remember, the "Indication," or the "Hotel de Haystack," or some such euphonious name, professed to accommodate three hundred live men, and it doubtless did so, for the floors were covered from the attic to the solid earth—three hundred human beings in a tinder-box not bigger than a first-class hen-coop! But they were sorry-looking sleepers as they came forth each morning, swearing at the evil genius who had directed them to this miserable spot—every man a dollar and a pound of flesh poorer. I saw some, who perhaps were short of means, take surreptitious naps against the posts and walls in the bar-room, while they ostensibly professed to be mere spectators. The deep pits on the hill-sides; the blasted and barren appearance of the whole country; the unsightly hodge-podge of a town; the horrible confusion of tongues; the roaring, raving drunkards at the bar-rooms, swilling fiery liquors from morning till night; the flaring and flaunting gambling saloons, filled with desperadoes of the vilest sort; the ceaseless torrent of imprecations that shocked the ear on every side; the mad speculations and feverish thirst for gain, all combined to give me a forcible impression of the unhallowed character of the place.

But sickness soon overcame me, and bundling up my pack one dark morning, while the evil powers were roistering about the grog-shops, taking their early bitters, I made good my escape from the accursed place. Weak as I was, the hope of never seeing it again gave me nerve; and when I ascended the first elevation on the way to Gold Hill, and cast a look back over the confused mass of tents and hovels, and thought of all I had suffered there in the brief space of a few days, I involuntarily exclaimed: "If ever I put foot in that hole again may the—"

But perhaps I had better not use strong language till I once more get clear of the Devil's Gate.

A "Newspaper Exhibition" has just been opened in Dresden—"a competitive setting forth of journalistic history by example," is the description of it given in the appropriate circular. The intention is to collect copies of every known newspaper in every clime and in every tongue.

Some women who do fancy-work don't fancy work.

## THE HORSE IN MOTION.

The following review of Dr. Stillman's book, "The Horse in Motion," taken from the New York *Nation*, gives as thorough a resumé of the points of the work as anything we could present:

The employment of instantaneous photography, for the study of animal locomotion, has within the past five years become an accomplished fact. To Governor Leland Stanford, of California, belongs the credit of initiating this new method of scientific research, and of thus affording additional proof that a princely employment of wealth may be looked for in republics as well as in monarchies. Almost every conceivable variety of opinion has been entertained in regard to the comparatively simple question of the order in which the feet of a galloping horse strike the ground. The unaided eye can not appreciate slight differences in time with accuracy sufficient for the solution of this problem; and even when sight is aided by hearing, (which, for this purpose, is a much more accurate sense,) the results reached do not have that uniformity which might be expected. The apparatus employed by Governor Stanford consisted of a battery of twenty-four cameras, arranged one foot apart at the side of a track along which the animal moved. By pressing against and breaking threads stretched across the track, the horse, in passing in front of each camera, closed an electric circuit, and liberated the sliding shutter of the instrument. The plates were thus successively exposed at precisely the instant when the image of the animal was formed upon them. The intervals between the successive exposures varied with the speed of the animal, and the duration of each exposure was estimated by Mr. Muybridge, the photographer, at one five-thousandth of a second. The photographs thus obtained represent successive phases in the stride of walking, trotting, running, and leaping horses; while, for the sake of comparison, views of other animals—a *g.*, the dog, the deer, etc.—are introduced. For the benefit of artists, a large number of views were taken by means of five cameras exposed simultaneously, and directed toward the moving animal from different points. The heliotype process has been employed in reproducing these photographs, and the volume before us contains such a wealth of illustrations that it may best be described as an atlas of plates with an explanatory text. The literary portion of the work is from the pen of Dr. Stillman, of San Francisco, who has added to the value of the volume by introducing a number of colored lithographs illustrating the muscular anatomy of the horse, and serving to explain the exact mechanism of the movements revealed by the camera. The remainder of the work consists of a description of the various gaits, as analyzed by the camera. The most striking and unexpected results have of course been obtained in the study of the fast gallop or run; for, in the case of the slower gaits, the eye is sufficiently well able to appreciate the successive phases of the movement. The motions of the running horse will be best understood if we consider, in the first place, some of the necessary conditions of quadrupedal locomotion. It is evident that a quadruped moving by successive leaps or bounds may use either the fore or the hind-legs to propel the body through the air. It is also clear that the pair of legs thus used for propulsion will, as the body rises into the air, be directed *backward*, and thus be in a position less favorable to receive the weight of the body when it again reaches the ground. The other pair of legs, (*i. e.*, those not used for propulsion,) will therefore be the ones on which the animal will naturally alight, and for this purpose they must of course be extended *forward*. From this it follows that when an animal leaves the ground from the hind-legs he will fly through the air with the limbs extended before and behind, and land upon the fore-legs; while if he employs the fore-legs to launch him into the air, he will appear in his flight with the limbs drawn well under the body, and will alight upon the hind-legs. This theoretical consideration is fully confirmed by the camera. The most perfect illustration of it is to be found on plates xviii. and xix., which represent the movements of the running hound. An examination of these figures shows that this animal moves, when at full speed, by a succession of bounds in which he leaves the ground twice in each stride. (The word stride is used by Dr. Stillman "to signify the distance passed over by one foot from the time it leaves the ground until it reaches it again.") In these two bounds the fore and hind-legs act alternately as the propelling power. In rising from the hind-legs, the animal flies through the air with limbs extended before and behind, and alights upon the fore-legs. Rebounding from the fore-legs, he is again launched through the air, but he now flies with the limbs drawn closely under the body, and on coming to the ground alights upon the hind-legs, from which he is again propelled upward to repeat the movement as described. Now, there are obviously two ways in which a gait of this sort may be reduced to a single bound in each stride. Either the hind-legs may fail to react powerfully enough to lift the animal from the ground before the fore-legs are brought down, or the fore-legs may not propel the animal into the air before the hind-legs have reached the ground. In the first case, the run will be reduced to a single bound, in which the animal, springing from the fore-legs, flies through the air with the legs drawn under the body, and alights upon the hind-legs, while in the second case the run will also be reduced to a single bound, but the animal will now rise from the hind-legs, move through the air with limbs extended, and land upon the fore-legs. The camera shows conclusively that the first case is realized in the run of the horse, while the run of the deer affords an example in the second case. For the sake of simplicity, the run has thus far been described as if the two hind-feet, as well as the two fore-feet, acted simultaneously in propelling the body. It is evident, however, that, even when the motion is most rapid, the action of the two hind-feet is separated by a brief, and that of the fore-feet by a rather longer interval of time. The movement of the running horse may, therefore, be thus described: The bound of the animal through the air is always made with the legs drawn under the body. On approaching the ground one hind-leg is thrown as far forward as possible, and on this the whole weight of the body is received. Almost immediately afterward the other hind-foot is brought to the ground, to be followed after a short interval by the fore-foot diagonally opposite. Before this is effected, the hind-foot, on which the animal first landed, has been again lifted from the ground, so that for a time the weight is borne on a fore and hind-foot diagonally opposite to each other. Lastly, the other fore-foot is brought to the ground, and from this foot the animal is again launched into the air by the action of the powerful muscles which straighten the shoulder-joint. From this description, or, still better, from an examination of the plates, the inadequacy of the ordinary conception of the gallop is apparent. Worcester, for instance, defines a gallop as a forward motion "by such leaps that the hind-legs rise before the fore-legs quite reach the ground." The camera has, however, as Dr. Stillman says, "been made to analyze all the paces, and none has been discovered that answers to this definition." Many of the positions of the running horse, as revealed by the camera, are so unnatural and grotesque in the appearance that it is difficult to believe at first sight that the animal can really assume them. Particularly noticeable is the fact that the conventional position in which artists represent the running horse (*viz.*, flying through the air with outstretched limbs,) does not appear in any of the series of photographs; indeed it is evident from the description of the run above given that it is a position which can not possibly be assumed. The mechanical execution of this work is entitled to great praise. Notwithstanding certain defects, the work must be regarded as the most important recent contribution to our knowledge of animal mechanics; and it is to be hoped that the methods thus shown to be so effective in analyzing quadrupedal locomotion, will be applied to the study of the flight of the birds and of the various movements of the human body. It is also very desirable that the method should be extended so as to secure a double series of views representing projections of the body upon two planes at right angles with each other; for in this way alone can the actual movements of the body in space be fully determined. The objection to the method is of course its expense, but the first experiment having been so triumphantly successful, it is not too much to hope that other men of wealth may be found ready to follow the example so well set by Governor Stanford, of California.

Men who join clubs find the dues to pay there, and the deuce to pay at home, says the Boston *Star*.

Last words of Webster: "Zythepary," "zythum."



## VANITY FAIR.

Mrs. Haweis, the London æsthete, has written a letter in defense of small waists. She says: "The long and the short of it is, a small waist is *only* pretty when it is natural; for it is then, and only then, *architecturally in proportion*. A wide, overhanging pent-house bust, and a pinched waist are excessively ugly—and unwholesome too—because unnatural. The trunk must be of the right breadth for the branches, *i. e.*, the shoulders. Given that the width of the shoulders measured outside the arms, across the back, equals fifteen, the width of the waist ought not to be less than seven and a half. Or say the circumference of the shoulders be thirty-eight inches, the circumference of the waist should not be less than twenty-one inches. If forty-eight inches round the bust, the waist should not be less than twenty-eight inches. Lastly, as to safe pressure. A waist which is *naturally* only twenty-two inches may be enclosed in stays of twenty inches without danger or discomfort; indeed, it would be difficult to feel any support with a looser corset. In such a case the height must not exceed five feet two inches. But a waist which is thirty inches, measured honestly, without the stays, and forced into a belt of eighteen or twenty inches, is not only likely to injure the health, but is certain to look ugly. It is architecturally bad, whatever the height of the frame, and no woman who knows anything about proportion in a tree, a building, or a statue, or has an eye for grace in curves, will render herself so conspicuous an eyesore as to adopt a fashion which seems to deform her."

Among the costly gifts presented by Prince Leopold to the Princess Helen of Waldeck is a fan, the sticks of which are the purest goldfish pearl, inlaid with gold garlands and detached Louis XVI. floral designs in three different shades of gold. The sticks taper up, bearing the same adornments, ever diminishing in depth of shade and proportions, until they are, in fact, lighter than the admirable lace leaf which they support. This artistic fairy tissue repeats in embossed garlands of marguerites the design carried out in gold on the sticks. These gossamer garlands form, softly winding, three oval medallions, alternating with a shower of roses, of which the petals are detached, and flutter with the slightest motion of a passing breeze.

The Lady Emily Clinton, daughter of the Duchess of Newcastle, is to be married to the Prince Pamfili Doria. On the death of the late Duke of Newcastle (the present duke is a minor) his widow, *née* Hope, married Mr. Hohler, whose musical talent is well known. The Duchess of Newcastle and Mr. Hohler are among the regular visitors to Nice and Monte Carlo, where *la petite duchesse* is one of the social centres, while *la duchesse rouge*, the dowager Duchess of Montrose, is the leader of another set. The latter lady owes her name to her fashion of wearing her husband's (Mr. Crawford's) colors when Buchanan, Master Walter, St. Louis, Ste. Marguerite, or the race-horses in their stables are likely to win. Another Monte Carlo celebrity of last year was *la comtesse noire*. She is now, says a correspondent, literally "shining" in Paris, for he saw her, covered with diamonds at the Renaissance Theatre a few nights ago. This *la comtesse noire*, as she was called last year at Monte Carlo, is a very handsome mulatto, elegantly formed, and superbly dressed. She is said to play with extraordinary luck, and to have peculiar superstitions and inspirations concerning her gambling speculations. "A large contingent of the crutch-and-toothpick brigade went to Monaco this Easter," continues the same writer, "and so far as I can hear, came back shorn somewhat closely by the presiding genius of *trente et quarante* and *roulette*. According to the latest reports, the one Englishman who had been winning of late is nearly 'broke,' and two or three Americans have been losing heavily. On the other hand, two German journalists have been winning 'batfles' of money."

"I have always wondered," remarks Lahouchere, in London *Truth*, "why people are anxious to become baronets. A peerage secures a seat in the upper house, and this, one can imagine, is an object of ambition to some. The knighthood of an order is a personal distinction. But what can it benefit any one to know that his son and his grandson will be called 'Sir'? This title, if there be no wealth to support it, is an incumbency, and not unfrequently an absurdity. The late Sir Harry Wrexall, Bart., was a pauper in the Wandsworth Lunatic Asylum, and the present baronet was educated at a work-house school, and is apprenticed to a pawnbroker. If baronetcies are to be continued, it might be well to allow their sale. The 'Sir' is of no use to the pawnbroker's assistant; but if he were permitted to put it up at auction, many a vulgar idiot of my acquaintance would be ready to pay several thousand pounds for it."

In a recent letter, our Paris correspondent describes an interview in which Mrs. Mackey attributes the story about her daughter and the Prince de Bourbon to the spite of Madame de Peyronnet, the "Étincelle" of the *Figaro*, for it was this fashion-writer to whom she refused admittance to her parties. "Étincelle" must apparently have some little malice, for next day in *Figaro* she penned the following ingeniously malevolent but exceedingly flat reply: "An odd thing regarding the class of *parvenus* is that they often imagine that their money is a fair substitute for everything else—that they do not need to have a good education, or wit, or tact, or taste—that millions are sufficient for all things. A certain California lady has imagined that we had some ill-will toward her, because it was remarked that she wore too large diamonds and too many of them. This lady is deluding herself. The place her fortune occupies in Paris is not so great as she believes it to be. Ingots have no weight except in the opinion of imbeciles and schemers. She is quite excusable in her fondness for costly jewelry, as she has not always been able to possess it. But she would do well to remember this maxim of La Rochefoucauld: 'Fortune is a pedestal which shows off our merits to more advantage, but also exposes our faults more plainly.' It is a pedestal—nothing more, nothing less. The three great riches of this world are intelligence, nobility, and virtue. Let this lady cease to bask to her flatterers, and she will soon find that her ingots do not inspire any one with a desire to view her

more closely. As to rich people, Paris possesses them by thousands; but when it comes to the matter of visiting such persons, this lady will please allow us to prefer to her those who, in addition to wealth, possess grace, talent, and politeness."

Among other problems of dress which are not decided to general satisfaction, says the New York *Hour*, is the question of low-neck bodices, displaying the shoulders, and that which is called a "*corsage à la petite fenêtre*," and which only permits a discreet glimpse of the throat and bosom. The fashion of exposing the arms from the shoulders down, with the "casement opening" at the front of the waist, has never been especially becoming or graceful. Great beauty of arm is naturally a necessity in this style of undress, and as this precious gift of nature is usually accompanied by a corresponding symmetry of shoulder, it seems a sacrilege to veil this latter charm for a mere caprice of fashion. One argument in favor of this recent whim, however, is the greater warmth and protection for the back as well as for the shoulders, an advantage not to be overlooked in this country, where the season proper is at its height amid the snows and bitter colds of winter. The impending nuisance of crinoline has modified itself into paniers or the old-fashioned bustle, which are naturally considered as a merciful mitigation of the threatened doom. Croizette, of the Théâtre Français, being a lady of ample proportions, decided that a panier, through contrast, lessened the apparent size of the waist. Again, the frail figures which lack contour feel that this indispensable addition may be artificially supplied, and hail the panier as a relief from one dilemma in dress. So that, on the whole, the disposition of crinoline in a circumscribed form may be viewed as a popular measure. Small bonnets and large bats are again in vogue. No change is particularly noticeable in the style of the latter, though could Rubens and Gainsborough revisit the scenes immortalized by their brushes, they might view with amazement some of the clumsy edifices of ribbon and plumes which bear their name. A new kind of lace, called ficelle, resembling twine in color and coarseness, is much used for the trimming of small bonnets. It is more manageable as strings than the clumsy velvet and heavy satin ribbons, which are difficult to tie under the chin in a becoming way, besides being uncomfortably warm in summer.

A very novel and costly set of jewels has recently been got up by a leading Parisian jeweler for a Russian princess. It is composed of large pink pearls set in diamonds, alternating with turquoises, also set in diamonds. The *parure* comprises the diadem, necklace, bracelet, brooch, and earrings, the latter formed each of a round turquoise set in diamonds, from which depends a single pear-shaped pink pearl. These ear-drops are valued at thirty thousand francs apiece.

Scarcely a twelvemonth has elapsed since a French deputy, knowing the thirst of his fellow-countrymen after titular distinction, proposed that it should be lawful for all men to assume a title, provided they paid for the privilege. He introduced a bill for the establishment of a fixed tariff on coronets, and permitting any one and every one to create himself a duke, or a marquis, a count, a viscount, or a baron, at so much a year, this license to be an aristocrat expiring if the tax-collector's notice to call and settle at his office within a specified time remained unheeded. The project was luminously practical, and it is certain that the revenues of the State would have been vastly benefited by its adoption. But the newspapers took it up; the press in general laughed at it, showing how ridiculously grotesque would be the composition of the new titled classes, and the bill was laid upon the table. "Now," writes a Paris correspondent, "the matter has been again broached, and earnest efforts are being made to obtain the passage of the bill. Destroy the French nobility as much as the legislators please, they can not abolish the institution. A 'noble' Italian, entirely disowned by the grand old family of Rome whose name he has assumed, comes, sees, and conquers the heart of a millionaire widow, twenty years his senior, and big enough to carry him under her arm. A Frankfort Jew, who had 'beared' Bontoux, gets a barony from across the Rhine. An American dentist obtains a marquise from his holiness the Pope. The daughter of a sewing-machine inventor marries an Austrian shop-keeper, still in trade, buys a duchy from the king of Italy, and gives magnificent receptions in the Avenue Marceau, with a closed crown on her invitation notes."

Historical and picturesque costumes grow in favor.—It is the fancy to tie the neck-ribbon on one side.—The hair, to be fashionably dressed, must fall low on the neck, and also on the brow.—The costume *à la Japonaise* takes the fancy of the London æsthètes just now.—A well-known New York lady heard the other day of a family in distress, and straightway she ordered her carriage, and went about among her friends to collect money. It is said that in three hours she had one hundred and fifty dollars.—Garden or tea aprons of sateen are much worn in London. The favorite pattern for this use is the Kate Greenaway border or group.—Mull neck-ties and scarfs are *passé*.—London swells have decided that thin legs are fashionable. Male clothing is worn very tight, and securely buttoned up, except in the evening, when the heart-shaped waistcoats display an enormous shirt with one stud.—Some of the aristocratic favorites at the bench show in New York were treated to satin cushions and Turkish rugs in their boxes, and old-blue china howls to drink from. Such luxury becomes the curled darlings; but it is stretching a point when Miss Too Too, of Madison Square, placed a fresh bunch of jacquemints or lilies-of-the-valley in her dear pug's apartment every morning.—Prizes at a late "soap-bubble party" consisted of Knickerbocker pipes and ash-holders.—The London coaching season has already opened. Captain Hargrave's "Rocket" makes a trip every second day to Portsmouth; Lord Aveland's "Perseverance" runs to Dorking through the Surrey Hills; Mr. Walter Shoolbred drives his "New Times" daily to Guilford; Mr. Selby tools the "Old Times" to Windsor, and other coaches will soon take the road.—The fashionable spring flowers will be Sweet Williams, single yellow daisies, English marigolds, nasturtiums, and coryopsis, a flower of the daisy family with yellow petals and black centres

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

## Household Receipts—Rhubarb Pie.

None but the younger rhubarb should be used in making pies. Go out and kill your rhubarbs with a club, taking care not to kill the old and tough ones. Take out the entrails, and remove the skin carefully. Rhubarb pies with the hair on are not in demand as they were when the country was new. Now put in a hasement of cement, and throw on your rhubarb. Flavor it with castor oil, and hammer out the top crust until it is reasonably thin. Then solder it on, taking care to make it perfectly tight. Then set the pie, with zinc monogram on top, in the oven where it can be chilled. When found to be impervious to the action of chilled steel or acids, remove and feed to the man who horrors newspapers.—*Bill Nye*.

## The Biter Bit.

There was quite a scene in the Galveston court-house the other day. A young lawyer had just finished an impassioned appeal, and dropped, as he thought, into his chair, but missed the chair. As he struck the floor there was an explosion, as if a young cannon had been fired, creating much excitement. The prevailing opinion was that a pistol had exploded in his hip-pocket; but upon raising him up, it was found he had flattened out a beautiful silk hat. It seems that an old but reckless member of the bar was to blame for the explosion. When the younger lawyer was about to sit down the elder pulled the chair away, but he had forgotten that his own silk hat was under that very chair. The elder lawyer laughed boisterously until he identified the mutilated hat as his own, and then he smiled such a sickly smile that, had it been photographed and sent to the Houston Board of Health, they would have been fully justified in quarantining it at once. He says that is no way for a man to try on a hat, anyhow.—*Texas Siftings*.

## Jeweled Garters.

The ladies are now wearing jeweled garters. We gain this information from the press, and so state upon information and belief. It seems to us that this is rather a peculiar move, but it may be all right. What effect it will have upon the fall elections we can not say at this moment, nor what the result will be looking at it from a social standpoint. We mean, of course, looking at the question under discussion, not the garter itself. Probably the next grand stride in the fashion line will be artificial rats, scattered around in convenient places so that the wearers of moss-agate garters can jump up on chairs and howl. This is about the only way we can see for the public to be benefited by the prevailing style of garter. Diamond-studded garters might be hung on the hat-rack in the hall where visitors could peruse them at their leisure, but after all that would be a kind of hollow mockery. It would be like attending a ballet where the performers wore ulster overcoats.—*Bill Nye*.

## Lillian's Lover.

"Must I really go, sweetheart?"  
"Yes," replied Lillian McGuire, placing her shapely white hand in his, and looking into his face with a tender earnestness that showed the true womanliness of her nature; "it is better, far better for both of us that we should part forever," and as she spoke the hot tears of pain welled up into her beautiful brown eyes, and with a little sob of pain Lillian's head was bowed upon George W. Simpson's shoulder in an ecstasy of grief.

"Couldn't you put a ten-year limit on your bill, darling?" asked the young man, hending gently over the little head that was pillowed so trustingly just under his left ear; "I certainly ought to have as good a chance as a Chinaman."

A convulsive shake of the little head was the only response. But George was not to be denied so easily. "Can not I have one hope?" he said, "one little nickel-plated, ten-cent hope?"

Lillian lifted her head, and looked at him steadily. "Perhaps," she said, in cold, Siberian tones, "you would drop if a house fell on you, but I begin to doubt it. Know then, since you *will* have it, that under no circumstances can I ever accept your proffered love, for I am a packer's daughter, and packers' daughters come high"—this with a haughty expression that small type can not convey.

George W. Simpson saw at once that this proud beauty had been making a plaything of his love. The revelation was a terrible one, but he bore it bravely.

"Very well," he said, in husky, haven't-had-a-drink-in-two-hours tones. "You have stamped with the iron heel of scorn upon the tender violet of my budding love, but some day, when your children are climbing upon your knee, you will perhaps remember, with a tinge of sadness in the recollection, how you toyed with the love of a loyal, trusting, Cook-County heart, and threw forever over a young and happy life the black pall of a disappointed hope and crushed ambition. I have seen the roses of my love wither and waste away until they lie shriveled and blighted by the dusty roadside of Life, and you can bet that I feel pretty tough about it. I have seen my beautiful and stately Ship of Hope, with its tall, shapely masts, and towering wings of snowy canvas, that sailed away so buoyantly and bravely over the shimmering sea not many months ago, come back to me a shapeless wreck—the tapering spars that were so white and clean now jagged and broken, and to them clinging the dark seaweeds, while of the sails that rivaled the clouds in fleecy purity there remain only blackened shreds that flap dismally in the moaning wind, whose voice seems to sound the requiem and dirge of my dead and buried love. I have got the hoss wreck, and don't you forget it."

Lillian looked at him steadily for a moment. "Do you mean these words you have spoken, George?" she asked.

"You can bet your life I do," he answered in low, passionate tones.

"And do you really love me so dearly?"

"Well, I should gape," was the reply, a pearly tear glistening in George's off eye.

"Then," said Lillian, twining her arms about his neck, "I am yours. Papa would never forgive me if I let a man who can talk like that go out of the family."—From "*His Bony Bride*," by the Chicago Tribune Novelist.



## SOCIETY.

SATURDAY, May 13, 1882.—While the opening day of the San Francisco Yacht Club was auspicious, and drew out a brilliant crowd of persons, that of the Pacific Club, which took place on Saturday last, drew out a still larger attendance of merry ones, and the initial cruise and reception of '82 will be remembered by all the participants as a most delightful affair from beginning to end. The yachts started a little before one o'clock, and after a collision by the *Annie* and *Nellie*, which created some excitement, and other aquatic incidents not worth mentioning, the entire fleet arrived at the club-house at Saucelito, which had been tastefully draped and ornamented for the occasion, and which, after the dressing of ships and firing of cannon, presented an animated and beautiful scene. In the meantime, a large number of ladies and gentlemen had arrived by steamer, so that there were nearly two hundred people in all. An ample lunch was partaken of as soon as the yachts all arrived, and at three o'clock dancing commenced, which was kept up by a large number until quite nine, although there was an intermission from six to seven, during which many of those who do not care for too much life on the ocean wave departed for their homes. All in all, as we have heretofore stated, the opening day of the Pacific Yacht Club was a thoroughly enjoyable affair, and will long be remembered by all who had the pleasure of being present, and among whom were:

Commander and Mrs. R. S. Floyd, General Kautz, Mr. and Mrs. Blethen, William P. Dewey, Charles A. Keeney, Colonel Robert F. Morrow, Horace Hussey, Ed. Hall, Hugh Tevis, Harry Tevis, Eugene Dewey, Captain F. Williams, Miss Stella Auslin, Mrs. E. J. Taylor, Mrs. J. T. Doyle, Mrs. Wakeman, Miss Jessie J. King, W. H. Barr, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Sbelley, Miss Doyle, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Young, James V. Coleman, Miss Lillie Bennett, Miss Sanborn, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Fisher, Mrs. J. B. Jones, Miss Rose Thayer, Mr. and Mrs. John Landers and Miss Landers, Mr. and Mrs. T. K. Griffin, W. R. Sherwood, Captain and Mrs. S. McDowell, Mrs. W. A. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wald, Mrs. S. Whitcomb, Miss Nellie Selleck, Miss White, Miss Jones, Miss Mary S. Stanton, W. R. Melville, J. D. Bailey, T. W. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Poulton, T. D. Willey, Charles J. Willey, Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey, Mr. and Mrs. John Martin and Miss Martin, Harry Sanderson, Allan Bowie, B. B. Thayer, James M. Donahue, Miss F. B. Stone, Miss McGovern, A. G. Platt, Miss Mamie Mason, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wallace, and many others.

The hop at the Hotel del Monte on Saturday evening last was largely attended, there being more than a hundred people present either as dancers or as spectators, among whom were the following from San Francisco:

H. L. Dodge and wife, Miss Mollie Dodge, A. W. Fox and wife, R. H. Sweeney and wife, E. G. Steele, I. Friedlander, G. Truelove, Charles Miller and wife, A. L. Tubbs and wife, Miss Nettie R. Tubbs, W. B. Tubbs, A. E. Castle, A. S. Tubbs, A. C. Tubbs, George Crocker, Frank Jaynes and wife, Judge S. W. Sanderson and wife, Miss Mary Sanderson, Miss Edith Sanderson, Miss Jennie Sanderson, Charles Crocker and wife, Miss Hattie Crocker, Mrs. Lucy A. Arnold, Miss Lizzie Hull, J. D. Grant, M. B. Blake and wife, Thomas F. Payne and wife, E. J. McCutchen, C. Froelich, H. W. Harkness, Joseph H. Sinton, H. B. McDowell, George R. Sanderson and wife, John W. Taylor, General McDowell and wife, Colonel Horace Fletcher and wife, and others.

The third hop of the season takes place this evening.

The most delightful event of the week was the kettledrum given by Mrs. Leland Stanford, at her residence, on California Street, on Thursday afternoon last, which drew out a large number of ladies and gentlemen. The magnificent mansion, with its wealth of appointments and statuary, paintings, mosaics, china, vases, mirrors, bric-à-brac and bijouterie, etc., collected from all parts of the world, was further adorned with tropical and other plants and flowers. The mantels were massed with flowers, and columns and candelabra were festooned with smilax, while the same graceful vines, interwoven with roses and azaleas, here and there presented evidences of artistic manipulation. Most of the ladies wore short costumes and spring bonnets, while the gentlemen, as a general thing, appeared in morning dress—which is strictly the fashion for afternoon entertainments. Mrs. Stanford had on a robe of royal-purple velvet trimmed with rich lace, and wore a diamond necklace and pendant brooch. In company with the governor, she received her guests in a most charming and cordial way, and reminded one of Mrs. Hamilton Fish, whose matchless manner of receiving all who were invited to cross her threshold will be remembered by those who have been within her radiant presence. Mrs. Stanford was assisted in receiving by Miss Hattie Crocker, who had on a very pretty dress of soft, rich changeable colors. Among the many who graced the occasion with their presence were:

Mrs. Adam Grant, one of our most delightful society ladies, in a short costume of black velvet, and jet trimmings, and white bonnet; Mrs. Colonel J. D. Fry, in a light costume and bonnet to match; Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, in a short costume of navy-blue satin de Lyon, and an imported pink bonnet; Mrs. Peter Donahue, in a garnet velvet, en traine, and white bonnet; Miss Mamie Donahue, in a heliotrope silk and hat to match; Mrs. Joseph M. English, in a short costume of black broadened silk, and black hat, and canary ostrich plumes; Miss Lizzie Hawkins, in a short suit of navy-blue satin, and a hat to match; Mrs. Mark Hopkins, in a black and white velvet, richly and elaborately embroidered court train; Mrs. Bowie, in black satin and overskirt of Spanish lace; Miss Fannie Friedlander, looking very pretty in a short costume of pink silk and straw hat and pink plumes; Mrs. A. N. Towne, in a handsome costume of old gold satin; Mrs. H. L. Dodge, in a black velvet trimmed with point lace, princess train; Mrs. Lucien Hermann, in black velvet, princess train, and black hat and plumes; Mrs. Senator Stewart, in black silk; Mrs. Aldrich, in black silk; Mrs. Captain R. C. Hooker, in a pretty cream-colored costume and bonnet to match; Mrs. Captain W. H. Moor, in a broadened satin; Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, in a heliotrope silk and dark bonnet; Miss Nettie Tubbs in a short costume, straw hat, and white plumes; Mrs. N. K. Masten, in a black silk, en traine, black bonnet trimmed with Pauline roses; Miss Masten, in a pretty light costume and bonnet to match; Miss Fannie Houghton, in a combination costume and belt bouquet of chenille flowers, straw hat trimmed with flowers and plumes, and band bouquet of sylphide rosebuds; Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, in a marvelously handsome suit, richly trimmed with point lace and iridescent beads, and an imported bonnet; Miss May Crittenden, in a matchlessly fitting dress that attracted much attention, and superbly arranged coiffure; Miss Jennie Flood, in pink surah and chauntily lace overdress; Mrs. Robert Tobin, in a light blue plush, en traine, Gainsborough hat trimmed with ostrich feathers; the very charming and agreeable Mrs. Governor Low, in a handsome suit, and bonnet to match; Miss Carrie Gwin, in a light blue suit and white hat; Mrs. General McDowell, in black silk; the very pretty Miss Torbert, in a short cream-colored costume; Miss Jennie Hill, in a cardinal and black silk; Mrs. Charles Crocker, in a handsome costume, and small poke bonnet to match; Mrs. M. Castle, in a light costume, and hat to match; Mrs. George Barstow, in black silk and dark bonnet.

There were also present Mr. and Mrs. Loring Pickering, Doctor and

Mrs. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Severance, Mr. Charles Crocker, Mr. A. N. Towne, Senator Gwin, Mr. George Crocker, Mr. C. Froelich, Mr. J. D. Grant, Senator Stewart, Mr. William E. Brown, Governor Low, Captain Moor, Captain Hooker, Mr. Truxton Beale, Mr. Peter Donahue, Mr. Charles N. Torbert, Mr. William Barnes, Mrs. W. H. Hill, Mrs. A. E. Head, Judge Sanderson and daughter, Mr. Prescott, Hon. B. B. Redding, Mr. J. Le Roy Nickel, Mr. J. C. Flood, Mr. Timothy Hopkins, R. H. Pease Jr., Mr. Daniel Yost, Mr. H. L. Dodge, Mr. Edgar Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Sillem, Mr. and Mrs. Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. Seale, Mr. Joseph M. English, Doctor Bowie, Mr. George Barstow, Mr. A. L. Tubbs, Mr. Charles McLaughlin, Mrs. Coleman, General McDowell, Colonel Gray, Captain and Mrs. N. T. Smith, Mr. E. Curtis, Miss Elam, Mr. H. B. Williams, Mrs. Alfred Poett, Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs, Mr. Haggin, Mr. Main, Mr. Evan J. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ryan, Miss Rebecca McMullin, Major R. P. Hammond, Mr. Robert P. Hastings, Reverend W. H. Platt, Mr. Eugene Dewey, Mr. A. Godefroy, Mr. and Mrs. William Norris, Mrs. Horace Davis, and many others.

A splendid lunch was served, which was amply discussed. There was dancing in the ball-room down stairs, to Ballenberg's music; and while many of the pretty girls and their escorts gave way to the influence of Terpsichore, the maturer ones wandered through the picture-gallery and admired the gathered art treasures.

St. Ignatius Church was the scene of a brilliant wedding on Thursday morning last, the high contracting parties being Mr. Francis J. Sullivan and Miss Alice Phelan, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Phelan, of this city. The church was very handsomely decorated, and was filled to its utmost with the friends and acquaintances of the two families. The ceremony was celebrated by Archbishop Alemany, who was assisted by a number of priests and other under functionaries, the entire scene being enlivened by appropriate vocal and instrumental music. The bridal party entered the church at about half-past eleven o'clock, preceded by the ushers, Messrs. Peter Donahue, William Sullivan, George M. Duval, Mervyn Donahue, Ryland Wallace, and Charles Sullivan; then followed the bridesmaids, the Misses Mollie Phelan and Mamie Sullivan, Fannie Morrison and Ida Sullivan, and Belle Wallace and Florence Mullen; then came the bride and her father, then Mrs. Phelan, the mother of the bride, and others. Immediately after the ceremony the newly married couple were driven to the residence of the bride's parents, where a wedding breakfast and then a reception followed. The latter was largely attended by intimate friends of both the Phelan and Sullivan families, among whom were all of the members of the bridal party; also

Colonel and Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Hermann, Mr. and Mrs. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood, Judge and Mrs. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. James R. Kelley, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Casserly, Judge and Miss Archer, Mr. and Mrs. Ryland, Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCoppin, Mr. and Mrs. John Deane, Mr. and Mrs. N. K. Masten and Miss Masten, Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, Dr. and Mrs. Mann, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. McDermott, Justice Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. McElroy, Mr. and Mrs. C. O'Connor, Mr. and Mrs. Touchard, Mrs. Hawes, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hawkins, the Misses Tot and Sophie Cutter, the Misses Lillie and Maud O'Connor, Mrs. James V. Coleman, Mrs. M. L. Coleman, Miss Daisy Casserly, Miss Agnes Tobin, the Misses Lizzie and Minnie McNally, Mrs. L. McNally, Miss Joliffe, Miss Josephine Saunders, Mrs. Richard Burke, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. Pickett, and a few others.

The bride wore a robe of white Turke satin, princess train, front of skirt shirred, and trimmed with duchesse lace; high corsage and elbow sleeves; the usual bridal veil caught up with orange blossoms; also corsage bouquet of orange buds and flowers, and diamond ornaments. The bridesmaids were all dressed in white satin. Mrs. James Phelan had on a rich moire silk, elaborately trimmed; court train.

The presents to the bride were very numerous, and many of them intrinsically valuable, among which was a diamond set from the groom, ten thousand dollars and a lot of city land from her father, and a magnificent silver set from her mother. The happy couple are enjoying their honeymoon at Los Angeles, and upon their return will receive on the fifth and eleventh of June, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James Phelan.

## Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Loomis, of the Palace, goes to Menlo for the summer-to-day accompanied by Miss Katie Felton. Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and Mrs. Breckinridge will soon leave for Monterey, where they will sojourn for the summer. W. P. Harrington is at the Palace for a week or two. Mrs. W. P. Harrington, who has been spending some time at Colusa, returned to the Palace last week; Mrs. H. leaves for Santa Cruz shortly to ruralize during the summer months. J. C. Hawley and family are at the Metropolitan Hotel, New York. Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith returned from the East on Wednesday last. E. M. Ross, Justice of the Supreme Court, and family, returned from Los Angeles last Sunday. Mrs. McMullin, who has been spending the week at Santa Rosa enjoying the hospitalities of some of her lady friends there, returns home to-morrow. Mrs. Doctor C. G. Toland, after a two-months' stay in Southern California, returned to the Palace for a few days, but is now visiting in Berkeley. Mrs. Colonel Dickinson is at Paraiso Springs. Mrs. Lillie Coit has left the city for that picturesque spot in Napa Valley known as Larkmead. Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dodge and Miss Mollie Dodge went down to Monterey on Saturday last, returned on Monday, and again went to the seashore on Wednesday. Mrs. J. H. Carroll, of Sacramento, who has been spending two or three weeks in this city and in Oakland, returned home on Monday last, and in improved health, as her many friends will be glad to learn. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miller have been staying at Monterey for a few days. A. E. Head left Tucson for Sonora on Saturday last. Mrs. Fred A. Stevens, of Sacramento, is visiting her sister, Miss Emma Ferris, in Alameda. Mrs. A. L. Fuller of Oakland, who has been spending some time in the East, returned home on Thursday last. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs and family, composed of Miss Nettie Tubbs, W. B. Tubbs, A. S. Tubbs, and A. C. Tubbs, have gone to Monterey for the summer. Mrs. M. E. Lamen, of Oakland, left on Monday last upon an extended Eastern and European tour. Miss Lizzie Crocker is visiting Miss Jennie Lindley, in Sacramento. Mrs. Mary E. Greathouse has gone to Kentucky, on a visit to her relatives. Miss Nellie Eels, formerly of Oakland, where her father preached for many years, leaves Cincinnati for Italy next month. Mrs. Henry T. Scott, who left here on Saturday last, expects to arrive in New York to-day, and leave that city for Europe in a week or two. Mr. and Mrs. Doyle are at Mountain View. Colonel G. H. Weeks, U. S. A., has assumed duties as depot quartermaster in this city. Mrs. J.

H. Peck and Miss Bloomfield are visiting friends in Sacramento. Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer and family are spending May in the lower part of Santa Clara County. Mrs. Theodore Hatch has gone to Fruitvale for the summer. R. D. Hitchcock, U. S. N., who arrived here on Saturday last, has been at the Palace most of the week. General Miles, U. S. A., has returned to Portland, Oregon. Judge Dick Rising, of Virginia City, has been at the Palace during the week. Colonel I. R. Dunkelberger, formerly of the First Cavalry, U. S. A., but now postmaster at Los Angeles, and family have been at the Palace during the week. Viscount and Madame De Tocqueville are at the Baldwin. Admiral Farquhar, of the British Navy, is in the city, a guest of H. B. M. Consul Booker. Captain Dearborn, of the *City of Sidney*, left for a three months' visit in the East on Wednesday last. Charles Elliott has returned from the East. Frank G. Newlands has gone to Arizona. Miss Minnie Mizner, of Benicia, is at Fort Washington, a few miles below the Capital, on the Potomac River. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph English are back at the Palace Hotel. Mrs. Captain Forney, of Oakland, entertained a number of her lady friends at dinner on Tuesday last, among whom were Mrs. Swinburne, Mrs. Wild, Mrs. Pay Director of the Navy Yard, and others. Mrs. Captain Norton, of the Navy Yard, gave a reception on board the *Independence* last night. Miss Fannie Houghton leaves for Europe in a few days. Mrs. A. H. Rutherford goes to the Geysers on Tuesday next, to remain a week or more, after which she will go to Monterey to remain six weeks.

The curious spectacle of a "reception" in a bar-room was presented in New York recently. On April 27 Edward S. Stokes gave a "ladies'" reception at his bar-room in the Hoffman House from nine o'clock in the morning until one in the afternoon. About two thousand invitations had been sent out, and nearly a thousand women, with a sprinkling of fashionably-dressed men, were present. The Hoffman House room, (says the Cincinnati *Enquirer* correspondent,) which is very large, was artistically lighted, and the air perfumed by silver cologne fountains and a profusion of flowers. Behind an immense mass of ferns and palms was an orchestra playing Strauss's waltzes softly to an accompaniment of the occasional clink of glasses on the bar, and the hum of hundreds of whispered voices as the guests moved about the room. The high gilding and rich colors of the decorations are toned down by the color of the heavy Turkish and Persian rugs, and the effect of the whole interior, with its striking profusion of marble and bronze statuary, oil paintings and articles of vertu, is warm and luxurious. The guests began to arrive in considerable numbers at half-past nine. Only a few had male escorts. Early comers exhibited some timidity, but it was overcome after they had passed through the decorated corridors into the gorgeous bar-room. At rare intervals an actress or a public advocate of woman suffrage was to be seen. Those women who were in any way known were stared at by the other women with unmerciful persistence. Several brokers, and a number of the men who are seen on Broadway in the afternoons, lounged about dressed with great care, and exhibiting great gravity of demeanor. The most famous of all the works of art in the bar-room is Bouguereau's "Nymphs and Satyrs," which Mr. Stokes recently purchased for ten thousand dollars. It stands directly in front of the bar. The three female figures are life-size, and are brought out by a strong head-light. Nearly all the guests passed the painting with a hurried glance, the few who looked more closely lingering but a short time. The other study in the nude which adorns the bar-room is "Faust's Dream." It received no attention whatever, and the bronze statue, "Pan and a Bacchante," was unnoticed. Many of the women were delighted at the bits of bric-à-brac, vases, and antique clocks, and expressed, in low voices, their admiration of the elaborate mahogany carvings and decorations of the bar. Once, when the plush doors swung back and a man sauntered coolly in, there was a ripple of excitement and craning of necks. He was dressed with elaborate care, in the height of fashion, and walked with a graceful, well-bred carriage among the guests, howing and smiling to acquaintances, and seeming not to notice the sensation he created. His close-cropped hair was quite gray, but his face bore no trace of trouble, and he seemed to be in excellent spirits. When he stopped for a moment to chat with a quietly-dressed actress from Wall-lack's there was a noticeable crush among the women about him for a glance at his face. He went on presently, and the women parted reluctantly to allow him to pass. He went out into the corridor, and the doors slammed after him. It was Mr. Edward S. Stokes.

Scene—A New Brunswick Supreme Court room, six judges being seated on the bench. Mr. K. to Judge P., (contemptuously)—"I thought I was addressing a gentleman." Judge P., (severely)—"What do you mean, sir?" The Chief Justice, (sternly)—"Mr. K., you must retract what you have said. You must apologize." Mr. K., (blandly)—"I will retract, your honor, if I have said anything wrong; but what I said was that I thought I was addressing a gentleman, and I still think so."

On a recent Sunday evening a Boston divine suddenly paused somewhat near the close of his sermon, and said: "We would all be glad if that young man in the vestibule would come inside and satisfy himself whether she is or is not here. That would be much better than keeping a half-inch draft on the occupants of the back pew." And in the solemn silence that followed the congregation could hear a sound outside as of the retreat of an army with hanners.

Concerning the article on "Petrarch," in a recent number of the *Californian*, written by Mr. T. H. Rearden, of this city, the *Nation* says: "This paper implies a study of Petrarch to a degree seldom observable among Eastern scholars. The bibliographical note at the end hristles with misprints, but is not without its value."

Mrs. Clinch of Sacramento had occasion to disinter the body of her child after it had lain in the earth a matter of twenty years. Mrs. Clinch was petrified to find that the child was too.



## SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

## What Pierre Veron Thinks of Women.

One must be a woman to know how to revenge.  
Woman conceals only what she does not know.  
Woman is more constant in hatred than in love.  
Woman is a creature between man and the angels.  
Most women curse sin before embracing penitence.  
Women who have not fine teeth only laugh with their eyes.  
Women never weep more bitterly than when they weep with spite.

Friendship between women is only a suspension of hostilities.

Women ask if a man is discreet, as men ask if a woman is pretty.

When women can not be revenged, they do as children do—they cry.

A woman and her servant, acting in accord, would outwit a dozen devils.

A woman forgives the audacity which her beauty prompts us to be guilty of.

Woman is a charming creature, who changes her heart as easily as her gloves.

## What Lord Beaconsfield Thought of Them.

The action of women on our destiny is unceasing.—*Sybil*.  
Where there are crowned heads, there are always some charming women.—*Endymion*.

Woman alone can organize a drawing-room: man succeeds sometimes in a library.—*Coningsby*.

A reputation for success has as much influence with women as a reputation for wealth has with men.—*Coningsby*.

Male firmness is very often obstinacy. Women have always something better, worth all qualities. They have tact.—*Coningsby*.

Our strong passions break into a thousand purposes; women have one. Their love is dangerous, but their hate is fatal.—*Atrey*.

In the present day, and especially among women, one would almost suppose that health was a state of unnatural existence.—*The Young Duke*.

There is no mortification, however keen, no misery, however desperate, which the spirit of women can not in some degree lighten or alleviate.—*Coningsby*.

The woman who is talked about is generally virtuous, and she is only abused because she devotes to one the charms which all wish to enjoy.—*The Infernal Marriage*.

Talk to women as much as you can. This is the best school. It is the way to gain fluency, because you need not care what you say, and had better not be sensible.—*Contarini Fleming*.

I believe women are loved much more for themselves than is supposed. Besides, a woman should be content if she is loved; that is the point; and she is not to inquire how far the accidents of life have contributed to the result.—*Endymion*.

## Women, According to Some French Authors.

Woman is an idol that man worships, until he throws it down.

Women love always; when earth slips from them, they take refuge in heaven.

Montaigne: There is no torture that a woman would not suffer to enhance her beauty.

Malherbe: Of all things that man possesses, women alone take pleasure in being possessed.

A. Dupuy: Before promising a woman to love only her, one should have seen them all, or should see only her.

We meet in society many beautiful and attractive women whom we think would make excellent wives—for our friends.

L. Desnoyers: We censure the inconstancy of women when we are the victims; we find it charming when we are the objects.

Seinac de Meilhan: Woman among savages is a beast of burden; in Asia she is a piece of furniture; in Europe she is a spoiled child.

Madame de Girardin: It is not easy to be a widow; one must reassume all the modesty of girlhood, without being allowed to feign its ignorance.

The highest mark of esteem a woman can give a man is to ask his friendship; and the most signal proof of her indifference is to offer him hers.

Retif de la Bretonne: At twenty, man is less a lover of woman than of women; he is more in love with the sex than with the individual, however charming she may be.

Women of the world never use harsh expressions when condemning their rivals. Like the savage, they hurl elegant arrows, ornamented with feathers of purple and azure, but with poisoned points.

## Miscellaneous Ideas on the Subject.

Tennyson: Woman is the lesser man.

Young: A shameless woman is the worst of men.

George Eliot: The beauty of a lovely woman is like music.

Lord Lytton: Women, like princes, find few real friends.

Alcott: Divination seems beightened to its highest power in women.

Macaulay: The most beautiful object in the world, it will be allowed, is a beautiful woman.

Richter: A woman is the most inconsistent compound of obstinacy and self-sacrifice that I am acquainted with.

Dickens: I think it must somewhere be written that the virtues of mothers shall be occasionally visited on their children as well as the sins of fathers.

Miss Braddon: Men are so fearful of wounding a woman's vanity that they rarely remember that she may by some possibility possess a grain of common sense.

Shakespeare: The bountiful blind woman, Fortune, does most mistake in her gifts to women. For those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favoredly.

A musician's definition of a lady: At fifteen years of age a lady is an *arpeggio*; at twenty years of age a lady is an *allegro vivace*; at thirty years of age a lady is an *accordo forte*; at forty years of age a lady is an *andante*; at fifty years of age commences the *rondo finale*; at sixty years of age it is a *tremolo alla sordina*.

## ARGONAUT VERSE.

## Four Sonnets for Love.

## I.—EXPOSTULATION.

Flushed with the heat of passion's fire  
You stand between me and the light,  
Fair as the glorious queen of night,  
And rich in all man can desire.  
In love's sweet service who would tire?  
Who, having felt your beauty's might,  
Would not proclaim himself your knight?  
And may I not to this aspire?  
Why are you shy, when all your face  
Is radiant with truth and power?  
Why are you robed in matchless grace,  
If you refuse to share your dower?  
Why should you pass and leave no trace,  
Save such as leaves a faded flower?

## II.—ANTICIPATION.

Like to a statue fair and grand  
That some great sculptor's dream doth hold  
Amid the sunlight's rippling gold,  
I see your winsome beauty stand,  
A crimson cluster in your hand,  
Your dainty garments deftly rolled  
About you, yet too thin to hold  
The flush and swell that love command.  
Ah, sweet, the lingering sun sinks low  
Toward the orient's fragrant clime;  
Life sees its seasons ebb and flow,  
And love is neither woe nor crime.  
And will you not the gift bestow  
That crowns me conqueror of Time?

## III.—INSPIRATION.

Faultless as is the marble fair  
To which we turn and turn again,  
So are you priestess of Love's pain,  
And guardian of his sweet despair.  
He hides within your tangled hair,  
His rosy limbs with blood-flush stain  
The drapery so soft and plain  
That floats about you like the air.  
Ah, if to worship I might dare—  
Might shield you from the wind and rain—  
Then would I lose all heed of care  
In the great gladness of my gain,  
And fearing neither foe nor snare,  
Drift onward to death's trackless main.

## IV.—EXALTATION.

Warm little hands that lie in mine;  
Ripe lips that unto mine will cling,  
Till their love-sweetness seems to sting;  
Bright eyes, whose depths refulgent shine,  
Like stars set deep in ocean's brine;  
Clear voice, melodious with the ring  
Of words that no one else can sing,  
And breath like fragrant Cyprus wine;  
Hair like the hidden amber flame,  
That holds the passion of the sea;  
A dainty form, whose outlines shame  
Imperial Venus, even when she  
Triumphant from Mount Ida came—  
And all these treasures fall to me!

May, 1882.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

## Three Tours de Force.

## A FLAGON OF OLD FALERNIAN—TRIOLET.

A flagon of old Falernian,  
From Pompeian cellars Plutonic,  
Rare with a freshness Hibernian,  
This flagon of old Falernian,  
Crystalline, limpid, Lucernean;  
Yet we drain with a phlegm Teutonic  
This flagon of old Falernian,  
From Pompeian cellars Plutonic.

## IN SUMMER-TIME—RONDEAU.

In summer-time, when bloom is on the rye,  
And gold-flecked waves flash down the turquoise sky,  
And poppies run "like torchmen" in the wheat,  
And languid airs blow from the sunland's heat—  
What Mercury will bring thee to my sight?  
When purple butterflies sail aimless by,  
And blackbirds flute and warble as they fly,  
Then every thought I have is of my sweet—  
In summer-time.

Yet, 'neath thy scornful seeming what am I?  
What is it that I live or that I die?

And still methinks these winds that hasten fleet  
From caverns of the Northland white with sleet,  
Will bring thee to me with Love's meekness shy—  
In summer-time.

## SLEEP—SONNET.

Clothe me in dreams, O sweet, sad wraith of sleep!  
Wrap me from head to feet in garments white  
Of mystic dreams; with stars of radiant light  
Gemmed here and there in these pale clouds that weep!  
For tired heart and weary brain doth leap  
With one great thro' toward the dim unknown  
That holds long rest for earth-born sigh and moan.  
Shroud me in pallid dreams, O ghost of sleep!  
Lay your wan fingers on my aching eyes,  
And bid life's other phantoms flee away  
Into the solemn shades that have no day,  
Where, broodingly, eternal silence lies.  
Then whisper, soft as morn on frost-wreaths hoar,  
"Dream, worn-out one, dream here forevermore."

May, 1882.

FANNY DRISCOLL.

## SIR ROGER TICHBORNE.

The *Argonaut* never intends to be sensational, and when, some months since, it printed the narrative of Sir Roger Tichborne, Baronet, it was because I was impressed with the idea that he was not an impostor. Having printed the narrative of the leading incidents of his life, it was quite natural that persons claiming to have some knowledge of him should communicate with the *Argonaut*. I received quite a number of letters from different persons—enough to keep alive my interest and curiosity in reference to him. Mr. Tichborne subsequently went to Albuquerque, New Mexico. While I was in Washington I received a letter from Tichborne, asking me to attend to his claim for a pension. I examined the army record, and became convinced that such part of his narrative as referred to his army life was in every respect true. He was one of the first to enlist when war was declared, and remained in the service with his regiment till it was disbanded. He removed to Wisconsin, and aided Governor Barstow in organizing a new regiment, which he did not follow to the field because he was not tendered such a commission as he thought his services, in organizing and drilling in safre exercise and manual of arms, entitled him to. He returned to New York, enlisted in the navy, and served for twenty-two months on board the U. S. steamer *Flag*, off the harbor of Charleston. Subsequently he enlisted in the One Hundred and Sixth New York Regiment, was sent to the front, and in an engagement near Petersburg his right hand was shot off. It seemed but proper, if I was convinced that this man had thus served the country, that he should not need friends. Upon my return to San Francisco I sent him means to come to this city. Mr. ——— Murphy, a respectable member of the San Francisco bar, had interested himself for Mr. Tichborne, and had placed himself in correspondence with people who claimed to know him. A reputable woman of Contra Costa County, who had formerly been a servant of Lady Dormer, at Upton, had seen the young Tichborne heir, and thought that in an interview with him she would be able to determine whether he was the person whom he represents himself to be. Through Mr. Murphy this interview was arranged, and she affirms that she believes he is the person whom he claims to be. A well-known and respectable citizen of Sonora, Tuolumne County, whose character is fully vouched for by prominent citizens of San Francisco, was in his early life a page at the Upton manor-house; he knew young Roger Tichborne intimately; the democracy of youth put the young heir and the servant of the house upon friendly terms. This individual—afterward a mechanic at the neighboring village—worked at the manor-house, and kept up his acquaintance and knowledge of young Tichborne until he left, and, in company with the steward of the property, spent some hours with Tichborne immediately before he left for his travels in America. This individual, after some two or three days in company with Sir Roger Tichborne in San Francisco, is convinced of his identity, and has embodied his statement of that opinion in legal form. I have been personally present at these interviews, keenly watching their conversations and their interchange of gossip over the early days. Sir Roger Tichborne has been a guest at my house, where he would not have been invited were I not thoroughly convinced that he is the person whom he claims to be. I have made a careful study of the case, reading the entire testimony in the famous trial, and very carefully perusing the analysis of the same, made by Lord Chief Justice Cockburn in his charge to the jury, a charge he was twenty-one days in delivering, making a book of some three hundred pages, and being exhaustive of all the evidence that was given in the case. I have submitted this gentleman—whom I believe to be Roger Charles Tichborne—to a very careful examination, and as the result of my observation I express the unqualified opinion that he is Roger Charles Tichborne, of Tichborne. I have no other interest in the case than that which any person might properly feel toward a gentleman in his condition. I have no pecuniary or professional purpose to subserve, and I would not have written this if the ever-vigilant reporters of the daily press had not connected my name with this matter. I have not concerned myself with the motives that have controlled this gentleman in his eccentric career, nor have I interested myself in speculating as to the outcome of his visit to England. If the Parliament of England has undertaken to settle the titles to the Tichborne and Upton properties by "act," upon the hypothesis that Tichborne was drowned at sea on board the *Bella*, and it shall be demonstrated that this information was unfounded, I am sure I do not know what the Lords and Commons of England may do about it. But as there is no wrong without a remedy, and as the English Parliament has the same power to repeal an act as to pass it, I presume the matter may be arranged. Roger Tichborne has not confided to me his plans for the future, further than to say that he will return, and, having established his identity, await events. He says he anticipates no trouble in this respect; that he was twenty-three years of age at the time of his leaving England; that among a large family circle in England and France, an hundred boys who were his schoolmates at Stonyhurst, the members of the Hampshire meet, embracing the gentlemen of half a dozen shires, his comrades in the Carlineers, in which regiment he was a cornet, his intimates and personal friends, he will find no end of people who will recognize and give him a friendly welcome home. He says, further, that if he is not Roger Tichborne, not all the money and lawyers of England could impose him upon that family. If he is Roger Tichborne, no money or lawyers will be needed to establish his identity. He relies with entire confidence upon the honor of his relatives and the honor of English gentlemen to recognize him, and to restore to him what in equity and honor he may justly claim. Roger Tichborne will leave in a few days for England, first visiting his family—wife and five children—at San Diego. These children—the eldest boy being fifteen years of age, and the youngest some five—all bear the family names. Mr. Tichborne is a member of the Grand Army of the Republic in good standing; he is well-informed, and has the manners and hearing of a gentleman. So far as I can learn, after diligent inquiry, there is nothing in his career that makes it necessary for me to apologize for being his friend.

P.



## THE COMMITTEE ON VIRTUE.

From the German of Sacher Masoch—adapted by Jerome A. Hart.

## II.

The Deckermanns, mother and daughter, were seated at their work-table. The first was knitting a pair of black stockings, destined for a Jesuit father; the second was embroidering a coronet on a dainty cohew handkerchief.

"It is getting dark, Lina," said the mother; "you had better stop. Nothing is worse for the eyes than embroidering at twilight, and if you injure your eyes the countess would not pay for them."

"Oh, my eyes are good," replied the young girl; "the countess wants her handkerchief to-day, and if I finish it she will order others."

"Well, light the lamp then," said the mother, "and I will close the shutters."

Scarcely had she done so, however, when there came at the door a sounding knock.

"Who can that be?" she asked.

"Who can it be but Leopold?" replied Lina, as she flew to the door. But she was disappointed. The visitor was a stranger—a short, stout man whose garb betrayed that he belonged to the court. He seized Lina's extended arms, but she recoiled.

"You are mistaken in the person," said he, cheerfully, "but no matter; almost any one would excuse so warm a reception from so very pretty a girl."

"Pardon me, sir," stammered Lina, "pardon me, but you—but I—"

"You were not expecting me. I understand."

"Whom have we the honor to receive, sir?" asked the mother.

"Permit me, madame," said the stranger, nonchalantly, seating himself in the only chair.

"But, sir, we would like to know—"

"It takes away one's breath to climb three flights of stairs; it takes it away the more when one suddenly sees so charming a girl as is your daughter there. She is a Hebe!"

"Spare me your compliments, sir," interrupted Lina, "and he good enough to tell us—"

"Whatever you want to know, my pretty one. But do not let me interrupt you. Continue your work, I beg of you. It is probably a little souvenir—a little tribute of affection for—some one. Eh?" and the stranger closed his left eye knowingly.

"I do not know what you mean, sir," replied the mother.

"It is a handkerchief for the Countess Althahn," explained Lina, holding up her work. "It must be done to-day," and she tranquilly resumed her embroidery.

"But your eyes, my pretty one," resumed the stranger. "Such eyes must not be spoiled. In truth they are charming eyes. Have they no admirers? Is there no one—rich, powerful, and distinguished—who dreams of them?"

"Sir," said the young girl, rising with dignity, "you have betrayed the motive of your visit, and I beg of you—"

"You are most imposing, young lady; but there is no need to take offense at a harmless pleasantry."

"If it was through a spirit of pleasantry that you came hither, sir, you did not reflect that it was a sorry jest. It is one capable of misinterpretation, and can do only harm to the reputation of two honest women who earn their bread by the labor of their hands."

"Excuse me, ladies," said the stranger, rising in his turn, "I see that my visit is not agreeable to you, and I am pleased."

"You are pleased?" replied Lina, with astonishment.

"Yes, I am pleased with the manner in which you have treated me, for I am he who is specially charged with watching over the virtue of Vienna."

"You!" cried Lina, hurrying into a peal of laughter.

"Yes, I," said the stranger, authoritatively, "for I am—"

At this moment the door opened, and a most grotesque being appeared. He was a misshapen dwarf, clad in a Turkish dress, and his head crowned with an immense turban.

"Can I see the Signora Deck—the Signora Lina?" said the dwarf, in broken German, with an Italian accent.

"I am she."

"The prima donna, Signora Diana di Pompili requests that you immediately repair to her house. She has some work of importance to give you."

"What—this evening?"

"At once."

"But where is her house?"

"If the signora will come with me, I will show it her," stuttered the dwarf, eking out his scant German with pantomime.

"But I can not go out so late in company with a man."

"With such a man, my dear," observed the mother, "I do not think even the Committee on Virtue could find fault."

"No, I can answer for that," interjected the stout stranger, with a mysterious smile.

"But who are you?" demanded Lina, impatiently.

"I am Baron Handl, President of the Committee on Virtue."

\* \* \* \* \*

When they arrived at the house, the dwarf preceded Lina to announce her to his mistress. This mistress was the prima donna of the Italian opera, Signora Pompili, the most beautiful woman in Vienna, and queen of the affections of the most high and mighty Prince Kaunitz. Before the curtain, shutting off this lady's boudoir from the ante-room, sat Lina.

"Come in!" cried a silvery voice.

The ugly head of the dwarf appeared between the curtains; he grimaced and made a sign to the young girl to enter.

Upon a divan reclined a lady clad in one of those robes that Watteau loved to paint. This lady was the most bewitching little seamstress had ever seen. The cold north does not possess such chiseled features, such voluptuous shapes, save in antique cameos and in Grecian statues. Lina had never seen such dreamy eyes, such arched and almost sombre brows. At once she felt that the woman before her was born to be adored; that men were her slaves.

Before this magnificent creature she felt herself small, ugly, and infinitely humble.

But the Italian soon perceived her feelings, and drawing to her the modest little German girl, she spoke to her so kindly, so caressingly, that Lina soon forgot her fears. And what was more important, she gave her some extravagant orders for work.

"I shall come myself to your house," she said, "that I may see how you are getting on."

In a most pleasant frame of mind, Lina left her, and repaired to the house of the Countess Althahn, in order to leave the completed handkerchief. There she was received with satisfaction, and hidden to go at once to the Princess Auersperg, who needed her. This lady was one of the empress's maids of honor, and the one who had the most influence over her majesty. She was, in fact, an intimate. There more work awaited Lina.

Some minutes after, the young girl was in the princess's ante-chamber. She found no one to announce her; the servants were all absent. Apparently there was a cause for their absence, as will be seen. Almost immediately Lina was perplexed and agitated by hearing from the adjoining room some conversation, evidently not intended for her ears. Two voices were mingling, apparently in dispute; one was a man's voice, and a most imperious one, too; the other was a woman's, sweet, but apparently trembling with emotion.

"Is this, then, the manner in which you respond to my devotion?" said the man, reproachfully.

"Leave me, I implore you," answered the woman, supplicatingly. "Think of the empress's jealousy. What if she knew—"

"But hear me!"

"Not another word; I will not hear. Leave me!"

"But listen to me—I am your slave."

"Be it so. Slaves should obey. I command you to leave me!"

"And I will not obey unless you grant me another meeting."

"But the empress?"

"It will be your fault if she finds me at your feet. I will not stir until you grant me another meeting."

Here Lina coughed. A profound silence immediately followed, which was broken by the rustling of a robe. A pretty woman appeared at the curtains which overhung the entrance, and said, somewhat brusquely:

"Who is there?"

"I am a seamstress, madame," replied Lina. "I was sent here by the Countess Althahn."

"Very well. Wait here for a few moments," replied the lady, withdrawing. After a short time she called out, "Come in, little one."

Lina entered the room. As she did so, she noticed the curtains over one of the window alcoves moving. The princess was seated. At once, without giving any details, she made Lina make for her an embroidered wrapper.

"But, madame, what design would you like?"

"Listen," said the princess. "I have other things than wrappers in my head just now. I shall come to your house to give you instructions. Good-night, my child."

As Lina was quitting the room the curtains moved again. When she reached the ante-room the curtains spoke:

"When shall I have the promised meeting?"

"I have promised you no meeting," replied the princess. "I sent away my servants this evening to please you, and you see the result. You are too exacting. You know I love you, but you must leave me, and at once."

"Is this the way to dismiss a lover? You must grant me a meeting."

"But where can we meet?"

"Why here, of course."

"Impossible! You forget that the empress—"

"Hold! I have an idea. Why not meet at the house of the little seamstress who just left you?"

"True. I will arrange the day. But now leave me. I command—I supplicate your majesty to go."

The emperor knelt before the Princess Auersperg, and kissed her hand.

When he had gone, the Princess Auersperg knelt before the crucifix on her prie-dieu, and said her evening prayer.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the morrow a curious spectacle presented itself to the Viennese. Among the tatterdemalion prisoners, who, with chains on their legs and brooms on their shoulders, proceeded toward the imperial castle, figured the Baron von Kronenburg, degenerate scion of a noble house. This prince of dandies, tears of rage in his eyes, endeavored vainly to shield his face from the gaze of the gaping populace. As he began his ignoble task the empress appeared at the window. She was implacable, and satisfaction at his shame was plainly visible in her countenance. Suddenly the crowd opened to give passage to a carriage. In it was Prince Kaunitz. A lackey having opened the door, he descended, first kissing the hand of a closely veiled lady who remained in the carriage. Bidding the coachman wait, he ascended the grand staircase.

When Kaunitz entered the empress's cabinet she was still at the window.

"Look!" said she, "observe with what dignity Kronenburg does his sweeping. Is it not absurd?"

The prince glanced hastily through the window, which he immediately closed. Although he was wrapped in furs to his chin, he kept his lace handkerchief to his lips, for he feared cold as much as his sovereign dreaded heat.

As he began the usual routine of state affairs, Maria Theresa walked up and down the floor, her arms crossed over her bosom. From time to time she approached the window. Suddenly she paused uneasily, opened the window, and looked intently out. Kaunitz coughed, ceased speaking, coughed again, and when the empress resumed her promenade hastened to re-shut the window.

"Pardon me," said the empress. "I heard all you said. Continue."

But scarcely had he read another dispatch than she reopened the window, and gazed with disquietude into the square below.

"Is your majesty concerned about anything?" inquired the prince.

"Do you see that carriage?" she demanded.

Kaunitz fixed his gold eye-glasses on the object indicated.

"A carriage? Yes, your majesty."

"There is a lady in that carriage."

"A lady?"

"Yes, and she is veiled."

"But why should there not be a veiled lady in the carriage?" inquired the prince, closing the window.

"Because there must be some scandal connected with the affair," said the empress, quickly; "if I only knew, now, whose carriage it is—"

"It is mine, your majesty."

"Why did you not say so at once? Then you know who the lady is?"

"Certainly; but your majesty is neglecting the husband—"

"Who is she?"

"Your majesty forgets the diplomatic imhroglio—"

"Who is she?"

"—Concerning the papal nuncio at Vienna."

"I have already told you I wish to hear nothing concerning it."

"Then I have done, your majesty."

As the empress again went to the window, the prince made his escape. Passing through the palace gates, he noticed a suspicious looking individual slinking around the carriage, evidently trying to discover the identity of the veiled lady. When his eye fell on the prince, he bowed profoundly, and disappeared, but when the carriage started he followed it. The veiled lady soon perceived him.

"Prince," said she, "there is the man who has been watching me for the last hour."

"He will have his toil for his trouble, then," replied the prince; and he made the coachman drive hither and thither through the city instead of going directly to the prima donna's house.

During their involuntary drive the couple lost sight of the spy, but when they entered the quarter where Diana lived, his sinister figure was to be seen on the corner of the street.

"Do you see him?" murmured the lady.

The prince nodded.

"What can this mean?" she went on. "I am beginning to feel afraid."

"It is evidently one of the spies of the Committee on Virtue."

"The Committee on Virtue! I am lost! Do you not know with what severity the empress looks on these things? She would rather have a virtuous prima donna who sung through her nose than the most accomplished cantatrice if the latter were loved. If any scandal attaches to my name through you, then I am lost. My engagement will be broken, and I will be disgraced. And she might do worse—who knows? Think of poor Kronenburg. Why she might send me to the pillory!" And the fair singer shivered with fright.

The prince bade the coachman drive to his palace.

"There is no other refuge," said he; "you must accept my hospitality. We will dine together, and when night comes you can return home without any fear of recognition. My cook is a prince of his art, as I am of the holy Roman Empire. Look!" he went on, glancing through the window, "look at the rascal. What a gait he has! If I believed in metempsychosis I would certainly think that the soul of a cab-horse had entered the scoundrel's carcass. Ah me! My chickens have come home to roost."

"How so?"

"You do not know that I encouraged the empress in this idea of hers, in order to introduce here the French system of secret police which I had an opportunity to study when I was ambassador at Paris. Now I wish I hadn't."

The Pompili could not refrain from laughing. They entered the prince's palace, where, after they had dined, she attempted to profit by the twilight to escape undetected. She wrapped herself in furs, enveloped her face in the thick Venetian veil she had worn, and together they emerged.

Alas! at the door stood the spy of the Committee on Virtue.

"I am lost!" moaned Diana. "The fellow will never lose sight of us."

"Do you not know any one to whose house I could conduct you, that we might throw this fellow off the track—some woman?"

"Some woman? Let me see. Yes, there is my seamstress. She will surely grant me asylum."

"Good," said the prince. "We will go there, and I shall return without you. Thinking he has found your residence, he will leave the coast clear."

"But will the Committee on Virtue believe that a seamstress who lives on the third floor, in an obscure street, possesses furs like these?"

"Why not?" said Kaunitz, cynically; "why not, if she is pretty?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Again the night was coming on. Again was Lina's mother anxiously hiding her to care for her eyes. Lina was humming a tune while she embroidered a rich robe for the Pompili. As she sung she thought of Leopold, and while she thought of him there came a knock, and he entered.

"Hereafter, sir, you may come openly," said Lina, not without bitterness. "Your precautions are no longer necessary. What, after all, is the reputation of a poor girl like myself?"

"What do you mean?" cried the astonished lover.

"I mean that the spies of the Committee on Virtue have noticed your visits, and dogged your steps. You need no longer make a mystery of them."

"The Committee on Virtue?"

"Yes. Its president, Baron Handl, has himself deigned to climb these rickety stairs, and to personally cross-question me."

"Can it be possible?"

At this moment they heard a heavy step on the stair.

"Heavens! Can that be he?" cried Lina.

"He! He! Who?" roared the lieutenant, in a sudden gust of jealousy, "who is he?"

"Do not further embarrass me," said Lina, resolutely. "You must go at once."

A knock was heard.

"Quick! Quick!" whispered the mother; "you can not go," and she opened the door of a closet, pushed Leopold into it, and locked him there.

Again the knock was heard.

"Come in!"



The door opened. It was indeed the baron again. Saluting them with a smile, he sat down, and began:

"I suppose you are aware, ladies, that since my visit the other day I have taken much interest in Miss Caroline."

"Won't he stifle in there?" whispered the mother.

"No," responded Lina; "there are holes in the door through which he can not only breathe, but see."

"What were you saying?" asked the baron.

"We were remarking that you were too good, your excellency."

"No—you are deserving of my interest, Miss Caroline. It is owing to the high position in which her majesty has placed me, and the fact that I am charged with the duty of watching over the virtue of Vienna. You are a virtuous girl, I am pleased to say. But this is not enough. You must remain so."

"I hope, sir—"

"Ah, that will not do. We must be sure. You are a very pretty girl. Now, in order to shield you from the temptations which have proved fatal to so many pretty girls in Vienna, I propose to furnish for you an establishment in a better part of the city. Your daughter, madame will there have every luxury. She will wear dresses from Paris; she will live like a princess, and she will be removed from the temptations to which her poverty and her beauty expose her."

"Sir," said Lina, starting up angrily, her face aflame, "if you think you can presume—"

Another knock was heard. The mother went to the door, and precipitately returned:

"It is a lady of the court, Lina. Put things in order."

Lina understood her mother's glance.

"Your excellency cannot remain here," she said.

"Remain?—I can not go out either," replied the baron, feverishly mopping his brow. "I must not be seen here. A court lady, you say? Great heavens! Conceal me somewhere at once."

"But what would people think if they—"

The frightened baron did not stop to consider what they would think; he hastily darted behind a screen which stood in one corner of the room. He was just in time. The next moment the Princess Auersperg entered.

After some affable words, she seated herself, and commenced giving directions to Lina, when a new visitor appeared, draped in a white mantle.

It was the emperor.

"What a surprise, princess," he began. "You here!"

"I certainly did not expect to meet your majesty," she replied, with an apparent astonishment almost equal to his.

The emperor kissed her hand, and immediately began a conversation with her, while Lina's mother, more dead than alive, regarded them in terror. The hapless baron, hatched in a cold perspiration, crouched behind the screen.

"You have a very pleasant little apartment here," remarked the emperor to Frau Deckermann. Incapable of utterance, she howed profoundly.

At this moment some rapid and repeated knocking was heard at the door.

"Who is there?" asked Lina, rapidly holding it. She recognized the emperor's voice as that which she had heard in the princess's houndir; hence she suspected their present meeting was not an accidental one. Might not these knocks come from the spies of the police?

"Open—it is I," came from a silvery voice. It was Diana Pompili. "Open at once, my child; a man is pursuing me. He is already on the stairs."

"We must not be discovered here," whispered the princess to Lina. "Send that woman away."

"I can not," replied the young girl, "but I will conceal you."

"Where?" demanded the emperor, visibly disturbed.

"Here," and Lina pulled aside some curtains which shut off part of the room where an alcove was. The emperor and the princess immediately retired behind them. Then, drawing the bolt, Lina opened the door. Diana Pompili entered on the arm of Prince Kaunitz. Hastily removing her rich fur pelisse, she said:

"Put this on at once, I implore you, Lina; there is a police spy without, and he must be thrown off the scent."

Before the young girl had time to reflect, she was wrapped in the prima donna's pelisse and wearing her veil.

A loud knock came. The spy was at the door.

"Go," implored Diana, "go to the door. Be as arrogant as you can."

Lina went to the door. A man stood without, who howed and took off his hat when she appeared.

"I wish to know," said he, "if a certain Lina Deckermann lives in this house."

"She lives here."

"Can I see her?"

"I am Lina Deckermann," replied the girl, letting fall her veil.

The spy gazed fixedly at her for some seconds; then, making some trivial excuse, he retired. As he emerged into the street, he was seized by two men, who dragged him under the nearest lamp-post with more energy than politeness.

"You must pardon us," said one, "but it is essential that we see who you are."

"Willingly, comrades," he replied.

"The devil! It's Luchsheim!" cried one, loosing his hold.

"You're a couple of idiots," said Luchsheim. "Is this your boasted keenness? What is the use of having two eyes in your heads when they serve you no better than this?" and he winked his solitary one with exasperating complacency.

"But what are you doing here?" demanded his fellow-spies.

"What am I doing? I'm making important discoveries; that's what I'm doing."

"What! You too?"

"I too? What have you done anything? Well, I'll tell you what I've done. I've tracked the lover who comes here nightly. Say rather the lovers, for I followed them both."

"What lovers?"

"Why Lina Deckermann and a certain great personage connected with the court."

"Why, so have I," cried the second spy,

"And so have I," said the third.

"What's the matter with you?" sneered Luchsheim, incredulously. "Who is the 'great personage' you have followed?"

"The emperor himself," replied the second spy.

"The emperor! You are a fool," said Luchsheim. "It was Prince Kaunitz."

"You neither of you know anything about it," remarked the third spy, with a superior air. "In the first place this personage did not come with the little girl; he came alone. In the second place he is neither the emperor nor Prince Kaunitz, but—"

"Who?"

"Our president, Baron Handl himself. I followed him to the Deckermanns' door."

"You are insane," bawled Luchsheim. "I tell you I've been following him ever since noon. I saw him get into the carriage with her in broad daylight, right in front of the palace."

"The emperor?"

"Who's talking of the emperor? I tell you it's Kaunitz, and I am going at once to the empress to denounce him."

"Bah! I tell you it's Handl."

"May I never see the sun again if it isn't the emperor."

The little seamstress had followed Luchsheim; concealed behind the street-door, she had listened to the extraordinary interview between the three spies. Without fully understanding it, she realized the imminent peril hanging over her uninvited guests. As soon as the spies were gone, she bounded up the stairs as rapidly as her heavy furs permitted. Precipitating herself into the room, she cried:

"We are all lost!"

"Lost!" cried Diana, in affright. "Why, what is the matter?"

Kaunitz uneasily fixed his gold eye-glass upon the messenger of evil. The closet, the screen, and the curtain all betrayed symptoms of the most violent agitation.

"There are without three spies of the Committee on Virtue. They have this moment left to denounce us to the empress."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THEY GO A-FISHING.

### The Man and the Fish.

Man, born of woman, is of few days, and prone to fish as the sparks fly upward. Whether in the long-legged hoots he wadeth along the rocky and tortuous course of the broken trout stream, or, placidly perched on a gum log, he patiently bobs for "cat" in the sluggish and yellow creek of the low countries, he must fish. And in either case the result is about the same—more lies than fish. Patient is the man who fishes; long-suffering, addicted to malaria, lonely in his habits; he smelleth of the swamps; and the odor of the alder clingeth to his raiment, and the truth is not in him. He is patient beyond all appreciation. From early morn till dewy eve he fishes for something that he can not see; and if ever he gives way to the slightest expression of impatience, it is when the shadows of night fall upon him and compel him to return home, and leave the brook, or pond, or creek "just when they begin to bite." He knows the habits and the haunts of fish. He is a connoisseur in nibbles, and a judge of bites. He exaggerates his tiny trout by inches and feet, even as the sea-serpent of the Jersey coast. But he never catches any fish—not any to speak of. He has nibbles unnumbered, but not untold. He has big bites, that thrill the blood of the man to whom he describes them. He pulls two or three splendid fellows "clear out of the water." He sees a dozen or more jump up in the middle of the creek. He could have caught two dozen if he could have got over to the other side of the creek, and fifty if he had a boat. But for the wind heing in the south, he would have eaten fish for the ensuing week; the sun was too hot, or the day was too dark, or something or other. He has fallen into the creek, and has caught frogs or carried clams, and comes home wet to the neck, with weariness in his frame, aches in his joints, a smell of fish all about him, and not a fish near him. And thus year after year he fishes, and considers that he has had a holiday. He enjoys it, and it requires only a few fish to satisfy his wild ambition. If he can't fish, he can lie; and the most successful fisher can tell no larger stories than the greatest failure.—*Burdette.*

### Mr. Leffingwell's Speculation.

"What I mean to have," exclaimed Mr. Leffingwell, "my idea is a trout farm, you see—" One man picked up an Indian club, while another gently drew the sword from his cane. A third reached for a dumb-bell, and the fourth commenced hauling off his coat and vest. "You see there is no brook running through this place of mine," continued Mr. Leffingwell, "and the trout, gentlemen, come right up to my door. As a spec—" They sprang to their feet and hore down on him. "As a speculation, I think a trout farm first-class," concluded Mr. Leffingwell, calmly. They all regarded each other a moment, and the four sat down again. "There is not only money in it," continued Mr. Leffingwell, "but fun. Think of the spec—" The man with the Indian club raised it on high. "Think of the spectacle," said Mr. Leffingwell, not heeding the interruption, "of thousands of fish crowding to your door-step for food. And such fish! I fancy now that I see the spec—" The man in his shirt-sleeves sprang forward with a whoop, and he of the sword-cane brandished his weapon. "I see the spectator," proceeded Mr. Leffingwell, "looking on while I spread bread upon the waters for the hungry mouths upturned toward me." "Ah!" ejaculated the four, dropping into their chairs. "And," observed Mr. Leffingwell, "when I want some of those fish, imagine the pleasure with which I shall contemplate the spec—" The man in his shirt-sleeves crouched, and the rest wet their hands, preparatory to the onslaught. "The spectrum-tinted denizens of the shady pool. That's my idea, gentlemen," and Mr. Leffingwell took his hat, and bade the party good evening. "He didn't say it," muttered the man in his shirt-sleeves, drawing on his coat. The rest laid their weapons away, and regarded each other gloomily. They were afraid he was going to make some allusion to "speckled beauties."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

## BEAUTIFUL BORDEAUX.

An Occasional Correspondent Tells of its River, Roads, and Ruins.

Busy, bustling Bordeaux, on its ancient river, with its graceful bridges, of which that nearest the sea is a marvel of skill and beauty, with approaches on either side which suggest a Roman aqueduct, and a giddy height in the centre, which tells of its respect to the ocean-traffic going and coming beneath its majestic span; Bordeaux, city of twenty centuries, only less memorable and venerable than the sea and the river, whose marriage here gave it origin and fostering parentage; Bordeaux, great centre of the wine-trade of France, with the finest quay in Europe, and docks and ship-yards of every size, with connections, by the river Garonne and Canal du Midi, with the Mediterranean, has vast exports and imports. The special personal relation which our small party owes to this commercial capital is that we are sojourning here in the very comfortable Hotel de Nantes, which dominates the quay, on our way to Spain. We rolled into the depot, on the other side of the river, last night at eight P. M., and soon found ourselves in a pleasant room looking out on the river. We sink into sleep to the sound of the rumbling omnibus which goes by with an occasional "toot" of its artificial horn. In France it is always a horn. In the morning we were awakened by the "toot" again, and looked out on the scene. The quay suggests that of Stockholm, but there is not the beauty of the northern capital. The river is broader, but it is not so clear, and there is none of that romantic rock and forest scenery which adds to the charms of the Venice of the north. Yet, could one recall and record the history of this city it might not suffer in comparison with any of its European neighbors. It has its classic ruin in the palace of the Emperor Gallienus, and no less boasts its stately cathedral of St. André, with its elegant and graceful spires, its spacious theatre, the gift of the Grand Monarque, its Hotel de la Marine, and its triumphal arch of the Port Bourgoigne. When, in ancient days, it was known by the classic name of Bordigala, it offered a prize to its Roman conquerors, and was in later times successively the conquest of Goth, Saracen, and Norman. We look from the windows again out over the river; the omnibus announces itself again; and now toils by the patient equine giants of Normandy, three in a line, and the long cart full of great, squared stones with alphabetical designations, on their way to some rising edifice. Further off and nearer the edge of the quay some old hags of fisherwomen are laying out their eels on a rude table, as inviting as eels usually are, sanguine as to a ready market. Now rolls by a huge cart with its great pipes from the cellars of Barton & Guestier, the "lions" of Bordeaux. And here comes a crowd of "all sorts and conditions," in blue houses and short jackets, with gay and musical singing and keeping step. The craft *Olinda* glides across the vista with fine stage effect, impelled by the mercenary aid of a small tug, probably the serf of a monopoly. A patient sailor is swinging himself like an artificial pendulum as he works a pump on board a crazy old harge near the shore, while the dogs and other persons of leisure move about here and there with equal dignity, complacency, and universal interest. But we are going to see the sights now. The cathedral of St. André, the more remarkable edifice of St. Croix, of which the foundations are said to be a pagan temple, and the church of St. Michael, deserve especial attention. The stained glass in the latter is unsurpassed by any in Europe. The spacious theatre we found to be quite worthy of the Grand Monarque, and is an imposing specimen of architecture. We were much interested in seeing the splendid ruins of the Roman palace, which indeed recalled some of the larger houses in Pompeii to my mind. The peculiar flat Roman bricks that figure in the Coliseum of Vespasian appear in the ruins at Bordeaux, testifying, among other unquestionable evidences, to its great antiquity. The many objects of interest in the museum, ancient and modern, are well worth a visit, while the Jardin Public is so very inviting that one is tempted to loiter amid its fragrance, and it is certainly with good judgment that many of the wealthy of the city have their homes looking out upon it. These and many other things of like interest, practical as well as romantic and historic, render Bordeaux beautiful and attractive, and impress the mind of the stranger. The city may, however, boast of one curiosity, or collection of curiosities, which is somewhat extraordinary. I refer to the mummies of the Tower of St. Michael. It appears that about the beginning of the present century, while some excavations were in progress near to the church of St. Michael, a discovery was made of a large number of corpses. For some unexplained reason they were in a state of wonderful preservation, in fact perfect mummies. They were found in a great mass together, and the supposition is that, at some remote time, there had been a great entombment of these victims, who, from the forms and shapes and expressions of agony, are supposed to have been interred alive. By whom, or for what cause, none can tell. The curious antiquarians who had charge of the matter have given them a place of sepulture in the vault underneath the Tower of St. Michael. There the ghastly company, in a circle of veritable horror, meet the gaze of the shuddering stranger. The pitiable objects stand erect in their shrivelled and shrunken flesh and rattling skin, yet bearing, in many cases, the drapery of life in which they were interred. Here a young maiden with the fine lace of her collar still showing its exquisite pattern and fabric; there the mother with the infant in her arms, the *pauvre petite*, with the interesting "first tooth" revealed; the tall forms of stalwart men, the clinging attitude of childhood, all in horrid semblance of life, and over all the fixed expression of mortal agony, limbs contorted, hands clasped, mouths gaping, as if in the last struggle against the mercy, which neither man nor angel answered, but only the smothering earth that brought the quick relief of death. It is a sight that one sees to remember forever—the movement of that ghastly arm which the young woman of the place raised up to show us; the perfect condition of the nails; the horrid rattle of the dry leathery skin as the attendant touches it with the stick in her hand, the same that hears the candle to illumine the spectral chamber. One marvels at the freak of nature which has so strangely preserved these corpses.

BORDEAUX, April 11, 1882.



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Fee, fi, fo, fum!  
I smell the blood of an Englishman,  
And dead or alive I will have some.

No generous mind will attribute the death by assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Secretary Burke to any of the honorable party leaders among the Irish. No one will believe that any respectable Irish gentleman in the United States will not regard with detestation the persons who have been guilty of the commission of such a dreadful murder. But as the assassination of Lincoln came from the teachings of rebellion; as the murder of the Russian Czar came from nihilism; as the death of Garfield resulted from the spirit of stalwartism; as the attempted murder of the German emperor came from socialism—so has the assassination of the secretary and the under-secretary of Ireland come as the inevitable and legitimate result of a party spirit in Ireland that disregards the rights of property, and sets at defiance all the laws of civilized society. We do not believe that Mr. Parnell, the uncrowned king of Irish misrule, would bide behind a hedge in the darkness of night to shoot a landlord, or with his knotted oak brain the head of the rent-paying tenant, bough cattle, feed needles in potatoes to his enemies' cows, refuse to pay his own rent if he had agreed to do so, or in disguise and with armed associates assault to a bloody death two unarmed gentlemen in Phoenix Park. We do not suppose that any land-league organization would justify so impolitic and atrocious a crime. And while we are generous enough to make this admission to land-leaguering Irish-American partisans, may we not be permitted to condemn the mendacious utterances of an Irish priest who uses his pulpit to charge the English Government with having instigated this murder to stir a reactionary Irish sentiment? May we not hold up to public contempt the red-throated vagabonds who, at the Platt's Hall Land-League meeting on Saturday evening, in San Francisco, applauded the telegraphic announcement of the assassination of Lord Cavendish and his secretary? With Irish politics in Ireland we have little concern. We seldom comment upon and never undertake to meddle with political discussions in other European states, and this for the reason that no other people than the Irish have undertaken to transplant their party feuds upon our side. In France, republican government struggles with monarchy and the empire; in Belgium, clericalism is at feud with liberalism; in Germany, there is a contest between order and socialism; in Russia, between government and nihilism; in Italy, be-

tween the state and the church. But the immigrants from these countries leave their politics and their party feuds behind them. The Irish, on the contrary, have transported to our country all the vindictive party spirit that characterizes the local controversies of their native land. Here have been organizations of United Irishmen, of Fenians, and now of Land-Leaguers and anti-renters. As Americans, we care nothing for Ireland's political grievances. It is none of our business to meddle with the policy of England or the loyalty of Ireland, or to interfere in their domestic affairs. We may regret that the Turk should oppress his Christian subjects, or that the Russian should persecute the Jew, or that the iron beel of the Saxon should trample upon the throat of the Celt. But while we have a right to indulge our sympathies and express our opinions, we have no right to allow our neutral land to become the battle-ground of an Irish rebellion. We are tired of Irish orators. We are disgusted with word bravos. We are sick of the traveling mendicant who visits us to plunder servant girls that he may fill the coffers of Irish patriots and adventurers. We are weary of land-league clubs, and blatant, noisy, Irish politicians. In other words, we would not allow English-Irish affairs to be exploited on our soil. We would suppress the Irish parades, with their banners of the harp and the sunburst. We would sit down upon St. Patrick processions, and drive them from the street to the church, and we would choke with hot potatoes—baked or boiled—the political priest and Irish partisan who continually drag England and the Pope into the politics of this country. In a word, we do not care how an Irishman may hate England or love Rome if he will not parade the bigotry of his foreign religion and the hatred of his foreign politics forever under our American noses.

Our sympathy and the sympathy of the world will not be less with England and her policy of enforcing laws in Ireland, because of the death of Lord Frederick Cavendish and his secretary. The Irishmen of America could not render a better service to the Irishmen of Ireland than to give up all this buncombe and braggadocio business on American soil. It does not disturb England or Englishmen, and there are but two political results that come from all this land-league agitation in America. It enables Irish politicians to advance themselves as available candidates in the Democratic party, and it enables them to raise money for the support of a lot of worthless exiles, who live in luxury and ease upon the agitation which gathers spoils from the sentiment of Irish patriotism. If there had been made the same effort in Ireland to secure emancipation from the Pope as from the Saxon rule, or if there had been the same energy, blood, and money expended to repeal the union between Ireland and Rome as has been laid out to repeal the union with Great Britain, Ireland would be as happy to-day as is England herself, or as Scotland or Wales, Australia or Canada. No intelligent American citizen who does not look for the political support of the Pope's Irish, is at all deceived in his estimate of the political relations between England and Ireland. The Irish are a turbulent, noisy, unreasonable race, impulsive and hard to manage. An Irish parliament is charged with the mercenary betrayal of Irish nationality, and if England has not treated Ireland as well as she treats Scotland, Wales, and her colonial dependencies, the cause lies deeply buried in the Irish character. The inspiration of this article comes from the manner of the cowardly and cruel death of Lord Frederick Cavendish and his secretary; the noisy clamor of Irish Land-Leaguers in San Francisco; the "applause" which attended the announcement of this murder when it was proclaimed to an Irish audience at Platt's Hall, and the attempt being made by Irish Anglophobists to fix this crime upon the government, whose greatest mistake is in not having sooner proclaimed martial law in the riotous districts of Ireland. We do not doubt that every honorable and humane person deeply regrets this last bloody and brutal Irish assassination, but we are not assured that it strikes with instinctive horror the kind of men who in Ireland and America have largely composed the Fenian and Land-League societies. We have called attention to the fact that the announcement of this murder was received in San Francisco by a large concourse of Land-Leaguers with "applause," and that an Irish priest has, and with approval, endeavored to place the responsibility of the act upon the English Government. We are filled with memories of threats of murder, violence, and bloodshed that have in this city been heard from pulpit, rostrum, press, and private conversation. We have heard of dynamite plots, and the throwing of explosive bombs. We have heard of shooting landlords and rent-payers. We know of no recent case of assassination in Ireland where the criminal has not been sheltered from arrest and punishment. We are familiar with the new and cowardly crime of boycotting. We know that the law is powerless in some parts of Ireland by reason of public opinion. The death of Lord Frederick Cavendish and his secretary, Mr. Burke, strikes a warm, impulsive, and generous chord in the hearts of all decent men, and just now it vibrates with the gush of an honest indignation within the breasts of all respectable Irishmen. Land-Leaguers will

pass condolent resolutions; Mr. Parnell will attend Parliament in mourning badge. But why did Land-Leaguers applaud at Platt's Hall? Who is now hiding the four murderers in Dublin? Who put up this conspiracy, and who shelters the criminals? Guiteau realized that every man, woman, and child in America would aid to detect and punish his crime. Is it so in Ireland? Does anybody doubt that these fiends of murder are now guarded by faithful friends, and that this fact indicates a condition of public opinion in Ireland that is not healthy? Land-Leaguers will regret this crime because it is impolitic, and fraught with possible serious consequences to their party and their cause.

The attempt to build up society on a heartless, wifeless, childless population of adult male barbarians who can not become citizens, who can perform none of the duties of citizenship, to whom patriotism is a meaningless word, and love of country an unknown sentiment; a class without religion, or civilization, or ambition; which has no aspirations in common with the country, its people, or its institutions; which does not speak the language or read the literature of the land, and which has not sufficient curiosity to endeavor to understand the current events of the times, is an experiment which no country has ever made, and which, if ever made, is certain to prove a disastrous failure. To permit such a people to swarm in upon our virgin soil, usurping the unoccupied places, driving out those who are present, and preventing others from coming who would form homes, raise families, and become citizens, would be a crime against God and humanity, for which we could not be held excused. Better than to submit to the unrestricted invasion of this barbarian horde, would it be that San Francisco should be burned from Devisadero Street to the water front. Better than to give up this beautiful and fruitful inheritance that a destructive tidal-wave sweep from the ocean shore to the summit of the Sierra. The President has signed the Chinese bill. He vetoed a bill containing the same provisions, and embracing the same principles. He did it through ignorance, and by reason of the devilish clamor of a class of greedy and conscienceless rich men, and under the pressure of bigoted and hypocritical Eastern pietists, Republican cabinet officials, so far as we know, Republican senators, save an honorable minority, a Republican press, save with an occasional exception, supporting him to violate his and their pledges, intelligently made. He set up his will against the will of the nation expressed in the election that elevated him, his cabinet, and senators to office. Insolently he interposed the executive veto against an opinion twice expressed by the national congress, and fairly passed upon by the decree of the national will at the ballot-box. He has signed the present bill, and we accept it as an evidence of executive weakness. We accept it as a cowardly retreat from a false position assumed by him with a premeditated determination to defeat and insult an intelligent people. He and his party leaders heard the mutterings of the storm of popular wrath that, rising here on the western horizon, would have swept the Eastern States, and overwhelmed him and them in political ruin. He and his party advisers have not dared to face the tempest of popular indignation that would have assailed him and them. This pusillanimous back-down from a false position, untenable because false, comes from base fear of party consequences. We accept it as an act of poltroonery that carries with it no element of moral courage or personal manliness. Perhaps it will save the Republican party, and perhaps it won't. Whether it does or does not, we care but little. It will save this coast from degradation and from destruction. It will save our homes, families, and fortunes from a devastating Pagan invasion. It will save our beautiful California from utter and irremediable ruin. This invasion will now be arrested. NO MORE CHINESE LABORERS! This law will not be evaded. Its enforcement is now a duty under the law. We would have arrested it in violation of law. We would have done this thing if necessary in conflagration and blood. We would have driven the Chinese from among us in defiance of the authority of the United States, if we had been compelled to place ourselves in this attitude toward the government. The bill now signed gives us the law for our protection. It throws its shield over us, and if anybody, by the use of money, the trick of process, the subtlety of attorneys, or the treachery of courts, shall endeavor to avoid the spirit of its provisions, our community will enforce it with prompt, rude dispatch. We rejoice at the passage of this law because it takes our State and city from under the shadow of great possible calamity. We congratulate the pig-headed and idiotic rich men that they are spared the shame and crime of precipitating upon this coast an irreparable calamity; and if they have not the sense to see for themselves that this law is in their interest, we have the sense to perceive it for them. We congratulate the community that this last and largest spot upon the sun of our prosperity is removed. The Chinese among us are a great embarrassment, but they will die out, thank God, in one generation. They will scatter abroad; they will return to China; laws may be enforced against them. And with a bright future, a



certain progress, and hopeful coming days, we can endure a preseat inconvenience. We may admit that certain embarrassments would result from a too sudden interruption of our present labor conditions. This law enables us to adjust these relations. We are a mercurial people, quickly depressed and easily elated. We have a grand and beautiful spot of God's earth for our inheritance. We have here the promise of a great and prosperous city. This Chinese invasion ended is the beginning of a new prosperity—the dawn of a new and brighter day. For the enactment of this law let us thank our Republican minority. Let us thank the Democracy. Let us thank ourselves. Let us thank the great, strong, quick, throbbing heart of the working masses of Eastern men, who so promptly and generously responded to us when our cry went out for help. And as for enemies—the political renegades in high Republican places—let us love them as God loved His enemies, if the Hebraic story of Moses be true.

Suppose California should have revolted against the Government of the United States; suppose the people of this coast should have become as much in earnest and as nearly unanimous to resist the Chinese invasion as were the Southern people to maintain slave labor; suppose a united and orderly band of well-dressed and well-behaved citizens, having first notified ship-owners, agents, and consignees that no more Chinese would be allowed to land upon our coast, should have enforced that resolve by firm resistance—what would the Government of the United States have done about it? It took the government nearly thirty years to whip Billy Bowlegs and terminate the Florida war, and it took ever so much money. It cost four years of war, \$3,000,000,000, and half a million of lives to emancipate the slaves. It cost ever so much money once to chastise the Mormons, and ever so much once again to subdue Shucknasty Jim and the Modocs, and ever so much in the Indian fight where the gallant Custer fell, and ever so much in Arizona, with a prospect of ever so much more. The riots in Philadelphia, New York, and elsewhere have cost ever so much money. The Pittsburgh rioters destroyed \$6,000,000 of railroad property, and we do not recall an instance where anybody ever suffered at the hands of our generous government. It would have been cheaper to have sent Billy Bowlegs, Shucknasty Jim, and all the Cherokees, Shawnees, Modocs, and Apaches to a reservation, support them without labor in first-class hotels, educate all the boys at Harvard and all the girls at Vassar College, than to have fought them. It would have cost less to send the Mormons to Constantinople, and furnish every prophet, hishop, and apostle with a harem, than to have made war upon them. It would have cost less to buy every slave in the Southern States at one thousand dollars each than to have gone to war over them. War is an expensive thing, and while we are quite sure that we could have worried our Uncle Samuel if he had continued unreasonable and contumacious upon this Chinese question, we would have given the East an opportunity to make a money compromise. There seem to have been only two difficulties to overcome. Our New England friends wanted to save Chinese souls—which, for the sake of the argument, we admit they have—and the New York grocery-dealers and shippers of merchandise were afraid of antagonizing the Chinese to the extent that they would not trade with us. We would have favored the erection of evangelical churches at some convenient point to the windward of our city, and would have there built a Chinese quarter at the expense of government. We would have asked an annual appropriation by Congress to furnish them with tea, rice, dried fish, desiccated vegetables, soap, Sunday-school teachers, and a variety of Puritan preachers, with salaries, to attend to their spiritual welfare. Then we would have kept them in comfort, allowing them to pursue their innocent national amusements of opium, tan, and one-stringed fiddles. The Pacific Coast, as a matter of business economy, could afford to pay forty-five million dollars annually to support such an establishment, and the general government could well afford to pay five times that amount. The harvest of Chinese souls would have been gathered, and the Chinese would have continued to trade with us, and everybody would have been happy.

The population of the Pacific Coast is, say, 1,500,000. The population of the Atlantic Coast is, say, 50,000,000, the Rocky Mountains being the dividing line. In round numbers, we are as one to thirty. Taking these figures as the basis of calculation, let us ask our Eastern friends to consider how they would be affected by a relative immigration of Asiatics? We have 180,000 Chinese on this coast. Multiply this number by thirty, and it would give 4,400,000. We have 60,000 Chinese in San Francisco, with a population of 200,000. New York has 1,000,000 people. Multiply 60,000 by five, and it would give 300,000 Chinese in the heart of the city of New York; the same to Philadelphia; 250,000 to Chicago; 60,000 to Boston; 10,000 to Rochester, Buffalo, Albany, and Troy, and from 300 to 1500 to the New England villages. These people are all males, all workers, and can live on ten cents a day. Let us assume

that all are quiet, industrious, and law-abiding. What would the Eastern people do about it? What would the cities of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, the Western cities, and the Eastern villages do about it? What would the women who wash, and the men who saw wood, the women who work with the needle and the sewing-machine, and the men who toil at daily labor do? What would the factory-girls, and those who print and bind books, make boxes, and artificial flowers, and the men and children who work in cigar-factories, and at light trades—what would they all do to earn bread? How could they live? Would there be riots in Philadelphia, Pittsburg, New York, and Boston? Or would the meek and lowly laborer lie down and die? Four thousand and eighty Chinese came to San Francisco in May, and 10,000 will come in June. Multiply by thirty, and there would come to the East in one month 122,400 Mongolians. Eighty thousand passengers are awaiting transport at Hongkong for Pacific ports, to come within ninety days. Multiply by thirty, and 2,400,000 would land upon the Atlantic seahoard in three months, or 9,600,000 for the year. Such a condition of things would precipitate bloody riots, disastrous to life and destructive to property, in every Eastern city, town, and village. Fifth Avenue would blaze as in the draft riots; Beacon Hill would be a monument of fire, and in Pennsylvania would be reenacted the scenes of Philadelphia and Pittsburg. Baltimore would be turbulent with paving-stones. If in San Francisco fire comes to ships, death to Chinese, confusion to the law, and riot to the streets, who will be to blame?

That our government is not quite perfect, and that the machinery does occasionally run with an eccentric movement, is indicated in the case of Judge Hillyer of Nevada. He is by appointment United States Judge for life, or until removed for cause. He has lost his mind, and thus becomes altogether incompetent to discharge the duties of his office. He can not resign, for lack of mental capacity to perform an intelligent act. The President can not remove him "for cause," as the cause is an act of God, and even the Congress of the United States is powerless for lack of Constitutional power. Thus an imbecile remains in judicial position, drawing a salary so long as he lives. Another judge with another salary is legislated into the performance of Judge Hillyer's duties.

What are the rights of Russian Jews or Irish Catholics who have emigrated and become naturalized as citizens in America, upon their return to Russia or Ireland? Clearly no other rights, no higher privileges, and no immunities that are not by law accorded to native-born Jews in Russia, or native-born Catholics in Ireland. Any other doctrine than this would involve nations in war. Should a Jewish citizen in Russia, or a member of a proscribed and persecuted sect of any country, emigrate to America, forswear allegiance to his native land, become a citizen here, and then return and demand immunities, rights, and privileges not formerly accorded to him by the government where he was born, and to which he owed allegiance, ought the Government of the United States to say to that government "You must accord to this naturalized American privileges that you withhold from your own citizens of the same class?" If this were permissible by the code of international law, it would give the Government of the United States the privilege of interfering in the internal policy of the Russian or English governments. To persist in the right of saying to England or Russia, "We will not permit you to treat American-naturalized Irish or Russians as you treat your own native-born," is to declare war against them. We have a sincere sympathy for persons who are oppressed or persecuted, if they do not deserve such treatment. But when an Irish-American citizen, or a Russian-American citizen goes back to his native land, engages in its politics, gets mixed up in its troubles, and gets served just as the government serves its own people under the same circumstances, we do not feel called upon to express any deep resentment toward the offending government, or any profound sympathy for the particular Irishman or Russian who is caught in the trap.

The expedition of the *Jeannette*, under command of Lieutenant De Long, was sent to the Polar seas by the editor of the New York Herald as an advertising dodge. Stanley had been sent to Africa in pursuit of the missing Livingstone, and it proved a card. To fit out a cheap steamer, named after his sister, and send her to dare the dangers of a search in Arctic seas for impracticable passage to nowhere, was regarded by the enterprising owner of a prosperous newspaper as a money-making investment in the line of sensational advertising. If the ship should be wrecked and humanity demanded the government to send another expedition in search of it; if De Long and his foolhardy comrades should perish in ice, snow, and hardship, or die with cold and hunger; if the relieving expedition should lose its steamer by fire, and be left to the perils of an Arctic winter, and its members also should die of starvation, and the expedition sent in search and relief of them be in turn destroyed, all the better—i. e., all the better advertisement for the New York Herald, and its enterprising polo-player, the eccentric

James Gordon Beonett Jr. Of all the lives lost and all the money expended, of all the dangers encountered and overcome, has any one been compensated or got the worth of his money, except the owner of the New York Herald?

The position taken by Lord Granville in reference to Irish-American citizens who have taken part in the recent disturbances in Ireland, is that no distinction can be made between them and native subjects of Great Britain; that these persons are presumed to be aware of the laws in force for the suspension of trials, and are liable to the same treatment as is accorded to all, whether alien, native-born, or native-born British subjects who have become citizens of the United States by naturalization. Lord Granville very properly alludes to the fact that Irish disorders are largely attributable to the conduct of Irish emigrants in the United States, where moneyed aid has been largely contributed, and where there have been organized associations for the purpose of encouraging the law-breakers in Ireland. He justly says: "Under such circumstances, it is obvious that the efforts of her Majesty's government and of the British Parliament for the vindication of law and the restoration of order in Ireland would be frustrated if aliens in Ireland (whatsoever nationality they might claim) were in any respect treated as exempt from the operation of laws which Parliament has found it necessary to enact for that purpose, or from the extraordinary powers conferred upon the executive government." During our civil war Mr. Secretary Seward had occasion to make complaint in reference to enlistments in Canada, and, when the English government complained to Lord Lyons of the arbitrary and illegal arrest of British subjects, Mr. Seward said: "In every case subjects of her majesty, residing in the United States and under their protection, are treated during the present trouble in the same manner, and with no greater or less rigor than American citizens." Applying this doctrine of international law to the reversed condition of things, we have no right to complain of the conduct of the English government if it arrests and punishes the naturalized Irish-American adventurer who goes to Ireland for the purpose of engaging in or stirring up political discontent, in the same way and to the same extent that it punishes its own subjects. We have no sort of sympathy for these men, and we entertain toward them the same feeling that we had for the men who built and equipped in English ports the *Alabama*, and sent her out to prey upon American commerce. We regard them as we did the English blockade-runners who stole into our ports, through storm and darkness, to steal cotton in exchange for quinine, arms, and munitions of war; as we did for all foreigners who undertook to give aid and encouragement to our rebellious slave-holders. As we would have respected no man of foreign birth, and would have punished him with death, in defiance of his government, if we had caught him in his endeavor to interfere with the life of ours, so we now say to the English government, if it can catch an American Irishman giving aid and encouragement to its enemies, punish him. Let the naturalized Irishman remember that in becoming an American citizen he has forsworn allegiance to his queen. Let him stay in America, and mind his own business. We hope that in saying this we shall not discourage any Fenian or Irish political adventurer from going home to Ireland and engaging in all the devilry he wishes. The more who go, and the more who are caught and imprisoned, the better we shall like it. Only let them take the consequences of their crimes like men, and not cry out when they are punished.

The San Francisco *Spirit of the Times* says that the Sacramento *Record-Union* is the best and ablest edited paper in the world—"no room for improvement"; "is an honor to Sacramento"; "the purest diction"; "a polish of phraseology seldom met"; "evidences deep reading"; "retentive memory," and so forth. We quote these Boracular adjectives. Then Boruck goes on to say that "a newspaper is neither better nor worse than the community in which it is published," hence the people of Sacramento, in point of "intelligence, culture," and all other matters of godliness, cleanliness, and appreciation of extraordinary virtues, are at the top of the world. This paper, Mr. Boruck informs us, is managed by Wm. H. Mills, and edited by G. F. Parsons. The *Record-Union* republishes all this eulogistic rot. If any man did not know Mills and Parsons he would think them members of the holy trinity; the *Record-Union* the inspired organ of Omnipotence; Sacramento, Abraham's bosom, and Boruck, the John the Baptist, crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, and take the Sacramento *Record-Union*, published at Sacramento by Mills & Parsons; price ten dollars a year, invariably in advance; advertisements inserted at the lowest rates." The *Record-Union* and *Spirit* are mutual ticklers of each others' elbows; they are mutual turners at the same crank; they are mutual sneezers of the same snuff; they bow in adoration at the same golden image; they worship the same brazen serpent; and when, eventually, their forms are pied in eternal smash, we suppose they will sit on neighboring stools of gold, and on golden harps play symphonies of melodious adoration to the corporation that pays them.



## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

All efforts have failed to identify a murderer at Bucyrus, Ohio. He calls himself John Smith, and says that it is a good enough name to take to the scaffold. He wantonly killed a marshal, who was trying to arrest him for drunkenness, and he is now under sentence of death. His only purpose is to die without being discovered by his relatives and friends.

Willard Johnson, a New York politician and ex-State Senator, is an inveterate whittler. He always carries in his pocket a supply of neat, seasoned pine sticks, so as never to be out of material; and, when out of doors, or inside where the shavings will not make an objectionable litter, uses his knife almost incessantly. This habit was acquired thirty years ago, he says, when he swore off using tobacco, and needed something to quiet his nerves.

In some seasons, according to a writer in Ceylon, nature's greatest, blossoming effort astonishes and delights the traveler in presentation of the talapat tree (*carypha umbraculifera*) in bloom, which marvelous flower, it is said, appears only at intervals of many years, and then bursts from its sheath like a rocket, with a report like a small cannon, sending out immense feathery sprays of a pale yellow or white color laden with an oppressive perfume.

An ingenious swindle was recently played upon the New York Custom-House officials. A young lady who had been visiting Cuba brought from Havana, for trimming dresses, a large quantity of hand-made lace—so much, indeed, as to fill a small pillow-slip. She had the end of the lace left unfinished, and from the old woman who made it she learned a few stitches; so that when the custom-house officers doubted her statement that the lace was her own work, made *en voyage*, she was able to take up the needles and satisfy them by ocular demonstration that her lace was American work, and not dutiable.

The old Good-Friday custom of flogging an effigy of Judas Iscariot was, after a lapse of two years, duly celebrated at the London docks on April 7th, by the crews of three Portuguese and Maltese vessels. The effigy of the traitor, bawn out of a block of timber, was carried by chosen members of the crews round the quarter-deck, and hanged from the yard-arm, and each man chanted his vituperation as he lashed the figure with knotted ropes. The scourging over, Judas was cut down, thrown upon the deck, spat upon, cursed, and kicked to the galley-fire where he was burned into a charred mass, and then buried into the water, after which the sailors went in procession to church.

A correspondent writing to the Boston *Courier* furnishes this item concerning a party of five young men who visited Daniel Webster while spending a vacation in New Hampshire. One day, animated by mutual affection, they entered into a curious compact, duly signed and sealed by the whole five. By it each man agreed that if he ever became worth ten thousand dollars, he would pay to each of the others, if surviving, the sum of five hundred dollars. Whether the agreement was ever carried out in any case does not appear, but the only surviving member of the party worth ten thousand dollars is to-day the President of a Life Insurance Company in Boston.

A French workman recently took refuge from a violent gale by lying down in the ditch beside the railway near which he was walking. Thus far his experience, though a rather uncomfortable one, was such as would have made a diverting subject of conversation when he reached home. Presently, however, the telegraph poles were blown down, and he became entangled in the wires which fell upon him. Even this fresh annoyance, if it had been the end of his troubles, would have merely served to heighten the interest of his recital. But before he could free himself a train came along, caught up the wires, and whirled the unlucky workman after it until he was cut in pieces.

Some curious old customs are still observed in London on Friday. By the will of Peter Symonds, made in the year 1568, sixty of the youngest boys in Christ's Hospital receive, after divine service on Good Friday morning, in Allhallows Church, on Lombard Street, a new penny and a half of raisins. On April 7th, after a sermon by the prebendary, the requirements of the will were, for the two-hundred-and-eighty-ninth time, carried out. At St. Bartholomew's the Great, West Smithfield, twenty-one widows visited an ancient tomb in the churchyard, and each picked up a new sixpence. Though the name of the benefactress has been lost, the gift has been observed every Good Friday morning for the last four hundred years.

A "mascotte," according to London *Society*, is a fetish of the gaming-table—a luck-bringer. So many players, so many *mascottes*. Sometimes it is a sou with a hole in it; sometimes a scrap of it matters not what—a button, a little waif of love, a tiny lock of hair. A player gives to a haggard *mascotte*; he refuses alms to some poor wretch—*mascotte*; this other walks about until he meets a bunchback on a white horse—*mascotte*, and so *ad infinitum*. For some years at Monaco there was a little bunchback who made rather a good thing by simply rubbing his hump to certain superstitious players. His terms were fixed: for a simple rubbing, five francs; a long rubbing, ten francs; the right of keeping guard—hump and all—behind the chair of the player, twenty francs. The season over, the good young man returned to Paris, and took off his billock. It was a false hump. *Mascotte* has already been defined as the opposite of the *jettatura* or evil eye, but this solution seems by far the best.

The safe in a Macon office had a combination lock, and the numbers were known only to the two members of the firm; yet money was stolen from it frequently, and the lock showed no sign of having been picked or forced. It was clear that the thief unlocked the safe in a regular way, and to solve the mystery a watch was kept one night. While all was dark the men heard somebody go to the safe, turn the knob, and open the door. They fired in that direction, and a yell proved that the culprit was hit. Then they lit the gas, and found that he was a negro bootblack, only thirteen, who had frequented the office. He had learned the combination, not by seeing the figures, for he could not tell one from another, but by watching and remembering the motions made by those who did the locking and unlocking. Several weeks of close observation had put him in practical possession of the secret, and then, by biding under a counter, and being left in when the place was closed for the night, he experimented until successful.

During the past winter three citizens of the Bohemian town of Neustadt met every night for social purposes in the public room of the best inn. The triumvirate of friends were the Judge of the District Court, Franz Rychlik, Kapelmeister Bauer, and a merchant named Kohn. One evening, in a merry humor, they swore a common oath to remain united in death as well as in life, and each member of the guild pledged himself that, if one of the brotherhood died, he would follow him into the invisible world within the space of fourteen days at the longest. The landlord, who took the oath for a mere joke, wished to be made a fourth in the league, which was granted. As all the men were under middle age and in sound health, they felt secure that the first death was a long way off. About six weeks ago, however, the District Judge Rychlik died in his sleep from the poisonous fumes of a defective stove in his bedroom. The three survivors were deeply grieved, but none of them regarded the oath made under the influence of wine as anything more serious than an evening's passing jest. Twelve days later, however, the merchant Kohn was seized with inflammation of the lungs, from a neglected cold, and in two days he was dead. A horror lay hold upon the two survivors, and the Kapelmeister Bauer took to his bed, lay ill for seven days, and died on the tenth day. At last accounts the landlord was still in good health, though terribly oppressed by the fear of sudden death.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Death of Marlbrough.

The sun shies on the chamber wall,  
Now, though unshaken by the wind,  
The leaves fall ceaselessly;  
The bells from Woodstock's steeple  
Shake Blenheim's fading bough.  
"This day you won Malplaquet!"  
"Aye, something then, but now!"

They lead the old man to a chair,  
Wandering, pale, and weak;  
His thin lips move, so faint the sound  
You scarce can bear him speak.  
They lift a picture from the wall,  
Bold eyes and swelling brow;  
"The day you won Malplaquet!"  
"Aye, something then, but now!"

They reach him down a rusty sword,  
In faded velvet sheath;  
The old man drops the heavy blade,  
And mutters 'twixt his teeth;  
There's sorrow in his fading eye,  
And pain upon his brow;  
"With this you won Malplaquet!"  
"Aye, something then, but now!"

Another year, a stream of lights  
Flows down the avenue;  
A mile of mourners, sable clad,  
Walk weeping two by two;  
The steward looks into the grave  
With sad and downcast brow;  
"This day he won Malplaquet!"  
"Aye, something then, but now!"

—Walter Thornbury.

## How Achilles Died.

The gray dawn glimmered, and the ebbing tide  
Slipped from the naked sands about the ships,  
And drained Scamander of its full-fed life.  
But in the Grecian camp was life and stir,  
Neighing of full-fed steeds, and clank of arms,  
And trumpet calls, and marshaling of men;  
For that this day the Master of the War,  
Pelides's self, should take the field, and sweep  
The Trojan hate from the plains of Troy.

So men, unknowing, spake; and from his tent,  
With godlike step, and godlike in his face,  
Achilles came. And all about his limbs  
The wondrous armor which the Fire-God wrought,  
Helmet and cuirass, cuisses, and the shield  
Sevenfold, and shapely greaves, that shot their light  
Down on the naked marble of his feet.

His look was as of one who knew not care,  
Nor memory of the past, nor things to come;  
Not the dead comrades, nor the fell revenge,  
Nor shame of slaughtered warriors at the pyre,  
Nor lust of ravished maid, nor sullen strife,  
Nor the short span and swiftly severed thread,  
But only present triumph.

To the front  
He strode; and shading with an upraised hand  
His level glance, gazed at the Trojan lines,  
Which, thrice as far as bowmen shoot the bow,  
Were clustering, thick as ants in harvest time  
Cluster around their barbed nest, and brave  
With weak defense the ruin that impends.

But one was in their van who seemed, in shape,  
In grace, and nimbleness, and fatal gift  
Of beauty, like the shepherd-prince who lured  
The love of Spartan Helen from her lord.  
No man was near him, none seemed 'ware of him;  
Alone he stood, unhelmed, and round his head  
The rising sun, smiting the rising mist,  
Broke in a sudden glory; and behind,  
High up, the towers of angry Pallas frowned.  
No armor had he, save that in his hand  
A golden bow was bended to the full;  
And as Achilles turned, with curving lip,  
Contemptuous, to his men, an arrow sang,  
And cleft the middle air, and dipped, and plunged  
Full on the naked marble of his foot.  
Through high-arched instep, ankle, and the strings  
That hind the straining heel, it sped, and nailed  
The wolf-skin sandal to the crimson sand.

Slow on one knee he sank, his strong right hand  
Staying his fall, and watched with steady eye  
The full life draining from the wound, and spake:  
"Mother, thy word is true. The end is come."  
Nor ever spake again.

They bore him back,  
And all the best fell back; and in the tents,  
In place of wine, and mirth, and revelry,  
Was woe of women and dismay of men. —O. Ogle.

## Hermann and Thunelda.

Ha! there comes be, with sweat, with blood of Romans,  
And with dust of the fight all stained! Oh, never  
Saw I Hermann so lovely,  
Never such fire in his eyes.

Come! I tremble for joy; band me the Eagle,  
And the red, dripping sword! come, breathe, and rest thee;  
Rest thee here in my bosom;  
Rest from the terrible fight.

Rest thee, while from thy brow I wipe the big drops,  
And the blood from thy cheek!—that cheek bow glowing!  
Hermann! Hermann! Thunelda  
Never so loved thee before!

No, not then when thou first, in old oak-shadows,  
With that manly brown arm didst wildly grasp me;  
Spell-bound I read in thy look  
That immortality, then,

Which thou now hast won. Tell to the forests,  
Great Augustus, with trembling, amidst his gods now,  
Drinks his nectar; for Hermann,  
Hermann immortal is found!

"Wherefore cur'st thou my hair? Lies not our father.  
Cold and silent in death? Oh, bad Augustus  
Only beaded his arm—  
He should lie bloodier there!"

Let me lift up thy hair; 'tis sinking, Hermann;  
Proudly thy locks should curl above the crown now!  
Sigmar is with the immortals!  
Follow, and mourn him no more!

—Charles T. Brooks.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"Hyperion," by the late H. W. Longfellow is the first number of a new series called "Lovell's Library," which is to include reprints and translations from the best authors. The binding is of thick paper, and the type is large and pleasing in style. Published and for sale by J. W. Lovell, 14 and 16 Vesey Street, New York; price, 20 cents.

The latest numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Library are: "Memories of Old Friends," being the journal of Caroline Fox, price twenty cents; a reprint of "Tom Brown's School-days," price, ten cents; "The Fixed Period," by Anthony Trollope, price, fifteen cents; "Plain Speaking," by Miss Mulock, price fifteen cents; "Dorothy's Venture," by Mary Cecil Hay, price, fifteen cents; "For Cash Only," by James Payne, price, twenty cents; and James A. Froude's "Life of Thomas Carlyle" during the first forty years, in two volumes, price, fifteen cents each.

For nearly a year Congressman S. S. Cox, of New York, has been sojourning in Europe. During his travels he found time to correspond with several Eastern journals, prominently the New York *Sun*. He has now embodied the material in book-form, part first of which has just been issued, under the title of "Arctic Seabees; or From Broadway to the Bosphorus." Mr. Cox first visited Holland, from thence he went to Norway, and finishes the book with Russia—north and south. While he does not possess any of the talent of Du Chaillu for observing and describing Scandinavian peculiarities, the "chatty" style that he adopts has much attraction. His descriptions of life in Holland and Russia are amusing and interesting. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$2.00.

"Dorothea" is the latest number of the "Round Robin Series." It is the story of two girls who attended the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. The heroine becomes engaged to a newspaper correspondent at Philadelphia. Her friend, Theodosia, being jealous, tells the correspondent a false tale concerning his intended wife's love for a handsome Arab in the Moorish department. A quarrel ensuing, the engagement is for a time sundered. Theodosia finds that she has a better chance with a rich young Englishman named Howard, than with the lover whom she has stolen. She therefore marries Howard, and goes to England. The newspaper man repents, is forgiven by Theodosia, re-proposes to her, and the two are married. While the action of the story is by no means vigorous, the plot and style are not unattractive. Published and for sale by James R. Osgood, Boston.

"Pot-Bouille" has finished its course in a prominent Paris journal, and although published in book-form but a few weeks ago, has already nearly reached its thirtieth edition. Emile Zola, while it was appearing, had a most curious experience. A lawyer complained that his name was being used with indignity. Zola altered the name. This encouraged several other aspirants for notoriety. A wholesale batch of names was sent in by various individuals; but Zola, out of patience, refused the alterations. At one time, in the middle of the story, a host of friends, including the editors of the paper, complained that the bounds of naturalism and decency were being left far in the distance. Zola was reluctantly decent for three chapters, which was all they could expect. The plot treats of the social and "natural" history of a family under the second empire. The household is of the "vulgar-rich" middle class, and contains the coarse mother and father, an elder daughter, of the same nature as her parents, and a sweet and innocent younger sister. Out of these materials, together with a good complement of lovers, lawyers, and villains, Zola has woven a novel which does not fall behind his previous works in either interest or indecency. The scene is laid in a *maison bourgeoise* containing many inmates on its various floors, and the intrigues of ladies and dish-washers go to fill up its pages. Published by G. Charpentier, Paris; for sale by L. Gregoire & Co., Masonic Temple, Post Street.

Théophile Gautier was the master of romance. Even his letters to Paris journals, when traveling through Egypt and the Orient, were replete in the realm of fanciful description. His ramblings through the world furnished him with a store of strange fiction, such as probably no other writer ever acquired. He especially delighted in gorgeous portrayals of Oriental, ancient Roman, and Egyptian pageantry. His stories would more resemble splendid fairy tales than anything else in their line, were it not for the extreme historical *verisemblance* which his wonderful archaeological knowledge enabled him to give to all his romances. Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, a talented writer on the staff of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, has just translated some of Gautier's fantastic romances, under the name of "One of Cleopatra's Nights." The book comprises six fascinating stories—the one which gives the title, "Clarimonde," "Arria Marcella, a Souvenir of Pompeii," "The Mummy's Foot," "Omphale, a Rocco Story," and "King Candaulus." Mr. Hearn has few equals in this country as regards translation, and the stories lose nothing of their artistic unity in his hands. But his hobby is literalism. For instance, of the epitaph in "Clarimonde,"

"Ici gît Clarimonde  
Qui fut de son vivant  
La plus belle du monde."

He remarks: "The broken beauty of the lines is but inadequately rendered thus:

"Here lies Clarimonde  
Who was famed in her life-time  
As the fairest of women."

Very true—it is inadequate. But why not vary it? For example:

Here lieth Clarimonde,  
Who was, what time she lived,  
The loveliest in the land.

The fleeting archaic flavor of the original is not entirely lost here, and the lines are broken, yet metrical. But this is only a suggestion, and a kindly one. Published by R. Worthington, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

Announcements: We have received the fourteenth annual edition of "The American Newspaper Directory," containing lists of all the journals and periodicals published in the United States and Canada. Published by George P. Rowell & Co., New York.—Dr. Crummell, the colored rector of St. Luke's Church, Washington, is about to publish a volume of sermons, entitled "The Greatness of Christ."

—Miss Edith Simcox's book, "Episodes in the Lives of Men, Women, and Lovers," is to be republished in this country by James R. Osgood & Co. Miss Simcox is sometimes spoken of in England as the inheritor of the mantle that dropped from George Eliot's shoulders.—The daughter of Charles Kingsley is writing a lively sketch of a fox-bunt—a sport of which she has had personal experience. It will appear in *Wide Awake*.—A volume entitled "Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; A Medley in Prose and Verse," by Richard Henry Stoddard, is about to be issued by G. W. Harlan & Co. It is to be a collection of reminiscence, criticism, and regret by well-known writers.

—Mr. James has entirely rewritten several passages in his novel of "Roderick Hudson," and has made many verbal alterations in the remaining portions. A new edition baving these changes will shortly be published.—New editions of James Parton's "Life of Horace Greeley" and "General Butler at New Orleans" will shortly be issued in uniform style with the author's "Life of Voltaire."—Teachers and pupils in literature may soon look for a "Round Robin Literary Series" of cards, containing pertinent facts concerning eminent authors and their works, specially prepared for their benefit, by Miss Kate A. Sanborn. James R. Osgood & Co. are the publishers.—A new edition of Henry Giles's "Human Life in Shakespeare," with a new introduction by John Boyle O'Reilly, is in the press of Lee & Shepard. Mr. Giles is now an invalid, whose duties and employments are necessarily sadly restricted.—Mr. Charles G. Leland has for many years made a special study of the gypsies in the United States and Great Britain, and also in continental countries, and has now gathered the result of his investigations into a most interesting and instructive volume, which will be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. early in May.



## EPIGRAMMATIC STORYETTES.

## An Algerian Tale.

An old man had seven sons. His wife died, and he remained a widower. Once his sons were seated and talking. The youngest of them said to his brothers: "Come, O my brothers! let us sell some goats, and with the price of them marry our father again." They dropped the subject of conversation, and passed to another. After a while the old man said to them: "Come, my sons, let us return to the conversation about the goats."

## A Story without a Moral.

Adolphus is a good boy. He never quarrels. Rather than fight, he would permit any indignity to be heaped upon him. But Richard is of a pugnacious disposition. This propensity has become so intense, that when he plays at marbles the other boys allow him to beat them. They would rather be beaten in the game than in another way. Adolphus, however, is so peaceable that the boys cheat him right along; they knock off his hat and play all sorts of practical jokes upon him. Adolphus is a good boy, and is the cause of much pleasure to his mates; while Richard gives them small opportunity for enjoyment.—*Boston Transcript.*

## A Special Providence.

One day, during the stormiest period of the second republic, a friend who called upon Madame Emile de Girardin to discuss the dangers and difficulties of the hour, was surprised and impressed to hear her remark, with a grave expression and a solemn intonation: "Happily there is One Above who can restore order and tranquillity to the country. He alone can save us." The visitor, decidedly astonished at so orthodox a remark from a lady of Voltairian views, could only gasp out something incoherent about Providence, good out of evil, and so on. "I did not refer to that," said the lady, with dignity, "but to my husband, who is upstairs at this moment writing an article for to-morrow's paper that will set everything to rights."

## A Frontier Humorist.

Away on the extreme Western frontier, in the foothills along Green River, General Forsythe, of Sheridan's staff, found a humorist during an inspection tour. He came upon a solitary station-keeper, who lived in a hut containing four stalls for animals and a combination parlor, kitchen, and sleeping apartment six by ten feet in size. Over the door outside, was in large letters: "Hotel de Starvation; one thousand miles from hay and grain, seventy miles from wood, and fifteen miles from water." The walls of the room were decorated with pictures cut from police publications. Over the door, inside, in charcoal letters, a foot in length, were the words: "God Bless Our Home," and in another place the notice: "Wanted—A nice young girl for general housework. Apply within."

## The Humbled Reader.

When Bertali, the caricaturist, whose death was recently announced, was engaged in the work of illustrating Balzac's novels, he once upon a time came upon a difficult and involved passage, so abstruse that he took it to the author, with the humble remark: "I don't exactly catch the sense of this." "Let's see it," said the novelist. "Oh, there's no meaning to it at all; that's why I put it in." "Why you put it in?" "Exactly. You see for the average reader all that is clear seems easy; and if from time to time I didn't give him a complicated and empty sentence, he would think that he knew as much as I did. Consequently, every now and then I tip him something heart-breaking; and he puzzles over it, and re-reads it, and takes his head between his hands and glares at it; and then when he can make neither head nor tail of it, he is perfectly happy and says: 'Great man, that Balzac; he knows more than I do!'"

## The Road to Fame

Erckmann-Chatrian's first work, which became after a while immensely popular—"Le Conscrit de 1813"—went off but slowly at first. Chatrian, who has always been the business man of the two partners, on presenting himself at the publishers to obtain some information respecting the sale of the volume, was met by the usual despondent sigh and gloomy brow, characteristic of the modern publisher who has been led to risk his money upon the chance of an author's success. To the demand for a small advance on the part of Chatrian, the publisher shook his head, and pointed to the long row of yellow-covered volumes of the "Conscrit," still remaining uncalled for on his shelves. Overcome by the sad sight, poor Chatrian exclaimed in despair, "I shall not dare return home with the news. Nothing is left for me now but to drown myself." The publisher started, an expression of satisfaction overspread his countenance—his eyes beamed with delight. He caught Chatrian by the arm. "Ah! if you would only do that to-night," he exclaimed. "Why so?" inquired Chatrian, anxiously. "Why, then, the edition would be sure to go off like wildfire to-morrow."

## Surprising a Card-Sharp.

Alfred de Caston, who died a few days ago in France, has made himself famous by his lectures on mnemotechny, illustrated by commentaries on any given historical date or period. These were especially successful in provincial towns, where, sure of local patriotism dictating the theme, he would cram up with guide-books and biographical dictionaries, and study the monuments and local buildings to electrify his audience. He was still more expert in all tricks with cards, and delighted especially in bringing a gentler sharper to grief at a watering-place casino. The *modus operandi* was always the same. The swindler having won a game or two, Caston would begin for his revenge. "Certainly." The swindler deals and turns up the king. "Beg your pardon, there must be some mistake; I've got that same king in my hand. The card is shown, and the perplexed rascal says: 'There must have been a mistake somewhere,' and calls for a fresh pack. Having dealt, he is preparing to play, when Caston says there has been a misdeal, he has two cards too many. The swindler begins to suspect something, and undertakes to carry off the affair with bluster. Caston, soothingly: 'My dear sir, allow me to explain to these gentlemen how it happened. For instance, you began by turning up the king. It was very fairly done, but my way is much nearer; I always do that with one hand—see here.' But the swindler had bolted.

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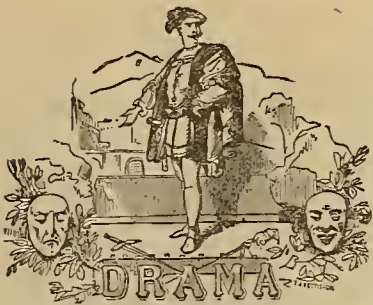
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There are not many left to tell us whether the ideal romance of early California life is like the real. Now and then one meets a pioneer of the mining camps who likes to talk of early days; but he is more likely to tell you of his old-time skill at making bread, haking beans, or the odd shifts to which he was put in the matter of costume, than to give you character sketches of those around him. But for that matter, people who are living romances never know it. The searching fancy of the poet or the artist finds it out, and California life in the mines was rugged and unheautiful till Bret Harte found a vein of poetry in every camp in the red Sierra, and crystallized the Argonauts as types in literature. Somehow we accept all he says as truth, while Joaquin Miller, who was almost cradled in a sluice-box, seems but a false chronicler. It is as when one looks upon the portrait of an unknown person, and recognizes subtly but illogically whether or no it be a likeness. So that now we know Colonel Starbottle, of Siskiyou, in whatever guise he appears, and recognize Mr. Jack Oakhurst or his double, Jack Hamlin, even without his distinguishing profession.

"My Partner" is a skillfully constructed play, and just that odd conjunction of fact and fancy which shows the author to have written whereof he has read. No doubt the mines abounded in Joe Saunders. This rugged chivalry of nature is not unknown in any part of the world, or any condition in life; but the hearts of this sort of men seemed to throb with bigger beats in the mountains of California than in any lesser place. There seems to be something ennobling in the companionship of the pine-trees. No one can walk among them without feeling his soul uplifted. Their rustle is a prayer; their roar, an anthem.

All of which is very fine sentiment, and very true, but when one comes to think of it, why had not the mountains and the pines this purifying effect upon every one? Why were they not all Joe Saunders? Why were there Josiah Scraggs prowling around undisturbed of this moral fumigation by the resinous breath of the pine? But villains are necessary to the prosperous continuance of the drama. I wonder has any one any ghostly idea of the cause of Josiah Scraggs's enmity to the house of Brandon? It is a fashion among playwrights to introduce the villain at an early stage of the game, and have him give a perfectly lucid explanation of his emotions and intentions, and all the dire mishaps that he intends to wreak. Mr. Josiah Scraggs followed the popular fashion, and talked to himself a full ten minutes on the stage, and the audience followed the popular fashion, and did not listen to a word he said. But when Joe Saunders, bearded, vestless, and hooted, appeared, they recognized the hero, and gave him long and loud acclaim. Mr. Louis Aldrich is a vigorous and most emphatic actor. He dashes in strong effects with a liberal hand, and the people like it. When he scraped the gold nuggets over the table with a dull-edged knife and a deal of ostentation there was a cackle or two of amusement in the circle, but it was promptly put down by the gallery, as it ought to have been, for is it not delicious to see even stage gold scraped about with such magnificent carelessness? When he swept an additional lot on to his unseeing partner's pile, they applauded again. In fact they applauded everything he did, which may account for this actor's tremendous breathing capacity, for he played at high pressure after the first half hour, and with a phenomenal vigor of lung, but came off fresh and triumphant. He has the Davy Crockett accent, a not liberal admixture of California slang, and is the only man in the play who says "you bet." The text is not slangy. In fact there is one prim little person who calls her father "Papaw"—a touch of elegance which may he said to have been quite unknown in the mines. Neither were specimens of the prim young person in pink and blue abundant. Mary Brandon is a much more possible young woman, and rather an interesting one, for in the person of Miss Dora Goldthwaite she is tall and intense-looking, with a curious way of speaking out of one side of her mouth, and a capacity for looking well in the necessary commonplaceness of her costume. My Partner has the stage villain type of face, looks just as he ought in a dandy miner's "store-clothes," and is rather a weak actor till he plays the corpse—which he does with a grim fidelity to nature which is apt to give one an unpleasant nightmare. The villain is the orthodox stage villain of the Uriah Heep family, and is played very well in the orthodox stage way. But after all he is only a fragment of the brain. My faith in the pines remains, and I know that just such a one never wan-

dered through the Sierra, and crushed the dry pine tassels under his slinking feet. I like to think that even villainy was bigger and holder than this in the free, open life of the mines. He is a stage villain, but not a California villain, any more than Mr. Brandon is a Californian mountain landlord, or Rosie Pentland a Californian housekeeper. Colonel Britt is the most redoubtable pioneer of them all, and gives that flavor of comedy which the sad story requires. For a crushed tragedian, Mr. Chaplin has rebounded with an elasticity of temperament and talent quite unknown in the annals of the stage. There is not a traceleft of Richard, of Hamlet, of Pygmalion, of any of his doleful masks. There is just a faint reminiscence of Bardwell Slote in his top-knot and his foh, but for the rest he is a new man, who, if he does not play comedy with an artistic finish, is yet humorous and droll. Doubtless the Chinaman is intended to be the humor of the play. Once the actor played up to the writer, now the writer writes up to the player. Mr. Parsloe, having made a hit in a Chinese act, a distinguished playwright puts a Chinese part in a play for him. It does not at all matter that his Wing Lee is quite unlike any Wing Lee who ever left the Flowery Kingdom. He is a curious and amusing creature, and it does not at all matter that he is nondescript. He radiates with smiles, while the best-natured Chinaman that toils never acquires himself of anything more than a mechanical spasm, which goes for a laugh in default of something better. Parsloe is as agile as a jumping-jack, while the real creature glides about with a noiseless shuffle which has something sinister in its quiet. Parsloe's face, in the vernacular, is a "dead give-away," while the real creature's expressionless muscles haffle the most accomplished detective. And yet Parsloe is vastly amusing, and his Chinaman by Eastern, not Oriental lights, a most life-like heathen. But although a part has been written in for Parsloe, the play is for Aldrich. Old Californians recall him in half a hundred stock parts, but I can not fancy him as anything but an exponent of rugged chivalry. The character has taken a powerful hold upon the actor, and he plays it *con amore*. There is much of pathos in it, something of power, and a great deal of downright earnestness. There is much of staginess in it, too; but I read in a book not long ago that art is as natural to some people as nature is to others, and I generally believe what the books tell me. He is more possibly noble than the squire in "Hazel Kirke," belonging as he does to another race, another civilization, another order of things. He is not so near of kin to the Squire as he is to Sandy in the "Danites," or to Zeke Stevens in "Chispa," or to Tennessee's Partner, although many grades above that tender-hearted gentleman. The diamond in the rough is a popular gem, and with a certain class of play-goers "My Partner" will divide the honors with the "Two Orphans."

Talking of Zeke Stevens, Mr. Joseph Grismer, who has been thus far the only Zeke, is to receive a complimentary benefit on Saturday night at the Baldwin, upon which stage he has played such a varied round of characters. A number of amateurs have volunteered, and the programme closes with a scene from "The Fool's Revenge," in which as Bertuccio, upon short notice, he made perhaps the most artistic success of any in the long list. The trembling fate of the Baldwin Theatre seems at last upon the eve of decision, and perhaps Saturday night will be the last upon which this little hand, who have struggled so long with disaster, will play together. BETSY B.

Madame Julie Rivé-King will begin a series of piano recitals on May 22d. This lady was, from an early age, the pupil of Professor S. B. Mills, of New York. When fifteen years old she was sent to Germany, where she was instructed for several years both by Reinecke and Liszt. Scarcely eighteen years old, she made her debut before a critical Leipzig audience, and by her performance of Liszt's "Rhapsodie" won universal applause. The orchestra, even, laid aside their instruments to join in the enthusiastic tribute. During the last seven years Madame Rivé-King has played in all sections of the Union, winning for herself a foremost place among our national musicians.

On next Wednesday evening, May 17th, at Platt's Hall, the O. T. H. E. R. Club will give a testimonial benefit to Mr. John W. Jennings, at which he will take the rôle of Joskin Tuhhs, in "Pink Dominoes." Mr. Jennings will be supported by the Baldwin Theatre Company, and during the evening several popular artists will give character sketches and songs.

On next Tuesday evening, May 16th, at Dashaway Hall, Mrs. Murtha Porteous will be given a grand complimentary concert, in which many local artists will take part. Mrs. Porteous has assisted in numerous concerts since her arrival in this city, and a large audience of friends will welcome her on Tuesday evening.

After careful preparation the "Frog Opera" is to be produced at the Grand Opera House, on May 17, 18, 19, and 20, the last performance being a Saturday matinee. The proceeds are to go to the San Francisco Homeopathic Hospital.

Tom Casselli, formerly of the Melville Opera Troupe, sailed for Australia Wednesday, on the steamship *City of Sidney*.

Emilie Melville Derby, formerly of the Melville Opera Troupe, sailed for Australia Wednesday, on the steamship *City of Sidney*.



The above Fashion-Plate is a fac-simile of a Costume recently made by MISS JAMES, whose Dressmaking Parlors are at 115 Kearny Street, which are reached by taking the elevator in Keane Bro's Store. The Costume is composed of Satin Merveilleux and Black Velvet—the velvet being used for the basque part, and the satin for the skirt. The Collar, which is a decided novelty, adds much to the beauty and grace of the costume.

Miss Ella Dietz, says the *New York Times*, has been delivering lectures in New York upon a subject which men like to discuss with much eloquence and little common sense—the relation of church and stage. Actors, she appears to think, are more highly organized than the run of humanity, a fact—if it is a fact—which speaks ill for humanity. The ideal actor, she declares, must have the soul of a saint and the body of an athlete. The calling is sacred, and is a kind of priesthood. Ballet girls should not be looked upon as women, but as representatives of fairies belonging to an unknown world. In short, Miss Dietz attempts to put in the place of the actor an ideal of what the actor might be in a less provokingly bad and illogical world than our own. Of course, while every word spoken for the honor of the stage is worthy of respect, it is hard to see either wisdom or good sense in an effort to make acting, whose aim is almost entirely one of pleasure, seem to be better than it is. This profession is not sacred, nor is it a kind of priesthood. It is like any other profession or art. It fulfills its mission when it satisfies the mind, the heart, and the senses. It was not meant to reform the world, nor even to elevate it. It is, at its best, on the side of morality, because it is on the side of humanity; but it is not, never has been, and never will be, a direct cause of moral reform. There are good men and bad men in every profession; the profession of the actor is not, probably, worse than that of the physician, of the writer, or of the politician. In short, it is useless and foolish to defend the stage from an elevated moral standpoint. We may deplore the degradation of it, and we may point with pride to its exalted beauties and to its various potency, but it remains, all the same, an extremely human institution, whose ballet girls are still ballet girls, and whose distinct purpose is to entertain the public, and not to aim over the public's head. As a fine art, acting needs no defense, and on the whole, we may leave to actors the duty of overcoming the prejudice which has been so long cherished against them, and which sprang inevitably from social conditions and conventions.

A romantic little incident occurred lately at the pretty little suburb of Bougival, a few miles distant from Paris. One of the youngest and most fascinating of Parisian actresses, Mile L—, was in the afternoon wending her way toward a friend's house, when, as she neared the bridge, she was most politely addressed by a gentleman, who, faultlessly gloved and with hat in his hand, said: "Mademoiselle, I find myself most awkwardly placed. I have forgotten my purse, and, for want of a half-penny, I shall be unable to cross the bridge, unless you kindly come to my aid." Mile L— immediately felt for her purse, and at once handed to the "exquisite" the coin solicited; when, before she had time to close it again, he dropped into the purse a tiny little pocket, and rushed off with all speed. On recovering from

her surprise, the young artiste opened the packet, which she found to contain a magnificent turquoise ring, and a note, which, translated, runs thus: "Mademoiselle: For a long time I have been burning with a desire to possess something that has belonged to you. Will you forgive the device, and accept in exchange this trifling pledge of the affection of yours, X." The most amusing part of the story is yet, however, to be told: The gentleman in question, who is well known in the financial world, was seen subsequently at his club to have exchanged the handsome locket, previously appended to his chain, for a half-penny mounted with a simple, but exquisitely chased gold rim.

Madame Christine Nilsson has announced that she will resume professional life for three years only, after which she will retire. Her engagements in England are to extend over two months. Then she returns to Paris, to proceed after a short stay to St. Petersburg, and thence to Sweden, her native country, to take farewell. Madame Nilsson proposes to make Paris her future home.

Madame Prevost, wife of the tenor of that name in Mr. Mapleson's company, has recently got into trouble, says the *New York Hour*. Report endowed the lady with a remarkably high temper. It was said that at dinner one evening, in a restaurant near the Academy, she ended an argument with Prevost by knocking him on the head with a bottle of wine, to the horror of the score of persons present. The career of madame has been exceedingly tempestuous, and the latest notable episode of it has just occurred in a Paris police court. It appears that before meeting with Prevost she had been known successively as the Countess Schouvaloff, the Marquise de Salvador, Léona de Théba, Salvini, Salvadio, Titiens, and finally Madame Tilkin. Before she became the spouse of the tenor, it appears that she purchased from a jeweler in Paris a trifle of one hundred and twenty thousand francs worth of diamonds, for which she forgot to settle. The jeweler threatening to adopt harsh measures to secure payment, Madame Tilkin fortunately met with a good-natured soul in the Marquis de Quinquair-Baillon, who offered to settle for her with those pressing creditors. After a good deal of parley, the jeweler agreed to accept sixty thousand francs, and call the account square. The marquis thereupon handed them over promissory notes for that amount. It turned out, however, that he was legally incapacitated from giving any such instruments, and the diamond-seller, upon learning this, made a great ado, and at once brought the marquis and madame into the police court upon a charge of swindling. The court dismissed the complaint, and ordered the jeweler to pay two thousand francs damages to the marquis for assailing his reputation. Upon an appeal, the higher court has sustained the decision.



## Obscure Intimations.

F. J. W., "Ella McClare"—Declined.  
 E. L., Rome, Italy, "Hell"—Declined.  
 A. of G., "Suicide"—Declined.  
 "A Matrimonial Infelicity"—Declined.  
 "Eve," Vallejo—Not up to the mark. Declined.  
 "Mrs. Wilkinson's Party"—Well written, but weak in plot. Declined.  
 "Beannie," Montreal, Canada—Your verses are too long to print. We give one verse:

Albina, mon amie, chère petite,  
 Qu'ob Alexis as he took his seat,  
 Whose sparkling eyes he thought betrayed.  
 Albina, ma chère, will you be mine?  
 Truer ne'er worshipped at your shrine;  
 With eyes of jet, such darling feet;  
 Dress so pretty, fresh and neat;  
 Pray don't coquette, oh fie, oh fie!  
 You would not have Alexis die?  
 Albina murmured a soft yes,  
 To the first question, we may guess.

"Sacramento Correspondent."—We do not care to add to our correspondence at present.  
 "The Chinese Question," St. Louis.—Your article is unintelligible to the reader without the pamphlet. We can not print it.

"Mrs. Deaconshee," Lexington, Mo.—Declined; MS. awaits you.

"A Mother's Love."—Declined. You say "enclosed find stamps"; we don't find them.

"The Irish Question."—Declined.

"H. F. C.," Denver, Col.—Would not interest our readers. Declined.

"A Restaurant Incident."—The story is weak. How could the lady in one room know the lady in another had received the bouquet? How could she know from whom it came? Why should the one who received it—if she were a lady—"blush consciously," and take it from a stranger? Declined.

The correspondent of the New York Times thus describes the "féerie opérette," "Madame le Diable," as it is played at the Paris "Renaissance," with Mademoiselle Jennie Granier in the title rôle: "In my description of the piece itself I must be very cautious, as its plot is not precisely consistent with propriety. In the prologue we learn that every terrestrial city is provided, in hell, with a metre, which registers with a bell all infractions of marriage contracts. Only that of the little town of Pruth, situated on the river Pruth, is an exception to the general rule of constant tintinnulation, thanks to the extraordinary purity of the morals of its inhabitants, which is the cause of much anxiety and perplexity to the demon Nick, 'Minister of Foreign Corruptions' in Satan's kingdom. Threatened with the loss of his portfolio, Nick asks for forty-eight hours' respite, during which he hopes, personally to corrupt the Pruthians. But he has counted without his host. Mrs. Nick, Flamma, is jealous, and hiding herself in his carpet-bag, accompanies him, unknown, on his travels. This starting-point is ingenious, and is followed by a series of amusing episodes and picturesque situations, in which Mr. Nick always finds Mrs. Nick, under some new disguise, in the way of the realization of his schemes. At the dénouement the metre of Pruth-suth-Pruth does ring, and most merrily, but Nick's horns fall off with horror as he discovers that he is the victim. There are four tableaux in the prologue, and eight others in the succeeding three acts. Most of the tricks are very antiquated, as, for instance, that of the magic pomatum, with the application of which to the bald pate of Herr Malard a forest of hair sprouts up. The transformation of a man into his own shadow, while his real body is swallowed up in a wall, is not absolutely novel, any more than the accident which happens to the Notary, whose nose, caught in the crack of a door, lengthens out until it assumes the proportions of an elephant's proboscis, as his friends try to pull him away. But the audience becomes frenzied with delight at the apparition of Flamma, life-size, from the Devil's carpet-bag. Mademoiselle Granier's changes of costumes are numerous and effective. In one scene she comes in as Mrs. Devil in black and scarlet, covered with all sorts of shiny things, which she deliberately takes off preparatory to going to bed, and replaces by a nightgown."

The first performance of Longfellow's poem, "The Masque of Pandora," as set to music by Mr. Alfred Cellier, gave great satisfaction to the audience who assembled last Friday afternoon at Platt's Hall, to see it produced under the supervision of the composer. Miss Louise Elliot took the part of Pandora, and carried off the honors of the day. Mr. Talbo, as Epimetheus, received his usual share of honors. Miss MacKenzie sang the rôle of Hermes on short notice, which may, perhaps, palliate her failure. Mr. Jacob Muller, as Prometheus, also broke down, and a portion of his score was sung by Mr. Silvers, of the Comly-Barton troupe. Mrs. Porteous, Mrs. Clark, and Miss Bates were the "Three Graces." While the chorus was rather weak and the orchestra a trifle loud at times, the performance as a whole was an enjoyable one, and was very well received.

CCXXVIII.—Sunday, May 14.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Mutton Soup.  
 Broiled Salmon Steaks.  
 Veal Chops. Potatoes à la Duchesse.  
 Tomatoes. Young Beets.  
 Roast Beef.  
 Oyster Salad.  
 Cream Pie. Orange Salade.

POTATOES A LA DUCHESSE.—Have some cold boiled potatoes, cut these into rounds, and cut with a cake-cutter wet with cold water. Grease the bottom of a baking-pan, and set these in it in rows, but not touching one another, and bake quickly, brushing them all over (except, of course, on the bottom) with beaten egg. When they commence to brown, lay a napkin, folded, upon a hot dish, and range these regularly upon it.

SALMON STEAKS ON CUTLETS.—Three or four slices of salmon, one tablespoonful melted butter, half a cup of drawn butter, thickened with browned flour, and seasoned with omelette sauce; pepper and salt to taste. Rub the steaks with the butter, pepper, and salt slightly; broil upon a gridiron over a very clear fire, turning often, and rubbing each side with butter as it comes upmost. When nicely browned, lay upon a hot dish, and pour sauce over them.

LADY READERS OF THE ARGONAUT WILL REMEMBER that the place to buy colognes, perfumery, toilet soaps, brushes, sponges, cosmetics, etc., is at the elegant and well-stocked store of James G. Steele & Co., Chemists and Apothecaries, 635 Market Street, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

BARNUM'S CIRCUS ALWAYS TAKES ALONG A gross of German Corn Remover. Sold by druggists.

## To Our Readers.

In order to save correspondence we shall from this date print the names of our subscribers by mail, as evidence of the receipt of their orders. It is, of course, understood that the increase through the sales of the San Francisco News Company, the newsboys, the city carriers, the news dealers, and the Oakland and San José carriers does not figure in this list.

## SUBSCRIBERS BY MAIL FOR THE PAST WEEK.

T. J. Hay.....New Castle, Wash. Ter.  
 Mrs. W. H. Patton.....Virginia City, Nev.  
 Mrs. Albin.....Chandos St., Cavendish Square, London  
 John G. Stitt.....Madera, Cal.  
 John A. Grotter.....Watsonville, Cal.  
 Richard Chenery.....Belfast, Maine  
 S. M. Zane.....Glencoe, Cal.  
 W. Foster.....New Hope, Cal.  
 Davies & Woodruff.....Seattle, Wash. Ter.  
 J. C. Haines.....Seattle, Wash. Ter.  
 Mrs. L. Dama.....Bath, Maine  
 Mrs. H. T. Scott.....Kings Newton, England  
 R. Trimble.....Yankee Hill, Cal.  
 M. H. Wells.....Yankee Hill, Cal.  
 C. H. Fenner.....Weeksville, M. T.  
 G. N. Shaw.....Los Angeles Co., Cal.  
 J. J. Reavis.....Bieber, Lassen Co., Cal.  
 R. Lutherow.....Table Bluff, Humboldt Co., Cal.  
 J. A. Faull.....Litton Springs, Sonoma Co., Cal.  
 J. J. Dickensou.....Fresno Flats, Cal.  
 H. D. Brown, (two copies).....Salem, Oregon  
 Douglas Gunn.....San Diego, Cal.  
 A. J. Franklin.....Grantville, Nev.  
 George Robertson.....West Melbourne, Australia  
 E. S. Lowery.....San Buenaventura, Cal.  
 F. Kern.....Maxwell, Cal.  
 F. K. Upham.....Fort Walla Walla, W. T.  
 A. C. Whitcomb.....Paris, France  
 A. J. Porter.....Tracy, Cal.  
 Ed. Gibson.....Dublin, Ireland  
 Silas E. Stanton.....Bengal, India  
 Mrs. L. Bashford.....Prescott, Arizona  
 A. J. Franklin.....Grantville, Nev.

MRS. E. R. WORTH, WHOSE REPUTATION for keeping a first-class boarding-house has been established for many years in San Francisco, in connection with the Worth and Nucleus Houses, has taken the Hardy House, Beach Hill, Santa Cruz. We would recommend all who desire to pass a few weeks in that popular and delightful summer resort to secure accommodations with her at once, and can assure them that her table will be kept up to the standard of her former reputation. Letters may be addressed to Mrs. E. R. Worth, Hardy House, Beach Hill, Santa Cruz, Cal., P. O. Box 168, and will receive prompt attention.

—ICHI BAN—DOUBLED IN SIZE—IS THE LARGEST Japanese sale exhibition in the world. Shattuck & Fletcher export their printing inks to Japan, receive Japanese goods in return, pay for this advertisement with printing ink, and this is why Ichi Ban exists on low prices. Logical, isn't it? Wholesale and retail. Goods for every branch of country retail trade.

—THE GREAT DISTINGUISHING FEATURE OF Redding's Russian Salve is its power to reduce inflammation.

GERMAN CORN REMOVER ERADICATES CORNS. Beware of base imitations. Get the genuine. 25c. All druggists.

—MR. LOUIS LISSER HAS REMOVED FROM 504 Sutter Street to 320 Geary Street, near Powell.

—WHEREVER COUGHS, COLDS, AND CONSUMPTION exist, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral ought to be known and used. There never existed a sentiment so universal among all classes in favor of any other medicine as is entertained the world over in regard to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The humblest patient in the pioneer's cabin, and the proudest dame in the metropolis, alike use it, appreciate it, and speak its praises.

—IT IS SAID THAT THE SALE OF DR. SCOTT'S Electric Brushes is enormous, and that they really perform wonderful cures of Baldness, Headaches, Neuralgia. Most people believe them to be wire brushes, which is not the case. They are made of pure bristles. Read the advertisement in this paper.

—TO OVERLAND TRAVELERS.—COMMENCING Monday, May 8th, new and elegant dining-cars will be added to the fast Limited Express between Chicago and New York, via Fort Wayne and Pennsylvania Route, and the hotel cars now in service will be withdrawn. Upon the new cars, meals will be served at the uniform price of seventy-five cents. Large sums of money have recently been expended in perfecting the equipment of the "Limited Express," and as a model passenger train it is now unrivaled.

—GO TO Bradley & Rulofson's, 429 Montgomery.

—THOUSANDS OF LADIES HAVE FOUND SUDDEN relief from all their woes by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the great remedy for diseases peculiar to females. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.

—LOVELY, TONEY, GLOVE-FITTING BOOTS CAN be worn by all who use German Corn Remover. 25c.

## EARNST WORKERS' SOCIETY.

## A MATINEE CONCERT

Will be given at  
 PLATT'S HALL,

On Saturday.....May 20, 1882

In aid of the funds of the above Society. A number of Distinguished Artists, both vocal and instrumental, will appear. Programme in future advertisement.

Admission, \$1.....Boxes, \$5

Tickets on sale from May 10th, at Gray's Music Store, 117 Post Street.

## JNO. LEVY &amp; CO.

## MANUFACTURING JEWELERS,

Importers of DIAMONDS and other PRECIOUS STONES,  
 WATCHES, CLOCKS, and SILVERWARE,

118 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

(Of the late Firm of BRAVERMAN & LEVY.)

## FROG OPERA!

## GRAND OPERA HOUSE,

May 17th, 18th, 19th, and Matinee, May 20th.

For the Benefit of the SAN FRANCISCO

## HOMEOPATHIC HOSPITAL,

Under the auspices of the Homeopathic Physicians of San Francisco.

Dress Circle, Orchestra Circle, and Parquette, including Reserved seat.....\$1.00  
 Family Circle.....50  
 Gallery.....25  
 Mezzanine Boxes, \$5.00.

Reserved Seats at Gray's Music Store, commencing Monday May 15th, and every day during the week between 10 A. M. and 4 P. M.

## PLATT'S HALL.

The great Pianist,

## RIVÉ-KING,

Has the honor to announce

## THREE CONCERTS

....AND....

## ONE MATINEE—WITH GRAND ORCHESTRA

GUSTAV HINRICHS.....CONDUCTOR,

Monday Evening, May 22d,

Wednesday Evening, May 24th,

Friday Evening, May 27th.

Box-sheet open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Music Store, on Thursday, May 18th, at 9 A. M.

Decker Bros.' Celebrated Piano will be used.

## DASHAWAY HALL.

## TUESDAY EVENING.....MAY 16TH

## COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT

....TO....

## MRS. MURTHA PORTEOUS

ASSISTED BY PROMINENT ARTISTS.

Admission, (including Reserved Seat,).....\$1.00

Box-office open at Gray's Music Store, 117 Post Street, Monday and Tuesday, May 15th and 16th.

PHILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES  
 235 KEARNY'S ST.  
 SOUTHWEST CORNER OF BUSH.

PROF. DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. Classes and private lessons. Apply from 3 to 5 or 7 to 8 P. M.

BONESTELL  
 ALLEN & CO.  
 PAPER WAREHOUSE  
 411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F.

Importers of All Kinds of Paper.

## FOR SALE CHEAP

## IN BERKELEY—THE LOVELIEST

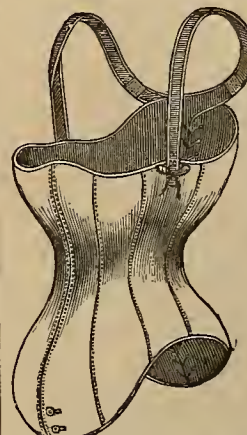
town on the coast, forty-five minutes' ride from San Francisco, a new two-story house of nine rooms; bath, stationary wash-tubs, hot and cold water, gas-pipes, front and back stairs; fine grounds, with small stable and other out-buildings. Three minutes' walk from railroad stations; one block from State University grounds. Price, \$3,500; terms easy. Apply in person or by letter to

F. W. BEARDSLEE, Enst Berkeley.

Office, opposite Railroad Depot.

## SUMMER RECREATION.

RUSSIAN RIVER HOTEL, DUN-can's Mills.—A favorite resort for tourists. Bathing, fishing, hunting, boating. QUEEN & GOODE, Props.



## THE "DRESS REFORM" CORSET.

Specialty for Stout Figures, by mail, \$3.00. Send waist, hip, and bust measure. Also, Shoulder Braces, Union Under Flannels, Ladies' and Children's Comfort Waists, Bustles, Hose Supporters, etc.

Send for Circular. The only Depot for these Goods.

Mrs. M. H. OBER & CO.  
 Boston  
 Dress Reform,  
 326 Sutter St.,  
 SAN FRANCISCO.

An Elegant Corset to Order for \$4.

"The Queen of American Watering Places."

HOTEL DEL MONTE,  
 MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA,

Is Open for the Summer Season.

## THIS IS ABSOLUTELY THE MOST

Elegant and Delightful Seaside Resort in the world, and the Charming HOTEL DEL MONTE, with its incomparable Accessories—its Magnificent Drives, its Beautiful Grounds, its superior facilities for Cold and Warm Salt-water Bathing—stands unrivalled.

This (Saturday) Evening, Third Hop of the Season.

## PEBBLE SPECTACLES!



## MULLER'S OPTICAL DEPOT

135 Montgomery St., nr. Bush,  
 Opposite Occidental Hotel.  
 Specialty Thirty-two Years.

## COMPOUND ASTIGMATIC LENSES

Mounted to Order. 27 Two Hours Notice.

The most complicated cases of defective vision thoroughly diagnosed, free of charge.

## DO NOT SACRIFICE YOUR FUR-

NITURE, PIANOS, and HOUSEHOLD GOODS, at auction sales, while you are boarding or out of the city, but

## STORE THEM,

As well as your Trunks and Paintings, with

J. H. MOTT & CO.,

647 Market St.,

Nucleus Block. Large, airy brick building, with elevator. MONEY LOANED on valuable goods. Terms moderate.

## JOHN MIDDLETON,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

## COAL DEALER.

10 Post and 718 Sansome Streets.

Orders by Telephone No. 645.

## BUTTERICK'S

Patterns—Summer Styles.

SEND STAMP FOR CAT.

AGENCY, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.



## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The New Saleslady.  
She spread the goods before him,  
With half-averted eyes,  
Their quality and value  
Extolling to the skies.  
That voice—oh, how bewitching!  
Those hands—how soft and white!  
Those eyes—how fascinating!  
That face—how fair a sight!

"The goods are very pretty—  
No doubt what they appear.  
But then, I think," he added,  
"You are a little dear."  
With cheeks suffused with blushes,  
She turned her head away,  
And innocently answered:  
"That's what the tellers say."

## Girl Lost.

Lost, strayed, or mayhap stolen,  
A lass with golden hair,  
Blue-eyed, of fair complexion,  
And spirit free as air.  
Between suspense and certainty  
The loss occurred; just where,  
Subscriber fails to recollect,  
Though sure he used due care.  
Such losses are so common  
"Twere useless, now, to moan.  
Who finds will be rewarded  
By leaving her—alone."  
—Harvard Lampoon.

## He Didn't See It.

He was a little lawyer man,  
Who meekly blushed while he began  
Her poor dead husband's will to scan.  
He smiled in thinking of his fee,  
Then said to her, so tenderly:  
"You have a nice fat legacy."  
And when he lay next day in bed,  
With plasters on his broken head,  
He wondered what on earth he said.  
—Unknown Liar.

## An Unanswerable Argument.

A maiden sat upon a chair  
And curled with tongs her banged hair.  
Said grandma, moralizing, "Well,  
If faut souffrir pour être belle!"  
She tossed her head, that giddy girl,  
And winking as she pinched a curl,  
"I suffer tortures!" she confessed;  
"But then one likes to look one's best.  
On souffrir pour être belle," she said,  
"Ne souffrez-t-on jamais d'être laide?"  
—Our Continent.

## Johannie's Trousers.

Put away our Johannie's trousers,  
Those his mother patched with care,  
Though the patches were were rousers,  
On the part that rubbed the stair.

Up in heaven now our Johannie,  
Fled for aye his worldly wants—  
Gone to meet his brother Lonnie,  
Never more to wear patched pants.

—The Judge.

## A Fat Racket.

A withered flower, a lock of hair,  
Tied up with blue—I now recall  
That happy night, long years ago—  
'Twas at, I think, a Newport ball.  
Her rippling laugh, her eyes of blue,  
Her figure would have graced a queen.  
A crown of golden hair adorned  
The fairest face I'er had seen.

She loved me, so at least she said,  
And I, ah me! what rapture then  
To press that dainty fairy hand,  
And whisper o'er and o'er again  
My honeyed song, but deary me!  
How fat she's grown, I saw her near  
Last night, perchance it was my fate,  
Sit down to chops and bottled beer.

—Poet Who Tried to Make His Wife Believe It.

## "Do You Love Her?"

"Love her! Why, sir, radiant moon,  
With every inch surcharged with light,  
Yield, not the glow of that fierce flame  
Which burns within my soul to-night."

"Love her! If all the wealth of earth  
In one huge glittering mass were piled,  
It would not equal half the wealth  
Of that great love I bear thy child."

"Well, I think you do. Take her."  
And the old man worried on his boots,  
Borrowed a chew of tobacco of his  
prospective son-in-law, and went out to bed  
down the hogs for the night.

—The Judge.

## A Chicago Queen of the May.

You must get my sealskin jacket, and my gum shoes,  
mother dear;  
To-morrow'll be the meanest day of all the glad New  
Year—  
The meanest, coldest day, mother, but you can safely  
say,  
That I will be seen at the "mat," mother, seen at  
the matinee.

There's many a wise young girl, mother, but none that  
discount me;  
There's Margaret, and there's Mary, and Lurline  
McAfee;  
But none so fly as Myrtle—it's two to one on that—  
So get out my Gainsborough hat, mother, get out my  
Gainsborough hat.

I eat so much at lunch, mother, that I shall never  
stop  
If you do not choke me off when it's time for me to  
drop;

But I must work the powder-puff, and don the stock-  
ings gay—  
For I'm to be in the front row, mother, I'm a front-  
row girl, they say.

As I got off the street-car whom think ye I should  
see,  
But Robin wiping off his lips, (he tackles Pommeroy);  
He thought of the ice-cream, mother, he'd seen me  
stow away

The last time we went to the "mat," mother, went  
to the matinee.  
—Tribune Liar.

## A CHALLENGE!

TO ANY PHYSICIAN we will send one of

## DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC BRUSHES

With our urgent request for him to test it in every case of Headache and Neuralgia he may chance to meet, and if it fails to cure within a few minutes, nine sufferers out of every ten, let him advise his patients not to buy them. We also challenge a test in every case of Baldness. We submit that this is fair advertising, and every person reading this may have a brush on trial, as is explained further on. Now, many people are doubtful about advertised remedies, and, while we have received thousands of letters inclosing the price of this article, no doubt a large number are incredulous, and hesitate to buy it through fear of being cheated. To remove this fear we have resolved to let all have them. For a time, on trial, before deciding to purchase.

In 1878, the Pall Mall Electric Association introduced this new invention in London; the sale was enormous and now extends all over Europe. It soon won its way to Royal favor, and had the distinction of being cordially indorsed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and written upon by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

Jas. R. Chapman, the Mayor of Saratoga—President of the Bank and Gas Co.—writes June 1, "July, 1881. It always cures my headaches in a few minutes, and is an excellent brush, well worth the price, aside from its curative powers." Rev. Dr. Bridgman writes from Brooklyn, N. Y.: "Never before gave a testimonial, but am willing to encourage the use of an honest remedy. It cured my baldness, and my wife finds it a prompt and infallible cure for her headaches." Geo. Thornburgh, Esq., Speaker of the House of Representatives, Little Rock, Arkansas, writes: "Feb. 12, 1881. This is my first testimonial. My wife was getting bald; the brush has entirely stopped the falling hair and started a new growth. I use it for Dandruff; it works like a charm. Several friends have bought and used them for headaches, and they have never failed to cure them in about three minutes. Mayor Ponder uses it with like results. This is strictly true and given by me voluntarily without solicitation." "An infallible remedy for curing neuralgia in five minutes."—British Medical Index.

Out of a mass of letters from persons benefited we have selected three from people of some prominence; and can any sensible person think for a moment that men of position and wealth would deliberately sit down and write falsehoods for our benefit, or that we would dare publish fabrications over their signatures and addresses? Were we at liberty to use letters received from senators, judges, lawyers, doctors, ladies and gentlemen whose names are known in the highest circles in Europe and America, the readers of this paper would be astonished at the remarkable cures of Falling Hair, Baldness, Headaches, Neuralgia, etc. This Brush has effected.

Now, reader, are you bald or afflicted with Dandruff, Falling Hair, or Premature Grayness? Are you troubled with any kind of Headaches or Neuralgia? Do you wish to ward off and prevent these afflictions? No doubt you daily use a hair brush. Why not try this one? If you are not satisfied with it you may return it.

The Brush is made of a beautiful material resembling black ebony, handsomely carved and filled with the best bristles (not wires). This material is permanently charged with an electro-magnetic force which immediately acts upon the hair glands, follicles, and brain. Always doing good, never any harm, it should be used daily, in place of the ordinary brush. There is no shock or sensation whatever in using it, while the power can always be tested by a compass accompanying each brush. The price is \$3.00 each, and no better brush can be found anywhere. If you wish to try it, please send us that amount and we will promptly forward it post-paid, on trial. Should you wish to return it, first write us and we will send back the money. If we fail to keep this promise, the publisher is authorized to return the money to you and charge the amount to us. Is not this fair? When all advertisers offer these honorable terms, they will show proper faith in their remedies and the public will be quick to respond. We cannot do more to invite your confidence, and hope you will give us a trial. If you prefer, you can obtain it on the same terms from any Drug or Fancy Store, but accept no substitute, and see that Dr. Scott's name is on the box, and "Electric" on the back of the Brush. If your druggist refuses to let you have it on these terms (which we authorize him to do), write directly to us. Remittances can be made by money order, draft, currency, or stamps, payable to GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York, and mention this paper.

## DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC FLESH BRUSH.

A sure and quick remedy for Rheumatism, Nervous Complaints, Impaired Circulation, Malarial Lameness, etc.  
Sent on trial, Price \$3.00.

## DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CORSET.

Every lady who values her health, and wishes to ward off and cure disease, should use it.  
Sent on trial, Price \$3.00.

## BEST AND BELCHER SILVER

Mining Company—Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 5th day of April, 1882, an assessment (No. 23) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of May, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the 2d day of June, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.  
Office—Room No. 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

## DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Silver King Mining Company, San Francisco, May 2, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above-named Company held this day, a Dividend (No. 23) of Twenty-five Cents (25c) per share was declared, payable on Friday, May 25, 1882, at the office of the Company, Room 19, 328 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Transfer books will be closed on May 10, 1882, at 12 o'clock noon. JOSEPH NASH, Sec.

\$30 Per Week can be made in any locality. Something entirely new for agents. \$5 outfit free. G. W. INGRAHAM & CO., Boston, Mass.

## POTOSI MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 12th day of April, 1882, an assessment (No. 8) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, 309 Montgomery Street, Room 79, Nevada Block, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the (15th) sixteenth day of May, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the sixth day of June, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.  
Office—Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## DIVIDEND NOTICE.

## OFFICE OF THE STANDARD CON-

solidated Mining Company, San Francisco, May 2, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, dividend No. 47, of Seventy-five cents per share was declared, payable on Friday, May 12, 1882, at the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, New York.

W. M. WILLIS, Secretary.  
Office—Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

\$12 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. 'Costly outfit free. Address TRUX & CO., Augusta, Maine

## AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.



The few compositions which have won the confidence of mankind and become household words, among not only one but many nations, must have extraordinary virtues. Perhaps no one ever secured so wide a reputation, or maintained it so long, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It has been known to the public about forty years, by a long continued series of marvelous cures, that have won for it a confidence in its virtues, never equalled by any other medicine. It still makes the most effectual cure of Coughs, Colds, and Consumption that can be made by medical skill. Indeed, the Cherry Pectoral has really robbed these dangerous diseases of their terrors to a great extent, and given a feeling of immunity from their painful effects, that is well founded, if the remedy be taken in season. Every family should have it in their closet for the ready and prompt relief of its members. 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San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 1st, 1882.

We take pleasure in presenting this our 37th Semi-Annual Statement.

#### RESOURCES.

Bank Premises..... \$150,000 00  
Other Real Estate .. 5,223 35  
United States Bonds .. 626,972 35  
Loans on Real Estate .. 134,869 00  
Loans on bonds, gas, water and bank stock..... 132,198 35  
Loans on other securities..... 577,443 96  
Loans on personal security..... 1,106,004 27  
Due from banks and bankers. 392,457 61  
Money on hand..... 398,669 34

LIABILITIES. \$3,523,844 23  
Capital paid up..... \$1,000,000 00  
Surplus..... 460,759 13  
Due Depositors..... 1,888,655 07  
Due Banks and Bankers..... 174,370 53  
Dividends unpaid..... 69 50  
\$3,523,844 23

R. H. McDonald, President.

## ICHI BAN FREE EXHIBITION

Open Day and Evening,  
22 AND 24 GEARY STREET  
Doubled in Size,  
LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

The most complete establishment for WHOLE-  
SALE and RETAIL of

## JAPANESE .....AND..... ORIENTAL

Staple and Fancy Goods in the whole world.

Special Agents of the INSATS KIOKU of the  
JAPANESE GOVERNMENT, and OZAWA, (Ja-  
pan's greatest living Artist,) and his equally  
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### NEW GOODS

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## SOLE AGENTS FOR THE AUTOPHONE

The Argonaut is printed with Shattuck & Fletcher's ink.

#### IMPORTANT TO MEN OF EMPLOYMENT.

At this time, when so many young men are seeking an opportunity to make money, we would call attention to the large profits to be made in my line. There is no investment equal to our **Pure Hay Press**. Three men build 2500 tons in 12 hours. Average day's work, 18 tons per day. Three men and one pair of horses can earn \$1600 in one season by an outfit of \$400 on a **Pure Hay Press**. \$400 invested in a **Pure Hay Press** will pay for itself in \$30.00 in any other machine. They are the cheapest, best, and the fastest and most durable **Hay Press** made. They are greatly improved for 1882, and give perfect satisfaction. There is no better chance to make money. We should be pleased to give any information desired on this subject. We manufacture a full line of **AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS**, **Hay, Hike and Wood Presses**, **Reapers**, **Trimmers**, **Wind Mills**, **Harrows**, etc., etc. Send us your address, and we will mail you free, our large new illustrated catalogue, containing a great deal of useful information. Address, **JACKSON & THURMAN**, San Francisco, Cal.

#### SHERIFF'S SALE.

PETER ENGEL, } Superior Court.  
vs. } Department No. 3.  
CHARLES WOCHATZ. } No. 6323.  
Execution.

#### UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

execution issued out of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly attested on the tenth day of May, A. D. 1882, in the above entitled action, wherein Peter Engel, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a judgment against Charles Wochatz, defendant, on the twenty-eighth day of March, A. D. 1882, for the sum of one thousand five hundred and sixty-one 65-100 dollars, with interest thereon and costs, etc., I have levied upon all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Charles Wochatz, had on the twenty-eighth day of March, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the hereinafter described property situated, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, standing of record in the office of the County Recorder of said City and County in the name of Charles Wochatz, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at the southwest corner of Byington and Webster streets; thence south on the west line of said Webster Street, twenty-four feet; thence west at right angles ninety-three feet and six inches; thence north at right angles twenty-four feet; thence east along the south line of said Byington Street ninety-three feet and six inches to the place of beginning. The same being a part of fifty vara lot No. 1, in Block No. 379, Western Addition.

Public notice is hereby given that on MONDAY, THE FIFTH DAY OF JUNE, 1882, at twelve o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will sell all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, Charles Wochatz, had on the twenty-eighth day of March, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed as aforesaid, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the above-described property, to the highest and best bidder, for lawful money of the United States.

San Francisco, May 13, 1882.

JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.

R. THOMPSON, Plaintiff's Attorney.

May 13-20-27 June 3.

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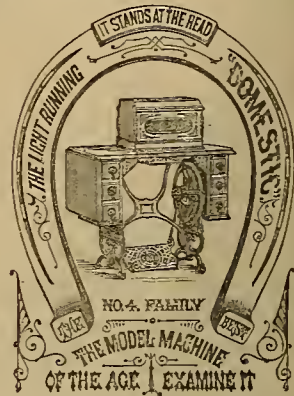
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# The Argonaut.

VOL. X. NO. 20.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 20, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## AN INVISIBLE DEMON.

The Fantastic Coinage of an Opium-Eater's Brain.

It is, I confess, with considerable reluctance that I approach the strange narrative which I am about to relate. The events which I purpose detailing are of so extraordinary a character that I am quite prepared to meet with an unusual amount of incredulity and scorn. I accept all such beforehand.

I live on a quiet street in New York. The house is in some respects a curious one. It has enjoyed for the last two years the reputation of being haunted. It is a large and stately residence, surrounded by what was once a garden, but which is now only a green enclosure used for bleaching clothes. The dry basin of what has been a fountain, and a few fruit-trees, ragged and unpruned, indicate that this spot in past days was a pleasant, shady retreat, filled with fruits, and flowers, and the sweet murmur of waters.

The house is very spacious. A hall of noble size leads to a large spiral staircase, winding through its centre, while the various apartments are of imposing dimensions. It was built some fifteen or twenty years since, by a well-known New York merchant, who, five years ago, threw the commercial world into convulsions by a stupendous bank fraud. He escaped to Europe, and died not long after of a broken heart. Almost immediately after the news of his decease reached this country and was verified, the report spread in the neighborhood that the house was haunted. Legal measures had dispossessed the widow of its former owner, and it was inhabited merely by a care-taker and his wife, placed there by the house-agent into whose hands it had passed for purposes of renting or sale. These people declared that they were troubled with unnatural noises. Doors were opened without any visible agency. The remnants of furniture scattered through the various rooms were, during the night, piled one upon the other by unknown hands. Invisible feet passed up and down the stairs in broad daylight, accompanied by the rustle of unseen silk dresses, and the gliding of viewless hands along the massive balusters. The care-taker and his wife declared they would live there no longer. The house-agent laughed, dismissed them, and put others in their place. The noises and supernatural manifestations continued. The neighborhood caught up the story, and the house remained untenanted for three years. Several persons negotiated for it; but somehow always before the bargain was closed they heard the unpleasant rumors, and declined to treat any further.

It was in this state of things that our landlady, who wished to remove further up town, conceived the bold idea of renting this house. Happening to have rather a plucky and philosophical set of boarders, she laid her scheme before us, stating candidly everything she had heard respecting the ghostly qualities of the establishment to which she wished to remove us. With the exception of two timid persons—a sea captain and a returned Californian, who immediately gave notice that they would leave—all of Mrs. Moffat's guests declared that they would accompany her in her chivalric incursion into the abode of spirits.

Of course we had no sooner established ourselves than we began to expect the ghosts. We absolutely awaited their advent with eagerness. Our dinner conversation was supernatural. One of the boarders, who had purchased Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature" for his own private delectation, was regarded as a public enemy by the entire household for not having bought twenty copies. The man led a life of supreme wretchedness while he was reading this volume. A system of espionage was established of which he was the victim. If he incautiously laid the book down an instant and left the room, it was immediately seized and read aloud to a select few. I found myself a person of immense importance, it having leaked out that I was tolerably well versed in the history of supernaturalism, and had once written a story the foundation of which was a ghost. If a table or a wainscot panel happened to warp when we were assembled in the large drawing-room, there was an instant silence, and every one was prepared for an immediate clanking of chains and a spectral form.

Things were in this state when an incident took place so awful and inexplicable in its character that my reason fairly reels at the bare memory of the occurrence. It was the tenth of July. After dinner was over I repaired, with my friend Doctor Hammond, to my rooms to take our evening pipe. Independent of certain mental sympathies which existed between the doctor and myself, we were linked together by a vice—we both smoked opium. We knew each other's secret and respected it. We enjoyed together that wonderful expansion of thought, that marvelous intensifying of the perceptive faculties, that boundless feeling of existence when one seems to have points of contact with the whole universe—in short, that unimaginable spiritual bliss which I would not surrender for a throne, and which I hope you, reader, will never, never taste.

Those hours of opium happiness which the doctor and I spent together in secret were regulated with a scientific accuracy. We did not blindly smoke the drug of paradise, and leave our dreams to chance. While smoking, we carefully steered our conversation through the brightest and calmest channels of thought. We talked of the East, and

endeavored to recall the magical panorama of its glowing scenery. We criticised the most sensuous poets—those who painted life ruddy with health, brimming with passion, happy in the possession of youth, and strength, and beauty. If we talked of Shakespeare's "Tempest," we lingered over Ariel, and avoided Caliban.

This skillful coloring of our train of thought produced in our subsequent visions a corresponding tone. The splendors of Arabian fairy-land dyed our dreams. Houses, walls, and streets melted like rain-clouds, and vistas of unimaginable glory stretched away before us. It was a rapturous companionship. We enjoyed the vast delight more perfectly because, even in our most ecstatic moments, we were conscious of each other's presence. Our pleasures, while individual, were still twin, vibrating and moving in musical accord.

On the evening in question, the tenth of July, the doctor and myself drifted into an unusually metaphysical mood. We prepared and lit our pipes, filled with the little hubble of opium, that, like the nut in the fairy tale, held within its narrow limits wonders beyond the reach of kings. But a strange perversity dominated the currents of our thoughts. They would not flow through the sun-lit channels into which we strove to divert them. Insensibly we yielded to the occult force that swayed us, and indulged in gloomy speculation. We had talked some time upon the proneness of the human mind to mysticism, and the almost universal love of the terrible, when Hammond suddenly said to me: "What do you consider to be the greatest element of terror?"

The question puzzled me. That many things were terrible, I knew. Stumbling over a corpse in the dark; beholding, as I once did, a woman floating down a deep and rapid river, with wildly lifted arms, and awful, upturned face, uttering, as she drifted, shrieks that rent one's heart, while we, the spectators, stood frozen at a window which overhung the river at a height of sixty feet, unable to make the slightest effort to save her, but dumbly watching her last supreme agony and her disappearance. A shattered wreck, with no life visible, encountered floating listlessly on the ocean, is a terrible object, for it suggests a huge terror, the proportions of which are veiled. But it now struck me for the first time that there must be one great and ruling embodiment of fear—a King of Terrors to which all others must succumb. To what train of circumstances would it owe its existence?

"I confess, Hammond," I replied to my friend, "I never considered the subject before. That there must be one Something more terrible than any other thing, I feel. I can not attempt, however, even the most vague definition."

"I am somewhat like you, Harry," he answered. "I feel my capacity to experience a terror greater than anything yet conceived by the human mind—something combining in fearful and unnatural amalgamation hitherto supposed incompatible elements. The calling of the voices in Brockden Brown's novel of 'Wieland' is awful; so is the picture of the Dweller in the Threshold, in Bulwer's 'Zanoni'; but," he added, shaking his head gloomily, "there is something more horrible than these."

"Look here, Hammond," I rejoined, "let us drop this kind of talk, for heaven's sake. We shall suffer for it, depend upon it."

"Well, good-night, Harry. Pleasant dreams to you."

"To you, gloomy wretch, afreets, ghouls, and enchanters." We parted, and each sought his respective chamber. I undressed quickly and got into bed, taking with me, according to my usual custom, a book, over which I generally read myself to sleep. I opened the volume as soon as I had laid my head upon the pillow, and instantly flung it to the other side of the room. It was Goudon's "History of Monsters," a curious French work, which I had lately received from Paris, but which, in the state of mind I had then reached, was anything but an agreeable companion. I resolved to go to sleep at once; so turning down my gas until nothing but a little blue point of light glimmered on the top of the tube, I composed myself to rest.

The room was in total darkness. The atom of gas that still remained alight did not illuminate a distance of three inches around the burner. I desperately drew my arm across my eyes, as if to shut out even the darkness, and tried to think of nothing. It was in vain. The themes touched on by Hammond kept obtruding themselves on my brain. I battled against them. I erected ramparts of would-be blankness of intellect to keep them out. They still crowded upon me. While I was lying still as a corpse, hoping that by a perfect physical inaction I should hasten mental repose, an awful incident occurred. A Something dropped, as it seemed, from the ceiling, upon my chest, and the next instant I felt two bony hands encircling my throat endeavoring to choke me.

I am no coward, and am possessed of considerable physical strength. The suddenness of the attack, instead of stunning me, strung every nerve to its highest tension. My body acted upon instinct before my brain had time to realize the terrors of my position. In an instant I wound two muscular arms around the creature, and squeezed it, with all the strength of despair, against my chest. In a few seconds the bony hands that had fastened on my throat loosened their hold, and I was free to breathe once more. Then commenced a struggle of awful intensity. Immersed in the most profound darkness, totally ignorant of the nature of the Thing by which I was so suddenly attacked, finding my

grasp slipping every moment, by reason, it seemed to me, of the entire nakedness of my assailant, bitten with sharp teeth in the shoulder, neck, and chest, having every moment to protect my throat against a pair of sinewy, agile hands, which my utmost efforts could not confound—these were a combination of circumstances to combat which required all the strength, skill, and courage that I possessed.

At last, after a silent, deadly, exhausting struggle, I got my assailant under by a series of incredible efforts of strength. Once pinned, with my knee on what I made out to be his chest, I knew that I was victor. I rested for a moment to breathe. I heard the creature beneath me panting in the darkness, and felt the violent throbbing of a heart. It was apparently as exhausted as I was; that was one comfort. At this moment I remembered that I usually placed under my pillow, before going to bed, a large, yellow silk pocket-handkerchief. I felt for it instantly; it was there. In a few seconds more I had, after a fashion, pinioned the creature's arms.

I now felt tolerably secure. There was nothing more to be done but to turn on the gas, and having first seen what my midnight assailant was like, arouse the household. I will confess to being actuated by a certain pride in not giving the alarm before; I wished to make the capture alone and unaided.

Never losing my hold for an instant, I slipped from the bed to the floor, dragging my captive with me. I had but a few steps to reach the gas-burner; these I made with the greatest caution, holding the creature in a grip like a vise. At last I got within arm's length of the tiny speck of blue light which told me where the gas-burner was. Quick as lightning I released my grasp with one hand, and let on the full flood of light. Then I turned to look at my captive.

I can not even attempt to give any definition of my sensations the instant after I turned on the gas. I suppose I must have shrieked with terror, for in less than a minute afterward my room was crowded with the inmates of the house. I shudder now as I think of that awful moment.

*I saw nothing!*

Yes: I had one arm firmly clasped round a breathing, panting, corporeal shape; my other hand gripped with all its strength a throat as apparently fleshy as my own; and yet, with this living substance in my grasp, with its body pressed against my own, and in all the bright glare of gas, I absolutely beheld nothing. Not even an outline—a vapor.

It breathed. I felt its breath upon my cheek. It struggled fiercely. It had hands. They clutched me. Its skin was smooth, like my own. There it lay, pressed close up against me, solid as stone, and yet utterly invisible.

Just then Hammond entered my room at the head of the household. As soon as he beheld my face—which, I suppose, must have been an awful sight to look at—be basted forward, crying, "Great heavens, Harry, what has happened?"

"Hammond! Hammond!" I cried, "come here. Oh, this is awful. I have been attacked in bed by something or other, which I have hold of; but I can't see it; I can't see it!"

Hammond, doubtless struck by the horror expressed in my countenance, made one or two steps forward with an anxious yet puzzled expression. A very audible titter burst from the remainder of my visitors. This suppressed laughter made me furious. So great was my rage against the mocking crowd that had I the power I would have stricken them dead where they stood.

"Hammond! Hammond!" I cried again, despairingly, "for God's sake come to me. I can hold the Thing but a short while longer. It is overpowering me. Help me! help me!"

"Harry," whispered Hammond, approaching me, "you have been smoking too much opium."

"I swear to you, Hammond, that this is no vision," I answered, in the same low tone. "Don't you see how it shakes my whole frame with its struggles? If you don't believe me, convince yourself. Feel it; touch it."

Hammond advanced, and laid his hand on the spot I indicated. A wild cry of horror burst from him. He had felt it!

In a moment he had discovered somewhere in my room a long piece of cord, and was the next instant winding it and knotting it about the body of the unseen being that I clasped in my arms.

"Harry," he said, in a hoarse voice—for though he preserved his presence of mind, he was deeply agitated—"Harry, it's all safe now; you may let go if you are tired. The Thing can't move."

I was utterly exhausted, and I gladly loosed my hold. Hammond stood holding the ends of the cord that bound the Invisible, twisted around his hand, while before him, self-supporting, as it were, was a rope laced and interlaced, and stretching tightly around a vacant space.

The confusion which ensued among the guests of the house who were witnesses of this extraordinary scene between Hammond and myself—who beheld the pantomime of binding this struggling Something—who beheld me almost sinking from physical exhaustion when my task of jailer was over—the confusion and terror that took possession of the bystanders when they saw all this was beyond description. The weaker ones fled from the apartment. The few who remained clustered near the door, and could not be induced to approach Hammond and his charge.



credulity broke out through their terror. They had not the courage to satisfy themselves, and yet they doubted. I gave a sign to Hammond, and both of us—conquering our fearful repugnance to touch the invisible creature—lifted it from the ground, manacled as it was, and took it to my bed. Its weight was about that of a boy of fourteen.

"Now, my friends," I said, as Hammond and myself held the creature suspended over the bed, "I can give you self-evident proof that here is a solid, ponderable body, which, nevertheless, you can not see. Be good enough to watch the surface of the bed attentively."

The eyes of the bystanders were immediately fixed on the bed. At a given signal Hammond and I let the creature fall. There was a dull sound, as of a heavy body alighting on a soft mass. The bed creaked. A deep impression marked itself distinctly on the pillow, and on the bed itself. The crowd who witnessed this gave a low cry, and rushed from the room. Hammond and I were alone with our mystery.

We remained silent for some time, listening to the low, irregular breathing of the creature on the bed, and watching the rustle of the bed-clothes as it impotently struggled to free itself from confinement. Then Hammond spoke:

"Let us reason a little, Harry. Here is a solid body, which we touch, but which we can not see. The fact is so unusual that it strikes us with terror. Is there no parallel, though, for such a phenomenon? Take a piece of pure glass. It is tangible and transparent. A certain chemical coarseness is all that prevents its being so entirely transparent as to be totally invisible. It is not *theoretically impossible*, mind you, to make a glass so pure and homogeneous in its atoms that the rays from the sun will pass through it as they do through the air, refracted but not reflected. We do not see the air, and yet we feel it."

"That's all very well, Hammond, but these are inanimate substances. Glass does not breathe; air does not breathe. *This* thing has a heart that palpitates—a will that moves it—lungs that play, and inspire and respire."

Hammond shook his head and was silent. We watched together, smoking many pipes, all night long by the bedside of the unearthly being that tossed and panted until it was apparently wearied out. Then we learned by the low, regular breathing that it slept.

The next morning the house was all astir. The boarders congregated on the landing outside my room, and Hammond and myself were lions. We had to answer a thousand questions as to the state of our extraordinary prisoner, for as yet not one person in the house except ourselves could be induced to set foot in the apartment.

The creature was awake. This was evidenced by the convulsive manner in which the bed-clothes were moved in its efforts to escape. There was something truly terrible in beholding, as it were, these struggles for liberty which yet were invisible.

Hammond and myself had racked our brains during the long night to discover some means by which we might realize the shape and general appearance of the Enigma. As well as we could make out, by passing our hands over the creature's form, its outlines and lineaments were human. There was a mouth; a round, smooth head without hair; a nose, which, however, was little elevated above the cheeks; and its hands and feet felt like those of a boy. At first we thought of placing the Being on a smooth surface and tracing its outline with chalk, as shoemakers trace the outline of the foot. This plan was given up as of no value. Such an outline would not give the slightest idea of its conformation.

A happy thought struck me. We would take a cast of it in plaster. This would give us the solid figure, and satisfy all our wishes. But how to do it? The movements of the creature would disturb the setting of the plastic covering, and distort the mould. Another thought. Why not give it chloroform? It had respiratory organs—that was evident by its breathing. Once reduced to a state of insensibility, we could do with it what we would. A doctor was sent for, and after the physician had recovered from the first shock of amazement he proceeded to administer the chloroform. In three minutes afterward we were enabled to remove the fetters from the creature's body, and a modeler was busily engaged in covering the invisible form with the moist clay. In five minutes more we had a mould, and before evening a rough fac-simile of the mystery. It was shaped like a man—distorted, uncouth, and horrible, but still a man. It was small, not over four feet and some inches in height, and its limbs revealed a muscular development that was unparalleled. Its face surpassed in hideousness anything I had ever seen. Gustave Doré never conceived anything so horrible. It was the physiognomy of what I should fancy a ghoul might be. It looked as if it was capable of feeding on human flesh.

Having satisfied our curiosity, and bound every one in the house to secrecy, it became a question what was to be done with our enigma? It was impossible that we should keep such a horror in the house; it was equally impossible that such an awful being should be let loose upon the world. I confess that I would have gladly voted for the creature's destruction. But who would shoulder the responsibility? Who would undertake the execution of this horrible semblance of a human being?

The most singular part of the affair was that we were entirely ignorant of what the creature habitually fed on. Everything in the way of nutriment that we could think of was placed before it, but was never touched. It was awful to stand by, day after day, and see the clothes toss, and hear the hard breathing, and know that it was dying.

Ten, twelve days, a fortnight passed, and it still lived. The pulsations of the heart, however, were daily growing fainter, and had now nearly ceased. It was evident that the creature was dying for want of sustenance. While this terrible life struggle was going on I felt miserable. I could not sleep. Horrible as the creature was, it was pitiful to think of the pangs it was suffering.

At last it died. Hammond and I found it cold and stiff one morning in the bed. The heart had ceased to beat, the lungs to inspire. We hastened to bury it in the garden. It was a strange funeral, the dropping of that viewless corpse into the damp hole. The cast of its form Hammond has still.

As I am on the eve of a long journey, from which I may not return, I have drawn up this narrative of an event the most singular that has ever come to my knowledge.—Fitz-James O'Brien.

## VANITY FAIR.

The New York *Times's* London correspondent thus gives the latest bit of social gossip: A young married lady was staying at the country-house of a noble duke. She so repeatedly expressed her ardent desire to own a Norwegian belt, she so patetically deplored the inefficiency of her pinn-money, the stinginess of her husband, that her host, before the visit was over, begged her to order for herself the trinket she required—a matter probably of eight or ten guineas—and to accept it as a remembrance of the pleasant hours spent together under the same roof. The lady blushing but unhesitatingly accepted, and forthwith, on her return to London, went to Bond Street, and gave her orders with such thoroughness and minuteness of detail that among the adjuncts to the belt was to be seen a silver-handled, silver-feruled, silver-monogrammed umbrella. These et ceteras ran the bill up to one hundred and seven pounds. The total was too much for the duke's gallantry. Angry at this extension of the contract, or at the magnitude of the disbursement, he deemed it incumbent on his good breeding to send the bill to the husband, with a polite note informing him that his boundless regard for the wife precluded him from offering her a present of marketable value, as he would thereby encroach on conjugal privileges. The woman did not storm, the duke did not blush, the wife had her costly toy, the husband paid, the world talked. All is well that ends well.

Newport, later in the season, says the Boston *Gazette*, is to be convulsed by the sight of a new hat. It is the old-fashioned calèche, and has been named the "Mephistopheles" by some one who has spied it out at a fashionable modiste's. But no one will be permitted to wear it until society is fairly settled, and all the surroundings are in sympathy. The hat itself is atrocious, shaped something like an inverted coal-scuttle, the brim slightly covering the face, with high, receding crown. There is no brim whatever at the back. Trimmed with plumes, and worn by a pretty girl, it becomes picturesque, and fairly redeems the awful impression it first created.

Aristocracy in England is coming in every direction to grief. In addition to Lord Huntley, we have another Scotch lord of ancient lineage, Lord Ruthven, in the Bankruptcy Court, who finds matters even harder to arrange. The heir of a baronet is found apprenticed to a pawnbroker. The Countess of Mornington has applied for parochial relief. Two noble brothers are in the coal trade. The great flower-shop in Regent Street is kept by an aristocratic major, who is not ashamed of his calling. At Ealing they will ask you if you will have a cup of milk from "the viscount's dairy," and at Uxbridge there is the nursery-ground where a few months ago you might have beheld a Scotch earl and his wife and children weeding and watering the vegetables for the London market. The earl is dead, and his widow has been pensioned off by the purchaser of the ground.

A lady at a Cincinnati masked ball wore this dress, which she called "The Eclipse": One-half of the costume was composed of black satin, the other of white satin. The left glove was a ten-button black kid, and the right of white. The high-crowned hat was made of white and black satin. The left stocking was black silk, the shoe of white satin, while the right was white silk, and the shoe of black satin. She carried in her hand a fan of black and white satin.

It is very satisfactory to find that sometimes people can discriminate between extremes in dress. There is a spirit in Paris tending to enforce moderate crinolettes, moderate-sized Tuscan straw-hats, moderate burdens of flowers, and moderate short skirts. When a great couturier, or a great couturière, takes the length of one's skirts, it is suggested that ladies should sit down for this process, and then it is wonderful what a quantity of inches have to be added to the trotteuse. If customers (read patients) insist on having their trotteuses measured while standing, a most painful surprise awaits them the first time the new dress is worn; it scarcely reaches the top of the demibotte, and one leg crossed over the other exhibits more than trotters indeed. Now, too short a skirt is as unbecoming as a draggle-train out of doors.

A pretty idea was carried out at a fashionable wedding in London the other day. The bride's dress was of white brocade, and the bridesmaids appeared each in a different color, or rather tint, so pale of hue were their pretty dresses. One was in pale blue, another in pale pink, a third in pale yellow, and the fourth in pale green, while all four wore large and picturesque white hats, trimmed with feathers and flowers to match their respective dresses, and each carried a bunch of flowers which also harmonized in color with her gown.

Mr. Oscar Wilde has returned to New York, and, according to the *World*, has planned and furnished the drawings to a New York artist in togery for two costumes not only "utterly utter," but lovely and exhilarating beyond all modern comparison, in which, within a few days, New York may expect to see him illuminate public places. Mr. Wirtz, the artist who has been entrusted with this commission, thus described the coming garb to a reporter: "I am making two suits for Mr. Wilde according to his drawings—one to be of black velvet, and the other to be of the shade of a lake glistening in the moonlight. The shade is called *couleur du lac au clair de la lune*." He further explained that there were two suits, one black and the other mouse-color. The black suit had a plain black velvet doublet fitting tight to the body, without any visible buttons, after the style of Francis I., the lower part of the sleeves being of embossed velvet, with embroidered field-flower designs, and fitting tight to the arm. The upper part of the arm is to be in large puffs of the same material, only of a larger pattern, and the body of plain velvet. The sleeves are of two designs of brocade velvet edged with a delicate ruffle of *mousseline de soie*. Around the neck is also a narrow frill in three rows of the same material as that which edges the sleeves. The

breeches are to come to the knee and to be tight fitting, with two small buttons at the bottom. The stockings are to be of black silk, and the shoes cut low and secured with a silver buckle. It may be interesting to know that the following are the dimensions of the costumes in inches: Trousers, thirty inches; bottom of doublet, forty-five and a-half; waist, thirty-eight and a-half, and breast thirty-six and a-half. The puffs at the upper part of the sleeves thirty-two inches, at the bottom eleven inches, the collar being seventeen inches in size. Mr. Wilde has received an offer from Australia for the summer. Colonel Morse, his agent, states that he has several engagements for Mr. Wilde through the South, but if there was a better opening in Australia, of course Mr. Wilde would go there. Colonel Morse said that Mr. Wilde's share of his lectures would amount to over thirty thousand dollars.

## San Francisco Fashions.

Quite a novelty in the way of parasols has just been received. It is called the "Andalusé," owing to the style which is carried by the ladies of Andalusia. The cover is straight out from the handle, with the exception of a few inches at the top, which slopes up, tent-like in appearance. The valance, which is formed from a continuation of the cover, is edged with deep fringe. Among other parasols lately brought out are some with one section displaying various designs, a favorite being a palette and brush. Fruits and flowers have now found their way into this portion of a lady's toilet, and sometimes the new parasols are seen entirely covered with apples, plums, cherries, flowers, or wheat and long blades of grass. The black Chantilly lace covers are again coming into vogue. I saw one the other day that had been made to order in Brussels. It was in antique patterns, with the exception of one section, which was in the design of lilies, roses, and sunflowers formed in a wreath, in the centre of which was the purchaser's monogram. I saw a very handsome one the other day also made in the lace. It is most suitable for a bride, and is of white watered silk or moire, with a deep knife pleating of the same material. Shirring is also much used, sometimes in the border, and again in sections. I saw one of a thin, delicate texture, entirely shirred. There are also shirred ruffles edged with lace. It is quite the style now to have a bunch of flowers on each parasol. The flowers are made to match the predominant shades of the toilet. Feather trimming is also much used. The newest thing in gloves are the ones made of chamois skin, of the natural shade. They are of the Bernhardt style, and reach half way up the arm. One merit about them is that they are porous, and will not allow the hand to become too warm. These gloves range in price from one dollar and a quarter up to two dollars and a half. They are highly recommended for the seashore and country. One establishment has just received an importation of fine lace. There are duchesse lace scarfs and sets of collar and cuffs as high in price as one hundred dollars. With these laces are a great variety of *gilets*, the most expensive being of point and point de Venise lace combined, which range from one hundred and twenty-five up to one hundred and fifty dollars. Those entirely of point de Venise are valued at four hundred dollars. There are also beautiful fichus of these expensive laces. A new material called cashmere *pousserie*, is being shown. It is intended for wraps and outside garments, and indeed for entire suits. There are also any amount of little wraps for the morning promenade, made of fancy buff woolen fabrics. It is quite the thing to have a small cape just falling over the shoulders, of the same stuff as the dress, which can be worn or not, as occasion requires. At one house I was shown a new and beautiful assortment in the linen dress-goods line, suitable for traveling, for inland watering-places, or, in fact, for any warm climate. They come in patterns, embroidered either in the shade of the dress, which is generally of a light terra-cotta color, or in fast fancy colors that will stand washing. These suits come also in batiste and pongee, which promise to be much worn the coming season. Terra-cotta of the lightest pink shade is extremely fashionable, and is very popular for gloves, parasols, bonnets, and the entire suit. It is wonderful what a hold chenille has gained among dress trimmings. It is now employed not only for ordinary fringes and *passermenterie*, but is mixed in with wax and crystal beads, white and black jet, and with iridescent beads, in embroidery. Speaking of jet, I hear that it is to be more worn than ever, and that complete over-dresses are being made of it. It comes in all qualities, and there is a wide range in price. I saw a handsome costume a few days ago. It was made up of brocade satin and ombre surah satin. The skirt was of the surah, with two deep, soft puffs in front. The shading of the material produced an odd though pretty effect. The back of the skirt had but one puff, which fell over a couple of knife-plaitings. The polonaise was of plain satin with roses brocade upon it, the flowers taking the same hues as the ombre stripes of the surah satin in the skirt. Around the edge of this garment was a knife-plaiting of Breton lace, and over the hips of it were small paniers of the ombre surah, draped to correspond with the draping of the front of the skirt. The waist part had a vest let in, made of the ombre satin laid in fine close plaits. The lower part of the waist was crossed with two bars of cream-colored satin. At the end of each of the two bars was an elaborate button, as large as a half-dollar. The turn-back cuffs on the elbow sleeves were made of a mass of plaits to match the vest, and the sleeves were finished with a plaiting of the Breton lace. In shoes, the "Oxfords" seem to be much in favor. They are made of fine Curaçoa kid, with a box toe and a concave heel. Then there is the "Dieppe," something very new, in the style of a sandal. The Spanish arch instep last is much used for ladies' French kid shoes. A pretty idea is to have the slippers embroidered to match the costume; for instance, with a robe of black satin embroidered in gold, there should be black satin slippers ornamented in gold. If a white silk or satin is embroidered in wax or crystal beads, so the slippers should be, and should match also in design. In the arrangement of the coiffure curls are much worn, that is short thick curls in a group of three or four, and the back part of the hair is dressed neither too high nor too low, although the forehead, no matter how pretty it may be, is covered with crimps and frizzes as much, if not more than ever.

May 17, 1882.

HELENA.



## THE DEAD PHILOSOPHER.

Extracts from the Writings of the late Ralph Waldo Emerson.

We owe to man higher success than food and fire. We owe to man man.—*Domestic Life.*

We prize books, and they prize them most who are themselves wise.—*Quotation and Originality.*

Nature is a rag-merchant, who works up every shred, and art, and end into new creations.—*Beauty.*

Nature is upheld by antagonism. Passions, resistance, danger, are educators.—*Considerations by the Way.*

The people are to be taken in very small doses. If solitude is proud, so is society vulgar.—*Society and Solitude.*

One of those conceited prigs who value nature only as it feeds and exhibits them is equally a pest with the roisterers.—*Clubs.*

Poetry is the only verity—the expression of a sound mind speaking after the ideal, and not after the apparent.—*Poetry and Imagination.*

Wherever there is power there is age. Don't be deceived by dimples and curls. I tell you that babe is a thousand years old.—*Old Age.*

The man who works at home helps society at large with somewhat more of certainty than he who devotes himself to charities.—*Farming.*

The true test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops—no, but the kind of men the country turns out.—*Civilization.*

Every man is not so much a workman in the world as he is a suggestion of what he should be. Men walk as prophecies of the next age.—*Circles.*

Every genuine work of art has as much reason for being as the earth and the sun. The gayest charm of beauty has a root in the constitution of things.—*Art.*

The less government we have, the better—the fewer laws and the less confided power. The antidote to this abuse of formal government is the influence of private character, the growth of the individual.—*Politics.*

No way has been found for making heroism easy, even for the scholar. Labor, iron labor, is for him. The world was created as an audience for him; the atoms of which it is made are opportunities.—*Greatness.*

Our efficiency depends so much on our concentration that nature usually, in the instances where a marked man is sent into the world, overloads him with bias, sacrificing his symmetry to his working power.—*Culture.*

The high prize of life, the crowning fortune of a man, is to be born to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness—whether it be to make baskets, or broadswords, or canals, or statutes, or songs.—*Considerations by the Way.*

Life is a succession of lessons which must be lived to be understood. All is a riddle, and the key to the riddle is another riddle. There are as many billows of illusion as flakes in a snow-storm. We wake from one dream into another dream.—*Illusions.*

We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or re-create that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent where once we had bread, and shelter, and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again.—*Compensation.*

It only needs that a just man should walk in our streets to make it appear how pitiful and artificial a contrivance is our legislation. The man whose part is taken, and who does not wait for society in anything, has a power which society can not choose but feel.—*New England Reformers.*

The restraining grace of common sense is the mark of all the valid minds—of Æsop, Aristotle, Alfred, Luther, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Franklin. \* \* \* The common sense which does not meddle with the absolute, but takes things at their word—things as they appear.—*Poetry and Imagination.*

The perception of the comic is a tie of sympathy with other men, a pledge of sanity, and a protection from those perverse tendencies and gloomy insanities in which fine intellects sometimes lose themselves. A rogue alive to the ridiculous is still convertible. If that sense is lost, his fellow-men can do little for him.—*The Comic.*

Every ship that comes to America got its chart from Columbus. Every novel is a debtor to Homer. Every carpenter who shaves with a foreplane borrows the genius of a forgotten inventor. Life is girt all round with a zodiac of sciences, the contributions of men who have perished to add their point of light to our sky.—*Representative Men.*

We owe a debt to every great heart, to every fine genius; to those who have put life and fortune on the cast of an act of justice; to those who have refined life by elegant pursuits. 'Tis the fine souls who serve us, and not what is called fine society. Fine society is only a self-protection against the vulgarities of the street and tavern.—*Considerations by the Way.*

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quotor of it. Many will read the book before one thinks of quoting a passage. As soon as he has done this, that line will be quoted east and west. Then there are great ways of borrowing. Genius borrows from nobody. When Shakespeare is charged with debts to his authors, Landor replies: "Yet he was more original than his originals. He breathed upon dead bodies and brought them to life."—*Quotation and Originality.*

The law of the table is Beauty—a respect to the common soul of all the guests. Everything is unseasonable which is private to two or three or any portion of the company. Tact never violates for a moment this law; never intrudes the orders of the house, the vices of the absent, or a tariff of expenses, or professional privacies; as we say, we never "talk shop" before company. Lovers abstain from caresses, and haters from insults, while they sit in one parlor with common friends.—*Social Aims.*

Shall we judge a country by the majority or by the minority? By the minority, surely. 'Tis pedantry to estimate nations by the census, or by square miles of land, or other than by their importance to the mind of the time. Masses! the calamity is the masses. I do not wish any mass at all, but honest men only, lovely, sweet, accomplished women only, and no shovel-banded, narrow-brained, gin-drinking million stockingers or lazzaroni at all. All the feats which make our civility were the thoughts of a few good heads.—*Considerations by the Way.*

## AN OLD FAVORITE.

The Tragedy.

[The following poem first appeared anonymously in *Harper's Weekly* during 1857. It was written by T. B. Aldrich, then a struggling young journalist in New York. It has appeared in a lately published volume of his works, amended, and with eighty-four lines expunged. In this latter form it appeared in the *Argonaut* for April 9, 1887. Its republication in its original form will not be without interest.]

"The Dame with the Camellias"—  
I think that was the play;  
The house was packed from pit to dome  
With the gallant and the gay,  
Who had come to see the tragedy,  
And while the hours away  
There was the faint exquisite  
With gloves and glass sublime;  
There was the dull historian,  
And there the man of rhyme,  
And the snarling critic, front to front,  
To see the play of crime.  
And there was heavy Ignorance,  
And Vice in Honiton lace;  
Sir Croesus and Sir Pandarus—  
And the music played apace.  
But of all that crowd I only saw  
A single, single face.  
'Twas that of a girl whom I had known  
In the summers long ago,  
When her breath was like the new-mown hay,  
Or the daintiest flowers that grow—  
When her heart was light, and her soul was white  
As the winter's early snow.  
'Twas in our own New England  
She breathed the morning air;  
'Twas the sunshine of New England  
That blent with her hair;  
And Modesty and Purity  
Walked with her everywhere.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The years went by, and the maiden grew  
Like a hairbell in the glade;  
The chestnut shadows crept in her eyes—  
Sweet eyes that were not afraid  
To look to heaven at morn or even,  
Or any time she prayed.  
She was the light of the cottage then;  
She was the golden sun  
Of her grandsire's life—the poor old man  
Whose toil was nearly done.

\* \* \* \* \*  
He watched her in the clover-patch,  
And among the tasseled corn,  
And in the lawns where apple-blossoms  
Were falling night and morn;  
And he saw the holy thoughts that grew  
Within her eyes like dawn.  
She walked with him to the village church,  
And his eyes would fill with pride  
To see her walk with the man she loved—  
To see them side by side.  
Sweet Heaven! she were an angel now  
If she had only died!  
If she had only died! Alas,  
How keen must be the woe  
That makes it better one should lie  
Where the sunshine can not go,  
Than to live in this pleasant, sunny world,  
Where the happy flowers blow!  
Would she had wed some country boor  
Before the fateful day  
When her cousin came to that simple home—  
Her cousin, Clarence Maye,  
With his city airs and handsome eyes  
To lead her soul astray!  
God dropped a pearl in his path of life,  
The heart of that sinless child,  
And he threw it away with a cruel laugh—  
He murdered while he smiled!  
Oh, but his words were soft as dew,  
And his voice was frank and mild.  
One night they left the cottage—  
One night in the mist and rain;  
And the old man never saw his pet  
Nor Clarence Maye again;  
Never saw his pet in the clover-patch,  
In the meadow, nor the lane.  
And day by day he looked for her,  
This pitiful old man;  
At last he died, and they buried him  
Where the silver waters ran.  
Many a time, like milk-white birds,  
The daisies flew away,  
And we never heard of her who fled  
In the night with Clarence Maye—  
Never knew if she were alive or dead,  
Till I met her at the play.  
And there she sat with her great brown eyes—  
They were a troubled look;  
And I read the history of her life  
As it were an open book;  
And saw her Soul, like a slimy thing,  
In the bottom of a brook.  
There she sat in her glistening silk,  
With emeralds on her wrist,  
And on her brow a slender thread  
Of pearl and amethyst.

"A cheat, a gilded grief!" said I,  
And my eyes were filled with mist.  
I could not see the players play;  
I could hear the music moan—  
Moan like a dismal winter wind,  
That dies in the woods alone;  
And when it stopped I heard it still,  
The mournful monotone.  
What if the Count were true or false?  
I did not care, not I;  
What if Camille for Armand died?  
I did not see her die.  
There sat a woman opposite  
Who held me with her eye.  
The great green curtain fell on all—  
On laugh, and wine, and woe—  
Just as death some day will fall  
'Twixt us and life, I know.  
The play was done—the bitter play—  
And the people turned to go.  
And did they see the Tragedy?  
They saw the painted scene;  
They saw Armand, the jealous fool,  
And the sick Parisian queen;  
But they did not see the tragedy—  
The one I saw I mean.  
They did not see that cold-cut face,  
Those golden braids of hair;  
Or seeing her jewels, only said:  
"The lady's rich and fair."  
But I tell you, 'twas the Play of Life,  
And that woman played Despair!

## THE CITY BY THE SEINE.

A Chronicle of Paris Shows, Circus-Riders, and Current Gossip.

In 1868 Jules Barbier and Michel Carré commenced their libretto of "Françoise de Rimini." Gounod offered to write the music for it, but backed out before the first act was finished, because, according to his friends' opinions, he was making too many "love" and not enough solely tragic operas. So Barbier and Carré took it to Ambroise Thomas. That composer undertook the opera, and the three had almost finished it, when Carré suddenly died. Barbier then altered many portions, which put Thomas back several years. Finally it was finished, and has just been produced, with Caroline Salla as Françoise, and Sellier as Paoli—two of the fattest premières whom Manager Vaucorbeil could have found to fill the rôles of two such *spirituelle* personages as Dante's lovers. But putting aside these imperfections, the opera is magnificently produced. Some of the scenery is grand, especially that which represents the infernal regions. As I mentioned in a previous letter, which described the plot, there is a prologue, in which Virgil takes Dante down to hell, and then shows him Françoise and Paolo wandering through the Stygian shades. In this prologue the two poets descend to the dark-flowing river. There they meet old Charon and his boat. As they cross, the molten flames of the *inferno* beyond loom up with a leaden glare. It is fearfully realistic. Then, again, the scene where Françoise and Paolo—until this moment guileless—are reading an old love romance. They reach a certain page, and turn to read other passionate and rapturous avowals of love. All this takes place in an exquisitely represented private chapel, which, though charming in itself, is nevertheless not according to the original, for in Dante's poem it took place in a garden. The scene where the Malatesta palace and galleries are illuminated for the fête glitters in shining splendor. When the guests are all present, the lovely Rosita Mauri bounds on to the stage, followed by a ballet, and dressed as a Moorish dancer, whirls through a fantastic *capriccio*. In the nuptial chorus of the second act there is a novelty in the appearance of twenty of the young girls from the Conservatoire. They are all plump and pretty, and their graceful forms attract much attention from the argus-eyed Parisian youth. The opera finishes by the death of the sinful lovers, and their transportation to hell. They have gone to the chapel, placing a page at the door. Malatesta finds the page, kills him, and rushing into the chapel, stabs the lovers, who die in each other's arms. Thick clouds roll over the scene. A faint glimmer appears, revealing Françoise and Paolo standing on a mighty rock in hell. Suddenly the sky above bursts asunder. The angelic host appears, and somewhat as in Faust, the two go floating off to Paradise, their sins forgiven them. The music of the opera is uneven. In several instances it is in Thomas's best style, while in others it barely escapes mediocrity.

Paris is sorrowful over the death of pretty Emilie Loisset, the circus rider. She was very popular, and much petted by the *monde*. The Empress of Austria, who has a love for fine riding thought much of her, and paid nearly as much attention when she was here as she does to the *écuyères* who compose the circus in Vienna. Mademoiselle Loisset's elder sister is the Princesse de Reuss, who was made a baroness, just before her marriage, in order that the name of "Clotilde, Baronne de Reichenfeld," might in a measure avert the *mésalliance* of the marriage. On the fatal day the unfortunate rider mounted, contrary to the desire of her friends, a vicious horse. She rode into the ring on a gallop. The horse suddenly reared, and started with fierce bounds for the stable. As it reached the gate it fell, and the unfortunate girl was pierced by the horn of the saddle. Everything was done to save her, but all to no purpose. Emilie Loisset has had a checkered career, not the least unimportant event of which was her famous elopement with the young Prince of Hatzfeld, several years ago.

The most toothsome gossip now rife in society is the quarrel of the Duchesse de Chevreuse and her daughter-in-law, the Duchesse de Chaulnes. Madame de Chevreuse is an old harridan, under the control of the priests. Her son, in 1875, married the seventeen-year-old Princesse de Galitzin. The young people lived with the old lady at the village of Sablé. Not long ago the young duke—whose title, by the way, was De Chaulnes—died. Immediately the mother-in-law turned the young widow out into the street, keeping the children herself. The Duchesse de Chaulnes has sued for possession and her children, and has invoked the mighty aid of the press. Madame de Chevreuse, on her part, replies in the papers, accusing her daughter-in-law of every crime in the decalogue. She says that while her son was alive the house was filled with the lovers of his wife. But Madame de Chaulnes denies all this, and indeed with a great deal of proof on her side. The better and more respectable portion of the press have taken her side, and are valiantly defending her. The villagers at Sablé, and also most of the family friends, assert that the Chevreuse is a bad old woman; that she hated her son's wife, and did all she could to kill her; that the lover story is entirely without foundation; and that, finally, they all love the young duchesse, and hate the wicked old one. Many interesting developments are expected from both sides, at the trial.

Périer, secretary of the *Figaro*, has won himself a fighting reputation. He was walking down a boulevard recently when an individual named Lesueur opened a window above, and drenched him with the contents of a slop-pail. He was taken home, sick at heart, on a shutter. Cornély, of the *Clarion*, wrote a thrilling account of the disaster. Périer felt that his honor as well as his clothes was injured. He replied, calling M. Cornély many delightful names, among others "a cowardly traducer." A friend being called in as umpire, decided that they must fight. Cornély, being challenged in due form, chose pistols. The friends of Périer were terrified. They had expected swords; pistols are so dangerous. There was no escape. A meeting took place. The friends and seconds trembled, as they heard the horrid "bang" of the weapons. The smoke cleared. All rushed forward to examine the combatants. Both were free from harm; but an innocent bystander had been fatally shot through his umbrella.

PARIS, April 26, 1882.



## SOCIETY.

A wedding occurred on Wednesday evening, May 17th, at Grace Church, which united Miss Maude James, daughter of J. G. James, to Walker C. Graves, a young attorney of this city. The marriage rite was performed by the Rev. Mr. Church, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Platt. The bride and groom, who walked up the aisle together, were preceded by five bridesmaids and five groomsmen, Miss Belle Smith and Mr. Burlin, Miss Fannie Loughren and Mr. Platt, Miss Susie Evans and Mr. Meeks, Miss Bettie McMullin and Mr. Langborne, and Miss Maggie Newlands and Mr. L. Marshall. These were followed by two little children, carrying plumes. Then came Mr. Graves with the bride. The church was crowded by friends of both parties. After the ceremony a reception was held for several hours at the residence of the bride's parents, on Howard Street, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth. The bride, who is so young as never to have been in society, having only graduated a short time since, looked lovely in her robe of white satin and bridal veil of tulle, held to the coiffure by a spray of orange blossoms. The floral decorations both at the church and at the house displayed exquisite arrangement, and the presents, which were numerous, were very beautiful. The supper was the perfection of the caterer's art. Mr. and Mrs. Graves will take a short trip into the interior, and returning will make their residence in this city.

Among the large list of invited guests were Judge and Mrs. Allen, Colonel and Mrs. Eyre, the Misses Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Miss Crocker, Judge and Mrs. Crockett, Miss Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. Crittenden, Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, Colonel Peter Donahue, Miss Mamie Donahue, Mervyn Donahue, General and Mrs. Evans, the Misses Evans, Judge O. P. Evans, Judge Freelon, Mr. and Mrs. James Flood, Miss Jennie Flood, Mrs. Duff Green, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Goad, Judge Hunt, Mrs. John McMullin, the Misses McMullin, Messrs. McMullin, Mr. and Mrs. Mason, Mrs. and Miss Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Head, Mr. and Mrs. P. Noble, Judge and Mrs. Peters, Miss Pet Peters, Ryland Wallace, and many others.

The Count and Countess de Tocqueville gave quite a large dinner-party on Tuesday evening at the Baldwin Hotel. Among those present were Messrs. George and Eugene Le Roy, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Highton, in whose honor the entertainment was given.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Coleman entertained a number of friends on Thursday at their residence on California Street. Among those present were Dr. and Mrs. William M. Gwin, Miss Carrie Gwin, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Coleman, and Governor Halliday.

## Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Henry Scott left New York for Europe on Wednesday last. Mrs. George H. Kimball, of the Lick, returned from Los Angeles a few days ago. Miss Morrison, of San José, who has been visiting Mrs. Phelan, has returned home. Mr. and Mrs. David Brown are summering at Alameda. Miss Belle Davis, of Vallejo, is visiting in this city. The Misses Eldridge will leave the Occidental in two or three weeks, and take up their permanent residence in San Rafael. Mrs. Leland Stanford has gone to Palo Alto for the summer. Colonel and Mrs. Charles F. Crocker have left New York, and are expected home a week hence. Mrs. Charles Crocker has returned from Sacramento. Mrs. Bedell is in Santa Barbara. The Misses Ryland, of San José, are at the Yosemite. Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean leave New York for San Francisco on or about the twenty-fifth instant. Mr. and Mrs. William Collier will spend the summer at Clear Lake. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, accompanied by their daughter, depart for the East early in June, so as to be in New Haven when their son William graduates at Yale, after which the whole party go to Europe for a short time. Captain and Mrs. N. T. Smith will spend the coming summer at Menlo Park. Mrs. Colgate Baker is contemplating a Yosemite trip in June. Edgar Mills and family have taken up their summer residence at Menlo. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wilson will remain in the East until the latter part of July. Miss Allie Hawes, who has been taking so much pleasure in New York and Washington for eight or nine months past, leaves the former city for home during the latter part of this month. Mrs. Colonel Dunkelberger and family have returned to Los Angeles. Mrs. George Hearst and Mrs. Shillaber were at a grand soiree musical, given by Mrs. Mackey in Paris lately. Mrs. Charles F. Pond and Miss Mary McHenry will spend the coming month at Santa Cruz and Monterey. Hon. John Russell Young, minister to China, and Mrs. Young, a bride, arrived here on Wednesday last, and are at the Palace. Trenor W. Park is in the city. Mrs. J. A. Fillmore and sister are visiting in Sacramento. Mr. Charles L. Wetherbee returned from New York on Saturday last. Miss Maybel Lewis, of Sacramento, will spend the summer in Sonoma County. Mrs. E. P. Sanford and daughter, of Oakland, returned from the East on Sunday last. Mrs. A. G. Hawes is ruralizing for a few days at Haywards. Mr. and Mrs. Gray Grayrigg leave for England next week. Mrs. General Kautz entertained a small yachting party at Angel Island on Saturday last, composed of Captain Floyd Harry Tevis, and others, at which there was dancing. Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Dickinson, *nee* Miss Syria Browne, who were married in Oakland on the twelfth instant, arrived in New York yesterday. Our California ladies in Washington are well-looked after by the society correspondents at the Capital; thus, of the ladies who accompanied President Arthur and Senator Jones to the theatre to hear Gerster, a few evenings ago: "The ladies were an attractive group, in their rich costumes. Mrs. Senator Jones, delicate as the lily of the valley; Miss Sterling, bright and piquant; Miss Grattan, brilliant and sparkling, and Miss Weaton, dainty and winsome. The President was the central figure in this group, of course, but he evaded inquisitive glances by keeping in the background." Mrs. Adam Grant will go to Monterey shortly to stay several weeks. Mrs. Doctor J. D. Whitney will also spend several weeks at Monterey during the coming month. Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Booth will spend some time at the Tamalpais Hotel, San Rafael, during the coming season. Mrs. Sidney Lacey, of Los Angeles is at the Lick. Mrs. George W. Reed and Miss Ella Barstow went to Etna Springs on Monday last to remain three or four weeks. General G. B. Dandy, U. S.

A., has been in the city most of the week. Mrs. Charles Miller and daughters will shortly go to Monterey to stay several weeks. Miss Mary Wadsworth, of Oakland, has returned from the East. Judge Silent, of Arizona, is spending a few days in this city and at San José. Captain William Kohl and Hayward M. Hutchinson, of the Alaska Company, left for the East on Sunday last. Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Metcalf, (*nee* Nicholson), who have been enjoying their boney-moon at Santa Barbara, have returned to Oakland. Mr. Henry Heyman has issued invitations for a violin recital to be held next Monday evening at B'nai-B'rith Hall, at which most of his pupils will perform. Only a limited number of invitations have been issued. Mrs. W. J. Callingham and her little daughter left last week for Napa Soda Springs, where they intend to remain all summer. Mrs. Tallant and family and Mrs. Breeze and family go to Monterey on the fifteenth of June, to remain a month. Mrs. Mark Hopkins and her niece, Miss Crittenden, left for the East on Thursday last. Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and Mrs. Breckinridge went to Monterey on Monday last, to remain for the season. Mrs. R. C. Hooker and family go to Monterey on the first of June, to stay until after the Fourth of July. Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Macondray, and Mrs. and Miss Florence Atherton went to Monterey on Monday last, to remain two months. Louis T. Haggin and family went to Monterey on Tuesday last, to remain quite a while. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Howard went down to Monterey on Wednesday last. Mrs. Commander Coffin and Miss Lena Coffin shortly go to Soda Bay, to remain until the first of August. Mrs. Joseph M. English, who is now at the Palace, will leave for London in a few weeks. W. P. Morgan and family went to Monterey on Tuesday last. Mrs. Judge Sanderson has postponed her departure for Europe until next fall. Doctor A. J. Bowie and family and Mrs. and Miss Friedlander go to Monterey on the first of June, to remain until the middle of July. On the fifteenth of June W. H. Taylor and family, J. H. Hammond and family, E. J. Bowen and family, and Charles Miller and family go to Monterey, to stay a month. Mrs. Greeley, (wife of Lieutenant Greeley, now in Arctic waters), who has been sojourning in San José for the past nine months, has gone East with her father. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Carroll, of Sacramento, go to Monterey on the twenty-ninth of June, and Mrs. Lucy A. Arnold goes to the same place on the thirtieth proximo. Judge Rising and wife, of Virginia City, go to Monterey on the eleventh of June, to remain several weeks. Mrs. A. H. Rutherford is at the Geysers. Doctor and Mrs. J. C. Tucker, of Alameda, left for the East on Saturday last. Mrs. Solomon has gone to Santa Rosa on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Oates. Mrs. Colonel J. H. Withington returns from her extended Eastern visit this morning. Miss Chandler, of Oakland, returned from the East on Tuesday last. Louis Janin and family are at Highland Springs, Lake County. Mrs. John Wasson, of Tucson, arrived here on Thursday last. Hon. William Campbell and Charles Edward Bright, of Australia, are at the Palace. Mrs. Joseph Austin has been spending a few days in Sacramento. Miss May Talbot, of Sacramento, is visiting friends in this city. Dr. Stennett, General Passenger Agent of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, and a prince among men, arrived here on Thursday last; his old friend, H. P. Stanwood, went up to Sacramento on Wednesday evening to meet him. Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln and Miss Lincoln, are whiling away a few days at Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. James B. Stetson have been spending a portion of the present week in Sacramento. Mrs. F. B. Reynolds has postponed her trip to Europe, and will leave for Litton Springs next Wednesday, at which place and Monterey she and her daughter, Miss Jeannette, will spend the summer. Mrs. Van Voorhees, (daughter of Admiral McDougal), and her daughter, Mrs. Marmion, (wife of Doctor Marmion, of the Navy), will arrive here from the East to-morrow. Miss Fannie Houghton is visiting the Yosemite, previous to her departure for Europe. Mrs. C. Patrick is contemplating a visit to the Sierra Madre Villa, in company with a sister of Mr. Patrick, who is on her way here from the East. Mrs. D. D. Colton and Mrs. Crittenden Thornton are at the Paraiso Springs. Mrs. S. D. Hovey will spend a few weeks at the Sierra Madre Villa before going to Monterey. Mrs. Spotts, widow of the late Admiral Spotts, and family, have taken a house on California Street, between Steiner and Pierce. Mr. and Mrs. Phil Gerhardt have just returned from a visit to Clear Lake and Woodland to their home in Oakland.

## The Late Doctor H. H. Hubbard.

On Wednesday last, with the solemn and beautiful service of the highest degree of Masonry, all that was mortal of Doctor Hubbard was laid, by loving hands and truly stricken hearts, to rest. After a long and painful illness, battled against by all the skill and more than devotion of the first medical talent of this coast, he passed from among us. The announcement of the fatal termination carried into many homes sorrow so sincere that only God, and his angel, Time, can soften it. The journals of this city told us of his birth in Essex County, New York; his career in the army; his settling here, where in a few years by his talents and many noble traits he established a practice second to none, and of his high standing in the Masonic order. Generous to a fault; full of pity for all who suffered; friend, untiring and without ostentation, to the poor and friendless, he continued his quiet round of daily ministrations until almost stricken with death. Morbidity reticent and sensitive, of his many charities and total abnegation of self the world knew little. "His witness was in heaven, and his record is on high." The writer knew and loved him well. The world is better for such a life and heart as Horace Hubbard's. The shadow and loneliness without him is deep and painful, only to be endured by the certainty that he "has passed to where, beyond these voices, there is peace."

"The poor will miss him in their need,  
The glad will seek his face in vain;  
A thousand loving hearts will bleed—  
O Love Divine, their hearts sustain."

At the close of dinner at the late Dean of Ely's a guest happened to remark that six eminent lawyers had died in six months. At that minute the Dean, very deaf, rose and said: "For these and all other mercies God's holy name be praised."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## The Designs for the Garfield Monument.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The miserable lot of designs submitted in competition for the Garfield Monument will not surprise anybody who remembers the conditions laid down by the committee. From the outset it was a foregone conclusion that no sculptor of note would compete, inasmuch as the rules governing the competition were not only contrary to all known methods of erecting statues during the past two thousand years, but were also splendidly calculated to ruin any design, however excellent. Two conditions must be fulfilled: First, the statue must be modeled in clay, life-size, by the artist; second, it must be cast under the supervision of the artist at a foundry accustomed to the execution of works of art. When, therefore, our local committee demanded drawings, (not models,) on the ridiculous scale of one inch to the foot, and positively excluded the designer from all part in the erection of his work, they simply displayed their utter unfitness to dabble in art. Every sculptor who received this circular knew that it was impossible for the qualities in a design drawn on a scale of one inch to the foot to be preserved in an enlarged copy, and no man of reputation would submit his work to the enlargement and distortion of strange hands, with the further prospect of having his statue manufactured like a cast-iron column. Of the designs submitted it is impossible to say whether they are most notable for their frivolity or their caricature. After the tragic event of last summer, which apparently stirred the country so deeply, it is simply incredible that any twenty American citizens should have been found capable of giving monumental expression to the significance of that event in such a frivolous fashion. There is only one design in the lot which shows any sense of the dignity and manhood of Garfield's character. Number Three, representing Garfield in frock-coat and overcoat, standing on a pedestal with belly thrust out, and hands hanging dejectedly at his side, reminds me of Falstaff. Number Seventeen sets him on a base of unexampled vulgarity, with arms stretched at right angles; this body holding a proclamation. Number Thirteen, representing Garfield on top of a fluted column, with shoulders raised in the attitude of a shrug and hands folded over his abdomen, only needs a cap and bells to be a first-rate model for one of Shakespeare's fools. It is useless to go through the list. Only two of the designs (both modeled in plaster) call for meritorious mention, and the merits of these are very unevenly divided—Number One by F. Happersberger, and Number Eighteen by Marion Wells. The latter represents Garfield standing on a granite pedestal, the face of which is decorated with an eagle, while two figures of Agriculture and Mining stand on each side of the base. This symmetrical arrangement gives a pleasant effect to the ensemble, but unfortunately the details will not bear examination. The figure of Garfield is that of a daedified gentleman, with hands in a lady-like pose, utterly wanting in force or manhood. The figures of Agriculture and Mining are very conventionally conceived, and wholly devoid of spirit. The other design deserving favorable mention is Number One, by F. Happersberger, a young Californian now studying sculpture in Munich. It represents Garfield standing on a granite pedestal, two sides of which are adorned with eagles, while at the base sits the mourning figure of America. Though I never heard of this young man before, I give him the praise of being the only design in the whole competition which has successfully embodied in Garfield's figure the dignity and manhood which won the admiration of the world. The eagles adorning the sides are executed with great spirit, and the mourning figure at the base is posed so gracefully and modeled with such artistic skill as give great promise of Mr. Happersberger's future. X. Y. Z.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 18, 1882.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The designs for the monument to be erected to the memory of the late James A. Garfield are now on exhibition at the rooms of the committee, 419 California Street. After a careful examination of them, it may be in place to offer some reflections, or suggestions, as the case may be. The committee have undoubtedly taken the best method of securing excellence and originality in the designs—that of competition. "Contentione Perfectus" was the motto of the old Bolognese school, and it applies with the same force in our day. It is too late to criticise the action of the committee in their method of procedure, but it is pertinent to inquire why we have no designs from the foremost sculptors of America—Quincy Ward, H. K. Browne, Launt Thompson, Randolph Rogers, or Martin Milman, men who have made reputations by building monuments during the last twenty years? The reason is, that the terms of the circular issued by the committee simply prohibited their competition. However, we have designs enough such as they are. What does the committee propose to do with them? They give us to understand that they propose to keep them on exhibition for a sufficient time to study them thoroughly, that they may be enabled to choose carefully, intelligently, and without prejudice, the most worthy. In order to do this, they must formulate for themselves certain requisites or conditions to be fulfilled. Let me suggest some of these:

First—A symmetrical whole; an architectural proportion that shall be pleasing to the eye.

Second—In the figures, an arrangement and a capacity for the expression of ideal sentiment.

Third—Solidity and durability of material.

Fourth—Elegance, color, subordination of ornament to general effect, or simplicity, appropriateness of inscriptions, etc.

Want of space will not allow me to dilate upon the eighteen or twenty designs exhibited by the committee. Many of them are beneath criticism, and unworthy of a place in the competition. I look with distrust upon all those that embody a core of brick-work, tiles, or trashy ornament. I do not consider with favor either columns or obelisks, both of which were invented rather as a record of a succession of events, by means of spiral bas-reliefs or incised hieroglyphics, and neither of which are now considered as good models for monuments to distinguished men.

The committee advertised for "designs" for a monument, on a scale of one inch to the foot. They have received them, and what do they amount to?—nothing. But in addition to the designs they have received two models, both of which are, I understand, by San Francisco artists, put in, as it were, to help out the "designs." According to the circular, these models have no business whatever in the competition; and as it is, they are very unfairly juxtaposed, one of them being on a scale of one inch, the other two inches to the foot. Of course the larger belittles the smaller one; but undoubtedly the committee will have the wit to make allowance for this unfortunate contrast in size. I may be allowed to express a pardonable pride in these two models for the Garfield Monument. They both, beyond question, embody a good deal of artistic knowledge, sentiment, and good taste; and either of them, if elaborated, and erected in our park, would prove a lasting source of pride and pleasure to the citizens of San Francisco. Moreover, we think that if the committee will apply the conditions suggested above carefully and considerately to their examination of these works, no great length of time will be required to make a wise selection.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 19, 1882.

OUTSIDER.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In the designs now on exhibition at the Republican League rooms, in competition for the Garfield monument, there are many absurdities. Not the least is the different nature of the designs. Practically the drawings are all out of competition, which will have to be confined to the two modeled designs. Here again there is an absurdity: that of Happersberger is on a scale of two inches to the foot, while Wells has complied with the specifications, and modeled his on a scale of one inch to the foot. But he suffers by it. It was impossible for him to finish the bas-reliefs and other details on so small a scale. It is therefore manifestly unfair to compare the two models. Both are good, and being the work of local artists, we should feel a just pride in them. The defect in the finishing of Wells's model is counterbalanced, in my opinion, by the fact that Happersberger's proportions are bad. The monument is inharmonious. A ten-foot statue on a twenty-four foot pedestal is against the canons of art. A.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 18, 1882.



## MUSIC.

The "Masque of Pandora," and Mrs. Porteous's Concert.

It has not been given us to know what Mr. Cellier's setting of the "Masque of Pandora" would be in prosperity; but in adversity—that sharpest test of real worth—it has proved itself to be a delightful and wholly genuine musical work. Imposed upon by a weak and inferior chorus, misrepresented by uncomprehending soloists, and overborne by the clumsy good-nature of a well-meaning orchestra, this graceful little opera, meek victim of untoward circumstance and a thousand ludicrous woes, has yet succeeded in asserting its own intrinsic value, and in bestowing true pleasure upon a much-enduring public. That it should have accomplished this two-fold task at the second performance, on Friday of last week, seems more than remarkable, when one pauses to recall the disadvantages under which it labored at that time. To begin with, its first strains fell upon the ears of no amiable or charitably disposed audience. After people have waited precisely three-quarters of an hour by their stem-winding watches for a concert to commence, (as they did on this inexplicable occasion,) they are not apt to be in that seraphic humor which condones, pardons, and excuses all. During the period of dreary and tedious waiting in question, members of the chorus and orchestra, one by one, strolled leisurely into place. Faint rounds of spiritless and sarcastic applause finally greeted these individual arrivals, and set afloat a dismal semblance of facetiousness among the scattered assembly; but one's sense of humor is not enhanced by long sitting in a Platt's Hall draught, and by the time that Mr. Cellier himself put in a tardy appearance, all the finer enthusiasms of a concert-goer's soul had given place to chilly indifference. The performance was at last inaugurated by a hesitating prelude from the orchestra, and a remote "Chorus of Workmen," which was so shrunken and so infantile in sound, it seemed to come from the distant source that lies at the wrong end of an opera-glass. This lack of force was something of a blight upon an introduction all about the thunderbolts of Zeus, smothered lightnings, and so forth, but it was finished successfully in comparison with the blank failure made by the representative of Mr. Digby Bell, whose solo part immediately followed. Independence is a noble and admirable quality; and as has been well said, the feasibility of all things is a great idea. But for a young man to sing in one key, with his accompaniment in another, is an attempt which can result only in tragedy. Mr. Cellier hastened vocally to the relief of the misguided Hephæstus, and tided him over, after a fashion, into the shelter of the "Celestial Chorus," under cover of whose feminine protection he was evidently glad to heat a forlorn retreat, like many another of his helpless sex in time of trouble. After the chorus, and a really delightful hit of orchestral interlude, Pandora appeared. Miss Elliot's singing throughout was prompt, accurate, and business-like. She, for one, was conversant with the requirements of her part; and although her tone-quality is unsympathetic, sometimes harsh and heady, and her pitch not always true, she has a clear voice and many good notes. The effect of her first utterances was marred by a disagreeable tremolo, which was afterwards less prominent, and in the second scene of the second act, Miss Elliot rose to her real excellence of the evening. Her brief recitative,

"Ask me not;  
I can not answer thee. I only know  
The gods have sent me hither."

in point of lyric purity and true musical perception was worth all she sang besides. For this she should have been recalled instead of "Left to myself, I wander as I will," in act third. Miss McKenzie, as Hermes, was no worse than Miss McKenzie as herself, musically speaking. Indeed, if the faulty method of this young lady could be overlooked, her defective intonations excused, and her stilted style forgotten, it might be safe to prefer her as Hermes, in memory of the charming aria, "With joy do I obey the summons," and its beautiful accompaniment. From beginning to end Hermes has a lovely part assigned her. No wonder Miss McKenzie was in haste to make it known, even to the extent of crowding out her orchestral introductions in two or three places. It is a little awkward, however, in such cases to be abruptly checked for justice' sake by an inexorable conductor, and the necessity for his audible interference lends a suggestion of rehearsal etiquette to an evening's performance that somehow seems amiss. Mr. Muller's painful uncertainty in the part of Prometheus materially detracted from what might have been a happy rendering of it; and Mr. Talho's astounding *tour de force* in his first number, a drinking-song—"Fill the chalice"—dwarfed his succeeding efforts into mild insignificance. But in spite of these drawbacks; in spite of Mr. Cellier's funny descents from the leader's stand into the midst of bewildered instrumentalists, who, like babies, had lost their places; in spite of loud accompaniment, and too evident lack of rehearsal, the beauties of the "Masque of Pandora" shone calmly forth. Snatches of the graceful, scherzo-like movement introducing the second scene of the second act, still linger, and will not go. The romantic prelude to the third act, with the melodious recitative by Epimæus, the duet, "The sea hath its pearls," Pandora's concluding number, the captivating accompaniments from beginning to end, and the many unmentioned beauties of the entire work—all are deserving of praise and admiration. Mr. Cellier may recall with a sigh and smile, in after years, the countryfied production of his opera in San Francisco; but whatever pang the memory may cause him, it never need be one to disturb the inner peace of a truly successful musical writer.

The concert tendered to Mrs. Murtha Porteous on Tuesday evening, at Dashaway Hall, was one of those harmless and miscellaneous affairs which are sure to abound in flowers and applause, but which are not so certain to be proportionately musical. This event, however, was an exception in some respects to most of its kind. Mrs. Porteous does not devote herself to the classics, and she has the oddest way in the world (especially noticeable in a whole evening's programme) of skimming over half a phrase or more, and alighting on some prominent tone, where the utmost force of her voice is expended and poured forth. But although her se-

lections are not severe, and her chief peculiarity destroys the balance of her vocalization, Mrs. Porteous is a very pleasant songstress. Her first number was "Alla Stella Confidente," by Robandi, to which Mr. C. J. Bonnington played a careful, but shrill, and on the high notes extremely flat, violin obligato. Later she gave a song, "Lovely Spring," by Coenen, and as encores, "A Summer Shower" and a graceful ballad of the sentimental order. Mrs. H. Clarke contributed a waltz song, "The Star," by Faure, in a thin, unsatisfactory, and wiry voice. Miss Ellen Coursen, a "Theme," with variations by Sonntag, which was encored, and responded to in a "Laughing Song." By this sign Miss Coursen evidently has her admirers; but her method of forming tones is so hopelessly and irretrievably bad, that one can only wonder anew at the delusions of this groping world. When will it learn that trills, and runs, and florid embellishments are all in vain when intonations are throaty, thick, and essentially wrong? With far less pretension, and a good, natural quality of voice, Mrs. Dickinson sang "Farewell," by Graham, and was recalled. Signor Parolini gave with prodigious force a "Romanza," from "Ernani," which was pleasantly received, and Mr. M. Hogg was mechanically and stolidly correct in an "Aria" from "Lucrezia Borgia." The duet "Qual mare, qual terra," was fairly rendered by Mrs. Porteous and Mr. Stein, and the closing trio from "Attila," by Mrs. Porteous, Signor Parolini, and Mr. Stein, was well done. Mrs. Carr was as delicate and happy as ever in her playing of the "Norwegian Wedding March," by Grieg, and the Chopin Waltz, in E Minor; but the programme afforded nothing more enjoyable than the two cello solos, by Mr. Mathieu. The first was a "Nocturne" of Goltermann's; and the second a "Fantaisie," by Kummer. Both were played with beautiful fidelity of pitch, and a tone that was full and smooth, if not over-strong. The modesty of his selections, and his painstaking interpretation of them, marked Mr. Mathieu as a musician of true feeling and instincts. The accompaniments were acceptably and carefully played by Miss Ella Lawrie.

## OUR DEAD SINGER.

By Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Pride of the sister realm so long our own,  
We claim with her that spotless fame of thine,  
White as her snow and fragrant as her pine!  
Ours was thy birthplace, but in every zone  
Some wreath of song thy liberal hand has thrown  
Breathes perfume from its blossoms, that entwine  
Where'er the dewdrops fall, the sunbeams shine,  
On life's long path with tangled cares o'ergrown.  
Can Art thy truthful counterfeit command,  
The silver-haloed features, tranquil, mild,  
Softening the lips of bronze as when they smiled,  
Give warmth and pressure to the marble hand?  
Seek the lost rainbow in the sky it spanned!  
Farewell, sweet Singer! Heaven reclaims its child.

Carved from the block or cast in clinging mould,  
Will grateful Memory fondly try her best  
The mortal vesture from decay to wrest;  
His look shall greet us, calm, but ah, how cold!  
No breath can stir the brazen drapery's fold,  
No throb can heave the statue's stony breast;  
"He is not here, but risen," will stand confest  
In all we miss, in all our eyes behold.  
How Nature loved him! On his placid brow,  
Thought's ample dome, she set the sacred sign  
That marks the priesthood of her holiest shrine,  
Nor asked a leaflet from the laurel's bough  
That envious Time might clutch or disallow  
To prove her chosen minstrel's song divine.

On many a saddened hearth the evening fire  
Burns paler as the children's hour draws near—  
That joyous hour his song made doubly dear—  
And tender memories touch the faltering choir.  
He sings no more on earth; our vain desire  
Aches for the voice we loved so long to hear  
In Dorian flute-notes breathing soft and clear—  
The sweet contralto that could never tire.  
Deafened with listening to a harsher strain,  
The Mænad's scream, the stark barbarian's cry,  
Still for those soothing, loving tones we sigh;  
Oh, for our vanished Orpheus once again!  
The shadowy silence hears us call in vain!  
His lips are hushed; his song shall never die.

—Atlantic for June.

A lady called recently at the establishment of a celebrated mad doctor in Paris. She sobbed bitterly. She was in great trouble. Her son, who had a large fortune, fancied himself a merchant's clerk engaged in extensive mercantile transactions. She called with her son next day, by appointment. The doctor requested her to retire. She left with a small parcel, and the youth presented a bill for payment. The doctor had been prepared for this form of insanity. The young man was pounced upon by four employees, and held, by their united force, under a douche bath upon his head, he screaming the while for his money. It transpired that the lady had represented herself to be the doctor's wife, and had made extensive purchases from a jeweler, who had sent his clerk with her in a cab to receive the money from her husband.

A great many of the old fish stories, remarks the New Orleans *Picayune*, are not true. Here is a new one: A hollow log drawn from a Michigan river, "on being sawed through the centre revealed fourteen black huss and one hullead, which flopped out of their hiding-place. The fish were so large as to lead to the belief that they found their way into the log through a small hole, and afterwards grew so much that they could not get out."

A young lady subscriber, says Bill Nye, writes us asking what is the latest thing in garters. In reply we will say that we know just exactly what the latest thing in garters is, but we decline to tell. Our wife is away at the present time, and we feel that the eye of the public is upon us. Will the young lady subscriber please ask us something which we can answer without compromising ourselves?

On May 11th, Dr. John Brown, whose "Rah and his Friends," and "Pet Marjory," have been the delight of two generations, died at his home in Edinburgh.

## THE CHINESE QUESTION.

Extracts from Eastern Journals which are Not the Usual Lies.

John P. Irish, editor of the *State Free Press*, Iowa City, Iowa, thus writes of the Chinese in San Francisco. Every Republican member of Congress in Iowa voted against us on the Chinese restriction, Allison and Ingalls, the senators, taking the lead:

We found San Francisco in the ferment of the Chinese question. Hayes insulted every lady on this coast and kicked every laboring man by his veto of the effective Chinese bill passed by the last Democratic Congress. Arthur had just deliberately repeated the dose. I came here not for health, for I have an overstock, but for the opportunity of looking at the Chinese question. Cooper has idealized this State in the picture of a fair woman, compact of the purity of the spiritual and the beauty of the fleshly elements, garlanded with flowers, hair given to the zephyrs, with face kissed by Venus into an ineffable loveliness. She is the ideal California. But upon the milky breast of the reality she idealizes, feeds this greedy cancer, the Chinese scirrhous. When I saw it, I thanked God that for fifteen years from the beginning of this evil until now, I have fought it. Since I came a ship landed a thousand Chinese laborers and thirty-five prostitutes, shipped to the masters here whom they must slave for in infamy. I thought that "Chinatown" in Frisco, was a low lying tract covered with thatched shanties; but it is in one of the finest quarters of the city, which was solidly built with business houses, and sheltered thousands of white laborers. When the cancer was small, in the days when they were hailed as a desirable addition to the laboring population, they rented here. Others came and rented. Soon it became more pleasant for their white neighbors to rent to them and move, than to stay in range of their noisome habits. So step by step, paying at first high rates on short leases, they covered many blocks. As the leases expired, no white man would take the property, and the owners were compelled to rent to Chinese at their own rates, or lose all income. By this process the district was conquered. Now it is extending around its borders; property across the street is undesirable for whites, and the Mongols take it. Near forty thousand of them are in this district. It is to all intents and purposes a Chinese city. Here are their stores, their factories, their temples, their markets, their natch houses. Now remember that this population of forty thousand has in it not a dozen wives, not a dozen families! Forty thousand white laborers would represent one hundred and sixty thousand population. Here every woman is unclean. She has no children. She is a passion slave, sold at birth to infamy, and trained from her lips to vice, as white men train their daughters to virtue. These men cook their food, tend their own foul sleeping places, and live on twenty dollars a year. We make a travesty of "Chinese cheap labor." Here is a tragedy. Alongside of this witless, childless, Christless labor, the white toiler with his wife and weans competes in vain. My readers have heard of the hoodlum of San Francisco. He is a victim of the cancer. He is the son of a white laborer who was guttered in the unequal contest; his sons missed their schooling, and at working age had to compete with Chinese labor. The competition was impossible. They fell into vice. The white laborer's daughters have not a thing to which they can turn to honestly earn a living. The young men who in the natural course would wife them, and make them homes, are in the jail, the penitentiary, the gutter, the gambling-house. So the girls' feet take hold on perdition, and they carry their bodies to market to meet the Chinese woman and compete with her in the foot-race to hell. So the white laboring class is festered out, livid with the leprosy of this Chinese cancer, rotting with the cancer which grows and thrives as they decay. This is a sketch of the effects of Mongolian labor on this coast. I have underdrawn the picture. It is not colored.

The Reverend Mr. Beckwith lived, married, and for many years preached at the Sandwich Islands. He now resides and preaches in San Francisco. He is an intelligent, observing Christian gentleman of the Congregational Church, and thus writes concerning the Chinese question to the *Southern Workman*. We commend it to the careful consideration of that class of hide-bound, ignorant Eastern preachers which it is our pleasure to despise and our privilege to abuse:

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 8, 1882.

MESSES, EDITORS: I have just read your editorial in the *Southern Workman* for April on the Chinese question. What you say of the Sandwich Islands is sadly true. They are bound to be Mongolian. In less than a generation I believe there will not be fifty white families on the island, unless, as you forcibly say, the United States shall adopt a very positive policy. But what surprises us here is that you and other intelligent men in the East can not see that precisely the same result is impending over all the Pacific Coast, and will be just as irresistible, in time, unless the United States shall adopt a very positive policy. We have precisely the same conditions, the need of laborers, and China the only ultimate source. You say "The Chinese can swallow the Hawaiians, but the Americans can swallow the Chinese." And in proof of it you say we are fifty millions or more, and the Chinese now here are only one-five-hundredth of our population. Hence the inference. But you and the philanthropists strangely forget that it is not the whole of the United States against China, but the Pacific Coast against China. Now, this is our peril. It is known everywhere that white laborers, with their families and their higher needs, can not at all compete with the Chinese. Hence they will not come here from the Eastern States or from Europe. They can not come and live. They know that, and they do not come. That is our first peril—the almost absolute exclusion of the classes that have families and civilized wants, and who would build up schools, and churches, households, and all the bounties of a Christian country. You and the philanthropists forget that the moment it is settled that there is to be unrestricted immigration, the greed of selfish men will be all against us. The capitalists here and the large land-owners will have laborers. Unable to get them from the East, they must get them, as at the Sandwich Islands, from the West. And they will. And because there is money in it the steamship companies will do all in their power to swell the invasion. The first result will be a few white men left as lords of the soil, monopolists of the railroads and the great enterprises, with a Mongolian tenantry. The ultimate result will be that the Mongolian tenantry will gradually absorb all but the greatest enterprises—possibly those; and this whole Western coast will become virtually Chinese. You say there is no fear of an invasion, and cite the slow increase in Chinese population for the last ten years. But here you forget again that these ten years have been the years of the intensest opposition to the invasion, which has served as a check, first upon the Chinaman's desire to come, and second, upon the efforts of the lords of the soil and of capital here to bring them. Take away this opposition; let it once be known on either shore of the Pacific that it is the policy of our government to let them come unhindered, and the tide will roll in upon us just as fast as room is made for them. If the Chinese were coming here with their wives and children to become a helpful factor in our Christian civilization, to stand on a level with other nationalities in all matters that pertain to the building up of social, and civil, and religious, and educational institutions—in other words, to help us found, and perpetuate, and perfect a Christian commonwealth, we (the intelligent men) of the Pacific Coast would never say them nay. But they have no such purpose. They will do no such thing. And so we see clearly enough, that it is a question of the existence of a Christian civilization on this coast. We affirm that it is precisely the same problem as at the Hawaiian Islands, only it will require a little more time to come to its final fatal issue. But it will certainly come, unless some positive policy hinders. I do not expect it will come. There will be a positive policy from some source. We do not believe the Massachusetts cotton-mills will prevail always. Better sense will get possession of the powers that be, by and by. Meanwhile we wait with a very intense indignation against the Republican party for its falseness to its own promises.



## THE COMMITTEE ON VIRTUE.

From the German of Sacher Masoch—adapted by Jerome A. Hart.

## III.

We left the unexpected guests of Lina terrified at the news that they were about to be denounced by the spies. "But whom are they going to denounce?" demanded Kaunitz, gradually recovering his impassibility. "There they are undecided," begun Lina, intending to warn everybody at once. "They disagree. Each spy is pursuing a different couple. All insist that they have tracked the hero to this house. One insists it is Prince Kaunitz; another that it is Baron Handl; a third dares to mention his majesty the emperor."

The screen shuddered, the closet trembled slightly, and the curtains shivered like the sails of a ship. Yet these signs of distress passed unperceived in the general consternation. "This is most extraordinary," said the prince. "At all events, since the coast is clear let us profit by it. I know my imperial mistress well enough to be certain that she is quite capable of coming here in person to verify her spies' assertions. But whatever may happen, my child," said he, kindly, "you may rely upon my protection," and wrapping Diana in her pelisse, he offered her his arm, and they descended the stairs together.

Scarcely had the first couple disappeared, when the second emerged from behind the curtains.

"Look without, little one," whispered the princess; "look and see whether we may go unobserved."

Lina made a careful inspection, and returning, assured them that there was no one in sight. Then the princess, kissing her forehead, said:

"Farewell, my child; I shall never forget the devotion you have shown me."

"And you may demand of your sovereign what you will," added the emperor; "it will be granted you," and Maria Theresa's husband walked off with the princess.

"Now, Herr Baron," cried Lina, "it is your time to fly." "I go, my dear young lady," said the baron, blowing her a kiss with feeble gallantry, "but I shall return and prove to you my gratitude."

When the staircase had ceased to squeak beneath his feet, the closet began to give forth evidences of impience.

"I am coming! I am coming!" cried Lina, merrily, as she advanced to release him, "but you must go at once, sir. It is late."

Leopold kissed her, and obediently departed. When the clink of his spurs had died away, when the street door had shut behind him, Lina drew a long breath of relief. The danger was over.

But no. As Leopold emerged from the house, a tall and stately lady, booded, cloaked, and veiled, stepped from the shadow, and grasped the young man's arm.

"Stop, sir!" was her imperious command. "Your name?"

"My name? The question is abrupt."

"Abrupt or not, you must answer it, and that at once."

"Must I? You are imperious, my lady fair. Shall one of her majesty's lieutenants be dictated to in this way?" said the young man, mockingly.

At this moment Luchsheim and his satellites appeared.

"Come, sir," cried they, "no trifling. Tell us your name, and let us see your face."

"You are an insolent rascal," said Leopold to Luchsheim. "Who are you that you should address me thus?"

"In the name of the most high and mighty Committee on Virtue we summon you to answer," responded Luchsheim.

"The Committee on Virtue!" said the young officer, laughing sardonically. "I was not aware it numbered ladies among its members, and that they promenaded the streets at this hour. I salute you, madame," and he bowed ironically. "As for you, you rascals, you had better take to your legs if you want to keep your crowns uncracked." And with a volley of oaths he belabored them with the flat of his sword. The spies of the Committee on Virtue disappeared with the utmost celerity.

When they were gone, the young officer approached the veiled lady, and offered her his arm.

"I have been obliged to dismiss your lackeys, madame," said he; "permit me to escort you."

"Are you courageous enough?"

"Is it then so dangerous? Can it be a jealous husband I have to fear? But no matter. Her majesty's officers are never lacking in courage."

"Conduct me then to my door."

"I am at your disposal."

The veiled lady placed a plump arm within Leopold's.

"Whither do we go?" he asked.

"I shall direct you," replied the unknown. "But listen—have you so little respect for the empress and for her laws that you permit yourself to thus maltreat her servants? You have just committed an act of inexcusable violence."

"I have the utmost respect for the empress," rejoined the young man, "but none at all for those curs who just fled, nor for the whole Committee on Virtue put together. My life belongs to the empress, because she is a good wife, a great sovereign, and the most beautiful woman in the world."

"Is that really your opinion?"

"It is ungallant, in your presence, to say so, madame, yet it is true. But there is one thing about the empress which is deplorable."

"And that is——?"

"Her jealousy."

The veiled lady laughed merrily.

"Pardon me," said the lieutenant, "but I see nothing amusing in it. The weakness of which I speak causes this otherwise superior woman to commit all manner of follies."

"Follies!" exclaimed the veiled lady, in a tone which made the young officer start. But she repressed her anger, and said, dryly: "It would be well for you to reflect before you speak."

"And why? Was there ever a greater folly than the institution of this Committee on Virtue, which serves only to annoy honest people and to further the designs of libertines?"

"Libertines?"

"Yes, libertines. Take Handl, for example. Under the pretense of watching over the morals of the city, he uses his position to importune respectable young girls."

"That is a calumny, young man," retorted the unknown. "The Committee on Virtue has evidently restricted your actions in some respect."

"The Committee has deprived me of the privilege of visiting in broad daylight the girl I love. And I love her with an honest love."

"Are there many young officers like you?" inquired the veiled lady, sneeringly.

"Aye, many, madame; and if there are many who are not, it is simply because they can not marry."

"And why not, pray?"

"Because our empress does not pay her lieutenants enough to support a wife; their pay barely serves their own needs."

"They have only to distinguish themselves to obtain promotion," replied the unknown.

"How can they? There is no war, and if there were, the carpet knights would be the only ones to secure promotion."

The veiled lady laughed. "So you love this young girl?"

"I love her fondly. She is the dearest girl in Vienna."

"And she is called——?"

"Lina Deckermann."

"Deckermann? So you are the gallant who nightly visits the house at the sign of the Golden Fish?"

"I am. And why should I not?"

"But how is it you come from the imperial palace?"

"Because my duty stations me there—like last night, for example."

Again the veiled lady burst into a peal of silvery laughter—a laugh which was of relief as well as of merriment.

"You seem amused, madame," said the young officer, stiffly.

"Yes, and at you, sir. But listen—if you love this young girl honestly, as you say, why do you not post straightway to the empress, and frankly ask her assistance, instead of lurking around by night like an evil-doer?"

"Go to the empress! A likely plan, if faith."

At this moment they reached the palace gate. The veiled lady stopped, gracefully disengaged her arm, and spoke:

"I am at home," said she.

"What—at the palace!" stammered Leopold. "Have I then had the honor of escorting a lady of the court?"

"Yes."

"Then I have been remarkably stupid."

"Why?"

"Because I have spoken in the freest possible manner of what was on my mind. One less generous than you, madame, would denounce me to her majesty."

"Do not be alarmed. I give you my promise that I will not breathe a word to the empress of what you have just told me. Nay, more—I will not even tell her that you think her the loveliest lady in the land, which certainly could not anger her. There is my hand as a gage of my faith."

She tendered him a pretty, dimpled hand. Leopold gallantly kissed it.

"I thank you for your courtesy. And now farewell."

With these words she disappeared in the gloom of the gateway.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was terror in the Deckermann household the next day. Early in the morning a lackey in the imperial livery came with a portentous document, bearing the empress's sign-manual. It was a formal citation for Lina Deckermann, furnished with a certificate of morality, to appear at the imperial audience chamber at ten o'clock. Lina's mother was in despair. She spent the morning in prayer, and Lina in weeping.

Suddenly Leopold appeared.

"Look!" he cried, "I am cited to appear before the empress. We have been betrayed." And he brandished a document like hers.

"I, too," sobbed Lina, showing her own.

"You, too! Poor little one! And it is all my fault."

"But how can I procure a certificate before ten o'clock?"

"I will see to that, young lady," uttered a voice, which, although it was wheezy and asthmatic, sounded to Lina like fairy tones. "Baron Handl is your friend."

"I am glad you have come so opportunely, sir," replied Lina, "although you were the cause of all our trouble."

"Humph—I have caused my own, as well. Look!" and he showed them a document exactly similar to theirs.

"How is this? Are you accused?"

"I am lost. One of my own spies has denounced me to the empress. I have been seen entering your house after nightfall. But you will save me, will you not? You will have pity on me? You will testify that it was somebody else, will you not?"

"Some one else?"

"Yes, some one else—anybody you like, so that it is not I."

"But, Herr Baron, my duty is to tell the empress the whole truth."

"No, no—do not do that. Say it was some other man."

"But who?"

"Have you not a lover?" inquired the president of the Committee on Virtue, glancing significantly at Leopold. "If you have a lover whose intentions are honorable—as I have no doubt they are—all you need do is to frankly tell the empress so, for she has a mania for match-making."

"But I must have my certificate," replied Lina, twisting her apron.

"You shall have such a one as the committee never gave. Pen and ink, quick." And seating himself, the baron removed his glove, and wrote as follows:

## CERTIFICATE OF MORALITY.

*This is to certify that Caroline Deckermann, spinster, living, etc., etc., enjoys the best of reputations, is of irreproachable morals, lives by the work of her hands, and, in a word, is a perfect paragon of modesty.*

*The Imperial Committee on Virtue.*

*By the President,*

*Baron Handl.*

"I am most grateful to you, sir," said Lina, with a somewhat malicious smile.

Baron Handl had scarcely quitted the house when Kaunitz appeared at the Deckermann abode.

"I hope I do not disturb you," he began, staring at Leopold.

"Herr Von Planta is my affianced husband," answered Lina, simply.

"Ah, he is! That is excellent," continued Kaunitz. "Listen, young lady. Do you know that I have been denounced to the empress as having visited here? Ridiculous, is it not? But you can explain the affair very easily, and this is the way you must do it: You and your lover came in a carriage to my house, to seek his promotion; I granted it; you then returned here on foot, arm in arm. In order to simplify matters I will——" and seizing the pen that Handl had dropped a few minutes before, the prince wrote an order promoting Leopold to the post of captain.

Too stupefied to speak, Leopold and Lina stared at each other. The prince gracefully saluted them, and retired.

"Great heavens!" cried the little seamstress, "I am almost tempted to believe in miracles. Just think! A captaincy won by deeds of gallantry in a closet," and she laughed merrily.

Leopold meanwhile was indulging himself in a grave yet ecstatic dance around the room. His peculiar performance was interrupted by the appearance of no less a person than the emperor. Leopold immediately became as rigid as if he had swallowed a ramrod.

"A truce to etiquette, my friends," began Francis, "I am in a critical position, and I must rely on you to extricate me. The empress has discovered that I visited your house yesterday——"

"It is evidently an error," interrupted Lina, who was recovering her presence of mind.

"How an error?" cried the emperor, staring at her.

"The error was caused, your majesty, by the fact that this gentleman, whom I am to marry, wears a mantle exactly like your own."

"So that——"

"So that it was he who came here yesterday, accompanied by a veiled lady, and that lady was myself."

"I understand," said the emperor, his eye twinkling. "I see, lieutenant."

"Captain, your majesty."

"In whose regiment?"

"Prince Kaunitz's."

"Kaunitz's?" A smile appeared on the emperor's face. "My intention was to take you into mine, but I have come too late apparently. What remains for me to do, since you are already a captain?"

"You might make him a colonel, your majesty," insinuated Lina.

"Very true," said the emperor, amused despite himself; "it shall be as you suggest, little one." And raising Lina, who had knelt to thank him, he kissed her forehead, and disappeared.

"And now—and now—and now we can get married, Leopold," said Lina, laughing, blushing, and crying all at the same time.

The new colonel feebly tugged at his moustache. He was becoming dazed. Mother Deckermann resumed her prayers in the corner. So was she.

But the procession of visitors continued. First, came the Princess Auersperg. She declared to Lina that she was delighted to find she had a lover, and that she would charge herself with Lina's dower. Next came the prima donna, Pompili, followed by her ugly dwarf, who bore upon his arm the veil and furs Lina had worn the night before.

"The prince has told me all," said she to the little seamstress, "how you have sacrificed yourself for me. Nevertheless, as a doubt might linger in the empress's mind, I have brought the pelisse for you to wear in the audience chamber."

"But the empress will be surprised at such costly garments——"

"Tell her it is a present from Diana Pompili. That will be true, for it is yours."

"You are too good, signora."

"And here," went on the Pompili, "here is something for your wedding," and she gave Lina a morocco case.

"Diamonds!" cried Lina, her eyes sparkling. "Oh, this is too much."

"It is not as much as you merit," replied Pompili, "but I trust they will serve to remind you of a friend," and she was gone.

Nine o'clock was striking. Lina had only time to dress herself for the audience. She did so, and then she sought the empress's presence.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Von Planta appeared before her, Maria Theresa was standing at her desk.

"So, sir!" she began, "truly these are pleasant reports we hear of one of our officers. You are conducting an intrigue with an honest working girl under pretense of marriage, when you well know that your meagre pay will barely support you alone."

The young man trembled. He recognized his own words as they fell from the empress's lips.

"Your majesty," he stammered, "I did not suppose——"

"I suppose you did not," said the empress, smiling; "it is true you said some very disagreeable things to me, but I pardon you, because, in the first place, I always prefer the truth, and in the second, you consider me beautiful."

Planta blushed like a girl.

"But I have sent for you to insist on this—you must marry Lina Deckermann."

"Your majesty," cried the young officer, "I shall be the happiest of men."

Maria Theresa rang, and her confidential servant Guhler responded, as had been arranged, by ushering in Lina. The empress looked at her kindly, but her brow suddenly clouded.

"Where did you obtain that pelisse?" she asked. "Is that the result of work with the needle?"

"Yes, your majesty," replied Lina; "I have done work for Signora Pompili, and she has been good enough to make me a magnificent present."

The empress resumed her serenity.



"I have sent for you," said she, "because I am told you are a model of virtue. Have you your certificate?"

Lina knelt before her, and presented the precious document. The empress read it attentively.

"Tis well," she began. "Do you go to church? That is well. Then I permit my officer here to marry you. You shall have a pension from the imperial treasury, and your boys shall be brought up at my expense, to become soldiers like their father."

The lovers threw themselves on their knees before the empress, but she bade them rise, and benevolently dismissed them.

After they had gone, the president of the Committee on Virtue presented himself.

"It is all cleared up," said the empress; "our suspicions concerning Lina Deckermann were unfounded."

"Yes, your majesty," murmured the baron.

"But your spies, Handl, are worthless knaves. Each one of them swears he saw a different man enter the house, and the best of it is that one of them has denounced you as being little Lina's lover," and the empress burst into a peal of laughter.

The baron turned pale, and made haste to withdraw.

\* \* \* \* \*  
That evening, when the emperor entered her boudoir, Maria Theresa was reclining upon a divan clad in the ermine-edged satin pelisse.

"Well," began the emperor, glancing at her negligé, "am I to be scolded to-day? Have I done anything?"

"No, he shall not be scolded to-day," replied the empress, gaily. "To-day, on the contrary, he shall be petted, for he has been unjustly suspected."

"Of what?"

"Of having a rendezvous at the house of a little seamstress."

"A seamstress?"

"Yes, one Lina Deckermann. But I was wrong. My jealousy was utterly without foundation. It is the first time since our marriage."

"Your jealousy has been causeless every time, my love," said the emperor, tenderly, kissing his magnificent wife. "Do you doubt it? Ah, doubting one! If you disbelieve me still, I shall go and get—"

"What?"

"A certificate from the Committee on Virtue."

THE END.

#### AN EL DORADO LYNCHING.

How a Brave Man's Daring Balked Some Murderous Cattle-Thieves.

A recent notice in an Eastern paper of the death of Richard Arnold recalls an incident in his life while mining in El Dorado County, in early days, which deserves to be recorded, as showing how the courageous act of a brave man saved the life of another who was about to be hanged by a gang of Pike County cattle-thieves.

A colored man named Bartlett had been arrested in 1851 as an accomplice in a case of cattle-theft, but he was not really guilty. It was an arrangement made between him and the officers of the law to be arrested and tried for the purpose, during the trial, of criminalizing the real thieves, who were a gang of desperadoes, living about three miles south of Placerville, on Weaver Creek. The trial was held at the small village of Weaverville, before Judge Humphries, and as the weather was very warm, court was held under the wide-spreading branches of a large oak tree upon the side of the hill, and a short distance above the bank of the creek.

A desperado by the name of Bill Bumiss, the leader of the gang, and his friends, were present in full force, some thirty or forty in number. They had determined that the prisoner should not give his testimony. Therefore, during the progress of the trial, they procured a long rope, and secretly threw one end over a large limb upon the opposite side of the tree. When all was ready, the noose was slipped over the man's head, and away he went. The first intimation the officers or the court had of any intention to lynch him was when he vanished from the court-ground, ascending like a rocket, toward eternity. Of course all was confusion. The court adjourned without the usual formality, and the officers of the law, headed by Sheriff Soughton, including jury, court, and spectators, went for a healthier locality.

Of the spectators, there were two who did not join the general flight. They were Dick Arnold and his partner, both young men from the New England States. Only a year previous they had fought this same class of men for the principle of law and order in the newly-settled country, and were willing to do their best to maintain it now.

Arnold, turning to his partner, exclaimed:

"Are they going to allow this gang of ruffians to murder that man? Let us save him."

"Agreed," was the reply.

No sooner said than done. Taking an old jack-knife from his pocket, he opened it, and put it between his teeth. Then throwing his old slouched hat upon the ground, he leaped upon the shoulders of the man nearest to him, and over the tops of their heads he went. Upon reaching the hanging man, he stood upon the shoulders of the nearest man, and reaching up, cut the rope just above the negro's ear. The half-hanged darkey fell flat upon his back, with his head down hill. The hill was quite steep from the tree to the creek, which was distant about one hundred yards. Throwing his feet over his head, he rolled to the foot of the hill.

Arnold followed upon one side, and his partner upon the other, at a little distance apart, to escape the flying bullets that followed after the rolling body.

Upon reaching the foot of the hill they raised the man to his feet, and one on each side, each with a cocked revolver in his hand, they led him up through that mob, which opened to the right and left to give them room, and placed him in the hands of the sheriff, who, in the meantime, in company with the court, jury, and spectators, had emerged from the brush. His honor again occupied the stump; the court was declared in session; and the wheels of government in El Dorado County were again in motion. Bartlett was tried and acquitted, but the cattle thieves all escaped.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 15, 1882.

C. W. HASKINS.

#### A FLOOD OF WORDS.

Some Peculiar and Interesting Studies in Orthoepey and Dialect.

The following conglomeration of words purports to be a note from an author to a critic. Every word in it is to be found in the dictionary, yet it is hopelessly obscure. In order to facilitate its comprehension, and to save our readers from going to the dictionary at every line, we have printed a translation in the right-hand column:

SIR: You have behaved like an impetuous scroyle! Like those in-  
quinate, crass sciolists who, envious of  
my moral celsitude, carry their nugat-  
ivity to the height of creating symposi-  
cally the fraud words which my poly-  
mathic genius uses with uberty to  
abrogate the tongues of the weelless!  
Sir, you have crassly parodied my own  
pet words as though they were tan-  
grams. I will not conserve reproaches  
—I would obduce a well over the at-  
tamental ingratitude which has chamfered  
even my undisciprable heart. I am  
silent on the foscillation which my co-  
adjuvancy must have given you when  
I offered to become your fautor and  
adminicle. I will not speak of the lip-  
pitude, the ablespy, you have shown  
in exacerbating me—one whose genius  
you should have approached with men-  
tal disalcation. So I tell you, sir,  
synopically, and without supervaca-  
neous words, nothing will render igno-  
sible your conduct to me. I warn you  
that I would vellecite your nose if I  
thought that any moral diathrosis would  
not impugnate my reputation by such  
a digitation. Go! tachygraphic scroyle;  
band with your crass, inquisite fautors  
—draw oblectations from the thought, if  
you can, of having synochronically lost  
the exumation of the greatest poet  
since Milton, and drawn upon your  
head this letter, which will drive you  
to Walker, and send you to sleep over  
it.

The annexed, while its meaning is not such a mystery, is nevertheless curious as being almost unpronounceable—that is in its entirety. There are few people who can read it aloud without making almost as many mistakes as there are words:

Adonis, whose cognomen was Bayard, held diplomas from Bowdoin, Dartmouth, and Edinburgh. On the presentation of each of these, bouquets of gladiolus, fuchsias, dahlias, and other preferable flowers bombarded the robust and patriotic aspirant because he took precedence for recondite address. A lamentable hallucination soon gave rise to an ordeal obligatory to his contemplative parents. With endless equipage, his father, who had bronchitis, and his coadjutor and ally, the cashier, who supplied his deficits, started with him for the equable climate of the frontier, there to witness, with half hypocrisy, the bygone rites. A blatant plebeian bravo and son of Belial, stanch though strategic and canine, dissembling his love of Adonis's idol, Callopie, sought a pretext to harass this trio on their excursion with vehement wrath. He concealed a howie-knife under his house with tyrannical design. What the abhorrence of the elite to meet the artifice, redolent with benzine and bitumen! Their feelings revolted at his communism; they wish him an exile; they never could enfranchise him. His exaltation is provocative of anger, and Adonis, instinct with life, alights like an avalanche upon the jugular and frontal of his opponent to chastise his audacious effrontery. They construe his protestations into further insults. After the joust Adonis reaches the palace of the docile Calpe to find that he has lost his elegiac verses, his onyx ring and brooch, his lien on a patent, and his pictures of a glacier, an elder duck, and an eagle's eyrie. His friends offer condolence, but his mistrice misconstrues his misfortunes, which isolates her affections. From his chirography she learns him disbonest. He accents wildly; his face is carmine; he will not desist, but exhausts the possibilities of the corridor. The offender meets his accuser before the tribunal having judicature. He proved not sacrificial, and despite the provocation, marshal escaped to the Crimen, being familiar with the contour and typography of the country. Nothing vindictive of his honor occurring, the course of Adonis is now retrograde. He tries pedagogy; he fishes for salmon with a seine; he visits the Balearic Islands, Genoa, and Peking, and dies unaccommodated and in abject squalor in the Malay peninsula. Is such a hiography as this extant? Its truths are retrospective.

Moral—Cognac will enervate.

After perusing the two preceding productions, the reader will be tempted to remark:

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical, or physiological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compact comprehensibility, a coherent consistency, and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all corollaries of flatulent garrulity, jejune habilement, and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittacine vacuity, ventriloquist verbiage, and vaniloquent vapidity. Shun double ententes, purulent jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscure or apparent. In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely. Keep from "slang"; don't put on airs; say what you mean; mean what you say. And don't use big words!

To come from the lexicographically sublime to the colloquially ridiculous. This article can not close better than with a dialogue between two of the lower class, in the dialect which they affect. This particular dialogue is between a husband and wife, concerning the carrying of a parcel, and the particular dialect is that of Maryland:

"Say, looggyayurr, wurrbowtz d's she live at?" "Oh, not fur. Jist up yurr'n Faistrit," (Fayette Street), "next to the church." "Ye don't call that fur, don't ye? Wy, Bawlmersitrit's" (Baltimore Street) "a graidle" (great deal) "further'n I want to lug all that air truck. Say, wurrbowtz's my overcoat got to? Some person's went an' hid it." "No, some person ain't went an' hid yer overcoat, nuther. Ef ye'd a' went an' looked wurr ye ought to look, out'n the passidge," (hall), "behind the steps," (stairs), "ye'd a' found it a-hangin' up on the nail," (peg). "Ye jis' takes an' chucks it down anywuz w'en ye comes in." "Well, looggyayurr, now, w'y can't Billee take these yurr blame things the seev'nin'" (this afternoon) "w'en he comes home f'm school?" "Billee don't never git home till poony nigh on to five, an' that'd he too late for Missiz Jinkins to git 'em. W'y don't ye jis' take the hunn'n an' go? 'Tain't so'ful heavy." "I ain't never said it was heavy yet, am I?" "Well, ye talks like as ef it was." "I never. Not wunst. Yurr, gimme the things, can't ye? Women is sich a norful hother! They always has so much to say 'bout nothin'."

Here the slamming of the "frun-door" behind the man's departing form cuts off a somewhat vehement retort by that half of him which he well knows to be the better one as far as a ready flow of language is concerned.

Only about one out of fifteen of the American girls who go abroad to become great singers or painters, sagely observes Burdette, are ever heard of after returning home.

#### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Clara Belle and Bill Nye.

Clara Belle, in her last letter to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, says: "There seems to be a vast difference, to men's eyes, between the tweedle-dee of an outer dress and the tweedledum of underclothing. I can't understand why, but it is so. Nine men out of ten will rush wildly to a window to see a woman in flowing white across the way, and turn away disappointed when they find that the snowy garment is a wrapper instead of a chemise." We rally to the defense of our sex. We scorn Clara Belle, or any one who believes the above statement. An equally false and wicked notion prevails relative to bald-headed men who go to the ballet and sit next to the musicians, within seven feet of the stage. The cruel charge that bald-headed men sit on the front row of seats at this class of literary exercises from any wrong motive, has done an incalculable amount of harm. It has hurt our own feelings many times, and caused the ready tear to unbidden start. It has cast a gloom over our whole lives, and embittered the cup of our joy many times. Bald-headed men are dealt with unjustly in this matter. So far as we are concerned, we are free to say that we sit on the front row so that we can hear the soft, low notes of the bass viol. We are madly, passionately fond of the musical throbs of the large fiddle, and shall we be hooted at and jeered on the public streets for this cause? Shall we be named mockingly by the mob because we yearn for the glad snort of the bass tuba and the mellow notes of the triangle? We hope not. Clara Belle is a little too harsh and too anterior. She writes sarcastically, and does not regard the feelings of those she thus cruelly stabs. We should never speak disrespectfully of the bald-headed. We do not know how soon we may be bald-headed ourselves. There is a case in history somewhere where some hoodlums had a whole menagerie turned loose on them for speaking lightly of a bald-headed gentleman. We should learn from this never to attack a man who parts his hair with a towel.—Boomerang.

#### An Essay on Newspapers.

A newspaper is, ostensibly, a periodical published by a man called the Proprietor, for the dissemination of a certain amount of intelligence among a certain number of readers; but it is, actually, a sinecure maintained in the interest and for the benefit of an Advertising Agent and a number of *debonnair* compositors. The chief of these is called the Foreman, while his pal and accomplice is known, technically, as the Proof-reader. These two men, in conjunction with the Advertising Agent, constitute the acting triumvirate of every newspaper office. Around them revolve, as do lesser bodies about the sun, the Proprietor, the Editor, the editorial staff, the readers, and the general public. If you go into a newspaper office you will see, seated in a luxuriously furnished and tapestried private office on the first floor, a prosperous-looking individual. He is probably puffing a twenty-five-cent cigar. He has an overcoat of fur and sealskin, wears rubies and diamonds, and has a glistening black silk hat. Near what is called a "type-measure" his hat and gloves are negligently thrown. He is figuring out for himself ninety-five per cent. of a two-thousand-dollar order. This is the Advertising Agent. Ascending to the next floor you see the Foreman. He enjoys luxurious ease, and it appears to agree with him. Around the room are stationed compositors, who are toying with small pieces of metal called "type." With them and with the Foreman rests the entire policy and conduct of the newspaper. They revise, rewrite, add to, and expunge from the scraps of manuscript before them. They strengthen certain articles and modify others. They smooth out awkward and objectionable sentences. They polish certain periods. When in doubt, they confer with each other. These bandits hold, as it were, the newspaper in the hollow of their hands. Proceeding to the third floor, you encounter that terrible personage, the Proof-reader, who is the bashibazouk of American literature. He sits at a low desk, and has a pencil in each hand. He waits for his "proofs" as a carnivorous animal might for his prey. The Proof-reader receives twenty-seven dollars per week for being on the look-out for any gleam of sense or coherence the compositors may have escaped in the author's manuscript, and for extinguishing it forthwith. He is responsible only to the Advertising Agent; but as a matter of courtesy, he sometimes confers with the Foreman to learn the intentions of the compositors. This, however, is exceptional. Cases have been known where a writer would have seen his article printed as he wrote it but for the vigilance of the Proof-reader. As a rule, however, the compositors, by their insane watchfulness, avert any such catastrophe. On the top floor of a newspaper office, in a dismal-looking cell, sits the Editor. The apartment is sextangular. The floor and two of the sides are of wood; the ceiling and the remaining two sides are of plaster. The Editor sits at a desk. It is his business to write certain notes and suggestions, from which the compositors and the Proof-reader will make articles. At times the Collector, when in his cups, (and therefore irresponsible,) speaks gently—even genially—to the Editor; but when sober next day he immediately regrets it. The compositors, being men of full habit, make merry at the mention of the Editor's name; but the Proof-reader, more delicate and *spirituelle* in his way of life, gives, publicly, no utterance to his views. In the seclusion of his home, however, as he places the disheveled proofs under his pillow—a place of safety for the night—he not infrequently alludes to the Editor as "the poor lunatic who has never been a practical printer." The Proprietor of a newspaper is, from the nature of his calling, a philanthropist. His brain, his time, and the contents of his pocket go to support and maintain the Advertising Agent, the Foreman, the Proof-reader, and their satellites. He has no fixed office, and is rarely seen. In the early stages of his career he may attempt to argue with his employees; but the futility of such a course soon becomes apparent, and he retires to the country. The Foreman and the Proof-reader run the paper. If there is any profit, the Advertising Agent takes it; if there is any loss, the latter becomes morose and despondent, and spends the week's receipts in convivialities with fellow advertising agents, of whom there are many.—Ernest Harvier, in *Puck*.



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FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

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The passage of the Chinese bill is an important fact. It is not a final and complete solution of our vexed problem, but it has established a principle, viz., that the government has the right to limit immigration when it ceases to be profitable to the country. It sweeps away all the rubbish of sentimentality which the slobbering pietists of New England have been crooning through their noses for the last fifty years. It takes from our sophomoric youth the patriotic argument that has been so long used by adolescent Fourth of July orators, that America is the eleemosynary institution of an overdone and busted world. It determines that when an American Congress shall become sufficiently intelligent and independent it may declare that it is no longer desirable that from Great Britain shall come her political malcontents, and from the balance of Europe her paupers, vagabonds, and criminals. Under the operation of principles recognized by the enactment of this law our country may guard itself from the invasion of any class of immigrants that may be considered as undesirable. We may deny the right of citizenship to any alien race, and if we may withhold the elective privilege from any one on account of his color, we may do it because of his ignorance, his lack of moral qualities, and his general unfitness for the discharge of political duties. In a word, the Chinese bill is a movement in the direction of a political regeneration which is imperatively demanded if we would arrest the country from going headlong to anarchy, chaos, and misrule. It is a movement toward a purification of the ballot-box, and toward placing the government under the control and guidance of intelligent and moral property-owning citizens of native birth or foreign naturalization. This bill removes from our coast the probability of any effort to solve the Chinese question by other than legal remedies, and will justify our community in resisting the Chinese invasion under color of the law. If the Mail Steamship Company's line, the Oriental line, or the occasional ocean steam tramp shall bring Chinese to this coast in disregard of the provisions of this bill, it will not be difficult to so deal with these ship proprietors as to make it unprofitable for them to continue in defiance of the law. If they seek to evade the bill by transporting passengers to other than American ports, it will not be impossible for our government to come to such friendly arrangement with England and Mexico as shall induce them to cooperate

with us. If our government has determined not to be invaded by the Chinese, then it will not permit that invasion to come to us across English or Mexican soil. For England or Mexico to allow their ports to be thus used would lead to a declaration of war. In the event of war with England, it would cost her her commerce. In the event of war with Mexico, it would cost her her national existence. So far as our own coast and frontier are concerned the law may be enforced, because it has the sanction of universal public opinion. If any frauds shall be attempted, either by Chinese or Americans, such as the forgery or double use of passports; or if the Chinese six companies or American importers of labor shall endeavor to evade the law, Congress will make a more stringent passport system. If the Chinese authorities shall attempt to circumvent the law, then Congress will be compelled to pass an act absolutely denying to any Chinaman the privilege of landing or living upon our soil. That the Chinese will withdraw their commerce and trade intercourse is not to be anticipated. Commerce has no sentiment. It buys where it can buy cheapest, sells where it can sell dearest, and trades where and with whom it can make the most money.

When a journal like the New York Tribune declares that the Chinese are only with us because of the scarcity of labor, and that the supply of labor will keep pace with the demand, it states propositions in political economy that are substantially true. When the Eastern press, with a sneer, declares that if we did not employ the Chinese they would not come, it states a fact but partially. In China there are, in round numbers, fifty million adult laborers. They work for an average of ten cents per day. They can come to San Francisco, where labor is worth—or was before their arrival—two dollars per day for, say, forty dollars. At one dollar per day they can support themselves, and pay back their passage-money in sixty days. When they first arrived in small numbers, the Chinamen demanded the same wages as the white laborer. When their numbers increased and competition began, they worked for less wages. Wages have been lessening from that time to this. At every point of reduction a certain percentage of white laborers withdraw from the competition. This has been going on till Chinese now work for less than one dollar per day, and permanent laborers by terms of months for still less compensation. And this process of reduction will naturally continue till the wages in America are so near the wages in China that the cost of passage and the expense and risk of immigration will not justify the enterprise—in a word, till wages in America are substantially the wages in China; till the condition of working men in America is substantially what it is in China. Chinese are not all laborers; but they embrace all kinds of traders, artisans, manufacturers, and contractors. Whenever the opportunity presents itself, the Chinaman becomes his own employer. He brings his material and machinery. He buys or rents lands, and works it. He owns his own laundry-tubs, fishing-nets and boats, and sewing-machines. He makes cigars, boxes, clothing, underclothing, boots and shoes, brooms, broom-handles, etc., through the entire list of manufactured articles. He is his own importer of merchandise, food, and clothing. He is his own insurer, banker, broker, middleman, and jobber. As fast as he understands any occupation, he absorbs and monopolizes it. This process has no limit. There is no place where it may stop short of the economic level between America and China. The price of labor, with unrestricted Chinese immigration, would have brought the wages of every working man and woman in America down to a near approximation to wages in China. It would have brought the standard price of all manufactured articles to the value of their production at Chinese wages. Hence this question, broadly considered, is national, and addresses itself to every industry and every labor interest in America. It is only our question first, because we are at the door of the invasion. To-morrow it goes to New England. It will become a question of bread to every toiler in the United States. The Eastern mechanic who to-day sits with his wife and children on a chair at his own table, and eats, with knife, fork, and spoon, white bread, and meat, and vegetables, will in the next generation cluster around an iron or earthen pot, with fingers and spoon, if not with chop-sticks, to fish for bits of fat swimming in an ollapodrida of fish, rice, and glutinous gravy. The working family that in this generation puts children at night into a clean bed in a separate room, with kisses and prayers, will in the next generation place them away in bunks, upon shelves, and in a room which is made to answer all the requirements of home and shop. The question which the American laborer or mechanic has to face in this Chinese matter is one that involves the future of our country. Under the conditions of labor as they exist in China, his descendants would become the slaves of a dreadful destiny. The man who would not take up arms and die in defiance of conditions and laws that make for him and his children such things possible, does not deserve to live.

This is the labor question of America; and the labor question is in this country becoming the all important, and

indeed we may say the only important one. It is the question around which all the social, economic, and governmental questions of our country are destined to turn. It is to become the central point around which will revolve every interest that is important. Other countries and other forms of government have class distinctions that can not exist in this. In other countries there may be a permanent governing class—a class depending upon inherited title and wealth; there may be lower classes and superior classes of fixed positions; but in a country where the majority must work, where the majority rules, and where every male adult is an elector, there can be no other ruling class than the class of labor. Wealth will always be in the minority. The men of higher intelligence will always be in the minority. The criminal and pauper classes will be in the minority so long as the government endures, because the hour that crime and mendicancy have the power to rule by virtue of their numbers, from that hour the government is destroyed. It is proper that the laboring men of the nation should rule it, and while by "laboring men" we include those who toil with their brain, we especially mean those who toil with their hands. The working farmers, mechanics, manufacturers, and the skilled and unskilled laborers of the country are the best and safest governing class we have. They are better entitled to the political direction of affairs than any other class in the community. They have more sense, more general honesty of purpose, more real patriotism and love of country, are more unselfish, have greater moral and physical courage, and are altogether better men, and their wives are better women, than any other portion of our community. The true soldier in this struggle of the battle of life is the man who goes from his home in the morning with his dinner-pail toils through the day and week, and on Saturday night comes home sober to his family, bringing his wages, and entrusting his money to his wife that she may feed, clothe, and educate their children. Then come the higher officers of the grand army of the republic—not epauletted lieutenants, captains, colonels, and generals; not braided ensigns, commanders, commodores, and admirals, but foremen, bosses, contractors, inventors, engineers, men of affairs, with energy and brains. At the base of this great superstructure of national wealth and political power is this toiling mass of intelligent workers. These are the men who marry and raise children, found families, fill our school-houses, and compose the rank and file of the army of civilization. It is necessary, in the interest of every other class, to protect, guard, and keep from demoralization this force of working men and women. It is necessary to educate them, that they may read and think. It is desirable that they be provided with days of rest and recreation; that their hours of labor be not too many, and that their remuneration be sufficient to provide them with everything that society demands for them. Organized government should provide work, so that there might never be an hour of enforced idleness to a worthy worker. Society should provide for the accidents and casualties of these working men, and should omit no effort to qualify them as intelligent electors upon whose broad shoulders rests the whole fabric of our government. The war of capital against labor is the fabled battle of the stomach against the hands that feed it. Without labor there is no capital. Every dollar that hides in vaults of granite or iron is a useless toy unless labor gives it value, for without labor it will not circulate.

To come back, then, to the subject of Chinese immigration, there is no class in this country that is not interested in preventing a ruinous and destructive labor competition between our white working class and the tan-colored beathen. D. O. Mills in British North America, Mr. Villard in Oregon, Mr. Huntington in Texas, the steam passenger lines between Hongkong and San Francisco, a few Jews engaged in manufacturing cigars and cheap clothing, a few psalm-singing preachers engaged in Chinese soul-saving at a salary, are the only persons in the United States of America who are substantially profited by the Chinese invasion. And these are benefited at the expense of every other individual. Hence we say that this question is a national one, and, in our judgment, more important than any other political question now agitating the country, because it lies at the foundation of every other. The manufacturers of New England, both proprietors and employees, are interested in avoiding a competition that would be ruinous to employer and employed. There is not a manufactory at Lowell or Lynn that could survive an equal hand-to-hand contest with a Chinese cotton-mill or shoe-shop. There is not a man or corporation in all New England that has the wealth or the courage to allow Chinese competition with him in any field of industry where capital and skilled labor are employed. This fact must be borne in mind by our Eastern business men. The Chinese are not alone menial laborers. They are not mere hirelings upon farms, on railways, or in shops. They are capitalists and employers; they are merchants owning ships; they have unlimited wealth. The Eastern merchant, manufacturer, or capitalist who, in his ignorance and selfishness, thinks this is only a question of cheap labor, will awake to a realization of the



fact that it is a question of cheap capital and of cheap goods. The tariff would exclude manufactured goods from foreign countries in order to encourage home production. To admit unrestricted Chinese labor is first to ruin white labor, and the next and certain result is to drive American and European capitalists from the field, and to place the Chinese at the head of the leading industries of this country. Let the business men of the East be advised of this fact: *Every industry or occupation upon which the Chinese enter they monopolize and absorb.* This has been demonstrated in San Francisco. The Chinese merchants have driven Macondray & Co., C. Adolpb Low & Co., and every one else out of business with China. The Chinese do their own importing, hanking, insurance, jobbing, and retailing. They are buying forests to cut railway ties. They are contracting to build railways. And there is no reason why they should not manufacture woollens, cottons, iron, and farming utensils, in competition with New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and Georgia. The Chinese have driven the Americans, the English, and the Germans from their *hongs* in Canton and along the entire Chinese coast. The Chinese have driven English steamers from the Yang-tse-Kiang, and now own and operate the steamships. The Chinese are now the owners of an ocean fleet for the Pacific, and there is no reason why they should not monopolize the Pacific commerce. These reflections are intended to be suggestive of the fact that interests other than those of labor are involved in this discussion. This wonderful nation, with its four hundred and fifty millions of people, to whom the metallic wealth of the commercial world has been steadily flowing for three hundred years, is a dangerous competitor with every interest that is American. An uninterrupted flow of this redundant population to our shores would, within a limited period, destroy our government and civilization, and would substantially change our entire social and political conditions.

The recent restrictive law arrests this invasion, and gives a temporary check of ten years to the Chinese incursion. In the meantime the labor interests of the country must not lose sight of the question, or the law will be repealed, and at the expiration of the term will not be reenacted. There will be a constant pressure from China to secure transmission for immigrants in defiance of the law; and it is more than probable that this endeavor will find assistance from this side. An association should be formed in San Francisco in aid of the law. It should have funds to prosecute all who attempt to violate it; and it should be able to employ able detectives, whose duty it should be to expose and punish all coming to the country who are not authorized. An organization of this kind, quietly and constantly employed to detect and expose all who violate the law restricting Chinese immigration, would accomplish great good. It is quite probable that when the law comes into practical effect there may be found defective workings in its machinery. New legislation may be demanded by the Federal Congress and by the legislature of California. There is no other question of so great political importance to the working men as this Chinese question. The working men of the nation should therefore aid that political party with their votes which gives the strongest assurance and the best guarantees of honest effort in the direction of suppressing the Chinese invasion. The working men in the Republican party should hold the party leaders up to their supremest efforts in this direction. They should send delegates to State and national conventions who have the ability to do service in making platforms expressing their will in this particular. No man should become a candidate for executive, legislative, or judicial office who has any personal interest or morbid sentiment in reference to the Chinese. Democratic working men should do the same, so that when the platforms are built, and the candidates placed upon them, both parties would be pledged to restrict Chinese immigration. And when both party candidates are before the people for their votes, then let the working men vote for the best anti-Chinese candidate, in utter disregard of party discipline or party organization. Such a course would terrify the Republican party, and would keep the Democratic party up to the performance of all its promises.

The *Bulletin* and *Call*, both of which journals have rendered intelligent and efficient service in arresting this Chinese invasion, favor the effort to discourage the employment of the Chinese now among us, and favor the organization known as the "League of Deliverance." The *Sacramento Record-Union*, and the *Territorial Enterprise*, of Virginia, denounce this organization in severe language, and charge that it is but a league of demagogues and foreign adventurers to make capital out of the Chinese agitation. It is an undoubted fact that there is in all of our Pacific States a class of ill-balanced and evil-minded men who are always ready to make capital and seek personal advancement by the continuous agitation of this and kindred questions; and while we believe that it is not practicable, and, perhaps, not wise to endeavor to drive the Chinese now among us from

labor, it is certainly the privilege of all who differ in opinion upon this question to make the employment of Chinese unpopular and unprofitable. There are all through the Pacific States and Territories something more than one hundred and fifty thousand Chinese now employed among farmers, in domestic service, engaged in mining, and in all sorts of vocations. These laborers could not be displaced without great inconvenience to their present employers, and it may be reasonably questioned whether it is wise to attempt to drive these people from employment, when such an act would punish our own people. As for ourselves, we are disposed to accept the present law, prevent any more from coming, and make the best of the present situation. While we have scant sympathy for the Chinese, and none for the class who encourage their coming, we have no right to forget that we are responsible for the presence of those who are among us. They are here by invitation of treaty, and are entitled to the protection of laws which, in mistake and ignorance, we passed as inducements for their coming. We think we see our way out of this difficulty without resorting to illegal methods, and we will have the wider sympathy, and stand a better chance for national legislation, if we conduct ourselves wisely and moderately under the laws. We would enforce every law that tends to discourage Chinese immigration, and there is no class against which we would proceed with more severity than the one represented by the ship *Altonower*. This vessel now lies in quarantine; mutiny and death on board of her; Macondray & Co. fighting for her release; the Chinese consul fretting over her detention; Chinese prostitutes endeavoring to get ashore, and the ship losing money. We would let her rot at her anchor in some leeward nook of our breezy bay, till all her harlots and her coolies were dead of the small-pox, and then drive the infected ship from our harbor. There is one regret, viz., that we could not send Macondray & Co., the Chinese consul, the harlots' attorneys, the sympathetic pietists, and the owners of property devoted to prostitution, opium, tan, and leprosy, and all who favor the Chinese invasion, to sea with the rotting hulk. We commend the conduct of our health officers and our municipal authorities in preventing the passengers of this ship from coming on shore, and we recommend them to give every incoming ship with Chinese passengers the same treatment.

Myriads of predaceous mice are devastating India; in many instances eating up the substance of the people. These redundant rodents, suffering for want of food, have become migratory, invading other provinces, and extending their travels to distant lands. There is naturally a great prejudice against them in communities where they abound. They consume the substance of the people. The government persecutes them, and whenever and wherever the people, driven to desperation, rise up in defense of their corn-cribs and fight these alien invaders, the authorities of the country are powerless to punish. The young children of the country, impelled with the belief that these mice are eating the corn which should properly be given them, cut off their tails, bruise their heads, and skin their bodies, while parents look with indifference upon the cruel sport. In many instances, when the cry has gone up that the "mice are coming," whole villages, men, women, and children, have gone out to repel them, until the noise of horns, and the din of pans, and pots, and kettles could be heard throughout the land. In many instances death has ensued, and mice have been found torn and bleeding, dying and dead, upon the fields and highways. The people of Siberia and other places invaded by them have demanded that they return, and in other respects demonstrated that a great prejudice existed against them. We suggest that in view of these persecutions, and the fact that America is the asylum of the oppressed and the refuge of the down-trodden, societies be at once organized to invite the mice of India to emigrate to this country. Our corn-fields are broad and productive. All throughout the length and breadth of our land there are vast fields of corn. In Illinois, Iowa, and other States of the middle West, are unlimited capacities for the production of all kinds of cereals. There are large and untilled areas of fertile land all over the country well adapted for raising corn, and when we add the fact that wheat, oats, barley, and other grains are well adapted to the use of mice; that the production of cheese is practically unlimited, and that there are at present very few mice in the country, there is no reason why our broad and unoccupied lands should not be thrown open for their occupation. This will afford an opportunity for our cats which they could not otherwise enjoy. It seems to us an interposition of Divine Providence, this bringing of foreign mice within the catching influence of our cats, that ought not to be evaded. We would also suggest that this society for the introduction of India mice would throw its protection over Norway rats that come to us in the holds of vessels; that the English sparrows be also entitled to encouragement in their warfare against our song-birds; that the Canada thistle be allowed to scatter its seed over our fields; and that the phylloxera, now being so industriously warred upon by science and sulphur in France, be encouraged to make its home among our

California vines. We look forward to the time when the universal recognition of the sentiment of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of mice will make the mice and men of all nations one great, harmonious family. We look forward to the time when there may be an uninterrupted exchange of beasts, birds, reptiles, and seeds. Assuredly we must admit that one God created all flesh, fish, and crawling things; all plants, seeds, and insects, and that the earth is His, and the fullness thereof belongs to His creatures as their rightful inheritance. We have already sent to Europe the Colorado beetle, and are ready to give them the grasshopper of Kansas. In exchange for trichina in our pork we will receive from them their fruit pests. We can furnish them with the weevil and the army worm. In return for Roman blackbirds we would be glad to send them our salacious Beechers. In return for socialists, agrarians, nihilists, clericals, Fenians, and anti-renters, we will ship them Democrats of every variety. We would brand with a hot iron those selfish, bigoted, know-nothing, native-born, narrow-minded, idiotic Americans who would not extend this doctrine of God's fatherhood to all the dangerous classes, vicious animals, noxious weeds, pestilent heresies, and devilish prejudices of ignorance and bigotry which are the growth and production of other lands. It is flying in the face of Divine Providence to refuse to invite to this great free country all the vile races, all the vile diseases, all the vicious passions, and all the devilish prejudices that in His infinite goodness He has designed for His universal people. We call the attention of our good and pious clergymen of New England, and the United States Senate, to a consideration of this question in its broadest sense. Let the mice of India come.

The *Lewiston Journal*, of Maine, declares that west of the Rocky Mountains are millions of acres of valuable land unoccupied, and hence we should not oppose Chinese immigration through fear of its glutting the labor market. Congressman Dingle is the editor of this idiot journal. To answer such a suggestion in a way to convince its writer of his stupidity, would necessitate the establishment of a primary school to teach the very rudiments of common sense. Suppose we have rich and fruitful lands, is that any reason for our giving them away to the heathen? The sons of New England, who have so largely occupied this virgin coast, are still coming in upon us. Those who are here are gathering children. Maine has sent us a splendid colony of men and women, and whenever the rest of her sons and daughters shall tire of barren soil, of rigorous climate, and of narrow-minded, ignorant members of Congress who edit idiot newspapers, they will come to this land of fruitful soil and lovely climate, and will be glad to know that a place has been preserved for them. If Maine had her primeval forests of pine, as they stood in their uncut value of two hundred years ago, would her members of Congress invite Chinese to come in and despoil them, and send the product from out the State? Maine has a population of six hundred and fifty thousand—not wide of our own. Give to Maine one hundred and fifty thousand adult male Chinese workers, and we ask Congressman Dingle what he would do with them? Would he turn them in upon the forests, and say, cut, slash, steal, and send away? Would this unwise law-maker and editor say to this non-assimilating alien invasion which came to cut wood and not to stay, which imported its own food, clothes, and axes, and which would go away as soon as the forests were despoiled: "We invite you to enjoy this inheritance of our children. Come and fell our trees, saw and bew our timbers, and send them, or the proceeds of their sale, to China?" Would not some more level-headed maniac rise up and reproach the unwise Dingle, by reminding him that the splendid forests of Maine are not indestructible, and that the time will come when every tree will be in demand for the use of American shipping and the purposes of American commerce? Would not the laboring men of Maine who demanded the privilege of toiling in the pine forests, that they might earn wages to raise and educate their families—would they not kick the soft-headed humanitarian Dingle out of Congress, and say to him, "Charity begins at home, and Maine is our home and the home of our children?" And when these invading barbarians had occupied all the lesser industries, and driven out of occupation a hundred and fifty thousand laboring men in Maine, driven toiling women from their means of livelihood, and toiling men from occupations upon which their families depended for bread, then would be seen an uprising in Maine that would drive its driveling Dingles from the pay and mileage of an easy chair and idle life in Washington.

We commend to our authorities that they do not relax the grip they have on the *Altonower*; that they treat the next incoming Chinese passenger ship in the same way; and that they declare Hongkong an infected port, and quarantine for sixty days every vessel that comes from it. This is a contest in self-defense against man-traders and coolies. We must not let any tenderness for individual hardship or personal suffering come between the people and the law of self-preservation.



## FROM FRIENDS BEYOND SEAS.

## Ramblings in Sunny Spain.

On a lovely spring day we find ourselves rolling into Irun, on the frontier of Spain, having the good fortune to have in our car a Spanish gentleman, as kind and courteous as Spanish gentlemen always are, who points out the boundaries as we pass. The scenery of the Pyrenees is magnificent, and the triumphs of engineering are superbly in harmony with nature—conquering her, it is true, but as a noble foe. At Irun, on the frontier, there is the usual delay on account of the searching of baggage. The railroad has a broader gauge in Spain than in France—safer, it is said, and with the possibility of more rapid traveling. There is much that suggests California, especially the southern portion of our State. Accordingly it seems quite home-like. It is also the veritable breeze of San Francisco that sweeps in over San Sebastian, as we break our journey there for the night.

What a gem is San Sebastian! An historic mountain fortress looks majestically seaward, and protects at its base the most secluded of beaches, where in summer thousands through the glittering sands—an ideal watering-place for those who wish comfort without great display. As to hotels, the Fonda de Mont Escuria, clean, neat, and with an excellent table, must positively contradict the information of all our French advisers; and the rates of living are astonishingly low—exactly one-third of what we paid at Bordeaux. San Sebastian, with mountain height and sheltered cove, in many ways recalled to our mind Soda Bay, at the foot of Uncle Sam, the live oaks and the gently murmuring surf.

From San Sebastian to Bilbao there is a piece of magnificent engineering through a district as romantic as anything out of the Sierra Nevadas or Yosemite Valley. Indeed, as we passed over the divide between Miranda and Bilbao we saw a grand bridal-veil fall, which suggested the cascades of the Yosemite more distinctly than anything I have seen elsewhere. At Bilbao we witnessed an impressive religious procession, and saw the famous stone bridge of two arches across the Nervion, which is a marvel of grace and delicacy, but, unfortunately, rapidly hastening to ruin.

And now we are in Burgos—quaint, dreamy, sepulchral, ancient Burgos, with its legion of beggars, its gaily-dressed and handsome soldiers, and its stately priests in the most ample of robes; with its miracle in stone, the cathedral, through whose double spires one sees the stars, and within whose chapel one revels in antiquities most beautiful and costly. It makes one stare to look upon a piece of canvas for which sixty thousand dollars is refused; yet the Magdalen of Burgos is without a rival. Happy is the tourist who happens to enter the cathedral, as we did yesterday, at the moment when the great organ is pouring forth its flood of harmony, and filling the vast edifice with another glory most fitly mated with the splendors of all the rich and delicate adornment. Bathe it in sunlight and music, and the effect is something heavenly. Not so heavenly the crowd of beggars at the door. Let your charity get the better of you to the extent of giving to the most pitiful of their ghastly number, and you will presently have a bowling around you that will create the bases of a thousand nightmares. The celebrated "Christ of Burgos" is a painful sight, even when but half revealed through the kind service of a white satin and gold braided skirt that hides the figure from the waist to the feet. As an aid to devotion its history and records of miracles ought to banish all doubt. There is also here the coffer of the Cid upon which he effected a loan on one occasion, although the old rattle-box had nothing of any value in it—he having extorted a promise not to open it.

We have been out at Miraflores, and also at Huelgas, in great state, as the Fonda de Rafaelo affords a span of mules and a landau in brocade. The tombs at Miraflores are veritable lace in marble, quite beyond the power of my pen. Huelgas disappointed us, partly because the noble ladies did not invite us in, that courtesy being extended only to the royal family. As I write, there is a great blending of sounds, which is characteristic of Burgos—the vigorous braying of two asses, the no less vigorous clamor of the trumpets across the way at the barracks, and a general clanging of the church bells, the most of which have the peculiar exhausted tone of a cheap bell on a country court-house; but it is the weakness of age in the bells of Burgos, not of cheap metal. And so this is Burgos, on its crystal stream bordered by the Prado, filled with gaily laughing men and veiled women, keeping step to the music, and the nurses dancing with the little children held up in arms, the tiny *ninitos* bolding up their little hands as they whirl around, ourselves the only strangers among the thousands who walk and chat. We go to see again the grand cathedral, to visit the museum, and to get a piece of the veritable Castile soap, as this is the capital of that ancient kingdom.

From Burgos and the beggars to the Escorial. In the early morning we were told, as we coursed along through the pines scattered among the granite rocks, that we should soon see the Escorial. What a sky of clearness, and what a vista of wonder, stretching seemingly to Gibraltar, away and away from the base of these granite hills, where, as on a very throne of nature, rests, and, as an outgrowth of the granite itself, stands in massive dignity the colossal palace-cathedral-convent of the Escorial. This palace tomb is a thing unique in all the world. It has none of the extravagance of the mausoleum. It is in better taste, for a tomb is ever more appropriate without the ornaments and splendors that pertain to life. Even the great tomb of India, with its delicate tracery in marble, suffers in comparison with the sombre majesty of the Escorial, as we find white robes discordant in the presence of death, while black are in sympathy. Marble with silvery sheen is for banquet halls; for the place of sepulture, cold, gray granite. You can not say it is exquisite, as you would of the marvel of Agra; you feel that it is, however, exquisitely appropriate.

To the genius of Jean Baptiste, of Toledo, the world owes its homage for a conception grand as it is unique. The vow of Philip II. to San Lorenzo, and the success of the battle of San Quentin in consequence, have placed the massive building upon the unique site, and in the quaint form of a gridiron, as all the world knows, and nothing more, except its general utility, will ever be needed to keep that homely do-

mestic utensil in perpetual veneration. The grand central portico opens twice to receive royalty, once living, again when dead. The first *patio*, or square, is without ornamentation, excepting the statues of six kings of Holy Writ, concerned in building and repairing Solomon's Temple. Then you pass to the chapel, a model of grand simplicity, of simple grandeur, unequaled, and not possible to be excelled; an altar screen ninety feet high, in jasper and gold, beneath the Pantheon, where lie the dead kings and the mothers of kings. Poor Mercedes, beloved by all, does not come within the rule, and is interred in a chapel to the left of the high altar. Just to the right of the altar is the small room in which Philip II. died, after fifty-three days of agony, looking out upon the sacred shrine. We feel half inclined to forgive him for a small fraction of his cruelties for the pleasure we have in looking at these frescoes, pictures, tapestries, this swelling dome, this marvelous sacristy with its picture, which gives that vista of wonder which so mocks the form of nature, this oratory, with its treasures of Raphael and Cellini. We go and come, look and look again, and our opinion changes not of the Escorial. It is withal a strange and ghastly place.

The shadows are falling, and we can fancy the spaces all around are peopled with victims of gory fields, of besieged cities, of sunken Armadas, and chief among them the pale ghost of Philip himself, as if it had stepped out of the picture in the library, and grasped in its withered hand the missal illuminated with those immortal tints upon which the eyes, now dead, so often and so desparingly gazed. I hear a flapping of wings; two forms pass between me and the sky, and wheel on wing out over the massive building. I shudder at the conviction of the old doctrine of transmigration flashes across my mind. *They are here again!* It is Philip II. and Bloody Mary. Another circle in the air, and they rest, in complacent dignity, upon that solitary nest that crowns that tall gray chimney. Nonsense; it is but a harmless pair of storks!

RICHARD WYLIE.

ESCURIAL, April 20, 1882.

## Show-Sunday among the London Artists.

One of the most interesting features of the early London season in the artistic world is "Show Sunday." It is the day selected by artists to invite friends to their studios to view the pictures just finished, and shortly to be sent to the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy, which always opens on the first Monday in May.

Undoubtedly among the pictures which will arouse the greatest amount of interest in the forthcoming exhibition is the portrait of the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, by Miss Ellen Montalba. It is not only excellent as a likeness, but charming as a picture. The princess is represented standing upon a terrace at Dorndon, a small place near Tunbridge Wells, formerly occupied by herself and the Marquis of Lorne. She is dressed in a gown of black satin, of no pronounced style, so that the portrait will never acquire an out-of-the-fashion look, and the principal bit of bright color is formed by a flat basket of red and yellow chrysanthemums held in her hand. The background is an avenue of trees, taking on the dull reds and browns of autumn, veiled by a grayish haze. The portrait has been three years on the easel, owing to the princess having been so much of the time away in Canada. It is destined for the government bouse at Ottawa, being the fulfillment of an order given by the Marquis of Lorne.

The Misses Clara and Henrietta Montalba will contribute to the exhibition some of their charming Venetian scenes, noticeable among which is a group of three girls walking on the Lido, the gray color of their garments in striking contrast to the gray sea mist which forms the background of the picture. In Venice one always sees three women together; they never go about in couples.

The most interesting picture to be contributed by Mr. Felix Moscheles is "The Daughter of Herodias." It is a half-length figure of a dusky maiden over whose shoulders is loosely draped a leopard skin. The head stands out in bold relief against a vivid yellow *portiere*, which she is in the act of throwing back as she goes in to dance before the king. Several good portraits are to be noticed, and some of Mr. Moscheles's characteristic bits of folk life in the Bavarian highlands.

Sidney Cooper will send some of his fine cattle pieces. The largest represents a splendid specimen of a young bull, standing head erect, all on the alert, looking outward from the canvas toward some unseen object. Another depicts a herd of cows wandering slowly down a country road toward a stream of water, in which some of them are already refreshing themselves under the cool shade of a group of beautifully painted trees. A small picture of sheep reminds one forcibly of Verbeekhoeven's style.

Mr. Frith's principal picture will not be done in time for this year's exhibition, but when it does appear it can not fail to excite universal interest, as it represents a private view at the Academy, with all the prominent figures taken from life. Among well-known members of society who have already given sittings are Mr. Gladstone, Mrs. Langtry, Mr. Oscar Wilde, Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, Burdett-Coutts, etc.

Many artists gave up this year the custom of inviting people to their studios, for the reason that the privilege has of late been much abused, some people giving their cards away, and strangers even making their appearance upon no grounds whatever. A few artists exhibit together in some well known artistic resort, such as the St. Stephen's Art Association, and this year there was a collection shown at the Kensington Town Hall, but there were many pictures included which had been seen before. It frequently happens that pictures are sold on "show day," the lucky artist being thus relieved of all anxiety before his work appears on the walls of Burlington House.

M. A.

LONDON, April 27, 1882.

There has been, according to a London journal, some heavy baccarat at the Cercle Méditerranée, and the competition for the bank has been so great, more especially between Mr. Schneider, well known for his big play at Monte Carlo, and Mr. Scovill, of New York, that the committee have had to limit it to thirty thousand dollars, or one hundred and fifty thousand francs. Up to now America has decidedly had the best of the contest, Mr. Scovill having won in nine days one hundred and ten thousand dollars.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"Count Silvius," a late novel, is translated from the German of George Horn, by M. J. Safford. The scene is laid in the old free city of Frankfurt, and presents an interesting picture of society life in that city. It mainly chronicles the experiences of the Turneyssen family, who occupy a foremost place in wealth and rank. The story contains many good situations, and involves many thrilling scenes. Published by G. W. Harlan, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

Samuel Graves, an eminent member of the Masonic order, both in California and the East, is the subject of a memoir just published here. Mr. Graves was first initiated in Cooperstown, New York, in 1815, and held numerous honorable positions in the order until his death, in 1880. The most attractive portion of the volume is the review of the celebrated Morgan murder, and Mr. Graves's experience during the anti-Masonic crusade. Published by Eastman & Co.; for sale by Louis Gregoire & Co., Masonic Temple, Post Street; price, \$1.50.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton has for many years been one of the great authorities on art matters. His paintings, while not popular, are admired by the inner brotherhood. The work that he did in the pages of London's most critical journal won him universal respect. But it is in the successive treatises on art which he has written from time to time that his mark has been made. The latest book which he has written is the "The Graphic Arts." It is a treatise on the varieties of drawing, painting, and engraving, in comparison with each other and with nature. The volume is reprinted from the English *édition de luxe*, and contains only descriptions of the illustrations which accompanied the English edition. Although the work is intended for artists, the average reader will find it as interesting reading as all Mr. Hamerton's previous art-books. Published by Roberts, Eros, Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$2.

"The Home-Stretch," by M. A. Collins, is a novel whose scene is laid in the South. It is the story of a young girl who, at seventeen, is wooed by a brilliant and handsome lover. She is infatuated with him, and can not believe the story when some one tells her that her wooer is already a married man. She writes a most passionate note to him, calling for a refusal of the charge. He replies by saying that at an early age his father forced him to marry a girl whom he did not love, and with whom he would not live. The heroine is utterly broken down by the news. The remainder of the book describes the death of the lover's wife, and his finally successful efforts to win again the young girl's love. The story contains several exciting incidents, which might have been better wrought out. While the novel borders on the sensational, its atmosphere is not unwholesome. Published and for sale by G. W. Harlan, 19 Park Place, New York.

The latest translation of Björnsterne Björnson's "Fisher Maiden" is its third appearance in English dress. It was originally published in 1867, in Norway, and immediately afterward was translated into several languages. The present translation is made by Professor Rasmus B. Andersen, who has already issued three other of Björnson's novels. The story has proved one of the most popular of the great Norse author's novels. Although the scene is laid in a peaceful hamlet, the plot is treated with much more vigor than is usually displayed by the writer. The heroine becomes successively entangled with three lovers. The odium which follows exposure drives her from the town, and severely wounds the hearts of the three young men. She finally adopts the stage for a profession, and the final half of the story is in connection with theatrical life. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

Marcus Wilson is a veteran in the service of children's reading books. His first series, which were published by Harper & Brothers, were probably the most popular series which we have ever had, and they are still used to a great extent throughout the East. His latest effort is a new set, this time issued by another publisher. Mr. Wilson has endeavored to attain in the first volume, or primer, a result which is sought in the Froebel and Pestalozzian systems—that of exciting eager interest in the pupil, by an addition of object-teaching by means of pictures, to the usual routine of, "T-h-a-t is a c-a-t; c-a-n i-t c-r-y?" Toward the end of the second reader the author begins to develop a new idea—that of running a slight web of continued fiction through the book, which plan is continued and wrought out in the succeeding three volumes of the series, until in the "Fifth Reader" it assumes the proportions of a descriptive trip around the world, embracing European and Eastern lands. Much attention is paid to elocutionary work, and the endeavor seems to have been made to render the series as complete as possible. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia; for sale by Joseph A. Hofmann, 208 Montgomery Street.

Miscellany: One hundred and forty-five decrees and letters of Frederick the Great have just been given to the world in the eleventh volume of the series of publications containing the Royal Prussian Archives. Some of the letters contain pithy epigrammatic postscripts in the king's own hand. —Mr. Whitney, of the Boston Public Library, lately prepared and has printed—at the suggestion of Mr. Longfellow—a catalogue of Freiligrath's library, now owned in Boston. It mentions sixty-seven editions of Goethe's works, and sixty of Schiller's, of which forty are first or early impressions. There are twenty editions of Lessing, twenty-four of Burns, and forty of Byron. The library also contains the original impressions of "Hudibras," of Thompson's "Spring," of "Roderick Random," "Tom Jones," Percy's "Reliques," etc. —Mr. Swinburne has been asked to contribute to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" a biographical article on Mary Queen of Scots. To this task he will address himself as soon as he has finished his narrative poem in nine cantos, "Tristram of Lyonesse." He is now engaged upon the last canto. His next volume will shortly appear, and will include with this long poem about fifty lyrics, nearly all of which are short. The larger part of them are studies of childhood or songs about children. Besides these there will be presented several odes and sonnets on literary, historical, and political subjects—among them twenty-one sonnets on the English dramatic poets from 1590 to 1650.

Announcements: Robert Buchanan is about to publish not only a novel, "The Martyrdom of Madeline," but a new volume with the title, "The Land of Lorne, or a Poet's Sketch-book." —The title of the new American novel which Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons will publish in the middle of the month is "Guernedale." The scene is laid in the United States, at the present time; and the author, who is anonymous, writes with a purpose.—The chief poem of the next number of *The Century* is entitled "Jewess," and is the work of Joaquin Miller. A little verse by Mr. Longfellow is also given. This was discovered by the editor of the magazine painted on a bit of tin, and fastened over a rustic well in front of the Crab Inn, at Shanklin, Isle of Wight. The American, instantly recognizing the poetic touch, said, "That must be Longfellow's"—and so indeed it proved to be. The poet had written it specially for that town-well.—The frontispiece of the same number is a portrait of Cardinal Newman, copied from a very beautiful etching well known in London. An accompanying article on the Cardinal, written by C. Kegan Paul, gives a picturesque description of Newman's life among the Brotherhood.—The June number of *Harper's Monthly* will have not only a full-page portrait of Mr. Longfellow, but also an article on the dead poet from the pen of George William Curtis.—"Christian Reid" is the writing name of George William Curtis.—"Jehovah" is the title of the poem which the Queen of Roumania is to contribute to Emerson—one of the *Critic* of May 6th is chiefly notable for John Burroughs, a paper of reminiscences by F. B. S. inborn, and a leading editorial on the dead poet's representative American citizenship. There is also a pertinent "Suggestion to Mr. Vanderbilt."



## THE SPRING TRADE.

General Activity Among Our Merchants.

THE BOOM HAS STRUCK THE CITY—WE HAVE CAUGHT ON.

[From the Sunday Chronicle of May 14.]

The season which, next to that of the holidays, brings pleasure to our San Francisco merchants is upon us. The streets are crowded with purchasers, the windows brilliant with varied fabrics and attractive goods. Bustle and activity are noticeable everywhere. In this connection we may be permitted to remark that

JOHN SNIGGLEFRITZ &amp; CO.,

No. 10,001 Stockton Place, are doing a land-office business. In an interview with our reporter Mr. Snigglefritz said:

"Yes, business is pouring in upon us. During the past week we have received orders for a pair of tooth-pick shoes from Mr. Adolescents, son of the well-known *contracteur de nuit*. In addition to this, we are about to half-sole and heel a pair of boots for Mr. Paerlen, a well-known society leader. Mrs. Assoisureux is having her Pompadour brodequins cut down into Oxford-ties. Yes, everything is most promising. We have ordered two tons of cobblers' wax and five thousand gross of shoe-strings."

Proceeding down the street, the reporter dropped into the establishment of

SKOUNIER &amp; CO.,

20,007 Pacific Street. He dropped through the sidewalk grating. Mr. Skounier, the senior partner, received him affably. He said:

"There is no doubt that business is improving. Since last week three natives of Milpitas have visited the establishment, and I am happy to state that not one of them got away with anything but his clothes. It is true that a San Andreas man had the police round here, but business being good, we successfully saw the officers. Fully fifteen five-cent glasses are sold now daily, and ten schooners. There can be no questioning the fact that the boom has begun."

Thanking him for his courtesy, the reporter requested Mr. Skounier to set 'em up, and gracefully evading that gentleman's facetious attempt to collect, escaped by the back way. On the next block he went into the establishment of

PADAR GHASZTHYKOFF &amp; CO.,

The well-known dealers in California wines. Here things were booming. Mr. Ghaszthykoff said:

"Yes, business is very active. People—East as well as West—are beginning to realize that the pure juice of the California grape is far superior to the adulterated and gas-charged productions known as Roederer, Mumm, and Pommery. Only yesterday a Boston man came in and requested to sample our California wines. He drank a pint-bottle of Secklups. He was suddenly stricken with apoplexy, owing to his full habit of body. As I stooped over him, endeavoring ineffectually to find enough to pay for the wine, he murmured: 'Go to the Union Club, and get a postage stamp from the secretary. Tell him I have a visitor's card. Then write to my wife, and tell her I died as I have lived. There is no money about me, and you must charge the wine to profit and loss.' And laughing harshly, his spirit passed away. I merely tell you this to show that even Boston tourists are beginning to think of seriously considering the eventual purchase of wine. It is most encouraging. I shall send at least a case there next year."

Thanking Mr. Ghaszthykoff for his courtesy, the reporter secreted a pint-bottle in his pistol-pocket, and withdrew. In the next block he entered the palatial sartorial establishment of

PO JOHEIM &amp; CO.,

No. 17,000 Montgomery Street. This hive of industry was found to be worked to its utmost capacity. There are few gentlemen who do not feel at this season the necessity for a new suit of clothes; and even those gentlemen who can not afford a whole suit indulge themselves in the luxury of a pair of pants, a vest, or a coat. To all these Mr. Joheim's prices offer exceptional inducements.

"Yes," said that distinguished knight of the needle to the reporter, "Yes, business is lively. Dese vos all new goots. I can gif a man a suit vot vits like de paper on de vail for dwenty-five tollars. Dis style dirty dollars. Business is goot, and we gant gomblar."

Thanking Mr. Joheim for his valuable information touching the state of trade, the reporter endeavored to turn the conversation upon the subject of a new spring suit for himself, time of payment unspecified. To this, however, Mr. Joheim seemed singularly obtuse, and our reporter withdrew.

Upon the whole, the state of the spring trade is most promising. The preceding notes, taken altogether at random, and from leading houses only, may be relied upon as presenting a thoroughly trustworthy view of affairs. They are uncolored by any ulterior motives, and the readers of the *Chronicle* may rely upon them as implicitly as they do upon matter which appears upon the editorial page.

Sund &amp; Wkly-11 ship-top-1/2 cash.

CCXXIX.—Snday, May 21.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Ox-Tail Soup.

Broiled Shad. Maitre d'Hotel Sauce.

Rabbit Stewed in Claret Wine.

String Beans. Stewed Yellow Turnips.

Roast Veal. Lyonnaise Potatoes.

Lettuce and Cress Salad.

Cream Fritters, Jelly Sauce.

Cherries.

MAITRE D' HOTEL SAUCE.—Two tablespoonfuls butter, two teaspoonfuls finely minced parsley, juice of one lemon. Cream the butter, mix in the parsley, and add the lemon juice. Place the shad, or other fish, upon a hot platter, and spread the sauce all over the top. Hold a hot lid over it for two minutes, to assist its melting.

CREAM FRITTERS.—One cup of cream, the whites of five eggs, two full cups prepared flour, one salt-spoon of nutmeg, and a pinch of salt. Stir the whites into the cream in turn with the flour, put in nutmeg and salt, beat all up hard for two minutes. The batter should be rather thick. Fry in plenty of hot sweet lard, a spoonful of batter to each fritter. Drain, and serve upon a hot napkin. Eat with jelly sauce. Pull them if you wish to open them, but do not cut them.

An Ohio saloon-keeper hanged himself the other day just "because he bad nothing to live for." Still, comments Burdette, it would be just as well for a man not to hang himself until he is pretty certain he has something to die for.

A Georgia man has covered his walls with Confederate bonds. They come cheaper than wall-paper.

## THE HONORED DEAD.

Memorial Day.

Bring flowers—bright flowers!  
To garnish the tomb  
Where heroes sleep lightly  
Unmindful of gloom.

Bring flowers—bright flowers!  
That hearty may weave  
Fair garlands of glory,  
As sadly we grieve.

Bring flowers—spring flowers!  
All fragrant, to wave  
O'er the dew-spangled couch  
Of the undying brave!

Unloose the shoes' latchet!  
The blood-sprinkled sod  
Is holy as that  
Of the Holiest trod!

Were they right, were they wrong,  
Whom we mourn, or their foes?  
Away, truckling driver!  
What matters? Who knows?

Shall the blood of the hero  
Not hallow the sod,  
Though the victor above  
His cold ashes hath trod?

Shall the stigma of treason  
Disonor the tear  
We shed for the brave  
To our memory dear—

Lee, "Stonewall," and Johnston  
And myriads more—  
Who went up from our ranks  
To the evergreen shore?

Tho' they 'sland down their arms"  
And "surrendered their posts,"  
Their names are "gazetted"  
In Fame's deathless hosts.

"Transferred" from earth-service,  
Brave hearts whom we love,  
They "reported" at once  
To "headquarters" above.

It recks not how vainly  
How blindly, they fought;  
How bitter the scath  
Which grim destiny wrought.

'Tis the motive enfames,  
Not the beggarly prize;  
The spirit that lives,  
The hase guerdon that dies,

'Tis the infinite Thought,  
Not the perishing Fact;  
The heart that conceives,  
Not the outgrowing Act.

'Tis Why, and not What,  
Lightens history's gloom;  
Devotion, not Victory,  
Hallows the tomb.

Not in vain did they fall;  
The blood of the brave  
The land of their love  
Never vainly can lave.

Though erstwhile it may lie,  
Precious seed in the ground,  
Yet in fullness of time  
Its fair fruits shall abound.

And the future, God's fallow,  
Though barren it seem  
With the harvest they planted,  
Yet bravely shall team.

It may be the fathers  
Had huddled in vain,  
Had the blood of the sons  
Not cemented again.

Then heap up the garlands  
O'er patriot graves;  
Success could not add  
To the fame of our braves.

Remember their valor;  
Keep holy the sod;  
For honor to heroes  
Is glory to God.

Bring flowers—spring flowers!  
All fragrant, to wave  
O'er the dew-spangled couch  
Of the undying brave.

Unloose the shoes' latchet!  
The blood-sprinkled sod  
Is pure as the temple—  
The altar of God!

—Our Continent.

Decoration Day.

Sleep, comrades, sleep and rest  
On this Field of the Grounded Arms,  
Where foes no more molest,  
Nor sentry's shot alarms.

Ye have slept on the ground before,  
And started to your feet  
At the cannon's sudden roar,  
Or the drum's redoubling heat.

But in this camp of Death  
No sound your slumber breaks;  
Here is no fevered breath,  
No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace,  
Untrampled lies the sod;  
The shouts of battle cease  
It is the Truce of God!

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!  
The thoughts of men shall he  
As sentinels to keep  
Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green  
We deck with fragrant flowers;  
Yours has the suffering been,  
The memory shall be ours.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow in the *Tune Atlantic*.

## TRUTHFUL TALES.

The Sisters Twain.

"See the sun rise, Gwendolen!"  
Miriam Mahaffy spoke those words in an ecstasy of girlish enthusiasm to her elder sister as the latter sat languidly on the bedroom floor one soft, sensuous morning in June, and pulled with stately grace a long striped stocking over a shapely limb, whose beautiful contour and firm, white flesh would have made an anchorite throw up his job without a moment's warning.

Thrusting her tiny feet into a pair of dainty slippers, Gwendolen stepped to the window, and looked out upon the morning.

"Is it not beautiful?" exclaimed Miriam, impulsively putting on her corset as she spoke. "The golden pencilings of light dart up from below the horizon, touching the fleecy whiteness of the ever-changing clouds with a roseate glory beyond compare. See how in yonder speck of blue that peeps out so coyly between the great masses of clouds that surround it on every side, there comes a mezzo-tint of orange here, making a beautiful background to the turquoise bloom of the picture. Is it not very beautiful, sister?"

"Yes," replied Gwendolen, reaching for the hair-brush, "it reminds me of a lemon pie on a blue plate."

"See, sister," continued Miriam, as she did up her back hair, and took her bang from the dressing-case, "the breath of the morning, balmy and sweet, is kissing every flower and plant into new life. Can anything be more lovely?"

"Nothing in all the wide, wide world," replied Gwendolen—"except breakfast."—From *advance sheets of a new work by Joseph Medill, the Chicago Tribune Novelist*.

A Puzzled Board of Education.

At an examination of a public school on Staten Island, one of the scholars failed in a problem. The teacher said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I shall invite a gentleman of the audience to work out the sum on the board. John Smith, open the book and read that question."

The scholar obeyed and read out: "Add fifteen-sixteenths and nine-elevenths."

The teacher turned to the audience and said: "Now, Director Butler, will you step to the blackboard and work it out?"

The director hesitated, then said, "Certainly," and advanced a step, but paused and asked the teacher: "Is it fair to put to the children so difficult a problem?"

"Oh, never fear," replied the teacher, "they will be equal to it."

"Very well," said the director, "go on."

The boy began the question: "Add fifteen-sixteenths—"

"No, no!" said the director, "I will not be a party to overtaxing the children's brains. I have conscientious scruples against it. This forcing system is ruining the rising generation," and he gave back the chalk, and left the room.

"Well, Judge Castleton, will you favor us?" asked the teacher, tendering the chalk.

"I would do so with pleasure," replied the judge, but I have a case coming on in my court in a minute or two," and he left.

"Director Middleton, we must fall back on you," said the teacher, smiling.

"Oh," said the director, "I pass—I mean I decline in favor of Director Jefferson."

"Well, that will do," replied the teacher; "Mr. Jefferson, will you favor us?"

"I would certainly—that is—of course," replied Mr. Jefferson, "but—ahem! I think it should be referred to a commit—Why, bless me! I'll never catch it. Good-by. Some other time." And he left.

"I know Judge Southfield will not refuse," said the teacher, and the judge stepped promptly up to the blackboard, amidst a round of applause from the audience. The scholar again began to read the sum. "Add fifteen-sixteenths—"

A dozen hands went up as the judge made the first figures.

"Well, what is it?" asked the teacher.

"He's got the denominator on top of the line!" cried the boys in chorus.

"Very good, boys, very good; I see you are attentive," said the judge, as he rubbed out the figures, turned red, and began again, but was interrupted by the class calling out:

"Now he's got the numerator and denominator under the line!"

"Aha! you young rogues! You're sharp, I see," said the judge, jocosely, and again commenced.

"That ain't a fraction at all! It's one thousand five hundred and sixteen!" was the cry that hailed the judge's new combination of figures.

"Really, Mr. Teacher," ejaculated the judge, "I must compliment you on the wonderful proficiency of your scholars in algebra. I won't tire their patience any more."

"Oh, go on, go on," said the teacher; and again the judge wrote some figures in an off-hand manner.

"That ain't a fraction! It's six thousand one hundred and fifty-one!" yelled the boys.

"Mr. Teacher," said the judge, "it would be ungenerous on my part, and imply an unworthy suspicion as to your efficiency, to put these extraordinarily bright children to additional tests; I would not, I could not. Oh, excuse me. There's Brown! I've important business with him. Sheriff, I want to see you," and he left.

Some days afterward a boy was brought before Justice Southfield for throwing stones in the street.

"John," said the judge, sternly, "were you the boy that laughed in school on Monday while I was working out that problem?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

John got thirty days.—*Richmond Gazette*.

According to the *Boomerang*, "Clara Belle," the writer of the fashion letters to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, is said to be Miss Claribel McArdle, a teacher in a Jersey City school, and a daughter of a contractor in the Bergen Hill Tunnel work.

What word in the English language, asks *Grip*, possesses the greatest number of one particular letter? "Possesses."

One biggest elephant, one suit of Guiteau's old clothes, and a baby camel is a complete outfit for a circus this season.

The venerable Cora Pearl is, *dit-on*, about to come out as a circus-rider.

## TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

If you wish to use goods of full weight and absolute purity, see your grocer supplies you with

KINGSFORD'S  
OSWEGO  
STARCH.

ROYAL  
BAKING  
POWDER.

WALTER BAKER & CO.'S  
CHOCOLATE.

ARBUCKLE'S  
ARIOSIA  
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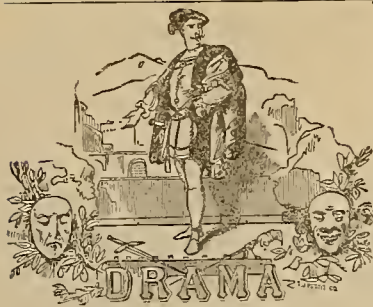
WM. T. COLEMAN &amp; CO.

AGENTS

121 and 123 Market Street,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.





It is probable that most of the people who found themselves at the Baldwin on Saturday evening last were surprised to find so many other people there. Of a verity it was astonishing to the regular habitués. I have not seen such a house at the Baldwin for many a day—not even when Haase was here. From the orchestra rail to the top of the gallery the theatre was a mass of heads. All of the mezzanine boxes were filled, and most of the proscenium boxes. Probably the most surprised man in the house was Joe Grismer himself. It is a cardinal rule with actors to believe that their "ben." is going to be a bad one. They are frequently right.

But in this case the beneficiary was wrong. In addition to the audience being a large and brilliant one, it was a paying one. There were about twelve hundred dollars in the house, and it is probable that Grismer cleaned up about eight hundred. He deserves it. He is a careful and hard-working actor, and it is probable that during the last few months he has received very little of his salary. The ghost has not been walking freely at the Baldwin of late.

The bill was a mixed one, and extremely long. Four acts of "Under the Gaslight," an olio, and the last act of "The Fool's Revenge" kept the audience until half after twelve. The first piece was not badly played, Ada Deaves as Peachblossom, Brown as Snorkey, and Bray as Bermudas deserving special mention. In the last piece Grismer appeared, and was received with an ovation and a deluge of flowers. In this act a young amateur appeared, as De Aquila, in a bandsome costume and a bad case of stage fright. He did very well, however. The olio was like most olios. Miss Boyer, Talbo, and Ben Clark sang. Ben Teal gave a couple of recitations, and Mr. Roach "told a story." It is a risky thing this telling of stories to theatrical audiences. When Mr. Roach appeared, he began;

"Ladies and gentlemen—It is growing extremely late, and —"

From the gallery a solemn voice fell like a falling star:

"That's so!"

"And," continued Mr. Roach, "under the circumstances I shall detain you but a few minutes."

"Good boy!" remarked the solemn voice.

It was depressing, but Roach bore up under it, and told his story very well.

There was nothing to mar the performance, notwithstanding the crowded house and the late hour, unless it be the fact that a number of young gentlemen in the mezzanine boxes, who had been dining copiously, betrayed that fact to the audience unnecessarily. Another little occurrence may also be mentioned. When one of the tenors made his appearance there came, mingled with the applause, what sounded ominously like hisses. The tenor's countenance changed, but the hisses were silenced by the rest of the house. Speculation was fire as to the cause of the hisses. By some they were ascribed simply to a desire on the lower part of the house to silence the gallery. Others winked, and whispered that the hisses were the outcome of a venomous quarrel at one of the clubs, which has been cropping up in all kinds of ways. Perhaps both surmises were wrong.

The "Frog Opera," which has been played at the Grand Opera House during the past week, is a curious production. It consists of a number of well-known airs strung together, with namby-pamby words set to them, which words are supposed to elucidate the childish story of the opera. The performers were all amateurs. Simple as music and action are, the "opera" seemed beyond them. It is considered unfair to criticize amateurs, so I will refrain from doing so. It may not, however, be ill-natured to remark that the habit the soloists have of apparently communicating their songs confidentially to the orchestra leader is not conducive to the audience's enjoyment of them. The ladies, too, should be informed that the human arm has muscles above the elbow as well as below.

But the audience seemed to enjoy the performance. It was a friendly one, and from the shower of flowers which fell upon the stage it was evident that many of the young ladies—most of them very pretty, by the way—had admirers in the audience. Among the ladies, Mrs. David Wilder, who took the leading part, both looked and sang extremely well. Miss Tucholsky, too, sang and acted with great spirit. This lady was the one who taught Madame Modjeska to speak the English language. She should be proud of her pupil.

The male members of the cast were rather weak. Among the songs introduced was the one which

attracted so much attention when sung by Digby Bell, at the California recently—"There May be Eyes as Brightly Beaming"—a pretty little thing from "Jeanne, Jeannette, et Jeanneton." I was told that Mr. Joseph Redding wrote down the song from recollection, and the orchestral score as well, the music not being obtainable. It was a most creditable piece of work.

On Wednesday evening the house was not a large one. It did not look promising, financially. It is not probable that the local charity for which the "Frog Opera" was given would have made much money in any event. The Eastern person to whom it belongs—one Brown, I believe—has arranged his prices on such a scale that the thing generally works for the benefit of Brown. It has been given in a number of Eastern cities, nearly always for local charities; and the charitable ladies who conducted it invariably found when the thing was over that they had made no money. Sometimes they found that they had lost.

During the week Milton Nobles has been running another one of his "plays" at the Bush Street. It is called "Interviews," and carefully caricatures nature. Difficult as the task must have been, Mr. Nobles has produced a play infinitely more absurd than either of his others. But Mr. Nobles is a man of great reserve force. I am confident that he can write a play even worse than "Interviews." I know that it will draw. When he shall have reached this apotheosis of badness, Mr. Nobles will doubtless become a millionaire.

On Wednesday evening Mr. J. W. Jennings was tendered a benefit at Platt's Hall by the O. T. H. E. R. Club. I do not know what the O. T. H. E. R. Club is. I am told that it bails from the Western Addition. From a casual inspection of the audience on Wednesday evening I should imagine that it did. "Pink Dominos" is not a nice play. The part of Joskin Tubbs is not a nice part. Mr. Jennings plays it very well. It is the only part I ever saw him play well. If it is any compliment to an actor to say that he is most successful in the part of a senile and lecherous old man, I so compliment Mr. Jennings. The remainder of the cast was filled by members of the Baldwin Company, who played indifferently well.

Ugo Talbo, tenor and impressario, is announced for a benefit next Friday. The gentleman has lost money, steadily and heavily, ever since his arrival in the city. It is to be hoped that the public will apply at least a slight pecuniary plaster to his bleeding purse.

Next Thursday evening Emerson will turn the Standard over to the drama. The piece will be "East Lynne," and the company will be made up of the wreck of the Baldwin troupe, and such other dramatic flotsam and jetsam as may have been tossed up on this rock-bound shore. Mrs. Bates will be the leading lady, and the names of Phoebe Davies, Jean Clara Walters, Mrs. Saunders, Ada Deaves, Grismer, Bradley, Jennings, Norris, and others, are mentioned. The prices will be kept at the Standard standard—seventy-five and fifty cents. The experiment is an interesting one. From the ability Emerson has hitherto shown as a manager, it looks promising. I hope it will succeed. We should have at least one theatre here which is a theatre, and not merely a building devoted to peripatetic combinations.

This (Saturday) evening Miss Phoebe Davies is to take a benefit at the Baldwin. The bill is to be Clay Greene's play of "Chispa," together with an olio. Miss Davies is a young woman of great promise—who is as yet not quite spoiled by injudicious praise and bad examples. She is becoming oppressively stagey, but there is underneath it all an intensity and fire which make me hope for her. She is a most deserving little lady. If the meagre sum for which she played leading business at the Baldwin were known, it would excite surprise, not unmingled with anger at the persons who would take such advantage of the inexperience of a novice. Her benefit is being pushed by an association here, aided by some well-known citizens. She will probably have a good house. She ought to.

PASQUINO.

During her stay in this city Madame Julie Rivé-King will give three concerts, the first on next Tuesday evening, the twenty-third instant, another on the twenty-fifth, and a matinee on Saturday afternoon the twenty-seventh instant. She will be assisted by an orchestra of thirty-six pieces under the direction of Mr. Gustav Heinrich. The numbers in her repertoire which will attract the most attention are: Beethoven's C minor concerto, Liszt's E flat and A major concertos, and Brahms's concerto. Her first performance has the following programme: Weber's "Euryanthe" overture; Beethoven's "Third Concerto," with Reinecke's Cadenza; Schumann's No. 26, from Opus 68; Chopin's "Prelude" in D flat and "Etude" in C sharp minor; Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise," No. 2; Moszkowski's "Bolero," and Saint-Saëns's G minor "Concerto."

#### Obscure Intimations.

O. H., Richmond, Indiana, "Accepted"—Declined.—J. S., Smartsville, "To a Sick Girl"—Declined.—C. D., "Charade"—Declined.—E. D., "The Sea and the Shell"—Declined.—E. C. G., Livermore, verses—Declined.—S. A. T., "Up in a Balloon"—Declined.—N. P. D., Oakland, "The Ugliest Woman" and "Stanzas"—Declined.—L. U. M., Santa Cruz, verses—Declined. A. J., "Fashion Notes"—Declined.—W. B. C., "A Wrecking Incident"—Declined.

#### A STORY OF THE STAGE.

By Zulano.

She was a little ballet-girl.

What do I mean? Not one of those who figure as *corymbes*; she could never have become a *prima*, nor even a *secunda*. No, she was only a "ballet-girl" in the slang of the theatre. She was to-day a "lady of the court," in a stage silken train; to-morrow, "a page," in tights and trunks; the next day, a "peasant girl," in short skirt and clocked stockings. And she got seven dollars a week.

Was she pretty? So-so; there were many prettier. Was she virtuous? Yes; her mother always came with her. Was she besieged by soft-headed young men at the stage-door? No; same reason as the last. The stage-door young men do not like the theatrical mother.

But she never noticed the spoony young men. Perhaps she might have done so, for foolish young girls frequently fall in love with sappy young men. Why should they not? Their stronger-minded sisters often do the same.

But there was a reason why the little ballet-girl did not notice the young men. The leading man had fine eyes. And his fine eyes had wrought havoc with the heart of the little ballet-girl.

Every morning there came to the theatre a bunch of pansies and violets—for the leading man. But they were cheap flowers, within the capacity of humble purses, and the leading man did not pay much attention to them. Sometimes, when he had nothing else, he would use a violet for his *boutonniere*. And when he appeared at rehearsal thus accoutred, the little ballet-girl's eyes would sparkle, and her foolish little heart would beat more quickly under her little bodice.

You smile? Go to, cynic, go to. Even little ballet-girls have hearts.

Sometimes the little ballet-girl's mother would ask her where her money went. And when she did, the little ballet-girl would tell her the most shameful untruths. She had this to buy, she had that; the other girls would look so much better than she if she did not cke out the stage wardrobe with such and such a bit of finery. And her mother, knowing nothing of the violets, believed her.

Fie, fie! To tell falsehoods to her mother—wicked little ballet-girl! I burl the first stone at her. Reader, would not you?

The weeks went by, as the weeks will. There was a new piece to be put on. The cast was a long one. Speaking parts were given to some of those who never before had been so honored. And among them was our little ballet-girl.

How she studied the few lines she had to utter! What air-castles she built! And she blushed when she found that she was thinking less of the audience than she was of the leading man.

The first rehearsal came. It was like all such rehearsals. The stage-manager was in a bad humor, the prompter in a worse one, and the author in the worst of all. And the leading man, not to be outdone in temper, presently excelled all three in snapishness. He had a bad headache that day—he had been supping the night before with Mademoiselle Anonyme, and he had taken too much wine.

The scene arrived in which our little ballet-girl was to make her little speech. She was frightened already. The snarls of the prompter, the roars of the stage-manager at others greater than she, had unnerved her. And when she began her part the words fell flatly from her lips—monotonous and meaningless. They were not as she had said them in her chamber—oh, no! she was sure of that.

"Pshaw!" sneered the leading man, "don't act like a puppet and talk like that! Say the lines so." And he repeated them.

She tried—oh, how hard she tried; but it was worse than before.

"Come, come," said the leading man, with a scowl, "this will never do. She'll spoil my scene entirely. We'll have the gallery geying us."

"Oh, she'll never do," assented the author.

"Never in the world!" chimed in the prompter.

"No, certainly not," resumed the leading man, "and what's more, I think if I were you," turning to the stage-manager—"if I were you I'd bounce her. I've been watching her a long time. She's N. G."

"She ain't much good, that's a fact," philosophically assented the stage-manager. "If she don't show up no better than this there ain't no use keeping her. I guess you'd better get your money and quit, sissy"—this not unkindly.

The little ballet-girl, with a lump in her throat, glanced toward the leading man. But he was sitting on the prompter's table, talking to the author. So she went away.

No more of the cheap little bouquets of pansies and violets came to the leading man after that. But do you think it was because she no longer loved him? Ah, short-sighted reader mine! It was because she could no longer buy them.

The latest sensation created by Bernhardt abroad is that she has contrived her marriage so that no formal decree of divorce will ever be needed to legally separate her from the Greek.

#### "LA BELLE Russe."

According to the account of the New York papers, a large and brilliant audience assembled at Wallack's New York Theatre to witness the production of Belasco's "La Belle Russe." The comments from the critics are various. The *World* prefaces its criticism with the remark: "'La Belle Russe' comes from San Francisco with great commendations, for California has approved of the play, and Mr. Oscar Wilde has approved of California and the restfulness of its green. If Mr. Oscar Wilde found the people of California, as well as its foliage, green, then it can readily be understood, if it be granted that Mr. Wilde is an authority, why 'La Belle Russe' was appreciated by them." It then goes on to say that the play would have driven the Bowers gods of twenty years ago quite mad with delight at the various caprices of injured virtue and absolute vice. "The materials of the story," it continues, "do not amount to much, and the dramatist, Mr. David Belasco, has not done much with them. But it would be difficult for the worst dramatist, and Mr. Belasco is not quite that, to keep such actors as Mr. Gilbert, Miss Coghlan, and Messrs. Tearle and Eyre from showing that each was a thoroughly accomplished player. And if the play should long please the public, Mr. Wallack will have to thank Miss Coghlan for much of the success." The *Sun* also seems to think that the play will have to depend upon its acting and brilliant setting for a long run. "The material of its plot," observes the critic, "is what may be described as the absolutely awful of cheap literature. It is an amazing production, and if its occasions for fine acting and the rude strength of its situations could be set in more reasonable shape, and with some pretense to literary form, it would deserve very different consideration. As it is, its plot is mystifying, baffling, and indescribable, and it moves by boisterous gradations of hysteria to a final paroxysm of impracticability. 'La Belle Russe' will have its run, and elicit a certain amount of interest, as must almost any piece as brilliantly presented and as finely acted as it is." The *Times* treats the play with much more leniency, and even kindly commends it in places. "If any one can bring himself to view the starting-point of Mr. Belasco's drama with complacency," it remarks, "he can probably pass over the rest of its absurdity. There was a good deal of applause after each act, and the fate of Geraldine seemed to arouse genuine interest. The work is one of those unreal, unreasonable things which are not meant to impose upon a sane intelligence; but it has elements of theatrical interest which have lifted many plays, even more unnatural plays than 'La Belle Russe,' into popular favor." The writer then compares it with "Forget-Me-Not," from which he says it was copied. But he thinks that "La Belle Russe" loses much in the comparison, for it does not possess the wit and probability of the other. The *Times* man also differs with the rest on the subject of Miss Coghlan, and says that her spasmodic efforts to be tragic were unpleasant. He finishes with the remark that "it must be added, in fairness, that the theatrical effect and ingenuity displayed in 'La Belle Russe' are of a kind which is looked upon as a positive compensation for sense against common sense, the English language, and the holy cause of the drama." The *Tribune* says that the play "was seen with deep interest and many manifestations of sympathy and admiration by a truly representative audience. Its basis," continues the critic, "is a set of highly distorted circumstances, and it opens with an exceedingly weak act; the workmanship is often cumbersome, and the speeches are needlessly long and sometimes tangled; but its situations, as the action proceeds, become strong, and several of its dramatic incidents are startling." The *Dramatic World* thinks that "'La Belle Russe' is actually a stronger play than 'Forget-Me-Not,' for the materials are used in a thoroughly dramatic way; but in point of literary merit, however, there is no comparison between them, for where Mr. Merivale's work is exquisitely written and polished to the finest degree, 'La Belle Russe' is rough, uncouth, and extremely crude. Mr. Belasco seems to be gifted with the instinct of the stage-carpenter, rather than of the playwright, and his treatment of the English language displays the utmost unfamiliarity. He has, however, constructed a good play, and one which is destined to make a great deal of money."

The Pacific Grove Retreat, a quiet, delightful camping place near Monterey, is now open for the season, and there are already about two hundred persons on the ground. More than two thousand people have gone into the Yosemite Valley since the second of May, and two hundred and fifty are booked for the coming week. There are about fifty people at Paraiso Springs. San José sent twenty-one hundred excursionists in one train to Monterey on Tuesday last. The fourth hop of the season at the Hotel del Monte to-night. The guests at Tamalpais will also trip it on the light fantastic.

— ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT of the Southern Pacific Railroad (broad-gauge) Sunday excursion trains, which leave this city for Monterey and Santa Cruz every Sunday morning at 7:30 o'clock, from the depot, corner of Fourth and Townsend Streets, and from Valencia-street station at 7:40 o'clock. Excursionists have five hours at the seashore.



## To Our Readers.

In order to save correspondence we shall from this date print the names of our subscribers by mail, as evidence of the receipt of their orders. It is, of course, understood that the increase through the sales of the San Francisco News Company, the newsboys, the city carriers, the news dealers, and the Oakland and San José carriers does not figure in this list.

## SUBSCRIBERS BY MAIL FOR THE PAST WEEK.

David E. Bailly.....Eureka, Nev.  
J. E. Chinn.....Emigrant Gap, Cal.  
H. N. H. Brown.....Lundy, Cal.  
William Walsh.....Gerride, Cal.  
Daniel Cook.....Danville, Cal.  
Peter Craigie.....Garderville, Cal.  
A. R. McDonald.....Belmont, Nev.  
Mrs. Mark Hopkins.....Great Barrington, Mass.  
F. C. Ainsworth.....Laredo, Texas  
George Haynes.....Roseburg, Oregon  
George A. Lamont.....Fairfield, Cal.  
T. Marshall.....Sierra City, Cal.  
J. C. White.....Fort Stevens, Oregon  
Doctor George Peck.....Mare Island, Cal.  
R. H. Warfield.....Healdsburg, Cal.  
E. H. Barnes.....Healdsburg, Cal.  
Ell F. Bush.....Healdsburg, Cal.  
James R. Miller.....Healdsburg, Cal.  
Andrew J. Knott.....East Portland, Oregon  
Charles Abramson.....London, England  
Frank G. Williams.....New Haven, Conn.  
W. C. B. Richardson.....Los Angeles, Cal.  
J. F. Hawks.....Soda Creek, B. C.  
J. R. Wharton.....Butte City, Montana  
Isaac Winslow.....Grand Island, Cal.  
H. Kraft.....Red Bluff, Cal.  
S. A. Frankenan & Son.....Kings River, Cal.  
Miss Eliza Cowdry.....Norfolk, Virginia  
Miss Augusta Allen.....Portland, Oregon  
W. T. Barbee.....Humboldt Station, Nevada  
H. S. Knapp.....Santa Ana, Cal.

— ON NEXT SATURDAY, MAY 27TH, THE CALEDONIAN Club will hold its annual picnic at Badger's Park, East Oakland. The day will be celebrated by the national games, which will comprise tossing-the-caber, Highland reels, races, leaping, the tug-of-war, and all the other exciting sports which never fail to draw large crowds. The Second Infantry Band, which contains twenty-one pieces, will discourse music in the pavilion for the dancers, while the large force of Club pipers will be in various parts of the garden to rouse memories of Scotland by their stirring strains.

— ONE OF THE MOST ENJOYABLE PLEASURE excursions to be made from this city to the country is to run over the bay to either Sausalito or San Quentin, and then take the cars of the North Pacific Coast Railroad, which will carry you through the beautiful grazing country of Marin, whose hills are now covered with the most luxuriant wild-flowers. Thence on to the Russian River, in Sonoma County, where the bold, brave, beautiful redwood trees will astonish many a one by their wonderful size. In the neighborhood of Duncan's Mills, on the banks of the Russian River, good fishing and hunting can be found. Or if the visitor does not want to indulge in either of these sports, he can find some of the most romantic walks on Azulia Creek, in the apex of which he will find a magnificent waterfall, which will thoroughly reward him for his trouble.

— WANTED, BY MOTHER AND DAUGHTER, PROTESTANT, positions as seamstress and housekeeper to parties going out of town for vacation. Address this office.

— ICHI BAN—DOUBLED IN SIZE—IS THE LARGEST Japanese sale exhibition in the world. Shattuck & Fletcher export their printing inks to Japan, receive Japanese goods in return, pay for this advertisement with printing ink, and this is why Ichi Ban exists on low prices. Logical, isn't it? Wholesale and retail. Goods for every branch of country retail trade.

— IF YOU COME HOME LATE BRING YOUR WIFE A bottle of German Corn Remover. It will pay you. 25c

— REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE HAS GENUINE merit, as all who use it will testify. Price 25c. Try it.

— THE BLOOD AT TIMES BECOMES LOADED WITH impurities, and moves sluggishly in the veins. This condition of the vital fluid cannot last long without serious results. An alternative is needed to purify the blood and impart energy to the system, and there is none better than Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

— LADY READERS OF THE ARGONAUT WILL REMEMBER that the place to buy colognes, perfumery, toilet soaps, brushes, sponges, cosmetics, etc., is at the elegant and well-stocked store of James G. Steele & Co., Chemists and Apothecaries, 635 Market Street, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

— THOUSANDS OF LADIES HAVE FOUND SUDDEN relief from all their woes by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the great remedy for diseases peculiar to females. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's, 429 Montgomery.

— Dr. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.

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AND.....

## ONE MATINEE—WITH GRAND ORCHESTRA

Of Thirty-six Pieces,

GUSTAV HINRICHS.....CONDUCTOR,

On the Evenings of

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During the week Madame Rivé-King will play the Beethoven Concerto in E flat, the Concerto in E flat and A major of Liszt, and the first Concerto of Brahms. Madame Rivé-King will positively close her San Francisco season on the 27th.

General Admission.....\$1.00.

Reserved Seats, \$1.50; Boxes, \$8.00 and \$10.00. Box-sheet open on Thursday, May 18th, at 9 A. M., at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Music Store.

Decker Bros.' Celebrated Concert Grand Piano used.

## EARNST WORKERS' SOCIETY.

## A MATINEE CONCERT

Will be given at

## PLATT'S HALL,

On Saturday.....May 20, 1882

In aid of the funds of the above Society. A number of Distinguished Artists, both vocal and instrumental, will appear. Programme in future advertisement.

Admission, \$1.....Boxes, \$5

Tickets on sale from May 10th, at Gray's Music Store, 117 Post Street.

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Camping Ground in the State. Good Spring Water, lovely Groves of Pine and Cedar, splendid Beach, fine Drives and Rambles, and an A No. 1 Restaurant for use of all who do not wish to do their own cooking.

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THE BEST AND CHEAPEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

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OF THE.....

## S. F. CALEDONIAN CLUB,

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The Club Pipers and the Second Regiment Band, of twenty-one pieces, have been engaged, and ample accommodations arranged for all. Every precaution has been taken by the Committee of Arrangements to render this a more enjoyable occasion than any that has preceded it.

Admission to Grounds.....50 cts.  
Children under 12.....25 cts.

Boats leave every half-hour.  
JOHN F. KENNEDY, Chief.

FINLAY ROSS, Secretary.

## SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company. Location of principal place of business San Francisco, California—Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees held on the 17th day of May, 1882, an assessment, (No. 73) of One Dollar (\$1) per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 57, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the 21st day of June, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 20th day of July, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

E. L. PARKER, Secretary.

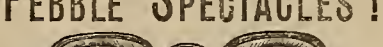
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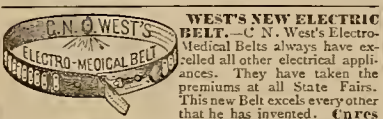
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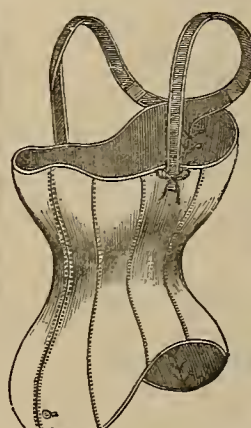
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## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Susanne's Bangle.

A little coin upon thy wrist  
Doth dangle lazily and twist.  
To be that little coin I list—  
A pretty plan.  
I should be toyed with and caressed,  
By daintiest of fingers pressed,  
And maybe clasped to fairest breast,  
O fair Susanne!

But should I'er in sorrow see  
Another lover wooing thee,  
Ah, perdy, that were misery—  
O stupid plan!  
The coin might with thy jewels try  
To win the favor of thine eye,  
But dare not with thy love envie,  
O false Susanne!

—Will Hatch Smiley, in Washington Republic.

## An Apartment-House Lament.

She occupies the room above,  
And I the room below,  
That little angel overhead  
Who's always on the go.

I've seen her bright and smiling face,  
Her golden hair aglow;  
I've seen her little pit-a-pats  
Which craze me here below.

Those dainty feet, in trim "noo sooze,"  
She dearly loves to show,  
And I as dearly love to see,  
Make Tophet here below.

Oh, little angel overhead!  
If she could only know  
The bald and wrinkled gentleman  
Who's writhing down below,

I know her tender heart would ache—  
Her sweet eyes tell me so—  
And she would spare the grim old man  
Who's pleading down below.

I wish she were asleep in bed,  
And I were likewise so—  
Sbe in her dimpled cot above,  
I on my rack below.

Well! well! well! we angel overhead,  
Whether I sleep or no,  
God bless your sunny, smiling face.  
THE GENTLEMAN BELOW.

—Frank Bellew in Our Continent.

## The Policy-Holder's Lament.

For fifteen years I wine foreswore,  
I adured gaudy raiments,  
I never crossed the play-house door,  
I never toolled a coach and four,  
The clothes were shabby which I wore—  
I saved my meagre, meagre store,  
For life-insurance payments.

I thought it all a horrid bore,  
Yet made those endless payments,  
That when I reached the Golden Shore,  
The wolf might shun my children's door—  
The company is now no more!  
They found it rotten to the core,  
Receivers grin now at the door  
At all the luckless claimants.  
—Boston Advertiser.

## A Matter of Observation.

A busy retail grocer  
Whom we all surely know, sir,  
Was asked one day, in a friendly way,  
By a country chap who had come to stay  
Till the mail came in at the close of day  
"What are your gross receipts, sir?"  
"He he! ha, ha! ho, ho, sir!"  
Laughed the busy retail grocer,  
As he pointed out, with laugh and shout,  
The barrels and boxes ranged about,  
"You can plainly see, beyond a doubt,  
What are my grocery seats, sir."  
—Camden Advance.

## A Rybmed Legend.

An Arab came to the river side,  
With a donkey bearing an obelisk;  
But he would not try to ford the tide,  
For he had too good an \*  
So he camped all night by the river side,  
And remained till the tide had ceased to swell,  
For he knew should the donkey from life subside,  
He never would find his ||

When morning dawned, and the tide was out,  
The pair crossed over 'neath Allah's protection,  
And the Arab was happy, we have no doubt,  
For he had the best donkey in all that §

But he met a jockey from Yankee-land,  
Before he had covered a league of ground,  
And he traded the donkey with him off hand  
For a "hoss" that wouldn't draw a £

That donkey was seen by a Yankee man,  
Who raised his voice and loud did holler:  
"How much'll you take for that 'ere beast,  
In gold or silver or paper §?"

The Arab knew, when the man said "ere,"  
He belonged to the dickering Yankee nation;  
And believing Yankees never swap fair  
He paid no heed to the ?

But soon was spied a Texas chap,  
Who wore long hair and had a swagger;  
"Look here, pard, I wack that beast,"  
And in the Arab stuck his †

As good fortune would have it, the † glanced,  
Or it might have settled the Arab's hash;  
And seizing the obelisk, the latter chanced  
To make on the Texan a fatal —

So the ass was saved, and the obelisk too;  
And homeward the Arab made his way;  
To Allah his thanks he gave anew  
That a . had come to the hapless fray.  
—Various Liars in Partnership.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman.



Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

## LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population. It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacement, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this Paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box. Sold by all Druggists.

## AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, For Purifying the Blood.



This compound of the vegetable alteratives, Sarsaparilla, Dock, Stillingia, and Mandrake, with the Iodides of Potash and Iron, makes a most effectual cure of complaints affecting the blood. It purifies the blood, purges out the lurking humors in the system that undermine health and settle into troublesome disorders. Eruptions on the skin are the appearance of the blood. Internal derangements are the determination of these same humors to some internal organ or organs, whose action they derange, and whose substance they disease and destroy. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA expels these humors from the blood. When they are gone, the disorders they produce disappear, such as Ulcerations of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Eruptions and Eruptive diseases of the Skin, Rose or Erysipelas, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tetters and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Ulcers and Sores, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, Female Weakness, Sterility, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, and General Debility. With their departure health returns.

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WE WARRANT SIX BOXES OF DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT to cure any Nervous Disease, of whatever nature or cause, and will give a written guarantee with each order, agreeing to refund the money if the treatment does not affect a cure in six months. Price \$1 per box; six boxes, \$5. Sent prepaid by mail on receipt of price.  
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**RESOURCES.**  
Bank Premises..... \$150,000 00  
Other Real Estate..... 5,225 25  
United States Bonds..... 626,977 35  
Loans on Real Estate..... 134,868 00  
Loans on bonds, gas, water and bank stock..... 132,198 25  
Loans on other securities..... 577,443 90  
Loans on personal security..... 1,06,004 27  
Due from banks and bankers..... 392,457 61  
Money on hand..... 398,669 34  
**LIABILITIES.** \$3,523,844 23  
Capital paid up..... \$1,000,000 00  
Surplus..... 400,759 13  
Due depositors..... 1,888,655 07  
Due Banks and Bankers..... 174,370 53  
Dividends unpaid..... 59 50  
**\$3,523,844 23**  
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**SHERIFF'S SALE.**  
PETER ENGEL, } Superior Court.  
vs. } Department No. 3.  
CHARLES WOCHATZ. } No. 6323.  
Execution.  
**UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN**  
execution issued out of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly attested on the tenth day of May, A. D. 1882, in the above entitled action, wherein Peter Engel, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a judgment against Charles Wochatz, defendant, on the twenty-eighth day of March, A. D. 1882, for the sum of one thousand five hundred and sixty-one 65-100 dollars, with interest thereon and costs, etc., I have levied upon all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Charles Wochatz, had in the twenty-eighth day of March, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the hereinafter described property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, standing of record in the office of the County Recorder of said City and County in the name of Charles Wochatz, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at the southwest corner of Byington and Webster streets; thence south on the west line of said Webster Street, twenty-four feet; thence east at right angles ninety-three feet and six inches; thence north at right angles twenty-four feet; thence east along the south line of said Byington Street ninety-three feet and six inches to the place of beginning. The same being a part of fifty vara lot No. 1, in Block No. 307, Western Addition.  
Public notice is hereby given that on **MONDAY, THE FIFTH DAY OF JUNE, 1882**, at twelve o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will sell all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, Charles Wochatz had on the twenty-eighth day of March, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed as aforesaid, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the above-described property, to the highest and best bidder, for lawful money of the United States.  
San Francisco, May 13, 1882.  
**JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.**  
R. THOMPSON, Plaintiff's Attorney.  
May 13-20-27-June 3

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# The Argonaut.

VOL. X. NO. 21.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 27, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## WAS SHE A WOMAN?

The Strange Being that a Gay Dragoon Met at Midnight in the Fog.

If my memory is good it was in the year 1859 that the incredible fact which I am going to relate took place in the good city of Compiègne. The old inhabitants still remember the excitement which the incident caused, and people speak of it under their breath.

Know then that that evening I was completely filled with melancholy. I had just taken coffee, and it was execrable. In order to forget that annoyance, I had sought amends in the pleasant smoke of a cigar, and that smoke was acrid. The cold was biting, *ennui* was entering the house by every pore and by every door, and was even penetrating through the windows, when a violent ring of the bell resounded in my ear. I went to open the door in a very bad humor.

"Ah, I find you in!" exclaimed my friend Deschamps, springing into the room with a vivacity which seemed to me very singular, as he was a person of quiet manners, rather serious than lively.

"What is the matter?" I asked, shutting the door.

"Nothing," he replied, "only I was afraid you might have gone out, and I am glad to meet you again."

"Come in, then," I replied, "and welcome. I must admit that you have dropped in providentially, for I really believe I was becoming *ennui*ed, and if you will grant me the pleasure of your company for a little while, you will save me from that catastrophe."

Gabriel Deschamps, Captain of Dragoons, was of a slightly romantic nature. He easily persuaded himself that all the women adored him, and when he had imbibed a little too much absinthe, which happened quite often, that is to say every day, no one was more tender. A perfect conqueror! Physically, he would be called a handsome man, having high color, thick moustache, red lips, well-shaped nose, and a bright eye. As he entered, there was no visible change in his appearance, the muscles of his face did not indicate any disturbance of his mind, but I thought him pale and fatigued.

"Well," I said, "what news?"

"Well, my friend, I have come, just as you see me, from Compiègne," he replied.

"From Compiègne?"

"From Compiègne, on horseback, eighteen leagues, at full speed."

"At full-speed? Then you have deserted?"

"Ah, something else, quite as good."

"Well, what is it then? You don't know how you excite my curiosity. Is there a duel in the case?"

"There is to be no duel."

"What then?"

"There, there; I am afraid you will make fun of me."

"You would not allow that, captain."

"Who can tell? Have you not, you scribblers for the papers, ways of ridiculing people which leave them in doubt whether to smile or to wring your nose?"

"Come, uncork the bottle, my dear captain, and drink a little glass of brandy."

"No, thank you. I will not drink to-day."

"Then it is more serious than I thought. I declare, I have never seen you so excited."

"It is so stupid for me not to understand it, and that is why I have come to see you this evening. You, who are a skeptic, perhaps can give me the key of the phenomenon which disturbs my mind."

"Speak, and I will listen, and believe me, my dear captain, with all due interest."

"First, you must know that I have the good fortune of possessing a lady friend—"

"Hum! I suspected that before you said it."

"Oh, if you are going to joke me—"

"That's all, my dear captain. Henceforth I am mum. Continue."

So, thus reassured, he began:

Well, then, I have a charming friend, with whom I am quite seriously in love, I acknowledge. Three days ago, being at liberty and not knowing how to kill time, I left the barracks with one of my friends—the first lieutenant of my regiment—to take a walk along the river bank. Night commenced to fall, and a villainous fog which you could have cut with a knife, rose over the Oise, and threatened quickly to spread over the city.

"I say, Gabriel," exclaimed my friend Dulaurier, slightly ruffled by the cold and the north wind which was blowing, "are you so heated that an hour's walking along the river is necessary to cool you off? For my part, I don't enjoy it very much, and if you like, we will go to the Café Chapins and have a glass of punch."

"In faith, no," I replied; "I prefer to go and see Julie. (I need not tell you that is my friend's name.) Will you come with me?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Delaurier. "An hour spent with a pretty woman is always agreeable."

We proceeded toward the Faubourg Hurtebize, where my friend lives. The distance was quite long, but the expectation of warming ourselves at the blaze of a comfortable

hearth was enough to abridge it. Unfortunately we were mistaken in our calculations. Julie was out. The servant told us, very indefinitely, that madame would probably dine out, and that she intended to spend the evening at the theatre.

"By my faith," exclaimed Dulaurier, at this bad news, "we are in luck, and I am going straight to the Café Chapins."

"Let's go by the avenues. It's as short as the Rue de Pierrefonds."

That is what we did. Scarcely bad we advanced fifteen steps in the cursed avenues, black as coal, thanks to the fog, which was thicker than ever, when I lost sight and sound of my friend Dulaurier. I don't know whether he turned to the right and I to the left, or the reverse, but it is certain that we were separated as if by the wall of China. I called him. No reply. Without thinking any more about him, and knowing that I would find him again at the Café Chapins, I continued my dangerous walk. All at once I hit my foot against something strange, which had no apparent form, and I stooped down to look at it closer. Was it a dog, a stone, or a human being? It moved. I examined it, opening my eyes wide. It was a woman. She was seated at the foot of a tree, cowering like a beggar, seeming not to feel the cold, nor to fear the solitude, nor to notice my presence and scrutiny.

"What are you doing there, madame?" I said. "Are you ill?"

"No," she replied in a faint voice.

"This is not the weather for sleeping in the open air."

"Here or anywhere else, what does it matter?"

"At night, a woman all alone is exposed to disagreeable adventures," I continued, moved, I don't know why, by this eccentricity, "and at such a time—"

"Any time is good for me," she said.

"Nevertheless, if you will permit me, madame," I replied with a certain warmth, "to accompany you home, I will offer you my arm."

"Willingly," she said.

She rose immediately. I offered her my arm, but she did not accept it, and walked by my side. I admit that this first part of the adventure already puzzled me somewhat, and instead of suffering from the cold, which I feared for her, I felt, not without astonishment, several drops of perspiration forming on my forehead. Impressed with the strange encounter, my mind was confused and unsettled. My ideas were foggy as well as the air. What was this woman? Was she really a woman? If so, would I enjoy an agreeable surprise when I should see her face? Would it not probably be as sweet as her voice?

At the end of five minutes she stopped. I could not tell anything about what street we were in, but without being uneasy for a minute, I approached her.

"This is my house," she said. "Will it please you to enter?"

Although I was far from expecting such a proposition, made in the calmest tone, nevertheless I accepted with alacrity, anxious to carry the affair to the end, no matter what should happen, and, moreover, I determined not to leave her before having seen her face.

The stranger advanced toward her house. The shrill ringing of a bell resounded within, and the doors flew open. On each side of the door stood a servant in mourning livery, holding a torch of lighted wax. Haughty as a queen, she entered before me, and beckoned me to follow her. By the light of the torches I observed that she was completely clothed in black, and that a thick veil covered her face.

You know me, my dear friend, and you know that the devil himself could not frighten me. Well, I confess to you, with all due humility, that I felt a slight shudder run through me. But I took courage, and entered. The apartment into which I was introduced was magnificently furnished. Rugs covered the inlaid floor, and prevented the sound of footsteps from being heard. Casting my eyes on the clock, I noticed that it was about to strike twelve. At a sign from their mistress the servants went out as quiet as ghosts, after having lighted several wax candles, as large as those of churches, the flickering and dull flame of which, however, sent forth only a faint light around us.

I was alone with her. That was what I was waiting for, and really she did not make me wait long. After motioning me to sit down beside her on the sofa, she raised her veil. I was dazzled at the sight of her face, and all my uneasiness and fears seeming to me imaginary, before that brilliant apparition scattered in an instant. An angel, a demon, if you will, but a superb woman. I lost my senses. Now do you want me to tell you what passed between us? I know nothing about it, on my honor. I only remember that in pressing her hand in mine I felt the same sensation as in touching marble. I remember that her eyes, so soft, were fixed and motionless, and yet she looked at me with an air of interest so natural or of pity so profound that I, taking it for love, fell at her feet. I can not tell you how long I remained in that position, but I was willing to stay there all the rest of my life, for I felt that I was dying of happiness, and unknown transports were waiting me beyond this world. All at once I heard the clock strike twelve. This sharp noise seemed funeral in the silence.

I quickly rose, without knowing why. Turning my eyes toward the fireless chimney, I saw the mirrors becoming

covered with a black cloth, the hangings being darkened like the mirrors, and the candles gradually going out. Dazed by this phantasmagoria, I looked for my unknown companion. Gone! The servants—gone! I sprang forward. The street-door opened before me, and I rushed out of that diabolical den without being able to explain to myself how I entered it, nor why I had just left it.

Feeling that I was perspiring profusely, I wanted to wipe my forehead, but I could not find my handkerchief. The fresh air having restored me to my senses, and being anxious to investigate this dénouement, which was beyond my comprehension, I drew my sword, and cut a deep notch in the mysterious house, which is situated on the Rue de Pierrefonds, as I immediately made sure.

You can imagine how much I needed rest and quietness, after such an adventure, and so I returned to my room. The next day, when I related this singular story to Dulaurier, he shrugged his shoulders, and when I offered to show him the house, he treated me as if I were crazy. However, he ended by agreeing to accompany me in my search. Nothing was easier than to find the house again, as I had marked it with an ineffaceable sign. We were greatly astonished at seeing the window-shutters fastened tight, the rusty hinges of the door, and all the appearances of a deserted house. I rang the bell. No answer. Impatient at this failure, I rang again so violently that a neighbor opened his window.

"What do you want?"

"The lady who lives in this house," I replied.

"She died two years ago," said the neighbor, "and since then the house has been empty."

"Impossible!"

"If you have come to buy it," continued the neighbor, "apply at No. 12. There is a gentleman there who will give you the information you want."

I thanked the obliging neighbor, who shut his window again, and I went immediately to No. 12, with the hope that this person to whom I was directed could help me to unravel the affair, which seemed to become more puzzling since I had determined on solving it. My friend and I presented ourselves at No. 12, and M. Bourdon was wonderfully polite to us as soon as I told him I wanted to buy the property he had for sale.

"It's a good bargain," he said, "and when you have looked at the house—"

"I know it," I replied.

"You know it?" said he, turning toward me the most astonished look in the world. "Impossible! It is more than six months since I myself have put my foot in it, and as I have the keys of the house in my desk—Ah! beg your pardon," he quickly added, "you were there before the owner's death?"

"I was there yesterday evening," I replied, "and I stayed there about two hours in the company of a charming young lady."

M. Bourdon suddenly looked at my friend, as if to ask whether I was insane. I understood his meaning, and without being offended I continued, hoping to make him change his mind about me, and wishing to furnish him with the most ample details of my visit.

"I know," said I, in conclusion, "that you place little faith in my words, since I can not give an exact account of the truth. But there is an unanswerable way of verifying my assertions. On leaving the house in question I could not find my handkerchief, and I think I remember having left it on the sofa in the salon. Will you come with us, and prove it? If we find my handkerchief, what will you say?"

"My dear captain," said M. Bourdon, "I shall say nothing, but I shall sell you the house at your own price."

"I would not have it at any price," I said in a low tone to Dulaurier.

M. Bourdon did not hesitate to accept my proposition, and on reaching the door triumphantly pointed out to me cobwebs in the lock.

"Do you give in?"

"Not yet."

"But this door has not been opened for six months."

"I tell you I crossed this threshold yesterday morning."

We entered. Everything about the mournful aspect of that house expressed desertion, neglect, solitude. The walls were mouldy, a thick dust covered the floor, the ceilings were cracked, and cobwebs overran the staircase. On entering the salon, the first object that struck my eye was my handkerchief lying on the sofa.

He paused. After a time he spoke: "There's my story, my dear friend; what do you think of it?"

"Are you a somnambulist, captain?"

"I don't know. I was never aware of it."

"Were you—how shall I say it?—a little—when you left the barracks with your friend Dulaurier?"

"Hum! I remember very little about it."

"It is necessary to enlighten me on these two points before asking my opinion of your adventure, otherwise I can explain it in this way—you went to sleep lying on your back, and had a bad dream."

Captain Duchamps was killed six months afterward in the campaign in Italy, without having answered the two questions.—Adapted for the Argonaut from the French of Valois.



## THE HUDSON BABYLON.

Our New York Correspondent Gives the Gossip of the Town.

I was shocked beyond measure yesterday at the appearance of James Gordon Bennett. The young man of the *Herald*, who five years ago was a *blase* but dashing man-about-town, who was commodore of the New York Yacht Club, champion mallet of the Polo Club, fastest tandem driver in the city, and wildest "all-nighter" we ever had, looks like a middle-aged invalid, gray, weary, and forlorn. He was standing for a moment in front of the Brunswick, waiting for his brougham. He leaned on his cane, and bowed, with a forced smile, to several acquaintances. It was a beautiful day, as bright as mid-summer, and quite warm, but his long, English top-coat was buttoned tight, and the collar raised around the neck. His face was as deeply lined as it was melancholy, and he sank into his seat listlessly when the carriage came up, and had the footman draw up the blind, so as to shield his eyes from the sunlight. He goes nowhere now, and receives only old friends. He is treated by every one with the same attention that eminent old men or men who have been wrecked by a great sorrow receive, and takes it all with an air of utter weariness. He has but one fancy now, and that is his latest plaything, the steam yacht *Namouna*. Mr. Bennett is still a young man, almost a youth in years, as far as the common acceptance of the term goes, but he has lost his interest in everything except his new toy. It is rather an expensive one. Every man can not afford an iron steam yacht of seven hundred tons capacity, with a length over all of two hundred and twenty-seven feet—as large as many ocean steamers—costing nearly two hundred and twenty thousand dollars. But the proprietor of the *Herald* never knew what it was to want money—more's the pity. He steams to-day for Washington, to give the President and his cabinet a sail, and then proposes to go with his yacht to the Mediterranean. His guests on his first trip will be the Duke of Manchester, Lord Mandeville, Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Elphinstone, Count Montausin, and Sir James Ashbury, all of whom are now here, "doing the blasted country, you know."

The revelation concerning the visit of his grace of Manchester has not put society in a very good humor, because society thought that his grace had traveled all the way here for the purpose of reveling in society's sweet pleasures, whereas it turns out that the duke's errand is entirely the other way. He accepts scarcely any invitations, and devotes himself to himself and his dinner, but the secret has leaked out all the same. He is, in the terse but powerful figure familiar to all good Americans, hard up. His El Dorado is California, where there are several mines in which his grace, after due inspection, proposes to invest what remains of a ducal fortune. Lord Mandeville, his son and heir, who tried to kill himself in London by a course of the same dissipation that Bennett practiced in New York, accompanies the duke, so as to be present when the last of the money is staked. Society is indignant, but for myself, I don't see that it has any grievance. I feel a good deal of sympathy for the badgered nobleman. A duke of the blood royal can't go into the dry goods trade when his funds are at low ebb without causing remarks among his friends; the tallow business is open to the same objections. He probably has no aptitude for plumbing, and can't make politics pay, so he takes a flyer at mining.

Speaking of the duke reminds me of one of the other noblemen, Lord Randolph Churchill. He married the prettiest daughter of Mr. Leonard Jerome, of this city, a couple of years ago, and now invests in—I mean cultivates—his wealthy father-in-law in a manner that should suggest volumes to Lord Mandeville, who is not half so "hard up" as was Lord Randolph Churchill before he married the daughter of the wealthy Leonard Jerome. Well, having struck an uncommonly good thing, he, Churchill, should know enough to he-have himself, but unfortunately he has contracted a little habit which really reacts against him. It is a habit of insulting people in the most aggravating and insolent way. In the course of his short career in New York society he has made about as many enemies as he has in London, which, considering the time at his disposal here, is an uncommonly clever achievement. The papers are describing him in varied language. One calls him "the arrogant little sprig from London." Another says "Lord Randolph Churchill is a pert, shallow, and conceited youngster"; still another speaks of his "audacious and ill-bred assurance," and several retail the incident at the Bradlaugh muddle, when Lord Randolph Churchill arose in Parliament and said, with his eye-glass in his ocular, that he voted on the same side with the Almighty! There was an air of touching and reverential modesty about it that made Bradlaugh blush with embarrassment at standing in the presence of so superb a man.

Since I have written so much biography I will have to add a little more. Bennett is an American of Scotch descent. His grace, and lords Mandeville and Randolph Churchill are absorbingly English, while Mr. Perry Belmont, of whom America has suddenly heard, is an American of no descent to speak of. I was at fencing school with Perry Belmont a few years ago, and saw exactly what stuff he was made of. Senac, our old master, found him a little dull at first, but soon discovered that he never forgot a stop, or thrust, or guard, and held himself like a veteran while the rest of us lost our heads. Now he is the champion amateur swordsman of the country. In Harvard he was not considered bright, but graduated easily. But what I wish to speak of chiefly is the man personally. It is amusing to read some of the descriptions of him which are being printed in the papers. He is pictured as a cultivated, dashing, and high-bred statesman, with a wealth of wit and a genial manner. The anti-Blaine organs slop over in the most refreshing manner, and are particularly felicitous in describing what a jolly good fellow Belmont is, and how popular he was among the gay devils of the Union Club in New York. The truth of the matter is that Mr. Perry Belmont never was noticeably popular here. His father, August Belmont, is a banker of standing and wealth, about whose ancestry some very indecent things are said, and his brother, "Augy" Belmont Jr., who married Edwin Morgan's daughter, is a society man of the most monstrous type. The old man goes

out very little, and restricts himself in the matter of enjoyment to driving the worst drag in the Coaching Club. "Augy" affects the English with indefatigable zeal, and is wintering on the Nile because it is considered the proper caper in London. Perry is the only other member of the family. He is a member of the Union, but is scarcely an *habitué* of that extremely aristocratic but stupid old club. He has a fondness for field sports, and is well read in everyday affairs. His manner is subdued and quiet, and he wears clothes made in London. There is only a slight trace of the Jewish blood, which his father repudiates, visible in Perry Belmont's face, and he is usually free in his hospitality. His face, on the whole, rather insignificant, and his moustache a bristling whip that defies the barber's efforts at adornment, and flies in every imaginable direction. He was never a brilliant conversationalist, and as for being a jolly good fellow, I can only say that no one heard of him in that light until the Blaine *imbroglio*. His father's principles were the same as the Rothschilds, and Perry follows the paternal teachings. The great Jewish bankers of Europe amassed fortunes by shrewd speculation, but the foundation of their reputations was in every case based on their rigid honesty. No one ever accused them of failing in doing their duty. The elder Belmont has stood by the business houses that employed him. The younger Belmont has stood by his constituents during his short career. It is hereditary.

The Jews are again the all-pervading subject among the best people. They have invaded Newport! This has been the dread of the residents of that most exclusive resort for many years; but by a concerted and rigid action of the regular property-owners and lessees every house and cottage has been kept out of the reach of Jews. The best hotels were imbued by the same spirit, through the earnest efforts of old Jack Weaver, of the Ocean House, who had been ruined by an influx of Semitic excursionists in his early venture at Long Branch.

"They're very good people, sir, very good people, perhaps," Weaver used to say; "but if they once get the inside track, you're sure to be done up brown. I was. I had a cosy little place at the Branch. I built long piazzas and verandas for my guests, and everything was running in the most agreeable manner, when the cheap boats began to run. By gad, sir, I was ruined by inches before my very eyes. They would come down in families, with six or eight noisy children, and camp out on my verandas. They would bring their lunch and bottled beer or water, and stay all day long, and return at night without leaving one solitary cent behind. The whole thing only cost twenty-five cents. This they did not do once or twice, but every day for the entire season. Their children and themselves drove my paying guests away from me, and I was left ruined. I could not drive them away." So I say let's keep them out. There are many estimable men and women among them, without doubt, but let's keep them out."

And they were kept out while he lived. Now they own three cottages at Newport, and it is only a question of time when they will own the rest. It is worth noting that two of the cottages were bought by the Jews through Gentile agents, who represented themselves as future occupants. The cottagers will revenge themselves by cutting the interlopers dead, and discouraging their attempts at sociability. Rather a remarkable condition of affairs in this enlightened age and cosmopolitan country.

The season here is rapidly drawing to a close, and only waits the day of the great Coaching Club parade for a final and emphatic close. There is nothing doing now but a few musicales and the "bubble" parties. The rage grew very rapidly for this intellectual form of amusement, which is just the thing to bring up the tail end of the season. Like everything New York undertakes, it has been carried to excess; but the more moderate ones are very pretty, and sufficiently amusing to pass the time before supper. The one Mrs. Stevens gave on Thursday was certainly worth remembering. The invitations were delicately lithographed cards representative of a soap bubble, with little cupids dancing about the words "at eleven o'clock," and blowing brilliant little bubbles from their pipes. The coloring was very artistically managed, and the cupids looked very jolly. At the house there were several new wash-tubs of the commonest kind, on Turkish rugs, in the west parlors, surrounded by ottomans, and hung at the bandles with coarse towels. Around the edges of the tubs were one-cent clay pipes. The effect of these things in Mrs. Stevens's costly apartments was very odd. The girls all put on fluff-shouldered and high-waisted aprons, which gave them a remarkably juvenile appearance, and the young men assumed huge blouses, which protected shirt-bosoms but added nothing in grace to their black-clad figures. Then they began in sober earnestness to contest for the prize for the biggest bubble, a beautiful silver pipe. A few minutes later and the lights were brought into play. From the conservatory, in the rear, a shaft of red light was thrown through the rooms. In it the fleecy globes floated about over the heads of the guests, with slow and stately motion, occasionally coming together and disappearing, indeed like "bubbles in the air." Then the color of the light was changed, while the orchestra played softly, and a pale-blue was thrown in, and submerged everything. I never saw a prettier sight, and it seemed a pity to break it all up so soon, and rush down to supper.

Meanwhile society waits for the twenty-seventh, and its fair leaders fight bitterly for seats on the coaches on parade day. There is probably nothing the average society girl covets more than that honor. The members of the Club may be slighted or neglected early in the season, or may possibly be forgotten in some very select little dinners to notable people, but as the time for the parade draws near, lo! how they loom up. The pleasing person of Colonel Ike Reid is seen to shake with violent chuckles of satisfaction as he walks beside the elegant person of Colonel Delancy Kane, on pleasant afternoons, and is smiled upon from all sides. Hooker Hammersly is out every hour behind a different horse. Grey Griswold is haughty and arrogant, and refuses invitations to dinner at houses which he schemed in the early winter to get into. Colonel Jay wears an air of overwhelming importance, and the swell little Knickerbocker Club screws its single glass in its important eye, and says it will be a devilish decent affair, don't you know, by gad, sir! NEW YORK, May 11, 1882. BLAKELY.

## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

A recent German work gives the following return of the populations of the world, counting by millions: Europe, three hundred and fifteen millions; Asia, eight hundred and thirty-four; Africa, two hundred and five; America, ninety-five; Australia and Polynesia, five; Polar regions, under one million. Total, one billion four hundred and fifty-five millions, an increase of over sixteen millions upon the last census.

Mrs. Boger's hair would not lie flat in a hang. It had been brushed back for forty years, and refused to stay the other way. But hangs were fashionable in the suburb of Chicago where she lived, and she couldn't hear to go without one. So she wore a properly shaped piece of tin over her forehead mornings to train the hair the way it should go. The value of the device for the purpose intended is not indicated in the account, but it saved her life, for when a drunken neighbor fired at her the bullet struck the tin and glanced off.

The New York doctors having had the question put to them whether a man can add a cubit to his stature, agree that there are ways by which stature can be affected. People who drink limestone water, like the Kentuckians and Tennesseans, who are famous for being tall, owe it perhaps to the fact that they absorb so much lime, which goes to the making of their bones. So oatmeal builds up the bone and muscle of the Scotch, and makes them tall. There is a belief, however well or ill founded, that the height of a child at the age of two years is just half the height to which it will attain at maturity.

How many people are there, asks Land, who know that the Pope is a farmer? Such is the fact, however, and there is reason to believe that his holiness makes a very good thing of it. Leo XIII. is, however, neither a grower of cereals nor a raiser of stock, but a breeder of fish. The lagoons of Comacchio are thus turned to profitable use. Eels are the staple food, and several tons of cooked eels are sent from the lagoons every Lent. The fish come up in immense shoals from the Adriatic, and are fed in the lagoons on other fish provided for them, until they are nicely fattened, when they are killed and cooked in a vast kitchen.

Of all consanguineal horrors the most incredible is reported from the Hungarian village of Belyenes. A handsome man of forty-five and a devil-may-care youth of twenty became enamored of a pretty young widow who kept a wine shop. Jealous of the favors shown the boy, the man lay in wait to kill him, but instead fell a victim to the superior strength of his rival. An investigation proved beyond question that the two adversaries were father and son, and that the pretty widow was the daughter of one and the sister of the other. It was a grim fate which brought these three together after a separation which began during the infancy of the children.

Thick as is an elephant's skin, no living creature suffers more from flies, mosquitoes, leeches, and other vermin than he. The pores are very large, and gadflies, mosquitoes, etc., worm themselves into the hollow and suck to repletion. Thus the whole day long they are constantly throwing up dirt, squirting saliva or water, to get rid of these pests, to the great annoyance of their riders. Elephants snore a good deal when asleep. They are very human-like in many of their ways. They get a piece of wood and use it as a toothpick. They scratch themselves with the tip of the proboscis, and if they can not reach the place with that they take up a branch and use that. Natives say they plug up bullet-holes with clay.

A curious match was recently made in Paris between a horse and a snail for twenty thousand dollars. The owner of the former, a young count well known in sporting circles, hacked himself to ride the animal from the Pont de la Concorde to Versailles and back, thirty-eight kilometres, or nearly twenty-five miles, in two hours, while a wealthy Burgundian hacked the snail in the same period, to crawl two metres and four-fifths—say eight feet—upon the cushion of a billiard table. According to the conditions of the match, the hacker of the snail is at liberty to stimulate and steer it with one fresh cabbage-leaf sprinkled with powdered sugar. Snail races have been run in England before now, in the fierce gambling times of a century ago, but the contest between a horse and a snail is something new.

A curious instance is recorded of a man who wished to be a hermit and misanthrope by deputy. This was the Hon. Charles Hamilton, who in the time of George III. laid out at Cobham the famous grounds celebrated by Grey and Horace Walpole. Among other pretty things which he erected on his grounds was a hermitage; and he took it into his head that he would like to have a real live hermit to inhabit it. He accordingly advertised for a hermit, and offered seven hundred pounds a year to any one who would lead a true hermit's life, sleeping on a mat, never suffering scissors to touch his head, heard, or his nails, and never speaking a syllable to the servant who brought his food. A man was found for the place; but after three weeks he had enough of it, and retired. It is hard to see what good his seven hundred pounds a year could have done him under such conditions.

Some years ago there was a bet made in Washington that a man could not eat a quail every day for thirty consecutive days. The bet was made in a restaurant on Seventh Street, between Augustus Davis and B. Trautman. The wager was one thousand dollars—five hundred dollars a side—and the terms that Trautman should eat a partridge (called quail in the North) every day at a certain hour for thirty consecutive days. Trautman chose the hour between nine and ten in the morning, and ate the partridge with German rye bread and strong coffee. In the first twelve days it was boiled, the remainder of the time broiled. Trautman, who was a broad-shouldered, muscular fellow, preserved his stomach all through the ordeal, but on signing a receipt for the money on the last day was so nervous he could hardly write his name. This is said to be the first and only time such a wager has been won by the party doing the eating. It has often been lost.

If there be anything which can be crueler than a man it is a little boy. Some children, it is reported, went to gather heather in Aberdeenshire, near a wood. Naturally, having been sent for the purpose of collecting ground growth, one of them climbed into a tree. He caught on a broken branch by the hack of his jacket, and hung there, about six feet from the ground. His companions, two of whom were his brothers, made, it appears, some attempts to disentangle the unfortunate child, who was only seven years old, but not succeeding, calmly desisted, and when their business in the wood was concluded, went their peaceful way. It occurred to none of these kindly Scottish youths to mention the little incident of the tree, and when the father passed that way on his way from work, an hour or two later, he found his poor little Abasalom hanging downwards, strangled by the neck-button of his jacket. A more thorough illustration of northern reticence and the canny principle of minding your own business was never known.

At Saint Eloi, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, in France, a nest full of eggs was found under the ruins of the old palace where King Dagobert lived. So they knew that one thousand two hundred years before some hen had stolen her nest, just as our hens do nowadays, and had been disturbed, and left the nest before the eggs had been sat upon. The workmen, who in clearing away the ruins to build the old church that still stands there had found the nest, were going to throw away the eggs, but the Abbé Denis, who was then the curate of the parish, remembering that wheat had grown from grains that were found with the mummies in Egyptian tombs, which must have been three thousand years old, thought that there might be life in those old eggs. He set them under one of his good, motherly old hens, and sure enough, in twenty-one days she came off the nest with a fine brood of "King Dagobert" chickens, as they have ever since been called. The breed has been carefully kept ever since; and the Dagobert fowls have so increased that the abbé of the parish has organized a sale of "King Dagobert" eggs for the benefit of the poor of the parish.



## RAMBLES AMONG BOOKS.

The Market-place of Ancient Athens: Under woven branches, that afforded protection from sun and rain, was displayed, in countless booths, the bright, fragrant, manifold wealth of the Athenian market. Leeks and lettuce, caraway seed and cresses, thyme and honey, bullocks and fish, poultry and game—do they deserve a glance because found in the market-place of ancient Athens? Why not? All that ripened under the sky of Attica was of noble species, and the Greek sun spiced it with more delicate juices. Besides, neighboring countries sent their best products to Athens. These dainty, succulent vegetables came from Megara; this goose, these choice coots and sand-snipes, from the rich land of Boeotia. But the greatest throng in the market-place gathered around the scaly tribe. Everything eatable and delicious that swarmed in the hundred bays of the deeply-indented Grecian coast was offered here, from the cheap salt-fish—the cheapest of these commodities, yet which, when covered with oil, wrapped in aromatic leaves, and roasted in the hot ashes, tasted admirably—to the most praised and costliest dainty of its kind, the Boeotian eel. The anchovies from the neighboring harbor of the Phalerum were so delicate that they only, so to speak, required to see the fire to be thoroughly fried. Whoever did not feel disposed to carry home the raw material for a meal, could satisfy his hunger on the spot. Judging from the odor, even the juicy roast donkey was not to be despised, at least the seller praised the belly-portion as a dainty morsel. True, his neighbor, in a clear, loud voice, expended all the eloquence of the Greeks to prove that his goat-meat deserved the preference; that it was the most nourishing of any kind of flesh, and real "athlete's food." If one desired to escape the smell of flesh and blood—which, however, the Olympians enjoyed—and sought more delicate and subtle perfumes, he betook himself to the spot where the merry glances of some young girl or rosy boy, weaving garlands, invited customers. The Athenian was extravagantly fond of garlands. They accompanied him from his mother's lap to the tomb. In Athens, not only fame, love, death, joy, and every kind of festal gayety adorned itself with flowers; not only did the reveller twine his brow, nay, his whole body, with garlands at the symposium, but even the dignitary wore a wreath while performing his official duties, and the orator did the same when preparing to speak to the assembled populace on the Pnyx. Athens wound her garlands of roses and ivy, and did not even disdain the foliage of the silver poplar; hyacinths, too, blended with the green of the myrtle; but she seems to have best loved the modest violet, for her poets called her the "violet-wreathed."—From Robert Hamerling's *"Aspasia."*

Novel-making: Style, or composition, though to some it comes naturally, does not come to all. When I was young, an older and more experienced writer said to me: "Never use two adjectives where one will do; never use an adjective at all where a noun will do. Avoid italics, notes of exclamation, foreign words, and quotations. Put full stops instead of semicolons; make your sentences as short and clear as you possibly can; and whenever you think you have written a particularly fine sentence, cut it out." More valuable advice could not be given to any young author. It strikes at the root of that slipshod literature of which we find so much nowadays, even in writers of genius. To these latter, indeed, it is a greater temptation; their rapid, easy pen runs on as the fancy strikes, and they do not pause to consider that in a novel, as in a picture, breadth is indispensable. Every part should be made subservient to the whole. You must have a foreground, and background, and a middle distance. If you persist in working up one character, or finishing up minutely one incident, your perspective will be destroyed, and your book become a mere collection of fragments; not a work of art all. The true artist will always be ready to sacrifice any pet detail to the perfection of the whole. Sometimes, I allow, this is hard. One gets interested—novel-writers only know how interested—in some particular character or portion of the plot, and is tempted to work out these to the injury of the rest. Then there usually comes a flat time, say about the second volume, when the first impetus has subsided, and the excitement of the *dénouement* has not yet come, yet the story must be spun on somehow, if only to get to something more exciting. This may account for the fact that so many second volumes are rather dull. But a worse failure is when the third volume dwindles down, the interest slowly diminishing to nothing. Or else the story is all huddled up, everybody married or killed somehow—not as we novelists try to do it, "comfortably," but in a hasty, unsatisfactory manner, which makes readers wonder why the end is so unworthy of the beginning. Either mistake is fatal, and both commonly proceed from carelessness, or from the lack of that quality without which no good work is possible—the infinite capacity of taking trouble. "Look at my manuscript," said a voluminous writer once to me; "there is hardly a single correction in it; and this is my first draught. I never copy, and I rarely alter a line." It would have been unkind to say so, but I could not help thinking that both author and public would have been none the worse if my friend had altered a good many lines, and recopied not a few pages. An accusation is often made against us novelists that we paint our characters, especially our ridiculous or unpleasant characters, from life. Doubtless many second-rate writers do this, thereby catching the ill-natured class of readers which always enjoys seeing its neighbor "shown up." But a really good novelist would scorn to obtain popularity by such mean devices. Besides, any artist knows that to paint exactly from life is so difficult as to be almost impossible. Study from life he must—copying suitable heads, arms, or legs, and appropriating bits of character, personal or mental idiosyncracies, making use of the real to perfect the ideal. But the ideal should be behind it all. For me, I can only say that, during all the years I have studied humanity, I never met one human being whom I could have "put into a book," as a whole, without injuring my work. The only time I ever attempted (by request) to make a study from nature, absolutely literal, all the reviewers cried out, to my extreme amusement, "This character is altogether unnatural."—From Mrs. Mulock-Craig's *"Plain-Speaking."*

## OLD FAVORITES.

Mariana.

With blackest moss the flower-pots  
Were thickly crusted, one and all;  
The rustic nails fell from the knots  
That held the peach to the garden-wall.  
The broken sheds looked sad and strange:  
Unlatched was the clinking latch;  
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch  
Upon the lonely moated grange.  
She only said, "My life is dreary,  
He cometh not," she said;  
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead!"  
Her tears fell with the dews at even;  
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;  
She could not look on the sweet heaven,  
Either at morn or eventide.  
After the fitting of the bats,  
When thickest dark did trance the sky,  
She drew her casement-curtain by,  
And glanced athwart the glooming flats,  
She only said, "The night is dreary,  
He cometh not," she said;  
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead!"  
About a stone-cast from the wall  
A sluice with blackened waters slept,  
And o'er it many, round, and small,  
The clustered marsh-mosses crept.  
Hard by a poplar shook all day,  
All silver-green with garbled bark:  
For leagues no other tree did mark  
The level waste, the rounding gray.  
She only said, "My life is dreary,  
He cometh not," she said;  
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead!"  
And ever when the moon was low,  
And the shrill winds were up and away,  
In the white curtain, to and fro,  
She saw the gusty shadow sway,  
But when the moon was very low,  
And wild winds bound within their cell,  
The shadow of the poplar fell  
Upon her bed, across her brow.  
She only said, "The night is dreary,  
He cometh not," she said;  
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead!"  
All day within the dreamy house  
The doors upon their hinges creaked;  
The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse  
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,  
Or from the crevice peered about.  
Old faces glimmered through the doors,  
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,  
Old voices called her from without.  
She only said, "My life is dreary,  
He cometh not," she said;  
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead!"  
The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,  
The slow clock ticking, and the sound  
Which to the wooing wind aloof  
The poplar made, did all confound  
Her sense; but most she loathed the hour  
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay  
Athwart the chambers, and the day  
Was sloping toward his western bower.  
Then she said, "I am very dreary,  
He will not come," she said;  
She wept, "I am aweary, aweary,  
O God, that I were dead!"

—Alfred Tennyson.

## The Sun-Dial.

'Tis an old dial, dark with many a stain;  
In summer crowned with drifting orchard bloom,  
Tricked in the autumn with the yellow rain,  
And white in winter like a marble tomb;  
And round about its gray, time-eaten brow  
Lean letters speak—a worn and shattered row:  
"I am a shade; a Shadowe, too, arte thou;  
I marke the Time; saye, Gossip, dost thou see?"  
The tardy shade slid forward to the noon;  
There came a dainty lady to the place,  
Smelling a flower, humming a quiet tune,  
Smoothing the willful wavying of her lace.  
O'er her blue dress an endless blossom strayed,  
About her tendrils-curled the sunlight shone;  
And round her train the tiger-lilies swayed,  
Like courtiers bowing till the queen be gone.  
She leaned upon the slab a little space,  
Then drew a jeweled pencil from her zone,  
Scribbled a something, with a frolic face,  
Folded, inscribed, and niched it in the stone.  
The shade slipped on, no swifter than the snail;  
There came a second lady to the place,  
Dove-eyed, dove-robed, and something wan and pale—  
An inner beauty shining from her face,  
All the mute loveliness of lonely love.  
She, straying in the alleys with her book—  
Herrick or Herbert—watched the circling dove,  
And spied the tiny letter in the nook.  
Then, like to one who confirmation finds  
Of some dread secret half accounted true,  
Who knows what hands and hearts the letter binds,  
And argues loving commerce 'twixt the two,  
She bent her fair young forehead on the stone;  
The dark shade gloomed an instant on her head;  
And 'twixt her taper fingers pearly and shone  
The single tear that tear-worn eyes will shed.  
The shade slipped onward to the falling gloom;  
There came a soldier gallant in her stead,  
Swinging a beaver with a swailing plume,  
A ribboned love-lock rippling from his head;  
Blue-eyed, frank-faced, with clear and open brow,  
Scar-seamed a little, as the women love;  
So kindly fronted that you marvelled how  
The frequent sword-hilt had so frayed his glove;  
Who switched at Psyche plunging in the sun;  
Uncrowned three lilies with a backward sweep;  
And standing somewhat widely, like to one  
More used to "Boot and Saddle" than to creep  
As courtiers do, yet gentlemanly withal,  
Took out the note, held it as one who feared  
The fragile thing he held would slip and fall;  
Read and re-read, pulling his tawny beard;  
Kissed it, I think, and hid it in his vest;  
Laughed softly in a flattered happy way,  
Shifted the brodered baldric on his breast,  
And sauntered past, singing a roundelay.  
The shade crept forward through the dying glow;  
There came no more nor dame nor cavalier;  
But for a little time the brass will show  
A small gray spot—the record of a tear.—Anon.

## GOSSIP FROM PARIS.

"Babillard Tells What is Going on in the Gay City

The latest freak in Paris is an afternoon at the borse-show. It is held in the Palais de l'Industrie every year, but this is the first year that it has ever been attended except by dealers and racing men. At the beginning of this last exhibition, however, several of the noble dames who have always before pronounced it stupid, were persuaded into an attendance by those of their sons who are in the army. This brought several more, and gradually the flies began to flock to the feast. I learned the secret of this sudden interest the other afternoon when I was there. A lot of young military bloods, it seems, had entered for the race at which a prize was to be given. The winner was the scion of a wealthy family, and you should have seen the glow of pride which lightened his mother's face when he received the prize before the assembled crowd. Some of the officers displayed wonderful horsemanship, and won much applause from the old soldiers, among whom I saw General de Cisse. Of course other races take place, when civilians may compete; but the military days are the most popular, for, as a rule, the youths of fashion, outside of the army, do not pay much attention to the more difficult feats of horsemanship. I went to a fortune-teller the other day. I did so because every one else is doing so. The sorcerer was of the old kind—darkly and mysteriously weird. She propesied all sorts of future events, good and evil. She won her popularity from a lucky hit which she made last January. A well known but rather unfortunate stock-broker visited her for "points." She told him that in just three months he would marry a woman with golden hair and four millions of francs. The broker immediately went to work to help out fate. He met at a matrimonial agency a widow with light hair and much money. Just as he was about to wed this fair one the crash came on the Bourse, and away went his last cent. The widow would not have him, and, moreover, he discovered that she had black hair dyed a golden tint. This cut him so deeply that he was about to seek a watery grave, when he received a telegram from his uncle at Marseilles saying that an orphaned cousin had just arrived worth millions, and that it had been decided best to keep the money in the family, and that he should prepare instantly to marry her. The first train took him to the arms of the prospective bride, and just three months had elapsed from the declaration of fate to the morning on which he fulfilled the prophecy by marrying a golden-haired girl with four millions. Such an occurrence as this does not pass unnoticed in Paris, and the return of the stock-broker, with his wealthy bride and singular story, has sent the lucky witch-woman into popularity and high prices.

Louise Michel, the famous Communist, has at length, after many difficulties, succeeded in producing her play, "Nadine." She had tried at most of the first-class theatres to obtain a production, but all in vain. The managers either disliked the association, or refused to risk a riot and the destruction of their furniture. Finally Lisbonne, of the second-rate Bouffes du Nord, which lies in a rather "off" quarter, consented, out of sympathy for a fellow-Communist, to produce the drama. Things are rather dull now, and so the moment it was announced that "Nadine" would be played, the papers began to talk about it, just as they are doing over the Chevreuse-de Chaumes affair—because they have nothing else to write about. Then, Louise Michel acted in rather an eccentric manner about the invitations to the "première." Her friends thought that she would refuse admission to the Conservatives, but the authoress declared that sentiment should not interfere, and so all the Royalists and Imperialists received passes. That which the *Figaro* received read as follows: "Pour M. Magnard, l'ami du roi.—Louise Michel (Pétroleuse)." *Le Voltaire* intimated that a gang of roughs would be present with scrap-iron and cobble-stones with which to pelt the society below. This announcement deterred no one, and on the opening night the auditorium was packed with wealth and fashion. The play turned out to be very dull. Its scene is laid in Poland, during a bloody revolution; war, murder, and disaster are rife. The plot is a curious mixture of love and assassination. In one scene there is a ballet with black tights, to add to the sombre tone of the play. The "gods" felt much more like pelting the stage than the "upper" ten down stairs; so, like many a similar piece, "Nadine" is a failure, and the public goes no more.

Armand Durantin and Alexandre Dumas are at it tooth and nail. The other day a revival of "Heloise Paranequet," a play written about sixteen years ago, was announced at the Gymnase. When it was first brought out, in 1866, the authorship was anonymous, but as it proved popular Durantin confessed that it was written by him. On its revival being announced, several days since, Durantin presented himself at the rehearsal, and took a seat by the manager. On the other side was a stranger, who eventually turned out to be Alexandre Dumas. The manager asked the wherefore of Durantin's presence. That gentleman claimed a right to be present at the rehearsal of his own play. Whereupon Dumas and the manager rose and left, and the play was immediately withdrawn. Dumas states through the press that in 1866 he polished and almost rewrote the play for Durantin, on condition that the latter would refrain from saying anything about it. Durantin replies that Dumas paid a little attention to it, for which act he received, as his share, half the profits. And still the war goes on.

A week ago yesterday Madame la Comtesse d'Haussonville was buried. She was much liked in Paris society. Her grandmother was the great Madame de Staël, and her father the Duke de Broglie. Her brothers, the present Duke and M. l'Abbé de Broglie, together with her son Othenin, conducted the obsequies. As the lady had been a Protestant, Pastor Hoquet read the service. Among those present I noticed Lord Lyons, the British minister, the Comte de Paris, Prince de Joinville, Maréchal MacMahon, Jules Simon, and many others famous in politics, literature, and society. Madame d'Haussonville wrote many interesting books, not the least of which in popularity is the well-known "Jeunesse de Lord Byron."

BABILLARD.

PARIS, May 2, 1882.



## SOCIETY.

The stay of Mr. John Russell Young and wife in San Francisco was very short, as they departed for China on Tuesday last on the *Arabia*. Still, they had time to accept three or four invitations of the many extended, and on Sunday spent the day at Menlo, with the family of Mr. Flood, where they met at dinner Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Miss Hattie Crocker, George Crocker, Mrs. Lucy A. Arnold, Major Rathbone, and several others. The dinner was a superb affair, and lasted from seven until eleven. The next day Mr. and Mrs. Young accompanied General McDowell and a small party on a short sail on the bay, after which they were entertained at luncheon by General and Mrs. McDowell, and there were present, beside the host and hostess and Miss McDowell, General and Mrs. A. V. Kautz, Governor and Mrs. F. F. Low, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mr. Alford, W. T. Coleman, and a few others. That evening Mr. Young and his wife were very handsomely entertained at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Cook. Mrs. Cook looked very charming in a pink costume, and Mrs. Young wore her wedding dress—a white satin trimmed with point lace. There were between twenty-five and thirty persons present in all, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Low, General and Mrs. McDowell, Judge and Mrs. Hunt, ex-Senator Gwin and wife, Rev. Mr. Platt, W. T. Coleman, Mr. and Miss Flood, Seth Cook, and others. Quite a number of friends went to the steamer and saw Mr. and Mrs. Young off, and Mrs. W. T. Coleman sent down an immense basket of cut flowers. Mrs. Young is very handsome and witty, and speaks French, German, and Italian fluently and perfectly.

The Reliance Club gave a charming and enjoyable reception on Monday evening in honor of Walter C. Graves and his young wife (*née* James) at Saratoga Hall. There were in attendance about two hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen, nearly all of whom were friends of the newly married couple. The costumes of the ladies were elegant. The bride and the young ladies who acted as bridesmaids at her wedding, which occurred on the 23d instant, appeared in the dresses which they wore on that occasion. Dancing was enjoyed up to a late hour, only interrupted at eleven o'clock to partake of a fine collation.

The wedding of Miss Elise Kohler and Mr. Willis E. Davis was solemnized on Tuesday evening at eight o'clock by the Reverend Mr. Stebbins, before a large company of friends, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kohler, No. 1358 Post Street. The entire parlor floor was canvased for dancing, and a delightful supper was partaken of in the rooms below. The bride was attended by Miss Bower, her cousin, who acted as bridesmaid. The floral decorations were lovely and appropriate, and the bridal costume of white satin set off to advantage the pretty bride.

The fifth hop of the season took place at the Hotel del Monte on Saturday evening last, at which there were nearly two hundred present, among whom were—

Miss Clara Taylor, the Misses Edith and Carrie Taylor, Miss Hopkins, Miss B. A. Hooker, Miss M. Phelan, Miss F. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker, Mrs. W. H. Moor, Miss Sanderson, Mr. and Mrs. B. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. N. K. Masten, Mr. and Mrs. L. Greenbaum and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Allen, W. R. Sherwood, Miss Walsh, A. A. Hooper, James Phelan, George V. Gray, Miss Sanderson, M. M. Field, Miss Hood, A. Hall, J. L. Nickel, H. W. Redington, W. E. Brown, Mrs. Fallman, F. R. Webster, F. S. Collins, and others.

There was also a hop at Napa Soda Springs on Saturday evening last, and there were present Mr. and Mrs. Callingham and a number of other San Franciscans.

## Notes and Gossip.

The Marquis de Lorne and the Princess Louise will visit San Francisco early in September next. After remaining in the city three or four days last week, Governor Perkins returned to Sacramento on Sunday. General Hutchinson sailed from New York for England a few days ago. Mrs. Mark Hopkins and Miss May Crittenden have arrived at Great Barrington, Mass. Mrs. Weed and her two children are spending a few days at Napa Soda Springs. Mrs. Longstreet, of Los Angeles, has been visiting Mrs. Estee, at her summer place near Napa. Dr. Carter left Angel Island on Monday last for Arizona. Miss Tot Cutter, who has been visiting in Nevada, will return home next week. Mrs. John McMullin and daughters will spend a portion of the summer at their place in San Joaquin County. Mrs. Colonel J. P. Jackson goes to Napa Soda Springs in a few days to spend the summer. W. W. White, A. R. Bush, and C. A. Corbin, U. S. N., have been at the Baldwin most of the week. Mrs. Dr. J. H. C. Bonte, of Berkeley, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Bonte in Sacramento. Mrs. Lillie Canfield will shortly leave New York for Los Angeles. Mrs. Robert Graves and Miss Bessie Slade, who left here for the East last week, have arrived in New York. Mrs. General Bidwell, who has been spending several months in Washington, has returned home to Chico. Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Layman are spending a few weeks in Alameda. Mrs. Colonel Fletcher, who is spending the summer at Monterey, has been in the city for a day or two this week. Mrs. H. M. Newhall is in Southern California. Mrs. Thomas Selby will leave New York on or about the twenty-fourth of June for home. General and Mrs. J. W. Gashwiler returned from the East on Thursday last. Mrs. E. B. Crocker and daughter, Miss Amy Crocker, of Sacramento, who arrived in New York from Liverpool last week, are on their way home. H. P. Kingsbury and A. Adler, U. S. A., and G. E. Ide, and E. C. Carter, U. S. N., were at the Occidental on Monday and Tuesday last. General Stoneman, who has been prostrated by severe illness at the Palace for several weeks, has returned to San Gabriel. General Dandy, U. S. A., and family, left here on Saturday last for the East. Mr. and Mrs. Gashwiler and daughter are in Southern California. Colonel and Mrs. Creed Haymond are spending the week in Sacramento. Mr. and Mrs. Daria Bush are visiting Mrs. William Lyon at Sacramento. Colonel and Mrs. Charles F. Crocker, who have been spending two or three months in New York, are expected home to-day. Mrs. A. H. Rutherford will return from the Geysers to-day, and leave for Monterey in a week or two. James Sutton, president of the Aldine Publishing Company, is on a visit here, and is taking in the various

points of interest. George M. Pinney, formerly of this city, but now of New York, arrived here yesterday. Lloyd Tevis returned from the East a few days ago. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor and the Misses Taylor are at Monterey. Adolph Sutro, whose daughters are in Paris, left on the China steamer *Arabia* on Tuesday last for the French capital via the Orient. C. G. Hooker and wife have been spending a few days at Monterey. Mrs. Leland Stanford is spending a short time in Los Angeles. Governor Stanford is in New Orleans. Mrs. Adam Grant will visit the Geysers before going to Monterey. Louis McLane will arrive here from the East to-morrow. Mrs. Clarke H. Crocker and Miss Lizzie Crocker have been visiting the Geysers. A. W. Grant and C. H. Matthews, U. S. N., and F. E. Sawyer, U. S. A., are at the Palace. Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Douly and some friends have been spending a few days at Monterey. Miss Carrie Pierce, of Santa Clara, has been visiting in the city during the week. A. S. McCrea, U. S. N., is at the Baldwin. Miss Loring, of Oakland, is at Etna Springs. Mrs. William S. Hopkins and Miss Maude Hopkins are at Monterey. Miss Emma Smith, of Oakland, has gone East, to remain away a year. Judge and Mrs. Rising, who have been at the Palace for nearly a month, leave for Monterey in a few days with their daughter, to remain until July. Mrs. William Holler, of Oakland, is at Monterey with her family. Mrs. R. J. Ward and Mrs. Lyell left for Washington, D. C., a few days ago, to be gone a year. Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Pomeroy, of Tucson, will soon leave Arizona to reside in California permanently. The statement heretofore made that Mrs. Lieutenant Greeley, wife of the Arctic explorer, had gone East is not correct; Mrs. Greeley is still at San José, where she will spend the summer. R. A. Urquhart, U. S. N., is at the Baldwin. Ex-Senator Booth has been at the Grand most of the week. Ex-Senator Cole, of Los Angeles, is in Sacramento. It is reported that Miss Emma Cole, long an admitted society belle here, but now a resident of Los Angeles County, and Mr. James Brown, also a resident of that section, where he owns a fine ranch, are engaged to be married. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hammond, of Oakland, returned from the East yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Crocker have been spending the week in Sacramento. Mrs. R. C. Hooker, accompanied by her children, goes to Monterey on Thursday next, to remain until after the Fourth. Mrs. Burke, *née* Donahue, gave her first reception at the Occidental on Wednesday evening last in a suite especially fitted up and furnished for the occasion. Mrs. Fox and family will spend a portion of the summer in the mountains of Napa County. Mrs. ex-Senator Stewart will go to Carson City in a few days, where she will spend two or three weeks, and, returning, tarry a week or more at Tahoe; Mrs. S. will also visit Monterey during the summer. It is rumored that an engagement of marriage exists between Miss Ella E. Van Brunt, of this city, and Mr. Walter B. Thompson, a promising young lawyer, of New York city. The wedding is to take place in the latter part of September next. Quite a large party of ladies and gentlemen are enjoying the hospitalities of "Larkmead," the summer residence of Mrs. Lillie Coit. The party went up during the latter part of the week, and will remain until the middle of next week. Among the number are Judge and Mrs. Hager, Dr. and Mrs. Whitney, Mr. Eugene Dewey, and Mr. Frank Unger.

The National Anti-Monopoly League is inundating the country with tracts. The anti-monopoly colporteur is abroad in the land. One of these brochures is now before us, which accredits Jay Gould with the possession of seventy-five million dollars, accumulated within fifteen years. Vanderbilt is accredited with one hundred million dollars; the Central Pacific people with one hundred and eighty-six million dollars, gained in fifteen years from an original investment of twelve thousand five hundred dollars. There is an immense amount of bosh and nonsense crowded into these little tracts which indicate demagogism. Mr. Peter Cooper, one of the vice figure-heads of the league, is a millionaire. F. B. Thurber, the treasurer, is a millionaire, and monopolizes the bull-butter of the country. We do not, as a rule, run after rich men; but we think the building of railroads, and developing of great enterprises quite as reputable as the monopolizing of the patent process which converts ham-fat, soap-grease, and other oleaginous nastiness into oleomargarine, in fraud of the cow which makes an honest living by eating grass and converting it into butter.

From the *Record-Union* we print and endorse the following definition of the altogether un-American institution which the Irish are undertaking to introduce into our politics and social life:

Boycotting is a brutal, insolent, and altogether intolerable foreign practice, which Americans have no excuse for adopting, and which, if they do adopt it, must put an end to freedom among them. It strikes at the very roots of independence of thought and action. It strikes at the social compact, at the neighborly feeling, at the cordiality of intercourse between man and man. It creates jealousy, suspicion, poltroonery, mendacity, hatred, and enmity. Its tendency is to divide the community into bullies and slaves, and it is an abuse which grows by what it feeds on.

Mr. Beerstecher, successful Sand-lot candidate for railroad commissioner, is not asking for a renomination. His entire time will be occupied in attending to his vineyard property in Sonoma. There is a large cloud of other mosquitoes now buzzing around the Democratic party, who want vineyards. Governor Stanford has gone into the vineyard business himself; perhaps he thinks it will be cheaper to furnish his railroad commissioners with ready-made vineyards.

Mr. Harper, says *Quiz*, one day in his office, was accosted by a grave-looking clergyman, who began to ask for aid for some charitable fund in this wise: "My friend, I come on business of the Lord—" "Yes, yes," interrupted Mr. Harper. "There's several brothers of us, and the one who attends to the business of the Lord ain't in."

In a little Norman village: Three travelers have just breakfasted at an inn, and the bill is brought to them. "What!" cries one of them, "fifty francs! An omelette, a leg of mutton, and two bottles of *vin ordinaire*?" The innkeeper says, affably: "You think that too much? Then we'll call it twenty-five!"

## A CATHOLIC LEGEND.

## St. Francis and the Wolf.

St. Francis is the patron of our good city of San Francisco—San Francisco d'Assisi, which being literally translated means St. Francis of the asses. The following absurd legend will not seem so absurd if in the place of "wolf" we read "priest," and for the moral, interpret it that the only way to prevent the priest from eating up the substance of the people is to feed him. And now that we think of it, might not the word "politician" be written instead of wolf or priest? This touching little bit of church nonsense appears in "the Catholic family journal devoted to the propagation," etc.:

There was great fear in Gubbio. The men were afraid and troubled, and mothers clasped their little ones to their breasts in dismay, because of the terrible wolf which lurked in the forests and on the hill-sides, which no hunter had been able to destroy. Many an unguarded flock of sheep had been attacked, many a little cradle had been left empty and blood-stained; and at length the townsmen met together in the marketplace to consult as to how they could capture the creature who was robbing them thus. As they stood conversing, with heavy hearts and anxious faces, the holy Francis joined them in his hood and habit of brown, and they told him their grief. "My children," he answered, "our Lord will send relief. He never refuses the petitions which are made to Him. Come with me to yonder mountain." It was a long procession; the old, bowed down with infirmity; young men and maidens from the vineyards; little children laughing from their play; and so they reached the mountain, where Saint Francis stood still, and called the wolf to appear. Ah! why is it that the savage beast came down the mountain so peacefully on toward Francis, and then, gazing at him, stood still? Children shrunk back with timid cries, women shuddered and turned pale, but all gazed upon the saint with wonder. "My brother Wolf," said he, in a low and gentle voice, "thou little knowest the havoc thou hast made here. Thou hast devoured the young children, and filled the mothers' hearts with pain; thou has brought loss and desolation into many a home; and yet in all this I can not blame thee—thou hast only followed the nature given thee by God. But now I must bid thee do the people of Gubbio no further harm. Thou must leave them to dwell in peace, while, on their part, they promise to give thee food." Then Francis turned to one of the crowd, and bade him bring some corn and brown bread; and while the wolf ate it from the saint's hand a murmur of thanksgiving was heard from every one. "Good brother Wolf, we will now part," said holy Francis. "As long as the men of Gubbio are faithful to their promise, thou, too, must hold to thine. Therefore, in token of this agreement, I bid thee place thy paw on my hand." Wonderful power given by God to the pure in heart!—a power to overcome even the savage nature of the animal. Slowly and gently it raises its paw, and lays it in the hand of the saint. From that day, regularly at noon the wolf came to that spot for his food. And when, at last, it was left untouched, and they knew the creature had gone from the forest, the people mourned after it as if they had lost a friend. To this day mothers tell their children the wondrous story of the wolf upon that hill-side, and the people of Gubbio pray that the blessed saint who helped them in their distress will now, and always, keep misfortune from their town.

We see no especial miracle in this business, for there is not a wolf in all the world who would not compromise on the same terms. Wolves only tear and eat old women, children, or sheep because they are hungry. The only instance authentically recorded where a fat and amiable wolf ate any one just for the fun of mischief, is the one that gobbled up little Red Riding Hood. Now, if the "Holy Francis," who styles the wolf his "good brother wolf"—and we are not finding fault because the "priest" recognized the wolf as a brother—could have turned the fierce heart of this bloody monster by prayers, fasts, and vigils, by scourging himself, or by wearing hair cloth and teasels beneath his undergarments, instead of placating him with corn and brown-bread, we should have thought the miracle a more complete one, and the "power given by God to the pure-hearted St. Francis to overcome the savage nature of the animal" more marvelous. This absurd story does very well to figure among church legends, nearly all of which are either puerile or absurd, but will not, we hope, become a precedent for treating our wolves, priests, or politicians. In Ireland, a land full of saints, believers in saints, and saintly legends, the land-leaguers would give to the communistic and agrarian wolf that hides behind hedges to assassinate landlords, and steals in the shadow of darkness to murder and destroy, the lands of Ireland and its rents. To the red-mouthed wolf of rebellion and civil war, Mr. Parnell would give the landed inheritance of English and Irish proprietors—as corn and brown-bread was given to the "good brother wolf" of St. Francis by the people of Gubbio—to propitiate them. It would have seemed better to us that when the saint held in his hand the wolf's paw, he had brained him. This would have been the policy of coercion instead of conciliation. In America we have a way of conciliating our political wolves by allowing them to put their arms elbow-deep into our treasuries, and take out their own corn and brown-bread, and when they default, swindle, and forge bonds, we usually compromise by giving the party wolves immunity from punishment. The treasury-bond forgers and the star-route swindlers have their paws now resting in the palm of the law, and we shall see whether the law punishes them or gives them corn and bread. Perhaps, after all, the holy Francis was right, and it is better to conciliate wolves than to quarrel with them. And now that we reflect upon it, it is perhaps better to get along harmoniously with priests and politicians; they are so fierce and so greedy when they are hungry, and there are so many of them.

The following, from the Livingston County (New York) *Herald's* correspondent, contains more sense than has been exhibited by all the preachers, editors, and politicians of New England concerning the Chinese question:

It is very beautiful and patriotic to say to all nations: "Come and find a home with us"; but there is a practical line to follow as well as a theoretical line. The English sparrow was thought to be a great blessing when first brought to this country; but having driven all other birds out of the tree-tops, and groves, and gardens, he is now condemned as a robber, a pest, and a nuisance, and the decree has gone forth that the sparrow must go. When the Chinaman was first brought to California he was nice; laborers were scarce, and he was made welcome; but when he threatened to drive all other laborers out of the country, and with his filth, and his opium, and his prostitutes, to heathenize a Christian community, it is time to apply a remedy. The man who lives next door to a nuisance knows more about it than one who lives three thousand miles away, and realizing that the people of California are our own kindred, and believing that they have sufficient intelligence to tell a nuisance when they smell one, and to know a real grievance when they feel one, we sympathize with them, and favor legislation that will give them relief.



## ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE.

The reading of many newspapers is mental dissipation. It inevitably weakens the mental forces. I have been reading many newspapers for many years. Hence the mental wreck I am.

The man who reads many newspapers finally comes to think in grooves. Even his speech is affected by it. He ceases to talk English, and begins to converse in Journalese. Certain adjectives, to him, always accompany certain substantives. "Business," he says, "is stagnant." He always speaks of politics as "the filthy pool." It is invariably so in the newspapers. They are hidebound. For instance, in the newspapers—

A bride.....	beautiful.
A groom.....	distinguished.
A mother-in-law.....	disagreeable.
A magistrate.....	upright.
A "statesman".....	profound.
A seaman.....	bronzed.
A neck.....	swan-like.
A bosom.....	of ivory.
A stream.....	limpid.
A cry.....	heart-rending.
A site.....	picturesque.
An adventure.....	unheard-of.
A crime.....	hellish.
Anguish.....	mortal.
Appearances.....	deceitful.
Tears.....	bitter.
An abyss.....	bottomless.
A fortune.....	princely.
Our forefathers.....	revolutionary.
Party principles (ours).....	"grand old."
Party principles (the others).....	slimy.
Lightning.....	blinding.
Conflagrations.....	devastating.
An assassin.....	a Thug.
Conscience.....	"a still small voice."
Foundations.....	laid broad and deep.
A community (ours).....	intelligent.
Citizens.....	prominent.
Darkness.....	Cimmerian.
A poor horse.....	a Rosinante.
A silent man.....	a sphinx.
A silent woman.....	no name for her.

The list might be extended almost indefinitely, but the intelligent newspaper reader can at once continue it. I might close by remarking that—in the newspapers—one never gathers grapes from thorns nor figs from thistles, that one should never hide his light under a bushel nor his talent in a napkin, that mountains in labor always bring forth mice, and that one should always fear the Greeks bringing gifts in their hands—in the newspapers.

Long live the commonplace, say I! It likes me well.

I was at a benefit performance one evening last week, and sat in one of the stage-boxes with three other men. One of the number is a little too fond of the flowing bowl. His friends know it, and never miss an opportunity to inculcate moral lessons into him.

On this evening it so happened that an immense black cat appeared at the wing, where it was visible to us in the box, but not to the audience. In the shadow of the scenery, with its great green eyes snapping from out the dark, it was indeed a gruesome object.

"Look!" muttered Bibulus, "look at that cat!"

We all exchanged a look of intelligence.

"Cat?" said one, "what cat? where?"

"Why there," replied Bibulus, "right at the wing."

"I see no cat," said another.

"Nor I," added the first.

Bibulus glanced around uneasily upon us. There was an expression of compassionate interest on every man's face.

"Zulano," he muttered, hoarsely, clutching my arm, "do you mean to tell me you do not see a cat there—a black cat?"

"Come, come, Bibulus," I replied, "if this is a jest it is a sorry one. There is no cat there, and you know it."

Bibulus turned pale, rose, and quitted the box. We were all congratulating ourselves on having scared him into temperance for a while, when it occurred to me that I would follow him to see where he had gone.

I tracked him to the bar. When I entered he was just taking a glass of brandy to settle his nerves.

It was three fingers full.

I went to Madame Rivé-King's concert. My musical friends praised her highly. I failed to be impressed. I never am. I am a clod, musically speaking.

Yet as I sat there I reflected on the piano. What a social engine it is; how useful in its way; what an adjunct to polite society; how indispensable in conversation!

You have seen it so often that you have ceased to observe it, but none the less it is queer. I mean the effect of the piano on conversation. Take a roomful of people who are brought together to be agreeable, and who are therefore silent and sombre. Get somebody to play something—no matter what. Conversation immediately becomes general and animated. If you can follow up your success by at once getting some one else to sing something, the conversation will acquire sufficient vitality during the song to make it live for the evening. The music should be something requiring close attention, or extremely melancholy—say one of Chopin's nocturnes. The song should be sentimental. In either case the spirits of your guests will rise. But beware the humorous song. To see a lot of sad-visaged people listening to such a song, drawing down the corners of their mouths, and generally wearing that look of it-is-sad-but-I'll-bear-up-under-it, familiar on undertakers' mugs, is depressing to almost any one—even the bostess, who must smile, and smile, and be a bostess still.

I have been reading Zola's latest novel, "Pot-Bouille." I am sorry I read it. It is nastier than "Nana." There are chapters in it which are the most bestial I ever saw in print. Not sensuous, but bestial. The book will probably do no harm. It carries with it an antidote—its nastiness. None the less, I would not advise people to read it, if they have any regard for their stomachs.

It is curious what a mania Zola has for describing smells.

And he generally selects disagreeable ones. As Pierre Véron said of him, he is the apostle of "ce qui pue." There are passages in "Pot-Bouille" over which you involuntarily hold your nose.

In a late number of *Le Figaro* Albert Wolff has a scathing review of "Pot-Bouille," in which he brands Zola as a literary outlaw, and as one without the pale of decency. I mention this to show that Zola's books are not fair exemplars of French literature, nor Zola himself a fair type of the French literary man—which many very worthy people believe. Wolff closes his biting invective with the following passage: "The flatterers of Zola have compared him with Balzac. But this is not Balzac of the mighty mind, brooding over humanity dans le silence du cabinet; c'est le Balzac des cabinets."

The work is being translated by Mr. John Sterling. I do not envy him his task.

You note the distinction I make between books which are sensuous and books which are nasty. It is an important one. I do not think any woman or girl could read "Pot-Bouille" without becoming disgusted. If there is such a one, I pity her.

But sensuous books are infinitely more dangerous. The worst book I ever read in my life was Gautier's "Mademoiselle de Maupin." Yet from cover to cover there is not a word in it which could not be repeated in polite society. From cover to cover it is written with the most exquisite art. And that is why it is so bad.

There is a subtle sensuousness pervading the book; it clings to it like an odor of myrrh. It affects the reader's brain like an aromatic perfume.

Yet this book is read by young girls.

I speak advisedly. In the French Library in this city there is a certain locked compartment where "Mademoiselle de Maupin," Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," Belot's "Mademoiselle Giraud la Femme," "Les Contes Drolatiques," and works of that kind are kept. They are not left upon the shelves, where they might fall into the hands of young girls. But the young girls go after them. And they are not French girls either.

This is not moralizing. It is merely mentioning. I do not pretend to say whether girls should know nothing or know a great deal.

There were both wise and foolish virgins in the parable. There are both wise and foolish virgins still.

In a Viennese paper I find this pleasing word-monster: STERESACRAMENTENUTENSILIENKASTEN.

Johann Hirsch, a "Gürtlermeister," or master saddler, of Prague, is the inventor of the thing itself, and probably of the word. It means a "last-sacrament-paraphernalia-box."

Is it not curious, what slipshod mistakes educated people allow themselves to fall into. I was conversing with a young woman the other day, who was apparently well read, who had many accomplishments, who had traveled widely, and who had several foreign tongues at her command. And she startled me by remarking:

"You can not find American comfort anywhere on the Continent."

"What?" said I, with fine sarcasm, "nowheres?"

"Nowheres," she placidly replied.

That little superfluous *s* so buzzed in my ears that really I could not appreciate her conversation after that.

Amidst all the newspaper talk concerning the Union Club row in New York, I have seen nothing which has pleased me so much as the reported utterance of Mr. Jacob Lorillard. This gentleman, when interrogated by a reporter concerning the affair, "lost his patience," and said: "I don't know anything about it, and if I did I would not talk. It is none of my business, and even if it were it is a club matter, and does not concern the public. You had better see some of those old buns who sit at the club windows and talk about the business of absentees."

Metaphorically, I shake hands with Mr. Jacob Lorillard, even across the continent. I do not like old buns. I particularly dislike masculine old buns. And for that variety of the masculine old bun whose habitat is clubs, I entertain a most cordial dislike. Let us call them club capons.

It is a melancholy fact—and one of which every man should be ashamed—that there is a certain class in clubs who take as much delight in tittle-tattle, gossip, and scandal, as ever did any tea-table tattlers, or spinster sewing-circle. They are generally the elders of the tribe. To see these bald and toothless scandal-mongers sitting cheek by jowl, cackling over some woman's fame which they are trying to blast, is an unlovely spectacle. But it is a not infrequent one.

What a world this is, to be sure! I met this morning a young man whose sole stock in life consists of a lovely pair of blonde whiskers. There are no ideas in the skull from which those whiskers bang. Yet he has done well, as the world goes—married a rich girl, and is become more sleek than ever. So are his whiskers. And this morning when I met him he bowed to me patronizingly. I was weak enough to be nettled at it for a moment. Yet only for a moment.

He will doubtless become a man of weight in the community. He is already growing stout. As years creep on and his whiskers turn gray, they will send him to the legislature—perhaps to congress. And he will die full of years and honors, because, having elegant whiskers, he married a rich girl, and they grew stout together.

This is a world of shams. I know a man who has succeeded in life simply through a certain owlish gravity. He is a pudding-headed fellow, but has sense enough to keep his mouth shut. People thus do not discover his vacuity, and are insensibly impressed by his dull dignity. He married a rich widow, and sits at the head of his well-laden table glowering at his guests, and never opening his mouth

except to put food into it. And his guests look up to him. I do myself. He gives good dinners.

Yes, there is nothing like it. "Deportment! deportment!" as Turveydrop used to say. "De la tenue, mon cher!" as Montpavon was wont to cry. Yet when two of these social shams meet, I should think that they would, like the augurs in the temples, laugh in each other's faces. Do not infer from what I have said that I think it the cap-sheaf of human felicity to marry a rich widow. I do not. I would not even care to take a rich partner at first-hand—unless I were rich myself. But I am speaking of the general judgment of these things, and it seems to me that men always look with envy upon their more fortunate fellows who "marry rich."

One evening this week I heard a discussion going on concerning that song which is becoming famous here—"There may be eyes," etc. It has just been published by one of the music firms. It bears on its title: "Sung by Digby Bell in 'Madame Favart.' Words by Joseph Redding. Music by H. M. Bosworth."

It was this title that caused the discussion. No. One said the song was composed by Alfred Cellier, No. Two that it was by Frederick Clay, No. Three that it was by one Mézières, No. Four that it was by Offenbach, and belongs in "Madame Favart," No. Five that it does not belong in "Favart," and was written by one Harry Leslie.

There's a difference for you! I delight in human inaccuracy—it is a most interesting study—but really this is too much for me. Let us get some fact out of this mass of fancy.

I.—Joe Redding is not the author of the words, and does not claim to be. He merely wrote them down from memory, and supplied an occasional hiatus.

II.—Bosworth is not the composer of the melody. He says he wrote "Arranged by H. M. Bosworth," but the printer left out the first word.

III.—The song does not belong in "Madame Favart"; it occurs in "Jeanne, Jeannette, et Jeanneton."

IV.—The composer of the opera, and therefore of the song, is one Lacombe, (Jean, I think.) It was produced for the first time in Paris during October, 1876, at the Bouffes-Parisiens. The authors of the libretto were Clairville and (I think) Delacour. It had a most successful run. Verdi's "Forza del Destino" was played for the first time in Paris during the same month, and Judic made an immense hit in some *féerie*, the name of which I have forgotten.

V.—The libretto has been translated into both German and English, and the opera has been sung in London and Berlin. It was produced in New York some three years ago, in French, but has never, I think, been played in English in this country.

VI.—That is all I know about it.

When I came home one afternoon, recently, I found Zulana engaged in making some article of apparel. She has taken an industrious fit lately. I will do her the justice to say she rarely has them.

I gazed at the article of apparel, and my eyes began to bulge out of my head. It looked like a doll's garment.

"Why, Zulana," I began, "it can not be possible that—"

Zulana glanced up at me, and divined my thoughts instantly. It's a way she has, confound her.

"Don't be a fool," she replied, somewhat tartly, but with a slight color withal, "it's for Sibylla's b—, that is, it's for Sibylla."

"Why, bless my soul!" cried I, "is it possible? Let me see—when were they married?"

"Don't ask such questions," replied Zulana, in a superior way, "they're not in good taste." And she went on with her work.

This nettled me. I rather pride myself upon my taste. So I determined to get even with her by moralizing. I always fetch her that way.

"Is it not a curious thing, Zulana," quoth I, "that woman's ways are so entirely empiric? Now, that—that thing you are making there may be a success, and it may not; a woman may make five hundred cakes, but she is just as uncertain as to the fate of the five hundredth as she was about the fate of the first. A pastry-cook, on the other hand, makes them by the score, and they are all alike, and they are all successful. When a woman makes a dress she never knows that it will fit; she only *hopes* it will. She sometimes works herself up into a feverish and super-excited state of mind in which she *thinks* that it will fit, but it is rare. Rarer still does it fit. Now all this goes to show—"

"It goes to show that you are conceited enough to think you know all about women," burst in Zulana, "when in fact you know nothing at all."

"There, there, my dear," said I, soothingly, "do not get angry. Neither do they."

And I don't believe they do.

ZULANO.

The following extract from the sermon of the Reverend Dr. Ellis, delivered at Tremont Temple, Boston, shows that the clergy of New England have not all of them lost their senses. Dr. Ellis preaches to the largest Protestant congregation in New England. Thus, one after another, we find preachers and editors coming around to a realization of the principles involved in the discussion of the Chinese question. We shall hope in time to penetrate the dense darkness that at present seems to enshroud the New England senators and members of Congress:

And when American labor asks to be protected from an impending disaster, threatened from Chinese immigration; when it bases these appeals upon the experience it has had from the influence of the one hundred and five thousand Chinese here already, and asks that the impending misfortune may be averted, there is such a cry of pious and patriotic sentiment raised that one would think that heaven would destroy this land if we did not open our arms and welcome this tide of leprous paganism. We may learn after a while that there are other matters to care for beside cheap labor and interests of heartless monopolies. We may yet learn that it is poor policy to fling wide open our ports to all creation, and cry to the nations to come on, regardless as to who come, and what influences they bring. Our boasted "Land of the Free" may become a Botany Bay for foreign criminals, and our "Home of the Brave" a pauper-house for the poor of Europe.



## VANITY FAIR.

The wife of an army officer (says the Washington *Free Press*) accompanied her husband many years ago to his post in a distant frontier town. Among the acquaintances she formed there was a lady who, if remarkable at all, was noted for being exceedingly homely, awkward, and commonplace. She had a waist like a barrel, shoulders pitched forward, a rough, thick skin, coarse black hair, large, bold eyes, great feet; and beside all these physical defects she was dreadfully demonstrative in manner. She was the senior by several years of the officer's wife. After a time the fortunes of war retired the son of Mars, who settled with his family in Washington. In the meantime the lever of politics had lifted the husband of the homely lady into Congress, and the two women met in society last winter. Mrs. Mars could not believe her eyes, so great was the transformation in the appearance of her old acquaintance. Mrs. Congress looked ten years younger than the junior lady. The many ripples of a wealth of soft auburn hair; a complexion smooth and white; a fashion of drooping the darkly fringed eyelids, with a faint shading on the underlid, gave to the eyes a marked expression of shyness and languor. Her manner was full of repose, and strikingly graceful; her feet the perfection of symmetry, in French boots; the hands had the refinement of pink nails and taper fingers, and even her voice had changed and dropped into those sweetly modulated tones which pass current for thorough breeding in good society. Poor, mystified Mrs. Mars looked and wondered, pondering on all this, asking herself and others, "How in the world did she accomplish such a metamorphosis?" How? How does the winning horse lap and pass others, and reach the quarter pole? Through training. Money and time are the great factors to success, and the way to succeed is to succeed. Mrs. Congress has both. Money purchased her beautiful hair, paid for Turkish baths and cosmetics, secured the services of a maid who could give the proper shading to her eyelids, and teach her the art of drooping lids. It brought her graceless figure in shapely proportions. It paid chiropodists to treat her feet and manicures to polish her finger-nails, while time and thimbles tapered the fingers. It employed dressmakers and milliners, salaried a master, who instructed her how to enter the room, bow, pose, and seat herself, and manage her train—all with the poetry of motion. The moral necessity to be beautiful put incipient wrinkles under the embargo of emulsions, sent her to bed with her face buried in poultices of Irish oatmeal and milk, bandaged feet and pinioned hands in ointment-lined gloves, and put the brakes on a too expansive waist. Men pursue ambition, wealth, and that bubble reputation; women march up to the cannon's mouth of physical torture, and welcome martyrdom solely to be beautiful.

The golden pigs which every one wore in Paris as charms or ornaments have gone out of fashion entirely, giving place to the Gallic cock, dear to the House of Orleans. Chanticleers have replaced the sprigs and dots on dress stuffs, cocks of jewels and brilliants are all the rage for ear-rings and brooches, and gold pins, bouquet-holders, belt-clasps, etc., all take the shape of the barn-yard bird. Cocks' heads are the proper things for the stoppers of toilet-bottles or the handles of parasols. Cocks and hens are painted on all the fans and bonbon-caskets, and the bird rears his scarlet crest on every handkerchief, portfolio, and perfume sachel. Poultry is, in fact, the only Parisian wear.

The magnificent lace worn at the Duke of Albany's wedding by the Princess Beatrice has a strange history. Her Royal Highness was, in girlish curiosity, a few years ago turning out an old cabinet in the Queen's apartments, and came on a parcel of extremely old laces. Among them was the suit in which she appeared at the wedding. On being repaired and cleaned, it proved to be almost priceless—connoisseurs say it is worth thirty thousand pounds. It was lately presented to the princess by her majesty. In the opinion of the majority of those present the prize of beauty was won very easily by the Princess Victoria of Hesse, whose fair hair and nineteen years showed to great advantage in a rose-pink costume with a huge bouquet of rosebuds. No such blunder was made this time as at the Duke of Connaught's wedding, when it was forgotten to invite Mr. Gladstone. Sir Stafford and Lady Northcote were both present. The American Minister, Mr. J. R. Lowell, however, was only invited to the banquet in the evening, not to the actual ceremony. The etiquette of courts is inscrutable, or we might wonder why the representative of such a country as Turkey occupied the place of honor, while he of the United States was left out in the cold. As a diplomatic agent, the representative of America is ten times as important as the Turkish Ambassador; and as an individual, the excellent Mr. Musurus would hardly compare himself with the author of the "Biglow Papers." The small fry of Denmark, Belgium, and Portugal were, of course, invited, as representing connections of the Coburgs, but if the French Republic be represented, why not the United States?

A fashionable novelty in perfumery is a "book of soap." Each leaf is enough when torn out for one good wash. The books vary in size; the smaller are for the hands only; they are no larger than pocket-books. The leaf is soaked in a basin of water for three seconds, then it floats, and is placed in the centre of the hand, where it soon, with gentle friction, froths. A page of soap sounds strange, and stranger yet, the soap is excellent; it is not unlike an ivory tablet. A fond saying tells that inventions always reveal the particular want of a nation; in this case cleanliness is a want in Austria, for the soap pocket-book was invented there.

Sunshades and parasols, says the Boston *Courier*, are made decided features this season, and striking novelties in this line are introduced every week. If a lady's *portemonnaie* will admit, she should have a parasol to match each costume. In colors, cardinal largely predominates, and is almost always trimmed with *crème* Spanish lace. The old Pongee silk shades are again in vogue, with lining plain or in colors, and edged with lace. Square parasols with four gores of equal width, and sometimes with two wide gores

and two narrow ones, are shown; also with the gores entirely shirred. The handles are of pimento, orange-wood, olive-wood, and the Scotch thistle-wood; carved ivory is used now as ever, *cetera via sans dire*, but the preference appears to be for sticks of wood, either carved, decorated or natural. One is shown that is charming, where a carrier-dove, inside the ring, is just starting on his journey, bolding his missive in his beak. A delicately modeled hand is at the top of the handle, with the forefinger just touching the letter.

Tricycles, says a Washington correspondent, are getting quite common enough now to do away with some of the curiosity which is expended over them as they appear. There are quite a number of them in use, particularly among women, and put to more practical purposes, too, than the altogether "giddy" bicycle. Not a few bicycles carry their owners to work every day and home again, but the tricycle and its passenger keep company all day. Mrs. Belva Lockwood, the lawyer, first had the courage to rein up her fiery steed in front of all the places where she has business in Washington every day, and she flies along beside the car tracks in the quietest and most unconcerned manner, although quite conscious of the sensation she produces thereby. She has a little screen stretched across the front of the vehicle, which bides partially the vigorous foot-movement necessary to keep it in swift motion. Her example and unconcern about people's ideas has no doubt encouraged other ladies, who have already boldly appeared on the avenue in the busiest time of the afternoon, and excited the same staring that the first velocipedes and bicycles received. Of course it is only a matter of time before the tricycles will be in as general use as their predecessors in locomotion. Their adaptability to general use is even more strongly marked than the bicycle. There is quite a complex arrangement in the way of tricycling, owned by Doctor Bliss Jr., affording room for himself and a comfortable seat in the rear for his wife. Thus far they only ride about at night, but are quite envied in the possession of such an easy-going vehicle. One of the lady tricyclists, wearing a large white straw hat, attracted such general attention on the avenue, near Fifteenth Street, one afternoon recently, as to form a curbstone audience in a twinkling. The tricyclists are confident, however, that they are not ahead of the times, and will soon be accorded the same quiet interest that any other method of self-propulsion gets.

It is becoming fashionable for gentlemen to wear bracelets. The Prince of Wales always wears a gold bracelet, which rattles at his wrist when he shakes hands. His brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, also follows the same fashion, and there is a story afloat that this bracelet was given to him in his early days by a lady abroad, who made him swear that he would never take it from his arm. Whether this be so or not, it is certain that a large number of gentlemen are copying the noble examples, and bracelets on the arms of the sterner sex is anything but an uncommon sight in England.

A New York physician recently said to a reporter concerning the arsenic habit: "Its beautifying powers are much exaggerated. It is possible, but not probable, that a physician would give arsenic to a woman who wished for it, as something with which to heighten her charms at the expense of her health. No respectable practitioner would do it. I have prescribed sulphur in such cases half a dozen times, but never afterward heard of my fair patients. Stop! One of them did return. She said that my medicine was not strong enough. 'Arsenic was good,' she had been told, and she not only asked me for it, but was indignant when I declined to write a prescription. The patient almost always adopts the principle of the more arsenic the more beauty. It is not, by the way, a habit confined to women. I know of two cases in which arsenic was used by young men for the same purpose. I have had several cases of women who had seriously injured themselves with arsenic—all of them within seven or eight years. The nervous system in time becomes seriously involved, and wasting of the flesh, falling out of the hair, and sometimes paralysis, follow. Young women should be careful how they meddle with Fowler's solution."

New-mown hay and putty are two new shades lately brought out.—The correct pronunciation of the English proper name Cavendish is "Candish."—Drawers are not gathered in at the knees for summer wear.—The "Tally Ho" loses nothing of its popularity among New Yorkers who like to make themselves conspicuous. Exhibiting the loudest of costumes and a shrieking parasol are the chief part of the fun of this riding atop a coach.—Novelties in real jewelry are pale pink pearls and turquoises mounted together, and set in small fine diamonds.—Some of the new hats and bonnets are as large as parasols; others no bigger than a saucer, and others still are of medium size.—Many London ladies while walking in the park use their umbrellas as if they were sticks.—One of the most superb jewel *parures* lately mounted for a Parisian leader of fashion—an American of course—is composed of a necklace, bracelets, diadem, earrings, and Louis XVI. brooch of turquoises set in diamonds, with large pear-shaped pink pearls for pendants.—The latest London fashion for gentlemen is to carry a cane six feet long. Whistler, the æsthetic artist, first set the style, which is a revival of 1780.—Underskirts are short, and trimmed with heavy lace or embroidery.—At a New York christening party on Fifth Avenue, the infant was brought before the company in a cradle composed entirely of the rarest flowers, the baby reclining on a blue satin blanket covered with lace.—The wildest combinations of color are the most popular.—Worth, the fashionable artist in dress, is said to be in poor health, though still able to attend to business. He moves about his rooms in a long, drab cashmere dressing-gown, lined with yellow satin, and wearing a black skull cap. This is his favorite dinner costume at his palatial mansion at Suresna.—There has been an immense demand for fine fancy metal candlesticks, and fine porcelain and metal oil-lamps this season.—It is darkly whispered that postillions or outriders are a coming fashion for the carriages of fashionable ladies. In Europe the ladies who have outriders are either very firmly established in *la mode*, or not established there in the least.

## LITERARY NOTES.

We have just received from R. E. C. Stearns, of Berkeley, three interesting pamphlets, "The Growth of American Forest Trees," "Forest Culture in California," and "The Acorn-storing Habit of the California Woodpecker." The first two are papers which were read before the American Forestry Association, held in Cincinnati last April. The articles all give evidence of the author's thorough acquaintance with the subject.

There have been a number of stories of New England written during the past year which, with one or two exceptions, have been poor. "The Pettibone Name," by Margaret Sidney, just published, is attracting considerable attention in the East, and is mentioned favorably. It is a wholesome and unsensational chronicle of life in a New England town, and contains several well-sketched characters. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

"La Faustine," Edmond de Goncourt's latest novel, appears in an English dress. It is the story of a great Parisian actress who possesses a lover in the person of "Lord Annandale," an English nobleman. The first half of the story is irredeemably dull; but in the second half the complications of the plot serve to sustain the interest to the end. While dealing with characters whose morals are microscopic, the story is as delicately handled as any modern Parisian novel. Published by Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.; price, 75 cents.

"Confucius and the Chinese Classics" is mainly a compilation of important extracts from a larger work by Dr. Legge, of London. The present volume was issued by Dr. Loomis, of this city, and is intended for the use of those to whom the larger work is inaccessible. It is a reprint of the edition published in this city a number of years ago. The extracts give a fair specimen of Confucius's writings, and the principal doctrines of his teachings are presented in condensed form. A short sketch of his life is also added. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by A. Roman, 120 Sutter Street.

Mr. Hugo B. Willson adds a volume on "Currency" to the large number of books on political and monetary science which have been issued this season. The main object of the author's work is to show the ill effects of delegating the right to issue paper money to national banks, and also the erroneous dogmas in regard to the accumulation of large stores of the precious metals being the first consideration in political economy. The writer has explored the field with thoroughness, and refers to many authorities. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.50.

Amateurs as well as professional naturalists welcomed Walter Manton's little works on the catching and preserving of insects, and also his manual on taxidermy. He has now added to his useful list a handbook on "Field Botany." The title does not explain its contents, for it is really a series of instruction on the best modes of gathering and preserving plants, and the formation of herbariums. The volume is remarkably complete considering the small space it occupies, and gives simple instructions with numerous illustrations. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, 50 cents.

"Educational Theories," by Oscar Browning, is the first volume of a prospective series on education, and is naturally a general review of ancient and modern mental, moral, and physical training. The author first outlines the Greek and Roman systems, pointing out their special excellences, after which he successively touches upon the various systems and schools which have been developed during the last eighteen hundred years, such as those of the Jesuits, the Realists, John Locke, Kant, Pestalozzi, and the English public schools. The volume is a condensed and interesting treatment of the subject. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; for sale by Bancroft.

Two of the most popular humorists of the day are Bill Nye, editor of the *Laramie Boomerang*, and George W. Peck, editor of the *Millwaukee Sun*. The humorous sketches which they have published during the past year and a half have been frequently reprinted in the *Argonaut*, and have afforded much amusement. These two writers, encouraged by their journalistic success, have ventured into the book line, and the result is "The Forty Lians," and "Other Lies," by Bill Nye, (otherwise A. W. Waugh), and "Sunshine," by George W. Peck. The volumes are compilations of what has already appeared in the writers' journals from time to time. Published and for sale by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago.

Announcements: Heine's niece, the Princess Marie Della Rocca, will soon publish another book about her uncle, which will include much new and interesting biographical material, and some hitherto unpublished writings.—The "Life and Letters of Berlioz," translated from the French by Mr. H. Mainwaring Dunstan, will be published during the month by Remington & Co., London.—Julius Eichberg has set a song from Tennyson's "Maud" for the June *Wide Awake*, with brilliant violin accompaniment.—The material which Mark Twain is now collecting in his Southern journey with Mr. Osgood is to be worked into an illustrated book, which will contain also the sketches of the Mississippi which Twain wrote several years ago for the *Atlantic*.—F. H. Underwood's biographical sketch of Mr. Longfellow, which will be published immediately by J. R. Osgood & Co., is accompanied by eleven illustrations. The same firm will soon publish "South Mountain Magic"—a volume into which Mrs. Madeline Vinton Dahlgren has gathered some picturesque legends of the Maryland mountains.—Miss Fanny Kemble's "Records of Later Life" will appear soon.—A volume of "Living Truths from Charles Kingsley's Works," with an introduction by W. D. Howells, will soon be published by D. Lothrop & Co.

The June Magazines: One of the most interesting articles in the *Atlantic* is a paper on "Alphonse Daudet," by Henry James Jr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has a poem on Longfellow, entitled "Our Dead Singer." The late poet is also the subject of an interesting review by Doctor Frothingham; and "Decoration Day," a posthumous poem, together with a well-executed steel engraving, renders the number a Longfellow memorial. Thomas Hardy's "Two on a Tower" is continued, as is also Miss Phelps's "Doctor Zay."—*Harper's* for June also contains a portrait of Longfellow, accompanied by a paper by George William Curtis. Sylvester Baxter furnishes a copiously illustrated article on the Zuni Indians. Eugene Dietrich's sketch of Baltimore, with its many pictures, is unworthy of *Harper's*, and descends to the level of *Jenkinsism*. In "The Gates of Paradise," by J. J. Jarvis, are some wood-engravings which have probably never been equaled in excellence of execution. The old English town of "Yarmouth" serves as a letter-press for some good illustrations. William Black's "Shandon Bells" increases in interest.—The principal feature of the *Century* for June is the much-looked-for engraving of Cardinal Newman, accompanied by a sketch of his life by C. Kegan Paul, the London publisher. Joaquin Miller's poem, "Jewess," rather overdraws the subject. A very attractive set of engravings accompany the article on "Wood Engraving and the Century Prizes." Carlyle's journal, "In Ireland," is continued, and a subject interesting to this coast is John Muir's "Bee-Pastures of California."—The *California* for June contains an illustrated article on "The Two Redwoods," which describes the forests in the localities of Felton and Guerneville. Kate D. Smith furnishes an interesting paper upon "Personal Recollections of Emerson." The second illustrated article on "California Missions" embraces another batch of old towns and churches. "A Fatal Delusion" is a short sketch by Bancroft Davis. A new continued story by Leonard Kip, is entitled "Thaloe." Of the two poems in this number, "Passion Life" is by T. S. Collier, and "Decoration Day" by Sam Davis.—*Lippincott's* for June opens with an illustrated sketch of the old Spanish city of Toledo. Lucy Hooper recalls reminiscences of "The Teacher of Rachel," and Philip Bourke Marston has a pretty sonnet, "Unsheltered Love."



Oh, the good, the kind old man! On the other side of the Alps, on Vesuvius, where a lava-hed reaches down the furthest, and the last faint echoes of the wild surges of Neapolitan life die away, the cottage of Curtius stood, wrapped in stillness and shadow. Near by stood a few palm-trees that whispered faintly with the laurel-bushes in which some huffinches had built their nests; further on yawned the widely arched windows of a ruin, and vineyards stretched away, from which resounded the laughter of sun-burned maidens; above all was the smoking mountain. This was the most familiar appearance of their surroundings.

And the cottage itself! Behind the small, black doorway and the gray shutters quiet always reigned, as if soothing dreams hovered in the dim rooms, and held all in slumber.

When old Curtius, in his long coat trimmed with ivory huttons, paced quickly through the rooms, or with trembling voice called Elsa, perhaps the flies hummed a little, and the canaries remembered that they could twitter.

When a stranger from the other side of the Alps—a German—wandered into this solitude, to seek out his secluded countryman, then everything awakened to new life. Oh, then it was entrancing to see how the old man stretched forth his hands with warm-hearted sincerity, and how he smiled as he leaned back in the depths of his arm-chair, while Elsa brought the wine—the royal Vesuvian wine—that sparkles in the glass like a liquid sunbeam. How talkative he became! How a thousand reminiscences awakened in his heart, and a thousand questions sprang from his lips! Full of sorrowful joy he wandered back to the days of his youth, and recalled those glorious hours of student-life—hours interwoven with sunshine, love, and song, that he had spent while a student at Jena. To the one who reverently listened in the cosy quiet rooms, and did not forget the drinking—to that one did the old man bloom anew in the freshness of youth, and under such circumstances he always related the treasured experience of his early life—his meeting with Goethe. I will endeavor to relate the story.

Curtius was but twenty years old. He was at that time a jolly student at Jena, and had fire in his eye, thirst in his throat, little money in his pocket, and not a drop of wine in his house.

What mattered that to him? He knew a favorite drink-bouse, where he could buy on credit, and he knew a passionate maiden whose health he might drink. So, borne aloft in the air-halloon of enthusiasm, and swept along by the gulf-stream of love, who could imagine him happier? Moreover, his existence was brightened by the golden light of poetry—by a poetry that appeared in literature at that time, not as a worship of suffering, singing the pleasure of tears, and of a secure resting-place under the sod; rather a poetry that spurred on to the most cheerful life and most comfortable enjoyment.

What wonder, then, if in the noblest fire of youth he raved over Goethe, and considered a meeting with him as the highest happiness that could befall the lot of a mortal. But how to go to Weimar? The way on foot is long, and requires much money. For this end he must save, and save. So days of want passed under the roof of the little room of the student; self-denial and deprivation crossed his threshold; hunger indeed was not an infrequent guest. Yet he uncomplainingly endured all under the magical influence of the name "Goethe," until at last the ardently longed-for day of departure arrived.

A clear spring morning dawned upon the dew-refreshed earth. There was a mingling of fragrance and sunshine. With his knapsack on his back, a firm staff in his hand, and a little pipe-fire under his nose, Curtius marched straight toward Weimar. The woods rose as a dark green curtain behind the peaceful villages through which he passed. Now he smiled "good-morning" to a little beauty of a village; now he allayed his quickly returning thirst at a roadside tavern.

Night fell over the earth as he at last, weary, arrived in Weimar, and took quarters at the "White Swan." But sleep he could not. The excitement caused by even breathing in the same city with Goethe was too great. Besides, a merry company had gathered about the round table of the travelers' room; painters, actors, and journalists—such people as do not find it necessary to be directed as to what path of life they should follow. With these, through the fellowship of the drinking-table, a few glasses of beer, and a few telling remarks, he soon felt himself so much at home, that as the night wore away, and the lights burned wearily, he stated the object of his journey.

"Therein can I help you," said Gruener, the painter. "To-morrow evening there is a reception at August von Goethe's at which Goethe himself will appear. If you wish, I will procure you an invitation."

During the last few hours of the night joy permitted no sleep to come to his eyes, and when on the following morning the invitation really arrived, the excitement affected him so powerfully that he stormed madly through the quiet streets of Weimar, until the weary hours of the afternoon should wear away.

Who, however, may paint his dismay, when, upon returning to the "Swan" in order to arrange his toilet for the evening, he found a letter annulling the invitation on account of a slight indisposition of Goethe. So might Napoleon have looked had he observed that the stars portended his ruin. Almost crushed by the downfall of shattered hopes, Curtius decided to take his departure immediately, but after reflection decided that he must at least see Goethe's dwelling. Sad, down-hearted, weary, he dragged himself through the narrow, solitary streets, until, opposite him, the lights shone from the yellow walls behind which the demigod had his home. As toward the starry heavens, so with a quiver of reverential awe he directed his glances toward the large green door, toward the clear window-panes, that were so fortunate as to even exist in the vicinity of Goethe.

Suddenly an icy shiver passed over him, immediately a flash of fiery heat. Joy mingled with terror. His heart

beat violently under his blue coat, the blood surged hotly in his veins, for at the window appeared a head that gazed out into the street, a head under the high forehead of which flashed eyes of fire; a head which, in a portrait at home, he had admired a thousand times with devotion—it was the head of Goethe.

A moment Curtius stared at the gleaming face, as if he would impress the sight forever upon his memory, then trembling in every limb, as if terrified by the majesty of genius, he ran away as rapidly as he could, drawing breath at last before the city park, in which stood a little cottage of Goethe's.

Deep quiet lay under the high trees. A gentle evening breeze breathed through their tops, and the sun festooned the branches with his last rays. The evening red glowed in the heavens. Near the wall an old gardener was busily engaged in digging. Curtius approached, and in a friendly way asked permission to enter the cottage. The old man viewed him searchingly, then said, sullenly:

"You may not enter alone. Pardon, but the strangers take away too much as souvenirs. I will accompany you as soon as I have finished my digging."

What was there to be done? Curtius thought he could do nothing better than take in hand a spade lying near by, and assist the old man to finish his work as soon as possible.

"Indeed I do not know what the people want with the old Geheimrath (Goethe's title). He looks well only when he puts on his orders. With Schiller indeed it was quite another matter," further gossiped the old man.

"What! you knew Schiller also?" exclaimed the enthusiastic student.

"Did I know my late master? I was five years in his service, and the shoes that I have on my old feet the Frau Hofrath (Schiller's title) presented me at his death."

Curtius nearly let the spade fall from astonishment, and the old man could clearly see with what devout respect, with what deep adoration the coverings of his feet were regarded. A friendly smile played about his lips as he permitted the young man to go into the cottage without guidance. In a moment Curtius vanished on the yellow-sanded path behind the trees. With a ballowed thrill he entered, stepped reverently through the vestibule adorned with statues and wise sayings printed on the walls, and repaired to the room above in which Goethe sometimes worked. This hallowed space seemed to him a temple, the writing-table an altar, the statues on the wall as good geniuses of humanity. He stepped near, looked timidly about, and cast a glance at the table. Suddenly fire flashed from his eyes; his hand seized the pen; he dipped it; he threw himself into the chair, and wrote hastily, in large strokes, on a blank sheet of paper, as if the words burned under the hand:

"Könnt ich Unsterblichkeit schöpfen, wo Du Erhabener schöppest, Schürfen den kostlichsten Trank, und in Entzückung vergehn. Ach der irrende Fuss, darf dies ja nimmer erreichen. Wie auch die stund nicht grüßte, Aug in Aug. Dich zu sehn. Warm Dir zu drücken die Hand atmend das herrlichste Glück."

[Oh, that I might find immortality where thou, sublime one, hast found it; that I might drink in the delicious draught, and pass away in rapture! But my straying foot may never arrive there, as indeed the hour may never appear when, seeing thee face to face, and warmly pressing thy hand, I might breathe divinest joy.]

Suddenly he started back. He felt as though he had committed a crime. He hurled away the pen, sprang up, stormed down the steps, shot by the old gardener, ran towards the "White Swan," and left Weimar the same evening. Of this occurrence he related not a word.

The world had grown three weeks older. Curtius, with a merry company of students, took an excursion into a neighboring village. The company, united under the banner of unrestrained hilarity and the most sincere good fellowship, returned late in the mild moonlight evening. All went in groups. Here were three, arm in arm, there four, farther on yet others, chatting, joking, laughing, and singing. All at once was recited from a group ahead,

"Könnt ich Unsterblichkeit schöpfen, wo Du Erhabener schöppest," Curtius listened. What, was this not the very hexameter he had written in the Goethe cottage?

"Schürfen den kostlichsten Trank, und in Entzückung vergeh'n," called be, in answer to the group ahead, and

"Ach der irrende Fuss, darf dies ja nimmer erreichen," echoed back in the tone of declamation. That was too much. Curtius ran ahead, seized the speaker, and exclaimed:

"Man, friend, fellow-student, where did you learn that?"

"Where did I learn it? Have you not read in a Frankfurt newspaper that Goethe has requested the student who penned these verses in his study to present himself for introduction?"

Fortunately at this moment a cloud passed over the moon, so that no one noticed how the blood mounted to Curtius's face.

Notwithstanding the invitation, he did not dare to personally meet Goethe; he dared not stand face to face before that prince of intellects. Indeed Curtius could not a second time save so much money.

"But I have come nearer to him spiritually," said he, in his declining days, as he once on Vesuvius, in a glorious Italian autumn evening, repeated to me from his whole soul the song of Goethe's "Ander Mond," the beauty of which endures forever. "I was borne aloft on the enchanted wings of poetry into sunlit fields of immortal art, where angels breathe, and all humanity rests in deep slumber."—Adapted for the Argonaut from the German.

The Coming Summer: According to the calendar May is a spring month, yet it is the freshest month in the year in this latitude, especially in a dry season, which makes this an off year. May is just giving place to June. There is no need of consulting the calendar. Any close observer can keep the run of the months, and especially of June.—Season Editorial in the San Francisco Evening Bulletin, May 22d.

On the night of the first performance of "The Woman in Red," at a country theatre, the house was packed, much to the surprise of the manageress, who had not found the townsfolk very eager for theatricals. She discovered next day that the play had been misprinted "The Woman in Bed."

"Do you dance?" "No, I dropped on myself two seasons ago," was the response, in a strong, manly voice. Veronica Maguire looked up at George W. Simpson, an expression of wonder and surprise in her soft, velvety eyes. Very beautiful was this girl as she stood in the dim, half-light of the conservatory. "I am sorry you do not dance, Mr. Simpson," said Veronica, after a momentary pause, "because it is really the one thing in which I may truthfully lay claim to being proficient. As you have no doubt discovered before this, I am a wretched hand at conversation, an original idea never seeming to find birth in this empty head of mine." George looked fondly down upon her hang. "I am afraid you are rather inclined to depreciate your own abilities," he said, throwing just a shade of tenderness into the rich tones of his pure voice; "you play nicely, and you certainly sing well." "Only passably, my dear Mr. Simpson," was the laughing reply; "you really must not flatter me too much, because I am vain enough already. But, by the way, have you heard 'Over the Garden Wall,' yet?" "No," was the reply, in tones that were tremulous with emotion; "I never heard the tune, but I have had occasion to go over the wall once or twice." "It is a beautiful thing," said Veronica. "There is a weird sadness, and yet joy, about the music, that carries one completely away. Do you not find it so oftentimes?" "Yes," replied George, "it is pretty darn weird to get over a wall on a dark night, and dive down into an alley that you don't know anything about." "You are just too funny!" exclaimed the girl, looking at him steadily. As she did so his eyes met hers, and the rich color flooded her cheeks, making them more radiantly beautiful than ever. Turning quickly, she stood with averted face and downcast eyes, and for a moment no word was spoken. Finally George stepped to Veronica's side and took the little hand that was toying with a rose into his broad palm. George held the dimpled prisoner for a moment, and then raised it to his lips. "Mr. Simpson," exclaimed the girl, "you do not seem to know what you are doing. Remember, sir, that—" "Ob, I know all about it," said George. "I know that you are rich and uneducated, and that you can never hope to soar in the empyrean heights of literature and knowledge where I reside permanently. But my love for your father's check-book will overcome all this. I appreciate fully the sacrifice I am making, but you must not seek to dissuade me." "And do you then love me so dearly, George?" the girl asked. "Certainly, my darling. Without your love life would be nothing but a four-flush to me. All my happiness is centered in my love for you. Can you deliberately cast that love aside, darling?" For answer, she raised her pure, sweet face to his, and placed a large three-for-fifty-cents kiss on his innocent Wahash Avenue lips.—From "How He Got There," by Joseph Medill, the Chicago Tribune novelist.

A young Milwaukee lawyer was sitting in his office a few mornings ago, with his feet on the desk, thinking. There was a vague suspicion in his mind that in the near future he would have a case. As he blew the smoke to the ceiling, there was a rap at the door. A pale young man entered, and said he wanted a little advice. The lawyer told him he had struck the right place, and asked him to proceed. "Well, what I want to know is, if a man marks me for life, can I collect damages from him?" The lawyer said it was the easiest thing in the world to collect damages in such cases. "Then," said the young man, "if a girl goes out riding with me to a picnic, and she gets marked for life, can she collect damages from me?" The lawyer scratched his head a moment, looked wise, went and looked into a copy of the revised statutes, and an encyclopedia, and then looked into a volume of patent office reports, when he finally expressed the opinion to the young man that in the latter case there was no possible show of the girl's collecting damages from him, and it was ten dollars, please. "Well," said the young man, "I want you to commence suit against a lively stable-keeper for ten thousand dollars damages. You see, last summer I hired a team and a top huggy to take a girl out to the yacht races. On the way out there the almighty thunder-storm you ever saw came up. It drenched us from head to foot. There wasn't a dry rag on me, and the girl said if there was one on her she didn't know where it was. But it finally cleared off, and we drove around by the bank of the lake. We had on white clothes. I had on a pair of white Marseilles pants, and the girl had on a white muslin dress. Well, sir, do you know, when we got out, the whole hack of us was as blue as indigo. The huggy cushion was blue, and when it got wet the blue just fairly ran off, and it was the bluest blue that you ever saw. Well, I thought the girl would die. When she stood off with her back toward me, I could think of nothing but an Italian sunset on the lake of Chromo. She was the bluest girl I ever saw—true blue, and no mistake. And my pants! When I went away from her to get a better view of the yacht race, and to swear a little, I must have looked to her like some old blue ruin in a theatre. We didn't dare go into the hotel to dinner, and we didn't get anything to eat, except a glass of beer and a piece of sausage, which I had a Prussian bring out to the huggy. The girl got mad because I laughed a little at her having the blues, and she wouldn't speak to me all the way home. We came into town after dark, and I thought the affair would blow over, but blast me if the blue color didn't 'set' on my skin, and nothing will take it off. I have tried everything, but it is just as blue to-day as it was the night I got home. I am deeply, darkly, beautifully blue, and probably shall be during my natural life. Well, this is only half the trouble. About a week after we got back, the girl's father came to me with a gun, and asked me what kind of a colored person I was. It seems the blue was just as set in its way in his family as it was in mine. I explained it to him the best way I could, but he said there was only one reparation that a man of honor could make in such a case. Now, can you save me?" The young lawyer said he believed he could, but he would have to look up the authorities, and he took down a "Blue Book" of the legislature, and told the young man to come in again on Saturday, with ten dollars more. It certainly will be one of the most singular cases that has ever been before our courts.—Peck's Sun.



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Our last week's editorial has brought the writer under the very severe criticism of a highly metallic friend. Our ideas of the relation of labor and capital, of the position of labor and its relative rank in the field of usefulness, have subjected us to the charge of demagogism. And, by way of parenthesis, it is very curious that when we were denouncing the excesses of the Sand-lot we were charged with being one of the toads that blink when the bright rays of capital strike us. When we criticise capital, our wealthy friends delight to charge us with agrarianism, and all the category of awful sins attendant upon a recognition of the rights of labor. There are two dangerous classes in society—the insolent rich and the vicious poor. The forgetful, arrogant, proud rich man, who thinks that luck is a synonym for all the virtues, and who looks down from his pedestal of solid wealth with contempt upon the unsuccessful toiler; the soured, vicious, unsuccessful, jealous poor man, who from the ground looks up with hatred, envy, and all uncharitableness upon the successful man above him. The grinding rich man is at the top, greedy for more gold, more power; acquisitive, combative, aggressive; impatient of opposition, unmindful of the rights of any one else who stands between him and his desires; ambitious to enlarge his possessions, and utterly forgetful that he is of the same clay, moulded by the same Creator, and baked in the same oven as his less successful fellow-mortals. The idle, criminal, vicious poor man is at the bottom—the whining, begging, and dissatisfied; the men who have lost their grip, lost heart, lost ambition, pride, and character, and who are determined to drag every one else down to their groveling level. The very rich desire to direct and control the politics of the country. Politics to them is the conservation of their wealth and the increase of their power. Hence they will give their money in aid of any party that will serve them. They will send to the Senate or to Congress any man who will do their bidding. They will promote to executive or judicial positions those persons upon whom they can depend. Money has neither patriotism, religion, nor morals; it has no conscience, sentiment, or humanity; it is cowardly, suspicious, and selfish. Some rich men are generous and kindly; but they are exceptions to a rule that is almost universal. Even the exceptional rich man, who does kind and generous acts as an individual, will, when sitting at the round-table of the directors, perform corporate acts in brutal

defiance of every principle of right, justice, or propriety. The vicious poor think themselves the irreconcilable enemies of the rich; but the wealthy class smile in derision, and look upon them as simply allies, to be used when needed. They may starve if they will keep quiet; but when they become dangerous, they can easily be placated by money—not money for all the mob, but only money for the ringleaders. Between these two dangerous classes, ground by the greedy and unscrupulous rich from above, and the needy but vicious poor from beneath, is the great working middle class—the workers with brain and muscle; the toilers in trade, commerce, arts, and manufacturing industries; laborers at the forge, on the farm, and in the mines, quarries, and forests; men at their professions, and inventors—the energetic, pushing, nervous, working element of the country, from which class, through brains, energy, and exceptional luck, comes the occasional millionaire, and from which, through misfortune, impaired energies, losses, ill luck, and demoralization, the vicious and the nerveless pauper class is recruited. It is this great middle class which is the foundation and framework upon which the structure of society is built, and upon and around which government is maintained. It embraces the moral sentiment of all civilized communities. It does the brainwork and the labor of the world. It embraces the aggregate wealth of the world. It contains the elements of progress, and from it alone come the prosperity and triumph of nations. From this class taxes are paid; armies and navies recruited. Between the upper and lower classes there are middlemen. These are the politicians. As from the middle class come the millionaire and pauper, so there comes from it the politician. In this country the politician is becoming a distinctive and prominent factor. He serves corporations, and makes himself the servant of wealth. He negotiates the hallots of the indifferent and the irresponsible, manipulates conventions and the machinery of politics, and helps to maintain the government in the interest of capital. His reward is the privilege of robbing the middle class. He schemes to so circumvent the law that great properties and great revenues may escape the huredens of taxation, and that the maintenance of the government may fall upon the property and the labor of the middle class. Stocks, bonds, franchises, securities, and debts are, as a rule, exempt from assessment and taxation. Banks, ships, railways, and such corporate institutions as carry on the business of supplying water and gas, such as engage in insurance, the Standard Oil Company, the International Petroleum Company, the Western Union Telegraph Company, the Telephone Company, the great express companies, the ocean steamship companies, with hundreds of other financial and money-making enterprises, are but lightly taxed, while the burden of carrying on the government comes from real estate. Real estate in farms, homes, and business places belongs to the middle class. Every business man must pay a license for carrying on his occupation. The implements, crops, herds, and lands of farmers are taxed; the warehouse and merchandise of the merchant is taxed; the factory, stock, and tools of the mechanic and manufacturer are taxed. But the fifty million dollars of government bonds of Mr. Vanderbilt are not taxed. The horse and wagon of the furniture expressman is taxed at its full value, and the owner pays a license for using it in an indispensable industry. Lucky Jones, the millionaire, purchases a 2:20 team at a cost of fifty thousand dollars—Maud S., and a trotting mate—and drives in Central or Golden Gate Park, which are built and maintained at public expense. The team is taxed at a nominal figure, and Lucky Jones pays no license to drive in the Park. A mansion costing one million dollars is assessed at one-fifth of its value; a dwelling costing two thousand dollars is assessed at four-fifths of its value. A picture by Meissonnier or Cahanel, costing fifty thousand dollars, is assessed at one-fiftieth of its cost of importation, while necessary household furniture must pay on an approximation of its actual cost. Those at the top, who have everything, are reaching down for more. Those at the bottom, who have nothing, are reaching up for something. So we have oppression and greed from above, and clamor and riot from below. Civil courts adjudicate at a never-ending expense the contentions of the rich litigants, and the criminal courts are ever grinding out penalties and imprisonments to the vicious poor—the expense of all tribunals coming from the middle class; so that between the top and the bottom we are in the devil's fix.

What are we going to do about it? We are going to do just what all middle classes have done in all countries and in all ages—we are going to submit. We are going to patiently hear the hurden until the collapse comes, and then we are going to be among those who suffer most. We are going through the experience of all civilizations. Every government that has grown from the toiling and adventurous immigrant colony to become great and powerful; that has developed an aristocratic class; that has been ruled by a Croesus or Augustus; that has been disturbed by internal commotion or overrun by outside barbarians; that has been invaded by hostile Goth, or conquered by

Hun, Vandal, Celt, Saxon, Turk, or Tartar—has passed through some of the phases through which we must pass. Our republic will, through discord, civil wars, reigns of terror, and change of forms, have an experience substantially like those of other people in other times. The practical suggestion of these historical allusions is to remind the class on top that it is always the first to fall; and as it has the longest space in which to drop, it is always most damaged when it does fall. And lest the class on top should think we are dealing with classical history and times remote, dangers intangible and far removed, we heg to remind it of our late civil war, brought on by the class on top at the South—the slave-holding aristocracy who provoked and dared the dangers of a civil war. We recall the late incident of the insurrection of labor in Pennsylvania, when, at the demand for ten cents additional wages, conflagration and riot leaped half a State, destroying six million dollars of value. There are strange events happening in the world to-day, events indicating that, as peoples grow strong, governments grow weak; that privileged classes are no longer to have immunity in the enjoyment of their privileges; that governing classes are not always to govern; that dynasties, families, orders, and traditions, are losing influence. In Russia, the all-powerful Czar—himself the son of a murdered Czar—would be crowned at his national capital in Moscow, but not daring to trust his sacred person on the railway that leads from St. Petersburg to Moscow; not daring to entrust himself on the national highway, guarded by his armed battalions, escorted by cavalry, and hedged about with infantry and flying artillery, and not daring to live in Russia's capital, he postpones the ceremony of his coronation till the fiend of Nihilism no longer hunts him with dynamite. Socialism shakes the throne of the German empire, though newly built and cemented with the blood of a dreadful and inexcusable war. The consequence of that crime has given to France a republic, and wiped from off the earth a dynasty that had its growth, its power, and its continuance in the blood and the terror of the people of France. Let us only name the troubles of pope and king in Italy; of Church and State in Belgium; revolt against the Turk; discontent in Spain; disturbance everywhere. And look at England. England is our mother-land; from her we have moulded our laws, and on her forms modeled all our institutions. We speak her language, and look to her as the one spot on God's earth where respect for law will linger longest; where rights are best guarded; where property finds its highest protection. There, in that splendid empire of civilization and law, three millions of people are in revolt. Civil authority holds place with difficulty against chaos. The army contends with an unarmed and undisciplined people. Property is valueless, and the collection of rents can not be enforced by law. If the gentlemen of the British empire—estimated lords and landed commoners with long genealogies—can not maintain themselves at the top under the shadow of throne, queen, and standing army, may not our new rich men feel nervous and unsafe at the top in a republic where the bottom votes?

All these reflections thronged in upon the writer after conversation with a personal friend, a broad-minded, generous millionaire, one who came from the working middle class, who is now worth fifty million dollars, whose wealth is rolling in upon him at the rate of millions a year, who—we are compelled to confess—is making splendid use of his money, who abuses his great power less than most men would, and who preserves his kindly sympathies for his comrades outrun in the race of money-getting better than most rich men do, but who considers us unwise and narrow-minded because we think Chinese should not be imported to this country to come into competition with white labor; because we think our homes, where husbands bear joint sway with wives whom they love over children given them, are a better and safer foundation upon which to rest the superstructure of republican government than the wifeless, childless, soulless pagan, whom capital imports for gain. We wish our friends, the millionaires, could occasionally come down from the clouds of their airy, breezy top, and oftener commune with us who crawl humbly below. We wish that from the summit of their splendid pedestals of wealth and power they would come down, and in disguise, like the good Haroun Al Raschid, mix and converse with us, the common people. They would hear things instructive to them. They might hear the murmurings of the first low articulated complaints, and might take precautionary measures to prevent the occurrence of accidents. They might make themselves more secure, their possessions more safe, their lives more enjoyable, and might do much good to others, if they would mingle somewhat more freely with the earthen jars that are swimming beside them along the stream of life; for by more frequent contact of porcelain and iron-ware, of vase and jug, there might be less danger that in some future collision the finer porcelain should be broken.

There is a very large number of excellent and intelligent electors in this State who at this time are filled with perplexity at the political situation, and who are very much



in doubt as to their political duty. Among the excellent, intelligent, and thoroughly perplexed of the Republican wing we class ourselves. We feel, while we belong to the party and hope to so continue, that we owe no allegiance to its national leaders, are not in thorough accord with all its purposes, nor in sympathy with all its principles. We feel that upon the question most important to us; the one that most concerns us and our locality; the one upon which we are necessarily better informed than all others, and one upon which the national Republican party was thoroughly pledged, we have been betrayed. For the acting and accidental President we have little admiration, and no enthusiasm. From him we expect no act of statesmanship, and shall be more than content if he is guilty of no further blunders calculated to destroy the party. The position on the Chinese question assumed by the President, the cabinet, and the Republican party leaders in the Senate, if taken deliberately, and if it is to be maintained as the deliberate attitude of the party, ought to destroy it, and in our judgment will inevitably do so. The attitude of some of the leading Republican journals toward our coast—notably the *New York Tribune* and the *New York Times*—is that of sneering contempt toward everything that we regard as important. These, and other journals, and the leading men of the party, treat us with the most contemptuous indifference, and whenever we ask for appropriations for our coast and harbor defenses, the improvement of our bays and rivers, the safety of our valleys from destructive mining operations, protection to our peculiar industries, reciprocal treaties with Mexico or the Sandwich Islands, recognition of our public men to cabinet or other, honorable positions, assistance in reclamation of swamp wastes or irrigation of dry and desert lands, we are made to feel that we are not a part of the United States, but a distant, unimportant, and valueless province or dependency. Concerning us there is displayed dense and utter ignorance. Now and then some public man gets himself junketed across the continent at the public expense; makes a pretense of some Congressional examination; is dined, wined, and steamed about our bay; taken down to the lower levels of the Comstock; invited to the houses of our wealthy nobles; taken through Chinatown by a special policeman; visits Los Angeles, Monterey, the Big Trees, and Yosemite; and goes back with a grateful recollection of dinners, wines, cigars, and junketings that cost him nothing. What public man east of the Rocky Mountains knows anything of the real wants of the Pacific Coast? What senator of any of the Eastern States has an intelligent conception of even the physical geography of this splendid empire of the Pacific? What one has any practical knowledge of the beautiful archipelago of Puget Sound, with its islands, and mainland wooded with gigantic forests; its inexhaustible quarries and mines of coal? Who of them knows anything about that splendid march of waters from the mountains to the sea, that grandest of all American rivers but one—the Columbia—and that other one lying far away in the north—the Yukon—whose name has but just found its way to the atlases of the Eastern school-house; Alaska, with its wealth of mines, and fisheries, and forests, to which has not yet been given the skeleton of a local government; the splendid wheat lands of the Walla Walla, and the Red River of the north; the gorgeous valley of the Willamette, and Oregon, with all its wealth of future development; the unbroken redwoods of our Northern California; the vast wine and fruit capacity of our State; the unexplored wealth of Nevada and Arizona; the neglected harbors of our coast, all the way from the Columbia River to San Diego? What do they know about our city of San Francisco, as it lies here upon the coast unguarded and unprotected from assault? What about the Sandwich Islands, the postern gate of our continent? Are they to be given over to Chinese occupation and English political control? All these questions, and many others, are important to us, and we feel that if we were under the guidance of true statesmanship they would be worth the consideration of party men intrusted with the management of public affairs. Not only do we see that all these things are neglected; not only are we sneered at by Republican party journals and party leaders; but when we found ourselves threatened by an invasion of barbarians, and we demanded of our party leaders the fulfillment of promises made in a national convention, they all—save three—fell down upon us, and all the praying East went back on us, and all the trading swappers of the Atlantic would have sold us out, that they might profit by our calamity, and make money out of our destruction.

Now we look around us, and of ourselves we ask the question, "What ought we to do? What ought the Republican party to do?" The national Democratic party has done us grand service. It came to our relief in a time of need. In our necessity it came as a merciful providence to rescue us from one of two evils—either an invasion of Chinese or an uprising against the law. We ought to be grateful to the national Democratic party. Then, on the other hand, we reflect that the Republicans of this coast, all the

members of Congress from all the States and Territories of the Pacific, have also been staunch and true, have done gallant service, and that without their labor the bill would not have passed; that without the service of Senators Miller and Jones, and the splendid fight made by Page in the lower house, our bill might have been lost. The Republican party has done its best on this coast, and may be relied upon for future work. If we remain in the ranks, we will be in position at the next national convention to impose our views upon the Republican party, and punish the renegade party leaders who in the recent vote on the Chinese bill betrayed us. If we believed that the Democratic party was composed, in its rank and file, of as good men as the Republican party; if there was not a wide difference in the personnel of its make-up, we should be disposed to go to it. But when we contemplate its past history, we shiver. When we look out upon the party in this city, and observe its ignorant Pope's Irish, its land-league business, its loud-mouthed, hlatant, boisterous, immodest, ambitious Irish politicians, all struggling and sweating for office, a cold chill runs down our backs; we hold our noses, and turn away to meditate upon what we had better do. We admit ourselves to be in a political quandary. The Democratic party will soon hold its State Convention, and we shall then see whether the chivalry or the shovelry comes to the top; whether there can be a harmonious division made of the spoils of office and the loot of place. What we should like to have done would be for the Republican party to meet in State Convention and resolve to nominate no ticket. Let it pass a series of resolutions expressive of public opinion upon the President and the recalcitrant party leaders, reorganize the State Central Committee, and adjourn, leaving Republicans to form, for a temporary purpose, an independent, anti-Chinese, American, California party, embracing the intelligent and patriotic foreign-born—a party embracing all Democrats and Republicans who are in earnest upon the Chinese question. Let them nominate a man for governor who has the moral and physical courage to enforce the laws in reference to quarantine, and to compel the execution of all municipal acts hearing upon Chinese residents. Let it be a party that will ignore the party squabbles of ambitious politicians, or squelch them; that will inaugurate real and practical reforms—such reforms as may be felt at the counter of the tax-collector's office. In such a party we should be proud to become a worker; in such a cause we could be eloquent with tongue and pen. Republicans are not yet called upon to act. So let them abide their souls in patience. They have the privilege of holding themselves in reserve till the political and party programme is arranged for them by Messrs. W. W. Stow, William Higgins, and the other gentlemen who have kindly consented to "fix up" the conventions that are to be held, and the nominations that are to be made.

We are asked by a friend and prominent Republican politician from the lower part of the State to advise him in reference to Republican party movements—who is to be candidate for Governor, for Congress, etc.? We can not answer the question; we have no information and no means of acquiring information concerning party matters. The State Central Committee, and all the party leaders, are mum as mice. Whether they are in deep conspiracies to bring about results we do not know. Our opinion is, however, that they are as ignorant as we are. The only persons of whom we ever hear in Republican management are Mr. W. W. Stow and Mr. William Higgins. What they are doing we are not informed, as we have not their confidence. We are advised that from San Francisco the county committee will send delegates to the State Convention. The delegates will, we presume, as a matter of course, go instructed. The majority of them will be political utensils, to be used by a little gang of party managers. If the Republican gentlemen of the country will send independent delegates to the State Convention some good may come from it. So long as the Republican party is honorably led, it commands our allegiance. When it is not, we repudiate its action.

It is doubtful whether there is any law among the statutes of California justifying the Board of Health in declaring Hongkong an infected port, and in quarantining all vessels sailing thence for San Francisco. If there were such a law, its enforcement would be of doubtful policy, as it would practically end all commercial relations between that port and ours. It would be most unwise to allow our feelings against the importation of Chinese laborers to interfere with our trade relations. There are two important steam lines engaged in a legitimate commerce between these ports, and while we would willingly embarrass them with the enforcement of even vexatious regulations to discourage the bringing of coolies, we would discriminate between this passenger business and legitimate commerce, and we would discriminate between the ocean tramps that are employed in the coolie trade and the steamers engaged in their accustomed trade. We are more than pleased at the firmness manifested by our municipal authorities in their treatment of those vagabonds of the sea that are now making speculative

ventures in bringing Chinese laborers to our port. The consignees, agents, and charterers of these filthy and disease-laden tramps are entitled to no consideration. They know they are bringing pestilence to our coast. They know that they are opposing an honest and healthy public opinion. They know they are wantonly setting at defiance every principle of honest dealing. And we hail with pleasure every effort that can be made to render their nefarious occupation unprofitable. As for the poor devils of Chinese who are the victims of these man-traders, we look upon them much as we look upon flies caught in the spider's web. The good housewife does not spare the broom for fear of hurting the flies. Her sensibilities become hunted when she regards the other flies that annoy her, and remembers that there are so many of them.

We are not quite in sympathy with the enforcement of the cubic air ordinance. It is a stupid law, and we see no reason for its original enactment, and know of no other reason for its enforcement than that it enables the authorities to make the lives of our Chinese residents uncomfortable. What is the objection to allowing the Chinese to huddle together like rats in a northern winter? If it be injurious to their health, so much the better; they will die sooner. If they thus escape the payment of rent, all the better; there will be less money for the Reverend Otis Gibson, the Reverend Albert Williams, and the very Reverend Archbishop Alemany. If it generates filth, it is better to confine filth in a limited space. We see no really good reason why the Chinese should not all live in the Globe Hotel. We would prefer to see them in the smallest possible space. If we must have them, let them tunnel under the streets; let them hurrow in the ground ten cellars deep; let them sleep on balconies and house-tops. The less space in which they are confined, the better.

The political condition in Pennsylvania indicates one of two things: either the destruction or reform of the Republican party. So important a movement, supported as it is by the *New York Tribune*, the *New York Times*, and a host of independent journals all over the country, is an indication of a serious purpose to destroy the corrupt leadership and machine control in the Republican party. Don Cameron made an issue with honesty at the Chicago Convention, and was beaten. Garfield was an idea in the direction of party reform. His death by assassination restored to the Cameron faction in Pennsylvania, to the Conkling machine in New York, and to the Logan clique in Illinois, a supremacy they had fairly lost. This aftermath of patronage that the Stalwarts are now reaping is the harvest of a crop that comes from the fertilization of blood. It is the reward of murder. Every honest Republican in every part of the Union will regard the success of Cameron in Pennsylvania as a calamity greater than any Democratic victory that can be gained. It would mean triumph to hordes, maintenance of political rings, and reward of party thieves and traitors. There is a spirit of sturdy independence abroad in the land, which leaders of both parties will be wise to observe and heed.

In the city of Sacramento, several years ago, was established a society for the encouragement of art, entitled the "Bric-à-brac Club." All the more celebrated artists and social leaders of that city became members of it. It accomplished much for the facilitation and encouragement of art-culture. Meetings have been held at the private residences of the gentry of the city, where an interchange of opinions is held over the paintings of the members. Engravings, statuary, and various kinds of work in marble, porcelain, bronze, and iron are freely criticized. All this has contributed to make Sacramento the leading art-centre of the entire Sacramento Valley, and has accomplished great results in the direction of encouraging native art talent, and refining and educating public taste in that Boston of the State. London is to have a similar society, to be called "The Art Union of London," upon which great expectations are founded for promoting a knowledge of the fine arts, and encouraging their distribution throughout the British Empire.

It is charged that Blaine is the power that is moving the revolt against Don Cameron in Pennsylvania. We shall sympathize with any movement that may drive Don Cameron from leadership in the Republican party. He betrayed us on the Chinese question, hence the milk in our cocoanut. It is charged that Blaine is organizing a national conspiracy against the renomination of Chester A. Arthur. We sympathize with any movement which shall render it impossible for Mr. Arthur to succeed himself in the executive chair. He betrayed us on the Chinese question; that is what the matter is with us.

We are frequently asked concerning the whereabouts and occupation of Black-and-Tan. So far as we are informed he is still in Washington, employed at a small salary upon an unimportant morning paper, owned and run in the interest of the Star Route thieves, who are now under indictment for conspiracies to steal money through fraudulent mail contracts.



## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Literally from the German: "Pretty wife-kin," said Herr X. to his young neighbor, "give you me yet a kiss-let; I ask only out of curiosity, because I gladly know would whether it from your mouth sweeter tastes than that of my frau." "Neighbor," replied she, snappishly, "ask you only my husband; he has your dear frau many a kiss given, he must it know!"

Little Millie Jolijambe, after long service in the ballet, was give the rôle of a page. Her lines were "My lady, the Count de Saxe waits without." Millie studied her part faithfully, and was letter-perfect on the night of representation. Just before she had her "cue" a mischievous actor at the wing said: "Do not say 'hags,' Millie." On went Millie, and blurted out "My lady, the Count de Bags waits without," and then rushed off to refuge and tears in the dressing-room.

Two Highlanders found themselves unable to get into harbor in their boat, the waves driving it out to sea so persistently that Donald, after obstinately hantling with the elements, cried out to Duncan in a dialect which we shall not attempt fully to represent: "Go doon on your knees, mon, and offer a hit of prayer." But before Duncan was on his knees the boat's keel grated on the beach, whereupon Donald shouted: "Stop praying; we've come ashore by our own exertions, and I'll no' be beholden to anybody."

De Goy had a mania for financial exaggeration. One day he met a friend to whom, with sorrowful countenance, he remarked that it was no use—he never was lucky at cards. "Why, what's the matter?" "Matter enough! I've just been up at the club. Sat down to play with Raymond Deslandes—luckiest beggar that I ever saw—and—well, the long and the short of it is I've lost forty thousand francs." "Why, I saw him only five minutes ago, and he told me he had won just forty francs." De Goy, coldly: "Oh, that's some of his humbug!"

On another occasion, as De Goy was standing on the Boulevard Montmartre absorbed in deep thought, holding a folded and twisted bank-note between his teeth, Barrière came up behind him, and gave him a hearty slap on the shoulder. "I say," gasped De Goy, as soon as he could recover his voice, "hang it—hoo! hoo!—you've made me—hoo! hoo!—swallow a thousand-franc note." Barrière and a friend carried the struggling victim into a drug-store, where he was given a powerful emetic. In due course the note was restored to the light of day. It was for one hundred francs.

There is an eminent painter in Paris (says the *New York World*) who is economical and sententious. The other day one of the students broke a pane of glass in the studio window, and replaced it temporarily by pasting a sheet of paper over the aperture. When the painter came down the next morning he thrust his cane through the makeshift, with the remark: "He that breaks, pays!" None of the class, however, took the hint, and next morning another sheet of paper was pasted across the window. It met with the same fate. And so on the next day, and so on the fourth. On the fifth day when the artist came down, there was the paper, as before. Fire flashed from his eyes, and roaring, "He that breaks, pays!" he drove his cane through the paper—and through the pane of glass behind it that had been put in by the students, and then carefully pasted over with a sheet of paper.

Of the thirteen Murillos which Marshal Soult managed to collect in Spain, one of them, an "Immaculate Conception," at the marshal's sale in 1852, was bought by the French government for twenty thousand four hundred and forty pounds. There is an amusing story of the circumstances under which Soult secured his prize. In his pursuit of Sir John Moore he overtook two Capuchin friars, who turned out, as he suspected them to be, spies. On hearing that there were some fine Murillos in the convent to which they belonged, he ordered them to show him the way to it. Here he saw the Murillo in question, and offered to purchase it. All to no purpose, till the prior found that the only way to save the lives of his two monks was to come to terms. "But," said the prior, "we have one hundred thousand francs offered." "I will give you two hundred thousand francs," and the bargain was concluded. "You will give me up my two brethren?" asked the prior. "Oh," said the marshal, very politely, "if you wish to ransom them, it will give me the greatest pleasure to meet your wishes. The price is—two hundred thousand francs." The prior got his monks, but lost his picture.

Yes, (says "Fan" in the *Bohemian*), a funny thing occurred right after the opening dance, which I must relate to you. I was sitting in the corner, with a number of other girls, when a certain girl acquaintance of mine came over from across the hall, and asked me if I would not go with her into the dressing-room. To be sure I accompanied her. Once in the dressing-room, and the door closed, my young friend said: "Fan, I'm in a dilemma." "What's wrong?" I asked. "Nothing, Fan; but I've got on two pairs of stockings—one of light blue, and the other of dark blue—and I want your advice as to which pair will be most becoming for this evening." "But you didn't wear two pairs of stockings here?" I asked, looking somewhat surprised. "Why, indeed I did. I wasn't sure which would look the nicest, so I thought I'd wear both pairs, and after I got here I would see you, and then take off the pair you would advise me not to wear." "What pair have you on the outside?" says I. "Why, the dark-blue," says she, at the same time raising her dress so that I could see for myself. I do not know whatever got it into my head, but I actually advised that poor, simple girl to make a change, by putting the light-blue on the outside. But she put her whole soul into the work, and in a very few moments she made the change complete.

## THE LATEST VERSE.

## Jewess.

My dark-browed daughter of the sun,  
Dear Bedouin of the desert sands,  
Sad daughter of the ravished lands,  
Of savage Sinai, Babylon—  
O Egypt-eyed, thou art to me  
A God-encompassed mystery!

I see sad Hagar in thine eyes.  
The obelisks, the pyramids,  
Lie hid beneath thy drooping lids.  
The tawny Nile of Moses lies  
Portrayed in thy strange people's force  
And solemn mystery of source.

The black abundance of thy hair  
Falls like some twilight sad of June  
Above the dying afternoon,  
And mourns thy people's mute despair.  
The large solemnity of night,  
O Israel, is in thy sight!

Then come where stars of freedom spill  
Their splendor, Jewess. In this land,  
The same broad holies of God's hand  
That held you ever, outlands still.  
And whether you be right or nay,  
'Tis God's, not Russia's, here to say.  
—Joachim Miller in the *June Century*.

## Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

"High as my heart!" Orlando answered thus,  
In careless Arden, Arden green to-day,  
Parring with gallant wit the question gay  
Touching his lady's stature. When of us  
Lips yet to be, in years lying yet before,  
Make question of the stature of thy fame,  
The words that we shall answer are the same:  
*High as our hearts he stood.*

Wide-sunned with love thy last late winter days,  
Whose blue mild morns were memories of the spring.  
To thee spring voices had not ceased to sing,  
Nor ever closed to the fresh woodland ways  
Where underneath old leaves the violets are,  
And, shy as boyhood's dreams, spring beauties like a star.  
—Helen Gray Cone in the *June Century*.

## De Long.

"I have found De Long and party—all dead."—*Melville*.

No harbor of all harbors 'neath God's sun  
Hath buoyed so much of all most priceless freight  
As this, since first a Spanish galleon  
Turned South from San Francisco's golden gate.  
But how they cheered from wharf, and yard, and deck!  
The costliest cargo that those roads bathed  
Was when to face want, famine, fever, wreck,  
To battle with the forces of the frost,  
The craft, whose light name hence shall holy be,  
Steered for the Northern death across that windless sea.

O lonely headlands of th' Alaskan strait!  
Ye watched that lonelier vessel as she passed;  
Saw ye his face grow gladly salute  
Of peril as he neared the ice-fields vast?  
For not the salvo's roar, the cheering town,  
Nor Summer voyage o'er soft Capricorn's swell  
Delight such souls—nay, Nature's sternest frown,  
Sign of her fierce moods, and implacable.  
So, where gray meeting seas the worlds divide  
With moaning wastes of chill and bitter foam,  
Methinks his step grew lighter as he eyed  
The confines of his all too narrow home.  
Northward—the night received them, and the ice  
Chill shining hergs and chiller shining stars  
Mocked them to whom one world would not suffice  
With toils and dangers, pestilences, wars.  
Northward, and east, the raving Arctic wind  
Stabbed at their hearts, pierced bone and marrow through,  
And vaster streamed the trackless tract behind,  
Nor nearer at their goal, nor larger grew.  
And o'er their heads strange birds of omen flew.  
Then—stayed and stopped—the hungry ice beneath  
Gnawed ravening at the vessel's groaning sides,  
And shut were they in horror, as a sheath,  
'Twixt the thick darkness and the frozen tides.  
And they became a memory to men  
Who said: "Lo! these, too, meet the ancient fate!"  
And weeks grew months, and months grew years, and then  
Behold the dead raised from their lodging strait!

Found I! But how found? One blinded, one gone mad!  
And some are dead—the missing of the roll  
Doth their sepulture, awful, ruthless, sad,  
Swell the dread trophies of the Northern pole?  
Answer from out Siberia's lifeless waste,  
Answer from 'neath Siberia's leaden skies,  
Though none shall know the desperate ills they faced,  
Till at the crack of doom the dead arise:  
Found—like a gunner lying by his gun—  
They found the strong Republic's strongest son;  
Her eagle at his crest, her stars his shoulders on.

O solemn service of that ancient faith!  
From proudest minster, darkest catacomb;  
From where the Asian sunshades scorch and scathe  
Judean deserts—ritual of Rome,  
All ages have thy prayers and psalms heard,  
But ne'er in all the measure of thy time,  
More faithful flock received thy weightful word  
From lips of holier priest—or more sublime—  
Than when beside the frost-sealed Lena he  
Read in unchanging voice thy changeless liturgy.

O stormy splendor of the Saxon cheer,  
What echoes hast thou waked of Afric night,  
When St. Arnaud the Legion—unto fear  
Most foreign—hurled into the flaming fight;  
And those that roused on Alma's blood-soaked height  
At sunset of that red September day;  
And those that taught the Rhine the Scottish might;  
And those that beat the walls of Monterey!  
But the breath failing in the feeble shout  
That gave their envoys God-speed through the snow,  
Despair showed vanquished, and the sinking doubt  
Of famine horn in slow and sickening thro:  
Aye showed each hero, where were heroes all,  
Ready with Death to grip, in certainty to fall!

Gaunt corpses in weird solitudes they lie,  
But as th' Aurora's signet on their sky,  
So on the tablets of enduring fame,  
Transcribed in fire the letters of each name  
Of those who on our streets but now we saw,  
Nor paled, O blindness, with presaging awe,  
—A. E. Watrous in *Puck*.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Lord Derby, after being twice offered the vacant Garter, has definitely declined it in favor of Lord Kimberley.

The Princess Beatrice has just published two songs, the words of which are by Disraeli. The name of the composer is not given, but rumor has it that the royal lady wrote the music herself.

Oscar Wilde has been hardly as much sought after socially as when he first arrived in New York. Mrs. John Bigelow has had him to tea once or twice, but even then many of the guests invited to be present had other "engagements."

The Spanish Minister at Washington and his wife, being in mourning for the mother, Madame Barca, do not visit, but where official obligations demand it send cards. These cards are jet black on both sides, and the names are printed in white, and on the minister's card is his official rank in France.

Verestchagine, the famous painter of battle-pictures, has recently had two singular compliments paid him by Continental governments. So vividly has he depicted the horrors of the battle-field, that in Russia the public exhibition of his paintings was altogether interdicted, while at Berlin the military authorities forbade soldiers to pay them a visit.

Joseph Whitwell Pease, one of England's six new baronets, is said to be the first Quaker who ever accepted such a title. Cohden, a pauper-stricken farmer's son, refused a seat in the cabinet, and subsequently a baronetcy and a privy councillorship. Grote refused a peerage. Drs. Stanley and Naaghen hishoprics, the latter twice. Chambers, of *Chambers's Journal*, has refused knighthood. Such refusals of dignities, however, bear a very small proportion to the requests for them. Prime ministers tell curious tales on the subject.

"The Prince of Wales," says Edmund Yates in the *London World*, "must have a wardrobe as large as Mr. Irving or any other theatrical star, and must he quite as much in need of a 'dresser.' At Portsmouth he appeared the first day in a volunteer uniform; at the review he was in the uniform of the Civil Service Corps; the same night I saw him at Government House in the red tunic of a general officer. He can, on occasion, turn out as an admiral, a guardsman, a hussar, a Highlander, a Uhlan, or in the flowing robes of an Indian rajah, possibly of a Chinaman or a Jap."

The ex-King of Naples has been living in Paris in a fashion better suited to a modest grocer than to a royal personage. His home has been a small furnished apartment on the third floor of a far from magnificent hotel. When he was dethroned all his jewelry and money were confiscated, as well as the personal property bequeathed him by his mother. His wife—one of the best and gentlest of women—has lately been to Italy and had an interview with its ruler, and it is said that King Humbert has used his influence with the Roman cabinet, and restitution is to be made.

When Lord Beaconsfield received the Order of the Garter Sir Richard Wallace presented him with the magnificent diamond star of the Order which originally belonged to Lord Hertford, and it was understood that this was to be made an heirloom in the Disraeli family. From an omission in the will this was not done, and the ex-premier's executors sold the ornament to a firm of jewelers. They have taken out the three hundred and ninety diamonds, and have reset them in a number of rings, each of which has an earl's coronet and the word "Beaconsfield" engraved inside.

Thirty years ago there lived in the wilds of Shandaken, Ulster County, N. Y., two bright little boys. An uncle of the boys, a jolly, kind-hearted Irishman, was living there and, although a poor man, he thought it would be a fine thing to give the boys an education, and acting upon this generous idea the boys were brought to Gilhoa and placed in the Gilhoa Academy, under the instruction of the Reverend C. Bogardus, where they learned their first lessons in school-books. To-day that uncle is an aged pauper in the Ulster County Poor-house, while one of the boys is none other than Mackey, the Nevada millionaire.

The Duke of Devonshire, the head of the Cavendish family, owns large estates in Ireland, mostly in the counties of Cork and Waterford. In Cork he is lord of thirty-two thousand seven hundred seventy-six acres, and in Waterford of twenty-seven thousand five hundred and forty. The fourth duke married the only daughter and heiress of the Earl of Burlington and Cork, and thus brought the Irish estates into the Cavendish family. The manor of Lismore was granted through a scandalous transaction to Sir Walter Raleigh by the Archbishop of Cashel. Sir Walter subsequently sold it to the Boyles, from whom it passed to the Cavendishes. Lord Frederick Cavendish left no children. His wife, a charming woman, has two sisters living, one married to Mr. Talbot, member for the University of Oxford, the other to his brother, Warden of Keble College, Oxford.

This paragraph appears in the Washington correspondence of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*: "Attorney-General Brewster's dainty ruffles at his wrists have often been noticed, because unusual in man's attire; but no one seems to understand the beautiful sentiment which for forty years has prompted him to wear them, in spite of unpleasant remarks. When he was first assuming the *toga virilis*, his mother, whose name he can not now even mention without emotion, called him to her, and asked him to grant a request of hers. She then explained that her father, whom she had always venerated, and who was a very distinguished divine, had always worn ruffled shirts, and she would like her son to wear ruffles in memory of his grandsire. She said she would not require him to wear them on the bosom of his shirt, as that would be very conspicuous, since ruffles had been so long out of fashion for men's apparel, but she thought that at the wrists they were becoming to a man's hands; so she wished to make some herself, and put them on her son's shirts. He acceded to her request, and for some years she always made his ruffles. He has worn them always since, and thus his ruffled shirts became an exponent not only of his love for his mother, but of hers for her father." Filial love and ruffles, maternal love and shirts, gush and bosh.



## THE INNER MAN.

In recent a number of *Our Continent* Louise Chandler Moulton writes concerning dinner-giving in fashionable society. To read over the *menus* of a whole season, observes the writer, would be only to convince one's self how much one good dinner resembles another. The frequent dinner-out becomes accustomed to his dainties, and looks for other variety than that of viands. The hostess who has a real gift for entertaining will find means, however, to individualize her entertainments, not only by the happy choice of her guests, but by the arrangement of her flowers, the pretty surprises of her china and glass, or the suggestiveness of her dinner cards. At a dinner given to a distinguished actor each guest was characterized by an appropriate phrase from Shakespeare. There was "She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed," for a lovely woman; "I will be correspondent to command," for a journalist; "A man of my kidney," for a notable good fellow; "A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day," for the Adonis of the occasion, and for a second charming woman, "There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple." At an informal little supper, given by one of the brightest young hachelors in New York, no names at all were written on the cards, but the guests were requested to find their places by the bit of descriptive rhyme at each plate. The only trouble was that the descriptions had so subtle a flavor of compliment that to appropriate one of them was almost like crowning one's own head with a laurel wreath. But that was a supper-party, and really has no business under my present heading. At one of the pleasantest dinners that I remember the hostess had written under each course the subject of conversation for that course. The whole was headed: "Let it serve for table-talk." It was a daring experiment, which one would hardly be rash enough to repeat, but in this instance it succeeded perfectly. Eight persons only sat down to this ideal banquet, and most of them were bright, and all were appreciative, and I would a chiel had been there to take notes of the good things that were said. One should arrive punctually at a dinner. A quarter or at most half an hour's grace is the utmost any hostess can possibly allow, and it is better to arrive as nearly as may be at the time specified on the card—not too early, lest the lady be scarcely ready to receive you, and not late enough to give her a bad quarter of an hour lest there should be a vacant seat at her table. I remember one experience of two years ago that is branded on my soul. I was asked to dinner at "Hill Lodge, New Road, Kensington." My hosts had just taken possession of this new place, and I had only the vaguest ideas of its situation. I took a cab, and set out in ample time, as I thought. I was in time for Kensington, but where was New Road? My cabby was more stupid than the majority of his stupid brotherhood. He had not forewarned me of any difficulty in finding the place, but when he was well along in stately Kensington, he descended and appeared at the door of his vehicle. "Where did you say you wanted to go, marm?" "Hill Lodge, New Road," I answered. Cabby scratched his head in a forlorn attempt to scratch an idea in or out. But no light dawned on him. "I suppose there's a good many new roads in Kensington," he said, musingly. Then he mounted the box again, and drove on, slowly and solemnly. Now and then he paused and held brief converse with some passer-by, or some brother cabman. My pulse went up to fever heat. My hostess was the most charming, gracious, graceful woman in all London, but she was punctuality's inexorable self—so perfect a housekeeper that no roast in her establishment would have dared to be overdone—no dinner was ever a moment too late. I looked at my watch. The hour named on my card was a quarter to eight, and already it was almost half-past eight. I know not what passion of despair possessed my soul. At last I opened the window. "Cabby," I said, "if you don't find that place I shall go mad." "I think he believed me. I know that sudden terror seized on him. He whipped up his horses. Of every man, woman, and child whom he met he made question, and presto, in five minutes or less we were before the gate of Hill Lodge. "Am I very late?" I asked of the maid who pulled out my founions in the dressing-room. "I believe so, ma'am," was the not consoling answer. I went into the drawing-room. I made my bow, I told my tale. I was politely pardoned, though madam looked sad, and instantly the waiting procession moved toward the dining-room. But, ah, my banquet was all flavored with ice. I made up my mind that only a dispensation of Providence should ever again make me late at a dinner. When the hostess has chosen her guests, composed her *menu*, and seen to the arrangement of the table, it only remains that she should be "mistress of herself though China fall." Even should some late-coming guest disturb the tranquillity of her dinner, she should remember that if his seat has been kept vacant for him his arrival in the midst of dinner is not half so grievous as if the company had waited in the drawing-room till the dinner was spoiled. If he is a man of affairs, there may be a thoroughly valid excuse for him; while for a lady there can seldom be just reason for arriving late.

CCXXX.—Sunday, May 28.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Mock Turtle Soup.  
Fried Flounders, Excelsior Sauce.  
Potato Croquettes.  
Broiled Squabs on Toast. String Beans.  
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce. Summer Squash.  
Lettuce, "Argonaut" Dressing.  
Ice-cream, Fruit Cake.  
Cherries.

Having been requested to reprint the recipe for mock-turtle soup, we again give the following: Take four calves feet, boil in three pints of water until very tender; remove the meat from the bones, strain the liquor, add one pint of beef gravy and two glasses of Madeira, sherry, or claret wine; season with cayenne pepper, allspice, and thinly-sliced lemon; cut some of the pieces of the feet in squares and the yolks of six hard-boiled eggs, also a few force-meat balls. Just before serving add half a cup of butter rubbed in a little flour, just enough to slightly thicken. A very simple and delicious soup may be made in the following manner: Take some rich soup stock, and put into it two onions, six tomatoes, one tablespoonful of sugar, one dessert-spoonful of ground cloves, one of allspice, and some cayenne pepper. When the soup has boiled sufficiently, rub one tablespoonful of browned flour into one tablespoonful of butter, and add to the soup. Boil up, and pour into the tureen over four boiled eggs finely cut, a few pieces of lemon, and a good-sized cup of sherry wine.

ARGONAUT DRESSING.—Take one small leek, chop very fine with a sprig of parsley, one dessert-spoonful of prepared mustard, the yolk of one raw egg, enough oil to make a thick paste, salt and pepper, and thin with vinegar. After washing and drying the lettuce well, break it (do not cut) into small pieces into the salad bowl. Throw some nasturtium flowers on the top, pour the dressing over, and serve.

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### SHERIFF'S SALE.

PETER ENGEL, Superior Court, Department No. 3, No. 6323, Execution.  
vs.  
CHARLES WOHATZ.  
UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN execution issued out of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly attested on the tenth day of May, A. D. 1882, in the above entitled action, wherein Peter Engel, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a judgment against Charles Wohatz, defendant, on the twenty-eighth day of March, A. D. 1882, for the sum of one thousand five hundred and sixty-one 65-100 dollars, with interest thereon and costs, etc., I have levied upon all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Charles Wohatz, had on the twenty-eighth day of March, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the hereinafter described property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, standing of record in the office of the County Recorder of said City and County in the name of Charles Wohatz, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at the southwest corner of Byington and Webster streets; thence south along the west line of said Webster Street, twenty-four feet; thence west at right angles ninety-three feet and six inches; thence north at right angles twenty-four feet; thence east along the south line of said Byington Street ninety-three feet and six inches to the place of beginning. The same being a part of fifty vara lot No. 1, in Block No. 307, Western Addition.  
Public notice is hereby given that on MONDAY, THE FIFTH DAY OF JUNE, 1882, at twelve o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will sell all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, Charles Wohatz had on the twenty-eighth day of March, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed as aforesaid, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the above-described property, to the highest and best bidder, for lawful money of the United States.  
San Francisco, May 13, 1882.  
JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.  
R. THOMPSON, Plaintiff's Attorney.  
May 13-20-27-June 3.

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Jack lifted his eyes from a long critique on "My Partner" the other night, and asked me, somewhat defiantly, if I did not consider Joe Saunders a very natural character. In my heart of hearts I do, and I have heard at least a score of people attest him to be the most life-like hero of a play who had been seen upon the stage this long and many a day. But one does not like to be challenged to an accordance of opinion, so I boldly stated that I thought him an impossible goody-goody, and one of a class who stalk triumphantly through the drama with an inseparable halo about them, like the circle which the old masters always painted around the heads of the holy ones. Now and then an old master would branch off into decorative haloes, till the various members of the holy families seemed to be capering about under curious head-pieces of triple white plated-ware; but in the main the single circle set them off to beatific advantage. Now and then the writers introduce this paragon into high life, among *bric-à-brac*, and drawing-rooms, and duchesses; but in the main he wears a flannel shirt and high boots, and has a rich provincial accent, and a diction liberally garnished with stage slang and bad grammar. I have never been able to determine the connection between bad grammar and a good heart, but I have observed the popular fallacy that they go together, and there must be something in it.

"The truth is, Betsy," cries Jack, "that you have no sentiment, no romance in you; and I have observed that nothing sets your skepticism a bristling like one of these noblemen of nature. Pray tell me—for I know that, like all womankind, you are an omnivorous devourer of romances—is there any one in all the field of romance who fills your idea of a hero?"

"Well, you know, Jack," I began, "that I love old Colonel Newcome the best of all the men in all the books; but I suppose he is not quite what you mean."

"No," said Jack; "I have quite a fondness for that old gentleman myself, and I will confess to a twinge of feeling when he cries 'Adsum' to the last roll-call. There ought to be more such men in the world, and in books. But what I am really trying to find out is a woman's idea of a hero."

"My dear Jack," said I, "all the world knows that if that question were put to a vote, eight-tenths of the women would select Rochester. For my own part, I fell madly in love with Brian de Bois Guilbert at a very tender age, and I have never quite gotten over it."

"And a nice pair of bulldogs they are," quoth Jack. "However, every one to his taste. What I was going to suggest, Betsy," he continued, with a timidity quite new in his manner, "is, that you collaborate with me in writing a play. You know the sort of men that women like, and you shall run the hero; and I know the sort of women that men like, and I will put the heroine through her paces. I thought a little of making a departure from the Rochester pattern; but if you think a copper-plated brute is the right article for your side of the play, I haven't a word to say."

The idea seemed so feasible, that in a weak moment I consented to collaborate. Jack smiled with hopeful good-nature, settled himself at the writing-table, and with a beaming countenance and a tremendous flourish, wrote:

#### ACT I. SCENE I.

"An apartment is discovered," I began, in the lingo sacred to the playwrights' directions, when I was interrupted somewhat shortly.

"I have not settled upon having my characters discovered in an apartment," spoke Jack, in a tone which I take to be peculiar to the boss collaborator. "I may start them out in a garden, or a conservatory, or on shipboard, or in a cave, or, for that matter, from the top of a mountain peak."

"Ah, an idea!" I cry, with unruffled good-humor. "Beside the character-drawing, and the dialogue, and the construction, a plot will be necessary to our play. Let us take it as Wilkie Collins does, from real life. Do you not remember, within a year or two, how many stories we have read of the young Englishman taking his bride across the Swiss Alps for a wedding-tour, and after having first taken the precaution to secure the marriage portion in case of death, or to insure the life of the gentle young creature who had given herself to him, led her to a particularly precipitous and pointed Alp, and hurled her therefrom into a fathomless abyss? It strikes me as a very dramatic situation," I murmur, with fast-decreasing enthusiasm, as Jack eyes me unresponsively.

"It might do to end a drama with," he says, at last; "but it strikes me as rather a curious thing to hurl your heroine from a pointed Alp into a chasm from which there is no chance of rescue, as an introductory movement. Furthermore, Betsy, it does not seem to me to be following the higher walks of art to devote my first drama to hugging the insurance business. I may in the future toss off a play now and then, but I am not yet writing St. Jacob's Oil paragraphs."

I begin to think it time to retreat into silence. My hero has been disdained, my plot rejected. "Jack," I say, "I think it is high time for you to begin to collaborate. Suppose you shed the rays of your intellect for a few moments upon the subject of heroines and plots, and give me a glimmering idea of what sort of heroine a man likes, and what sort of plot will stir his pulses."

"My dear girl, I answer you concisely when I say they like exactly what women do not. It is women who have promoted the female villain to her present point of interest in the drama. They revel in the ways of this tigerish creature in French dresses, who has a gaming-table or something worse in the background, and who is always trying to fight her way into respectable society with a pair of white claws. I have observed that whenever an actress scratches the air in one of these plays the house rises to it as a touch of nature. A man, Betsy," continued Jack, dreamily, "likes something sweet, homely, arcadian. I will strike out and make a new departure. I will abandon the dark-eyed siren with a shady background and the heavy atmosphere of scented gas-lit drawing-rooms. I will introduce a simple muslin-clad young girl in a fragrant country garden. Of the world she will be unknown and unknowing. Her heart shall be as fresh and guileless as a child's, but she shall become entangled in a net of fate, in whose weaving she has had no hand—illegitimacy, or something of that sort, perhaps," went on Jack, growing desperate and dramatic. "Her woes shall be too heavy for her young heart to bear; she will be driven to despair, to death. She will drown, of course."

"Those young persons always do," I observed. "They never take rat poison, or anything which they could conveniently find on the kitchen shelf. They always plunge into the river, and always come out as dry as powder."

"I shall call her," went on my collaborator, unheeding my soulless interruption, "I shall call her —"

"Alix," said I. Only this and nothing more; but it made Jack scowl at me like a Sicilian brigand. He confessed at last that there were points of resemblance between his plot and Sardou's, but said he had intended giving it entirely different treatment.

"However," said he, "I still cling to my pure-hearted young maiden. I can put her in a mill—mills always look well on the stage—or on a mountain, or on a farm, or in any remote and picturesque spot. She shall be deceived by a false marriage, or be betrayed by a heartless villain."

"But whatever happens to her she must take a dip in the river at some stage of the game," I remark. "She must drown, or half drown, because all those girls do. And it would be folly to establish a new precedent, especially as they always come out all right."

"What girls?" asks Jack, innocently.

"Why, Eily O'Connor, and Hazel Kirke, and Anne Sylvester, and Mary Brandon, and the girl in the 'Willow Copse,' and all the rest of them. Really, Jack, you will permit me to observe that while I have yet no right to decry your abilities as a dramatist, your originality is not startling."

"I leave that to my collaborator," spoke Jack, with an amused smile, "for in all the range of the drama I do not recall pitching a young woman with an insured life from the top of an Alpine height."

"And yet the Alpine height is not unknown in the drama, for that thrilling scene in 'No Thoroughfare' impressed both of us deeply. I remember, and we felt that the wily Swiss had but met his just deserts when we saw his gattered heels disappear over the snowy cone. To say truth, my fellow-worker, I do not think we have selected just that especial department of play-writing to which we are best adapted. Suppose we take a little fly at comedy?"

"Happy thought," quoth Jack, cheerily, "for comedy writing is the easiest thing in the world." "What course of action do you intend to pursue, Jack?"

"Why, I intend to do like all the other fellows, simply this: I shall have a pretty young woman to wear nice dresses and be a foil, and a funny old woman to wear funny dresses and assist the main comedian to make his points. Then I shall select two or three tags or gags from the newest slang, and give them to one or two fellows to introduce at discreet intervals. Then I shall invest an old fellow with some physical difficulty, such as stuttering, lisping, being absent-minded, or hasbful, or something of that sort. I shall throw in a fop perhaps, and an Irish or Dutch servant, and behold your comedy."

"But where is your plot, Jack?"

He turned upon me a withering glance. "The transcendent stupidity of women," he said, appealing to the air, "never fails to stagger me. Is this the habble of madness? or can it be that this gentle creature has been somewhere without me, and has

really seen a comedy with a plot. My dear," he said, turning to me with that aggressive mildness which people employ when they are keeping their temper down, "there are no plots in comedies nowadays—there are situations. If you can manage to ring the curtain down upon a good situation, a good-natured audience never thinks of such a thing as a plot."

"Jack," say I, at last, "I fear we are not working together in the proper spirit of collaboration. I saw a picture of Messrs. Erkmann-Chatrain the other day, and they stood together in an attitude of quite brotherly love. Their arms were intertwined, and they were gazing at each other with unspeakable kindness."

"My dear girl, we will be photographed as the Huguenot lovers, if you like; but now that you mention them, it would perhaps be better to collaborate as Erkmann and Chatrain do, with so much undebatable ground between them as to prevent argument. Let us try the experiment. Take your paper-block into another room, and write out a series of comic situations for me. I will marshal my comic hosts in battle array, and at the end of an hour we will compare notes, and see what progress we have made."

And we did. And as an evidence of how truly great minds run in the same channel, our twin sheets of paper bore at the end of the hour these cabalistic characters, and these alone:

ACT I.  
SCENE I. BETSY B.

#### MUSIC.

##### The Rivé-King Concert.

Madame Rivé-King, whose first concert in this city took place last Tuesday evening at Platt's Hall, has been before the public for a number of years as a pianist of genuine and superior excellence. Born in this country of French parentage, she has studied with America's foremost instructors, and in Europe under the direction of many famous masters. Her success at home and abroad has, according to all reports, been constant, well-won, and abundant; and the latest event of an artistic career goes to prove that report has in no wise belied itself.

Following upon Weber's overture to "Euryanthe," carefully played by an orchestra under the direction of Mr. Gustav Hinrichs, the introductory number of Madame King's first programme was Beethoven's third concerto in C minor, with Reinecke's *cadenza*. The orchestral prelude afforded the not overcrowded audience an opportunity of becoming aware that the graceful pianiste is possessed in repose of an easy and dignified presence, of a physique well adapted to the requirements of her instrument, and a quietness of manner very simple and attractive. The entrance of the piano part made haste to deepen this pleasant impression, and its favorableness rapidly increased as the evening wore away.

The most captious critic must certainly acknowledge the essential worth and refinement of this lady's admirable attainments. Her touch, as occasion demands, is bold, delicate, light, or large, yet always full, and nicely proportioned. Her technique is finished, careful, and apparently ordered by the wisest laws of pianism. Her style is unconstrained and natural, and her interpretation thoughtful, cultivated, and painstaking. In the light of one distinguishing feature, namely, the self-contained accuracy and healthful poise of her playing, there may be some question as to whether Madame Rivé-King, or indeed any lady pianist, has ever been possessed of that spirit of inspiration which, in masters like Liszt and Rubinstein, sweeps and carries all before it. They tell in India of a famous singer who made a song that had genuine fire in its composition. The king ordered him to sing it; and taking the river as his stage, the poor man plunged into its waters, and stood immersed there to his head. The song began, and, as the story goes, "the water grew warm, the water grew hot, the water boiled!" The singer cried for mercy, but the king laughed. Suddenly the water hissed, flames burst forth, and the musician perished in the fire and fervor of his own song." In this tragic tale the immolation of the faithful subject is evidently made of small account. But one is naturally led to question whether the king would not have been wiser to forego the song than to sacrifice his singer. In other words, is there enough consolation to be extracted from the headlong ardor of impassioned genius to atone for the disaster of false notes, exaggerated expression, and the laugh of the scornful, too apt to accompany such demonstrations? Of course the question is an open one; but he who directs his steps to Platt's Hall in the expectation of seeing Madame King swoop upon the keys, rave musically, or work herself into any sort of a melodic frenzy, will be wholly disappointed. She is of a prudent type, guarded, cautious, and beautifully calm. But who more polished than she?—who more skilful and conscientious?

The three movements of the interesting and beautiful Beethoven Concerto, were brought to a successful and brilliant termination, but the number as a whole was less enjoyable than the Saint-Saëns Concerto in G minor, Op. 22, No. 2, which was given later. This composition, as full of difficulty as it is of beauty, received a better orchestral support, and was played in a way to give great pleasure to all hearers. In the octave passages of the first movement, and the light rapid phrases of the *allegro*,

Scherzando and Tarantella, Madame King's playing was equally clear and effective, and her use of the pedal is most careful and intelligent.

Three numbers were given without accompaniment—the "Prelude," in D flat, "Etude," in C sharp by Chopin, and Liszt's second "Rhapsodie Hongroise." The Chopin selections were rendered with great delicacy and refinement, and the demands of the pompous "Rhapsodie" were disposed of with an ease and celerity that fairly took one's breath away, and went to show that Madame King's playing is no mere devoid of power than it is of dexterity and smooth, artistic finish. Altogether she is a talented and gifted creature, and it is to be hoped that a second series of concerts will afford the musical public further opportunity of manifesting its appreciation and interest.

The orchestral numbers all bore marks of careful preparation, and were judiciously introduced. Beside the overture, a little Schumann melody (No. 26 from Op. 68,) was evenly played, and a "Bolero," from the "Spanish Dances of Moszkoski," afforded lively satisfaction.

During the evening Madame Rivé-King was repeatedly called forward, and much earnest applause was lavished upon her unassuming, but beautifully meritorious performance. The concert was in every particular a genuine musical treat. F. A.

Mr. Henry Heyman, with untiring effort, has succeeded in educating a considerable number of the San Francisco youth to a highly creditable degree of proficiency on the violin. His thorough musical knowledge causes him to follow only the purely classical in his instruction, and the consequence is that we have in this city and Oakland, at the present time, at least two dozen youths and maidens who can with but little hesitation manage the difficulties of some most intricate compositions. The success of Mr. Heyman's labors for the elevation of musical culture in this city met with a fitting tribute in the appreciation of the critical audience which witnessed the concert given by his pupils on Tuesday evening. The numbers were selected with regard to a just exhibition of ability for the execution and interpretation of the higher class of music, and not with showy and unsubstantial display for the ultimate object. Twice during the evening the consonant abilities of over a dozen performers were well tested, and the result proved their sympathetic powers. More important than this, however, was the proficiency displayed by all in either solos, duets, or quartettes; and the pupils gave good evidence that while all did not possess positive genius many had at least developed a most surprising talent.

On the 18th inst. Platt's Hall was well filled with a more or less fashionable—and therefore more or less musical—audience, assembled to listen to the programme prepared for the benefit of the Laurel Hall Institute Fund for the technical art education of girls. The programme was a good one, and the performers did it justice. Mrs. Blake-Alverson, Mrs. Porteous, Julius Stein, and Signor Parolini sang, and Mr. Heimbürger, of the Institute, played two piano solos: Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise," No. 2, and a three-part caprice, with numbers from the old Danish, by Chopin, and by Liszt again. His playing was received with deserved enthusiasm. The scheme for which the concert was planned is so good a one that its success in dollars and cents deserved to be greater than it was. Fortunately the benefit was so much better—musically considered—than benefits usually are, that Mrs. Manson-Buckmaster's next will doubtless be even better attended than was the one of Thursday, the 18th inst.

During the entire week "My Partner" has been played at Haverly's California Theatre for the benefit of the Odd Fellows' Relief Fund, to well-filled houses. On next Tuesday afternoon William E. Sheridan takes his farewell benefit prior to his return to the East, at which he will play in "Louis XI.," assisted by many prominent members of the professional and amateur talent of the city; on Monday night, May 29th, "Hazel Kirke" opens with the Madison Square Company in the cast. At the Bush Street Theatre Milton Nobles has finished his last week in the "Phoenix." M. B. Curtis opens on Monday evening in "Sam'l of Posen." At the Standard Theatre a number of the late Baldwin troupe, successfully opened on Thursday evening in "East Lynne." The house was a crowded one. This evening Mrs. Judah will be tendered a benefit at the Baldwin Theatre, at which "The New Magdalen" will be performed by the beneficiary and many supporters from the dramatic talent of the city; a varied olio will follow.

#### Obscure Intimations.

"M. B." writes and says: "Please do not put in the Obscure Intimations 'Declined'; MS. awaits your disposal." I don't want my MS.; you can keep it as a souvenir." We are sorry, M. B., dear; but we shall have to disguise it thus: "Accepted; MS. awaits your disposal."

"Unknown Reader"—It was a printer's blunder. "Topography" was meant.

"Love's Sight"—W. J. D.—Declined; MS. awaits your disposal.

"E. C. C."—San Mateo—It is interesting, but the subject has been so much overdone of late. MS. awaits your disposal.



## DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

I am acquainted, says Labouchere, in London *Truth*, with many personal friends of Sarah Bernhardt, and some acquaintances of M. Aristides Damala. Among them all I have not found two who anticipate that the happy couple will long dwell together in unity. The bride is whimsical, nervous, and exacting. She is in the habit of being dominated by caprices; is not young enough to be molded by her husband, and is not old enough to be his patient slave. Her egotism is morbid. At her receptions she wears of conversations of which her theatrical creations, successes, attitudes, etc., are not the exclusive theme. Her idea of entertaining her guests is to talk for them and for herself. Her generosity to her husband, as evinced in marrying him without a contract, may be followed by a reaction and bitter-ness. He is younger than she is, and has been a sad flirt. Sarah's heart was knawed into by jealousy in Italy. She married Damala to have an official right to be jealous. My impression is, that we may feel safe in wishing joy to the newly married pair. The gifted actress has sown her wild oats, and has got to an age when fireside calm is grateful to a woman. Jealousies are excellent in their domestic relations, and persevere in following whatever course they set before them. Apart from her talent for advertising herself, and driving hard bargains, Sarah is a wretched business woman. If grasping, she is prodigal, and will not plague Damala with cheese-paring singings. Since the death of Monsieur Emile de Girardin, who was her mentor, she has felt the want of some cool-headed, experienced friend to look after her affairs. The American tour extricated her from a slough of debt. Her Greek husband has had a little diplomatic and no small commercial experience; and has push, plausible eloquence, and gentlemanly manners. His father, a Levantine silk merchant, left him a fortune, which he got through before he went on the stage. The best part of it was devoured by a pretty warbler of a bouffe theatre at Marseilles. Monsieur Damala is liked by his old chums, one of whom assures me that he has some fine instincts, and will be a faithful steward of the fortune entrusted to him. The greatest drawback to Sarah, as a wife, is her complete want of *natural* and of jollity. The jolly woman sloughs her affections; as she advances in years she has a short memory for her little grievances, and puts the best construction upon hastily spoken words.

A young man who wants to become a comedian of the burlesque order asks the Milwaukee *Sun* how is the best way to commence. "Oh, we don't know," replies the editor. "They commence in different ways. Some carry chairs at first, and pull up the carpet, and stand around holding wooden spears. But the surest way is to appear as a heifer. Don't misunderstand us. A young man who appeared here last year as the hind-legs of a stage heifer in a burlesque opera, is now the leading comedian of the troupe. We do not know how his experience as the hind-legs of a heifer helped him, but he has got there, and gets a salary."

In the first act of Ambrose Thomas's new opera, "Françoise de Rimini," Mademoiselle Caroline Salla, who plays the title part, wears a gray gauze dress, richly embroidered, through which is seen a rose-colored under-skirt embroidered in gold and black. Her wedding dress in the second act is of silver tissue, embroidered with gold and colored stones. The long medieval bodice is ornamented with armorial bearings. In the last act she wears a dress of sky-blue velvet, embroidered with gold.

M. Vertueil, says the New York *Times*, who was during forty years Secretary of the Theatre Français, and who died only a few days ago, acted as Secretary for Alexander Dumas, the elder, under peculiar circumstances, while the latter was writing his "Napoleon." The story of their co-working is told by Dumas himself, and will be read with amusement now. Dumas, it appears, had promised to write for Harel, the manager of the Odéon, a play to be known as "Napoleon." He tried hard to forget or to neglect his promise, but Harel would not permit him to do so. The manager invited him one evening to be present at a first representation, and after the performance took him to supper in company with M. Lockroy and M. Jules Janin. During all this diplomatic preparation Harel made no mention of the promised drama, although the drama was, as Dumas found out, uppermost in his thought. The supper was a bright and delightful affair, and the friends were still at the table toward three o'clock in the morning. "One thing made me uneasy," wrote Dumas; "there were in the air certain suggestive signs of a conspiracy, certain sidelong glances, smiles which meant something, and half-spoken words. When I asked for an explanation, they looked at me in astonishment and laughed aloud." Finally, the supper over, the friends arose, and Dumas was on the point of going home. But Harel begged him to stay, and led him into an adjoining room lit by two candles, and containing a table covered with books, paper, and pens. There was also a bed in the room, which was furnished in the most comfortable manner. When Dumas asked for further explanations, the wily manager informed him that the room had been selected for the use of the dramatist, who would not be permitted to leave it until "Napoleon" was finished. In vain Dumas protested, but he was not listened to, and he consented at last to go to work upon the play, and to humor his manager's purpose. As the play progressed the scenes were taken to M. Vertueil, (who was described by Dumas as a charming fellow,) and the latter copied them. At the end of eight days the work was done. The play then comprised twenty-four scenes and nine thousand lines. In nine days the entire play was copied. Dumas remarked, with self-satisfaction, that it took Vertueil, aided by two persons, just one day more to copy the play than it took the author to compose it. The character of Napoleon in this drama was, it may be recalled, acted by the famous Frederic Lemaître.

On Thursday Mr. Oscar G. Bernard died at the Occidental Hotel, of Bright's disease. The deceased has from the first managed the original "Hazel Kirke" company, and its success is greatly due to his efforts.

— ICHI BAN—DOUBLED IN SIZE—IS THE LARGEST Japanese sale exhibition in the world. Shattuck & Fletcher export their printing inks to Japan, receive Japanese goods in return, pay for this advertisement with printing ink, and this is why Ichi Ban exists on low prices. Logical, isn't it? Wholesale and retail. Goods for every branch of country retail trade.

## To Our Readers.

In order to save correspondence we shall from this date print the names of new subscribers by mail, as evidence of the receipt of their orders. It is, of course, understood that the increase through the sales of the San Francisco News Company, the newsboys, the city carriers, the news dealers, and the Oakland and San José carriers does not figure in this list.

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THE COSTLY AND ELEGANT JEWEL OF COL. ANDREWS still remains in the window of the Diamond Palace, where it is daily admired by thousands of passers-by. The best and truest criticism that any art work can have, when it is on canvas or in marble or bronze, is that it shall continue to challenge the admiration of common people. A painting or sculpture may, for some striking peculiarity demand admiration. It may have some bit of color, or some deft trick of the chisel, that will command the notice of connoisseurs or artists, but the painting or the statue that endures, and lives, and grows in esteem and value, is that in which the average person finds something to admire. There is an indefinable something in the work of true art that is difficult to understand. Paintings of the very highest merit are sometimes out of drawing. Defects are often found in works of art that are lost sight of in a general excellence of design and execution. The mosaic counterfeits of the Pantheon stands the test of continuing study, and grows upon the observer the oftener he examines it. Crowds are continually at the window, and seem never to tire of looking at it. One day last week a lady and gentleman, unmistakably foreigners, and from their dress and modes of pronunciation evidently English, stood for a long time in careful examination of the work. They were familiar with the original from which it was designed, had seen the Column of July, erected upon the place of the Bastille, destroyed by the French revolutionists, and were evidently people of wide travel and the highest culture. We stood for some time beside them as they studied the nicest details of the design, and noted the fineness of the execution. They did not turn from its observation till each had admitted that it was the finest specimen of the goldsmith's art that they had ever seen; that there was nothing in Europe at all comparable with it. So rare and exquisite a piece of workmanship ought not to go away from California, and while our millionaires are purchasing fast and blooded horses, costly foreign paintings at fabulous prices, we wish some one would, for \$25,000, become the owner—and it would be a rare distinction—of this the most artistic and superb jewel that has yet been produced in the world.

— ON NEXT TUESDAY, MAY 30TH, THE EMPLOYEES of Whittier, Fuller & Co. will hold their annual picnic at Turner's Park, Redwood. They will endeavor to surpass last year's similar celebration in completeness, and costly prizes have been put up for the winners of the leaping, running, shooting, and other sports. Trains will leave the depot at Fourth and Townsend Streets at 8:30 A. M. sharp, and will not stop at Valencia Street.

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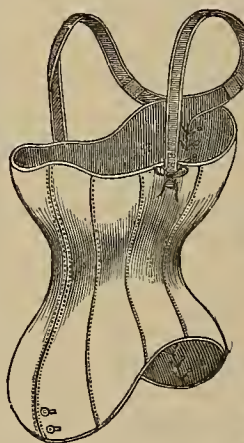
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## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Sorrow.  
Of all sad words  
Of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these:  
"Don't come again."  
—Young Man Who Saw Her Father.

Correct.  
God made bees.  
Bees made honey;  
God made man,  
Man made money—  
Hard to get.  
—Springfield News.

Aria.  
Little Patti  
Has crossed the sea,  
In London now you'll find her.  
Next fall she'll return,  
As her fingers will burn  
For the dollars she left behind her.  
—Modern Mother Goose.

Chin.  
I'm not a music-loving man,  
And would go far to bear  
Pat Gilmore, or some African,  
Whose tones are sweet and clear;  
But save me from the person who  
Will evermore begin,  
And evermore will put you through  
The music of his chin.  
I've heard steam whistles, brazen gongs,  
And bells of every tone;  
I've heard the shouts of maddened throngs,  
And heard a jackass groan;  
I've heard a female lecturer sneer  
At wicked men and sin;  
These are as naught, for now I hear  
The music of his chin. —New York Sun.

Awful.  
The twin were in a palace car,  
Said he, "I do believe me  
This vehicle hath lungs"; said she,  
"How, Thomas? Undecieve me."  
"I will," he added, pointing at  
A ventilator panel,  
"It must be so, for don't you see  
That Pullman-airy channel?"  
—Kome Sentinel.

Worse.  
"I want one servant girl," he said,  
"One maid to order, so to speak."  
The employment agent scratched his head,  
And told the man to call next week.

Next week he came, as per request;  
The clerk could furnish no such grade,  
But quickly put his mind at rest,  
By giving him one ready maid.  
—Courier-Journal.

Bridge.  
Who comes from Erin's emerald shore,  
Succeeded by a score or more  
Of cousins who infest your door?  
The servant gal.  
Who comes as green as new grass is  
But in a month, with haughty phiz,  
Exclaims, "I want me wages rise!"  
The servant gal.  
Who brings with her from her last place  
A character that's fair to trace,  
Although she left there in disgrace?  
The servant gal.  
Who'll have six evenings in a week?  
Whose cousins on the seventh seek  
Your houses, who of onions reek?  
The servant gal's.  
Who is the mightiest despot found?  
Who'll have no misthress peeking round?  
Whose impudence doth all astound?  
The servant gal.  
Of whom is it at last you say,  
"Stand it I can't another day,"  
Then recommend and send away?  
The servant gal.  
—Boston Transcript.

The Lion's Song.  
A lion wanted to teach singing-school.  
They asked him what he could sing?  
And he said, "Roo-oo-oo."  
They asked him what else he could sing?  
And he said, "Roo-oo-oo."  
They said they didn't want a singing-teacher  
who couldn't sing nothing 'cept just one  
song.  
Then the lion went to a horse-race.  
—From "Tales for the Toddlers," by Whitelaw Reid.

A Chanson.  
Down where the ghoul-haunted river twists—  
(Soak my head in ice-cold tea)  
Where the cross-eyed ogre unjoins his wrists—  
(Plant stuffed kittens over me)  
Kittens are touched with the light divine  
Of a mystical chism and soul-kissed wine.  
Out on the edge of the dolorous sea  
(The passionate tree-toad grinds his teeth)  
Weirdly the jabber-woot waits for thee;  
(Gibbering over a beetle's sheath);  
Stones and onions make worthy bread—  
Plant blue crocodiles over my head.  
Still doth the ring-dove mourn his mate,  
In the midwived orchard all night long;  
Still doth the serpent bar the gate,  
And the gray owl croon a fleshly song—  
(And crouching low on the amber roof  
Three velvet bulldogs moan aloof).  
—Fanny Driscoll in Indianapolis Herald.

On the Queen's Assailant.  
A vile wretch, impelled by viler passion,  
Had aimed exact a fiery ball at her;  
Her royal breast did suddenly heave and hop;  
The lustre of her face was lo-t, and it turned pale;  
Used be he who did such wickedness practice  
To peril the life of a female odd, a queen!  
—A Hindostanee Bard.

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With our urgent request for him to test it in every case of Headache and Neuralgia he may chance to meet, and if it fails to cure within a few minutes, nine sufferers out of every ten, let him advise his patients not to buy them. We also challenge a test in any case of Baldness. We submit that this is fair advertising, and every person reading this may have a brush on trial, as is explained further on. Now, many people are doubtful about advertised remedies, and while we have received thousands of letters inclosing the price of this article, no doubt a large number are incredulous, and hesitate to buy it through fear of being cheated. To remove this fear we have resolved to let all have them. For a time, on trial, before deciding to purchase.

In 1873, the Pall Mall Electric Association introduced this new invention in London; the sale was enormous and now extends all over Europe. It soon won its way to Royal favor, and had the distinction of being cordially endorsed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and written upon by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

Jos. R. Chapman, the Mayor of Saratoga—President of the Bank and Gas Co.—writes thus: "July, 1881. It always cures my headaches in a few minutes, and is an excellent brush, well worth the price, aside from its curative powers." Rev. Dr. Bridgeman writes from Brooklyn, N. Y.: "Never before have I had a testimonial, but am willing to encourage the use of an honest remedy. It cured my baldness, and my wife finds it a prompt and infallible cure for her headaches." Geo. Thompson, Esq., Speaker of the House of Representatives, Little Rock, Arkansas, writes: "Feb. 12, 1881. This is my first testimonial. My wife has getting bald; the brush has entirely stopped the falling hair and started a new growth. I use it for Dandruff; it works like a charm. Several friends have bought and used them for headaches, and they have never failed to cure them in about three minutes. Mayor Ponder uses it with like results. This is strictly true and given by me voluntarily without solicitation." "An infallible remedy for curing neuralgia in five minutes."—British Medical Index.

Out of a mass of letters from persons benefited we have selected three from people of some prominence; and can any sensible person think for a moment that men of position and wealth would deliberately sit down and write falsehoods for our benefit, or that we would dare publish fabrications over their signatures and addresses? Were we wealthy to use letters received from senators, judges, lawyers, doctors, ladies and gentlemen whose names are known in the highest circles in Europe and America, the readers of this paper would be astonished at the remarkable cures of Falling Hair, Baldness, Headaches, Neuralgia, etc. this Brush has effected.

Now, reader, are you bald or afflicted with Dandruff, Falling Hair, or Premature Grayness? Are you troubled with any kind of Headaches or Neuralgia? Do you wish to ward off and prevent these afflictions? No doubt you daily use a hair brush. Why not try this one? If you are not satisfied with it you may return it. The Brush is made of a beautiful material resembling black ebony, handsomely carved and filled with the best bristles (not wires). This material is permanently charged with an electro-magnetic force which immediately acts upon the hair glands, follicles, and hair. Always doing good, never any harm, it should be used daily, in place of the ordinary brush. There is no shock or sensation whatever in using it, while the power can always be tested by a compass accompanying each brush. The price is \$3.00 each, and no better brush can be found anywhere. If you wish to try it, please send us that amount and we will promptly forward it post-paid, on trial. Should you wish to return it first write us and we will send back the money. If we fail to keep this promise, the publisher is authorized to return the money to you and charge the amount to you. Is not this fair? When all advertisers offer these honorable terms, they show proper faith in their remedies and the public will be quick to respond. We cannot do more to invite your confidence, and hope you will give us a trial. If you prefer, you can obtain it on the same terms from any drug or Fancy Store, but accept no substitute, and see that Dr. Scott's name is on the box, and "Electric" on the back of the Brush. If your druggist refuses to let you have it on these terms (which we authorize him to do), write directly to us. Remittances can be made by money order, draft, currency, or stamps, payable to GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York, and mention this paper.

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for Rheumatism, Nervous Com-  
plaints, Impaired Circulation,  
Malarial Lameness, etc.  
Sent on trial, Price \$3.00.

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ELECTRIC CORSET.  
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**RESOURCES.**  
Bank Premises.....\$150,000 00  
Other Real Estate.....6,225 35  
United States Bonds.....626,977 35  
Loans on Real Estate.....134,568 00  
Loans on bonds, gas, water and  
bank stock.....132,198 35  
Loans on other securities.....577,443 96  
Loans on personal security.....1,106,004 27  
Due from banks and bankers.....392,457 61  
Money on hand.....398,669 34  
**LIABILITIES.** \$3,523,544 23  
Capital paid up.....\$1,000,000 00  
Surplus.....460,759 13  
Due Depositors.....1,988,635 07  
Due Banks and Bankers.....174,970 53  
Dividends unpaid.....59 50  
\$3,523,544 23

R. H. McDonald, President.

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Manufactured by S. R. & J. C. Mott at their  
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intoxicating, and is at all times a pleasant fam-  
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# The Argonaut.

VOL. X. NO. 22.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 3, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## MY UNCLE'S SECRET.

The Romantic Story of Three Blighted Lives.

One morning—I well remember the date, the twenty-fifth of May, 1860—a letter was handed me addressed to my husband. Upon the envelope was written "great haste." I recognized the chirography of my Aunt Saint-Hymer, who only wrote upon anniversaries. It must have been a grave circumstance that caused her to deviate from this habit. I opened the letter. Its contents were as follows:

MY DEAR CHILD: Your uncle is very ill; he has had a stroke of apoplexy. Come to my aid; I am beside myself with grief. Your affectionate aunt,  
PERUVIER DE SAINT-HYMER.

Never did letter arrive more opportunely. I exulted. This requires an explanation. My husband, in spite of my protestations, had gone to London to see the Derby. If he had listened to me and remained at home, he might have responded in person to this tender appeal, and closed his uncle's eyes. True, no one could have foreseen such a calamity, and one could never travel if the possible death of relatives were always in mind. After some deliberation I concluded to go alone, regarding myself in the meantime as an angel of devotion, and my husband as a model of selfishness. My maid, to whom I had communicated my charitable zeal, made preparations so quickly that we were in time for the noon train. While *en route* reflection brought the remembrance of my very slight acquaintance with this aunt, for whom I had conceived such a sudden tenderness. After my marriage, and during the honey-moon, I had made a short visit to Saint-Hymer, and, to be sincere, retained no very pleasant recollections of the place. A dilapidated castle, situated admirably, surrounded by moats, whose waters were fed by cascades, magnificent woods, a view with no limit save a distant hand, now dark, now bright, which they told me was the sea. As to our hosts, they might have stepped out of the old family pictures. My uncle was bald, his piercing black eyes half-hidden by heavy, bushy eyebrows; my aunt with white hair, formerly blonde, the sweetest and prettiest face in the world, and possessing a natural and indescribable air of good breeding. That sojourn in Normandy left only an impression of sadness. I had there my first quarrel with Henry, who did not wish me to visit Trouville. We could not, he said, leave the relatives with whom we were to remain so short a time. My aunt divined my secret desire, and used every effort for the excursion, and so gracefully withal that she won my everlasting gratitude.

We had often intended to return to Saint-Hymer, but something unforeseen had always prevented it, and our aunt accepted rather lame excuses with the greatest sweetness. When I perceived her upon the platform, as she eagerly watched the opening of every carriage door for the expected nephew, how sad her face! She did not at first recognize me, but when I told her my name she threw herself into my arms.

"Is it you, dear child?" she exclaimed. "You have come in your husband's place. May heaven reward you!"

No sooner seated in the carriage waiting for us than she related that the evening before, having left the table, my uncle was seated, as usual, by the fire, reading his journal, while she was working at the window, when she heard a rustling of paper. She turned, and perceived that her husband had fallen from his chair. Alarmed, she called for help, and he was carried dead, as she thought, to his room. A physician arrived, and applied remedies which in time restored her to consciousness, but he had not yet recovered speech. I endeavored to console her with the customary platitudes, though, to be candid, I could not understand her despair, for it was rumored that her domestic life was not of the happiest. The remainder of the ride passed in silence, and I enjoyed the charming scenery through the country, marveling at the apple-trees in bloom—a novel and beautiful sight to me.

"How is he?" cried my aunt to the doctor, who was coming to meet us over the draw-bridge.

"Better; he is resting."

"Has he spoken?"

"Not very distinctly; but he has uttered a few words."

"I will hasten to him." And my aunt, who had descended from the carriage, was hurrying toward the castle.

The doctor restrained her. "No, do not disturb him now; he is sleeping. I am going to the city, and will return in an hour, when I will see if you can speak to him without risk. Until then leave him in perfect quiet."

"Have you any hope?" I asked the physician.

"Unless complications arise, which are always to be dreaded, I think Monsieur de Saint-Hymer will recover."

The physicians of Pont-l'Évêque answer like those of Paris: If your uncle does not die, why, forsooth, he will live.

My aunt installed me in a room which she had rendered as comfortable as possible. Although the furniture was very ancient, everything was exquisitely neat, and a bright fire glowed in the grate.

As soon as I had changed my dress I rejoined my aunt in a little parlor, connecting with a smaller sleeping apartment beyond, in which all that passed in the sick-chamber could be heard. She seemed calmer, and after kissing me said, gravely:

"My dear child, since you have been so good as to take Henry's place, I shall consider you my own niece, and expect the affection of one. Perhaps your uncle will be more affected by the tears of a woman than by the prayers of a nephew whom he has neither known nor loved."

"You can rely upon my entire devotion," I replied, not a little surprised at the mysterious service required of me.

"Before the doctor's return," she resumed, "I have time to tell you, in a few words, my sad history: I have loved and I have suffered; but it is necessary to impart to you only a few particulars. You doubtless heard, when you entered into the family, that you had in the depths of Normandy an old uncle and aunt who had lived for many years in retirement, but wherefore you knew not. I will now tell you. I was born in the year 1797. Providence did not destine me to happiness, for I was endowed with a melancholy disposition, but a loving heart. My mother died in giving me birth, and my sister and myself were brought up under the supervision of a governess. Our father, whom we adored, we saw but little of, so absorbed was he by his duties as Counsellor of State. His ambition rendered him inconsolable, because he could not participate in the military glory of Napoleon. My sister had married General Count Maurin, and I was destined for some brilliant officer. You can not imagine what influence the profession of arms exercised over the mind of a young girl at that period. Every officer appeared a hero of romance, and when at length Monsieur d'Azif was presented to me with a view to marriage, I was not indifferent to him. Victor d'Azif was a man with charming manners, an agreeable and cultivated mind, and remarkably handsome. He had been decorated upon the battle-field, and was one of the most brilliant officers of that army, which counted its heroes by scores. The future promised boundless happiness. The profession of my betrothed, which might have been a source of sorrow to another, filled me with pride and joy.

"We were to have been married during the year 1814. The invasion of France prevented it; I believed it only postponed. Upon the return of the Bourbons, Monsieur d'Azif followed the Emperor to Elba. While there he wrote a letter to my father, most delicately worded, giving back his troth. Exiled and poor, he could no longer aspire to the hand of a wealthy heiress. If he believed thus to make me forget him, he was mistaken, and I vowed to love him forever. My father, however, admired such consideration, and quite approved of it. Against my will, negotiations were commenced with Monsieur de Saint-Hymer, a refugee strongly in favor at the court. Thinking always of Victor, no one rejoiced as much as I over Napoleon's return from Elba. My enthusiasm had no opportunity to display itself, for my father sent me, upon the nineteenth of March, to his estate in the south of France, soon following me there. He had no confidence in the re-establishment of the empire, and wished to await in retirement the issue of the struggle. If Victor attempted to see or write to me I was not made aware of it.

"After the second restoration we returned to Paris, and my father, desirous of affirming his political situation, thought again of Monsieur de Saint-Hymer. Of Monsieur d'Azif there could be no question. Condemned, proscribed, he had sought refuge in America, and nothing more was known of him. My sister and her husband were in exile. Every one failed me. An appeal was made to my filial devotion. By marrying Monsieur de Saint-Hymer, I could assure to my father a new and brilliant career. They laid great stress upon Victor's silence during the Hundred Days. Finally—how can I tell you? I was weak and culpable, for I became Madame de Saint-Hymer.

"Alas! I have been punished. My husband did not love me, but was always cold and reserved when in my company; I felt no tenderness for him, knowing he had married me for the considerable fortune which I inherited from my mother. Unjust as youth ever is, I could not pardon his ingratitude for the sacrifice I had made in marrying him. His love of self was so great that he had no consideration for others, and I have always been another. In our condition there is in the pleasures of society a resource against unhappiness. I availed myself of it. Brilliant distractions made me forget my sad home. But when I returned there to find a gloomy face and an unsympathetic heart, I was overwhelmed with grief. How often, on arriving home from a hall, have I passed the remainder of the night weeping over the remembrances of the past.

"My sister and her husband were permitted to return to France. They resided in Paris, and the happiest moments of my life were passed with them—moments rare, however, for M. de Saint-Hymer did not approve of an intimacy with enemies of the Bourbons. One day Juliette, my sister, accosted me by saying: 'Marie, I have news to tell you. Unexpectedly I met an old friend to-day. He spoke of you. He is not at all changed.'

"Who was it?" I asked. I do not know what presentiment overcame me, for Juliette laughingly replied:

"You have guessed, then; your emotion betrays you. That surprises me, for I thought you had forgotten him."

"It was indeed Victor, who, having obtained his pardon, had returned from America. Scarcely had I recovered myself when he entered the drawing-room. Happily Juliette was the only witness of our interview; for we were unable

to conceal our agitation. The joy of this meeting brought ere long enough trouble and pain. He explained the reason why he thought it more worthy to renounce me than to ask me to share his poverty and exile. I expected some reproach for having so soon forgotten him and married another. On the contrary, he excused me, understanding that I had sacrificed myself for my father, and had been convinced that he loved me no longer. You understand, my dear niece the state of my soul at that time, and will not be astonished to know that, unhappy with a husband who disdained me, I felt my former sentiments revive for M. d'Azif. I asked but little of fate. To meet Victor occasionally at my sister's, and to talk with him as a friend, was all I required. I had forbidden him, after our first conversation, to refer again to the past.

"One day, having enjoyed an interesting conversation with him, in which he had related his last campaign, I thought, while returning home alone, what matters the daily sadness of my life, since there exist such pure joy and sympathy as unite me to Victor? Upon entering, I saw in my sitting-room M. de Saint-Hymer, who was rapidly pacing the floor.

"Where have you been?" he demanded, angrily. "It would be right for me to refuse to answer; but I will tell you that I have been visiting my sister. What harm do you see in that?"

"An explanation is unnecessary. It does not suit me to have you continue your relations with your sister, and I warn you that I am resolved, if you do not respect my wishes, to leave Paris, and to take you to Saint-Hymer. I have had enough of the court. Princes are ungrateful, and I only require an occasion to leave it. Reflect upon what I have said, as I never break my word." Saying this, he left the room.

"Did he know that I had seen M. d'Azif? It was probable he would not have displayed so much severity for my sister alone. Since they were forbidden, these interviews were culpable, and it was my duty to renounce them. How could I do so without a word of explanation? I could not, in a letter to my sister, explain the implacable purpose of M. de Saint-Hymer. To tell the truth, I must see Victor once again to bid him farewell. Therefore one day, thinking my husband to be attending to his duties, I found myself in my sister's little salon. I remember that this salon was decorated in the fashion of a tent, and that the seats were in the form of drums. M. d'Azif was sitting upon one of them, while I was relating to Juliette the cruel order which forbade me ever seeing them again, when the drapery which concealed the door was raised, and M. de Saint-Hymer entered. A treacherous servant had betrayed me!

"What self-control he had! Not a muscle of his face changed. Only I, who knew him, noticed the livid pallor which overspread his face. We rose dumbfounded; none dared to speak. My husband appeared to enjoy our embarrassment, and with perfect calmness, turning toward my sister, said to her:

"You wonder, madame, to see me here; but I did not wish to leave Paris without taking my leave of you. Madame de Saint-Hymer must have told you that we are going away, probably for years."

"Is your departure near? Marie has told me nothing."

"We start this evening; and I must take your sister from you, for she has hardly time to finish her preparations."

"Resistance was useless. I had only one fear—that Monsieur Saint-Hymer and Monsieur d'Azif would make a pretext for quarrelling. They did not, apparently, even see each other. I kissed my sister, and followed my husband.

"We set out the next morning, and arrived at this castle in the month of December."

Thus far had the narration of my aunt proceeded when dinner was announced.

"Poor child," said she, "you must be famished. So long have these remembrances lasted that I fear I weary you with useless repetitions and complaints."

I assured her of my interest, devotion, and affection, and we descended to the dining-room. She could not resume her narrative in presence of the servants; so, after a few general remarks, we relapsed into silence—she preoccupied with gloomy reflections, I thinking of her sad history. While at dessert the doctor entered. He had just left his patient, who was better, and he came to conduct my aunt to him. Scarcely excusing herself, always so punctilious heretofore, she left me to finish alone.

After waiting a long time, I decided to go back to the little parlor where we had been before dinner. Timidly I stole into the dimly-lighted room. It communicated with the sick man's chamber. What was passing there? I recognized the voice of my aunt, but could catch only a few broken words in the midst of sobs.

"Be pitiful; tell me the truth. I am here on my knees beside your bed. Speak to me—you can. Do you understand me? Oh, I have suffered so bitterly! Have pity on me."

She prayed and supplicated thus I know not how long—the seconds seemed minutes, the minutes hours. At length a feeble and indistinct voice—that of the sick man, no doubt—ended this dramatic scene.

"Doctor, I am weary; let me be left alone."

My aunt immediately returned into the room, supported by the doctor, exhausted by the efforts she had made.



fainted when placed upon a couch; but when she was restored the physician left her, and returned to his charge. Suddenly she left the sofa; her face was illuminated, her eyes brilliant. It might almost have been said she hoped.

"Such an idea! Why did it not occur to me sooner?" She rang, and ordered that the carriage he sent in all haste for the village priest.

"Awaken him, if he is asleep, and tell him that Monsieur de Saint-Hymer is dying. He was formerly our pastor," she said, "and was with us on that fatal day. But I must finish my story. You must know it. If the abbé fails, as has the doctor, as I have, then, my child, I will put your devotion to use."

But let me resume. After some reflection, in a voice she strove to render calm, she commenced: "To-day Saint-Hymer appears melancholy to you. What would you have called it thirty years ago? We were in the midst of a forest, without neighbors and without roads. We arrived by a highway through the forest. Worse still, a band of thieves were devastating the farms. I passed my days weeping, my nights trembling with fear. Imagine how those first months dragged! In spite of everything, however, time passed thus until the twelfth of February. I will never forget that date. Monsieur de Saint-Hymer did not appear unhappy. Much of his time was occupied—he had condescended to be mayor of the district. He pursued the brigands, and swore they should not escape him. It was almost certain that they operated under the orders of a chief, an escape from justice by the name of Sylvain. One day a soldier, who came to consult Monsieur de Saint-Hymer, told us their presence had been discovered in the town, and men were on their track. I was still under the impression of this news when told that a little boy wished to speak to me. I had him enter. It was an orphan whom Mother Rose, a pensioner of mine, had adopted. The poor old woman was ill, and wished to see me. She was a favorite, and I did not hesitate. I threw on a mantle, and followed the little man. In a quarter of an hour I was at her cottage. I entered without rapping.

"You do not look very ill," I said to her, much surprised. "Ah! good lady, it has passed. But I wanted you to come and see him."

"With her finger she pointed to a form that I could scarcely discern in the semi-darkness—a man dressed in a blouse, a slouched hat upon his head. I thought instantly of Sylvain, and ran screaming to the door. Before I reached it a hand rested upon mine, an arm embraced me, and a voice murmured in my ear:

"Ah! madame, for pity's sake do not flee from me!" It was Monsieur d'Azif. No sooner did I hear that tender voice, and feel that soft breath upon my cheek, than all feeling vanished save perfect delight. My happiness was brief. I remembered the chain that bound me. What could Monsieur d'Azif be to me, since I was the wife of another? Victor seated me in a chair near the fire.

"Pardon me for this deception," he said; "you have run no risk. I knew that Monsieur de Saint-Hymer was absent. I have been watching you for a week. If I have been observed, thanks to my costume, I would be taken for one of the robbers, perhaps for Sylvain himself. No one under this blouse would recognize Victor d'Azif."

"But I will spare you superfluous details. Victor could not support life without me, and had sworn to take me from my retreat. What an unkind fate had severed he would reunite. He had made preparations to be beyond all search, and the suspicions of Monsieur de Saint-Hymer. It was the time when Greece had rebelled against Turkey. Her cause had touched all the liberals of Europe. Many soldiers and officers of France, whom the restoration had left without occupation, started for the seat of war. Monsieur d'Azif received one day a visit from an old soldier of his company who was going to enlist in the service of Greece. An idea suddenly occurred to Victor. He stipulated with this man that he should enroll himself under the name of his old captain. Leon Millet should pass for Victor d'Azif. Everything had been arranged between them. Millet was to wait in Paris two days more. If Victor failed to appear on the fifteenth of February, Millet should embark, and fight the Turks under his name. If, on the contrary, I would not accompany him, he would join his old companion in arms, and find death upon some battle-field. A carriage was waiting in concealment; the coachman, a reliable man whom he had brought from Paris.

"It is impossible to convey to you with what eloquence Victor pleaded. There were times when I pressed my hands over my ears, lest I should yield to the intoxicating charm of his words. If I refused, I sent him to certain death; if I listened, I failed in my most sacred duties. Had I not always considered honor more than happiness? I forced myself to resist his ardor, to object to all his plans. Nothing discouraged him, and when he depicted our life together, free from every tie, forgotten by the world, I could only murmur: 'No; never, never.' Then he redoubled his vows, threw himself at my feet, and covered my hands with kisses. Suddenly Rose entered to tell me that the carriage of Monsieur de Saint-Hymer was returning to the château. He must not suspect my absence. I was saved.

"I reached the castle before my husband. He had returned enchanted at the prospect of a battle with the robbers, which seemed imminent. After our cheerless dinner, I hastened to my room that I might reflect upon the events of the day. How varied were my feelings! Joy to be so beloved by Victor, sorrow at his unhappiness, and the thought that perhaps I was sacrificing myself, as well as him, to a chimerical duty. Did my husband, who had never loved me, merit such a sacrifice? I almost repented having been inflexible; if Victor had appeared before me at that moment I might have followed him. There was still time. Midnight had not struck. Could I not leave that dreadful house, and, favored by the night, reach Rose's cottage? I would see if flight were possible. I opened the door and stepped into the corridor, but started hastily back. I saw Monsieur de Saint-Hymer entering the house, fully armed, a dark-lantern in his hand. He had, without doubt, been patrolling the park. The state of mind in which I was, the step I was attempting, the influence of the night, all combined to make me fanciful; therefore I thought that heaven had suddenly brought my husband before me as an avenger. That silent figure seemed to say, 'Thou shalt go no farther.' Having closed the door, I fell upon my knees, and remained a long time in prayer. I looked upon myself as a guilty

creature, who could never shed tears enough to wash away this fault. At last I resolved to seek some rest. In vain, for sleep forsook me. I was a prey to the cruellest thoughts, when a sound of footsteps, a murmur of voices fell upon my ear. Monsieur de Saint-Hymer's door opened, and he cautiously descended. Rising immediately, I drew back the curtains, but it was too dark to distinguish anything. I perceived for an instant a glimmer; a lantern, probably. Finally a shot rang through the door. I heard voices, among them that of Monsieur de Saint-Hymer. He had not been struck then. More dead than alive, I hurried to the door, and was going out, when my husband appeared, escorted by guards and farmers. He saw me and cried, joyously:

"Reassure yourself, my dear; the robbers no longer have a chief; I have just killed Sylvain."

"God be praised; it was Sylvain. A horrible foreboding had seized me."

"Are you sure it was he?"

"Positive; I saw him with my lantern, and shot him full in the face."

"He would have explained how it happened, but I heeded to be spared the horrible details, and induced him to take some rest. A frightful suspicion overpowered me. How did I know that Victor had not come to the castle; that he had not attempted to see me once again? Was it not he who had been killed? I was mad. With the dawn calmness returned, and banished as fancies the fears which had tortured me. Monsieur de Saint-Hymer was still asleep, and I learned that the body of the handit was in a room below. I ran over to see Rose. Perhaps Victor would be there. I heard nothing reassuring, however. Victor had left her at midnight, saying he should not return, but would go away in the carriage waiting for him. In all probability he had gone, but who knows? What more natural than for him to have made one last attempt before leaving me forever. He might have taken my lamp, which was lighted, for a signal.

"The officers had come at last. Now I should know the truth. Alas! when I questioned them, they told me that the corpse was too disfigured to be recognizable. But it did not matter, as Monsieur de Saint-Hymer affirmed that the dead had all the features of Sylvain. They assured me, with polite indifference, that there was nothing to fear, and that they should carry the body in a few minutes to Pont-l'Évêque, where it would be re-examined. I had no time to lose. I must see the dead man. Ah! I should certainly recognize Victor! How much courage it required to open the door of that darkened room! It was the servants' dining-room. Upon the table lay the body, covered with a sheet. Ah! horrible anguish! There was blood upon the floor. I approached, lifted the sheet, saw something shapeless and red. My strength failed, and with a cry I fainted.

"On recovering my senses, I found myself in bed, my husband hending over me."

"You have been insane," he said, in a voice never to be forgotten. "Think no more of Sylvain; he is dead, and will be buried to-morrow."

"Who could prove that it was true? I sought to divine the thoughts concealed behind that impenetrable brow, but have never succeeded. What torment like that of this enigma of which I have sought the key for thirty years in vain? I would have made a had detective, for despite every effort, I have been unable to gather a single clue. For a time I hoped that the carriage which Victor brought would throw some light on his fate. Neither the coachman nor the carriage were seen after ten o'clock of the night of the twelfth of February. It had gone to the rendezvous. Had it carried him away?—had it gone without him? That remains an unsolved problem."

"Sylvain's hand was at length captured; but Sylvain was not with it. Some of his accomplices said he had been killed; others, that he had gone to England. About two months after the event Monsieur de Saint-Hymer approached me with a newspaper in his hand. I knew by the compression of his lips that he brought bad news."

"Here is a journal," he said, "which announces the death of one of our old friends—Monsieur d'Azif. He perished in Greece, fighting like a lion."

"This comforted me somewhat. If he had died in Greece, he had accomplished the second part of his project. Then my husband was innocent of the murder of which I had accused him, and I was not living with an assassin. But if Millet had died there, he had been mistaken for Monsieur d'Azif, whose name and papers he had borrowed, and this tragic blunder proved that Victor's plan was ingeniously conceived."

"Nothing can convey to you an idea of my life, always clouded by this mystery. You may say that to penetrate it is of little importance; that death, if it does not satisfy, at least delivers us from all curiosity. I have never laid my head upon the pillow without living over again all the incidents of that fatal night. I tremble with terror, thinking Victor may be dead; that he recognized Monsieur de Saint-Hymer; that he believed himself betrayed. But in either case, have I not enough to fill me with despair if I suppose that my unhappy friend was killed by the Turks far from home, far from me? Ah! you weep, you pity me. Once I had the courage to question Monsieur de Saint-Hymer; but he answered in such a way that I never dared attempt it again. He enjoyed my misery. I hoped the approach of death would soften him, but have been mistaken. Only a miracle would render him merciful."

"We will attempt it," said a grave voice. It was the priest, who had surprised us, and who had heard my aunt's last words."

"Ah, you have come, father!" cried she. "Save me! He will open that stony heart to you."

He told us to hope, and went into the dying man's room. While awaiting his return, we knelt and prayed.

Suddenly my aunt rose. "Well, well?" and she extended her arms toward the priest.

"M. de Saint-Hymer is dead; let us pray for the repose of his soul?"

"Has he spoken?"

"The secrecy of the confessional cannot be broken. Recite the prayers for the dead."

In the next room lay the dead man, stark and grim. My uncle's secret had gone with him to the grave—Adapted from the French for the Argonaut by Mrs. May A. Halsey.

## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Balzac was the neighbor of Prince Z—, and often used to pay him a visit in the morning, clad in the completest *négligé*. One day Balzac met at his neighbor's a niece of the prince, and felt bound to excuse himself on the nature of his attire. "Monsieur," replied the young lady, "when I read your books I did not trouble myself about the hindings."

When Wagnerism came in, perhaps twenty years ago, the adherents of the old school, with its lovely melodic phrases and forms, did not take kindly to the romantic noise and discord. Rietz had been conducting a rehearsal of the introduction to "Der Fliegende Holländer," and, as he laid down his baton, said: "Really, this ends quite pleasantly; I fear some of you have been playing false notes."

One of the funny things in Lord Cockburn's works on Edinburgh, seventy years ago, is his portrait of a venerable old lady, the clergyman's widow, sitting neatly dressed in her high back chair, with her grandchildren round her, and when one of them, in reading the newspaper to her, stumbled upon a paragraph to the effect that the reputation of a certain fair one at court had suffered from some indiscreet talk of the Prince of Wales, starting up and exclaiming with a broad Scottish accent, and an indignant shake of her shriveled fist, "The damned villain! does he kiss and tell?"

A Nashville merchant's wife recently gave him the following letter, with instructions that it should not be opened until he got to his place of business: "I am forced to tell you something that I know will trouble you, but it is my duty to do so. I am determined you shall know it, let the result be what it may. I have known for a week that this trial was coming, but kept it to myself until to-day, when it has reached a crisis, and I can not keep it any longer. You must not censure me too harshly, for you must reap the results as well as myself. I do hope it won't crush you." [Here he turned over to the next page, his hair slowly rising.] "The flour is all out. Please send me some this afternoon. I thought that by this method you would not forget it." The husband telephoned forthwith for a barrel of the best flour in the market to be sent to his home instantly.

Dr. John M. Mason, for years pastor of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, of New York, upon one occasion went to Washington to look after some matters in which he was interested. It being known that he was to remain over Sunday, arrangements were made to have him preach. Congress was in session, and among its members was a Southern senator more noted for his brilliancy than his piety. This senator had a good, pious, psalm-singing friend in the city. The friend, knowing of the eloquence of Dr. Mason, and thinking it would be a pleasure to his senatorial friend, urged him to go and hear the sermon. He did so. The next morning the senator was met by his psalm-singing friend, who said to him: "Well, did you hear Dr. Mason preach?" "Oh, yes." "Well, how did you like him?" "Very much; very eloquent discourse. But, by the way, what kind of hymns do you folks use around here?" "Hymns! Rouse's metre of David's Psalms." "Rouse's metre of David's Psalms. Oh! then I know why Saul pursued him over the mountains, and tried to kill him."

Lord Newton was known as the wearer of "Covington's gown," in memory of the patriotism and humanity displayed by the latter in defending the Jacobite prisoners on their trial at Carlisle in 1747. He participated largely in the hacchanalian propensities so prevalent among the legal men of his time, and was frequently known to put "three lang craigs" (i. e., long-necked bottles of claret,) "under his belt" after dinner, and thereafter dictate to his clerk a paper of more than sixty pages. The MS. would then be sent to press, and the proofs he corrected next morning at the bar of the Inner House. He would often spend the whole night in convivial indulgence at the Crochallan Club, perhaps he driven home to York Place about seven o'clock in the morning, sleep for two hours, and be seated on the bench at the usual hour. The French traveler, Simond, relates his surprise "on stepping one morning into the Parliament House to find, in the dignified capacity and exhibiting all the dignified bearing of a judge, the very gentleman with whom he had just spent a night of debauch and parted from only one hour before, when both were excessively intoxicated."

The following story is related of an immensely wealthy American in Europe, who, having made his fortune suddenly, as suddenly found out that it was the correct thing to have a coat-of-arms on his carriage. So he ordered one. The celebrated advertising heraldic stationer was a bit of a wag in his way, and took the old fellow's measure at a glance. "What you want is a crest and motto, sir," said he, politely. "I guess so." He was requested to call next day, and see the design, and promptly went. The crest was a mailed arm holding a dagger—"something uncommon," the heraldic man said—and the motto, "Semper nobilis omnibus benignus," which means, he explained, translated freely, "Always noble and kind to everybody." The old man was delighted. "Now, the latest style of printing mottoes," pursued the shopman, "is initializing the words after the fashion of the old Roman motto: 'Senatus populusque Romanus,' which the ancients abbreviated into S. P. Q. R. Of course you'd like yours done like that, sir?" "Most assuredly," replied the living gold-mine, and he forthwith ordered reams of note-paper, and envelopes to match, stamped instantly, in gold, and silver, and every known hue. Well, he and his wife used the stationery a month or so, writing to every one they could think of, when one fine morning, while studying the decoration, it suddenly dawned upon him that the caption of the sheet to which he had been daily and hourly affixing his valuable signature was nothing more nor less than S. N. O. B.



## ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

Al Koran.

Man chooseth to be wicked.  
The pit of hell is a burning fire.  
Eat and drink with easy digestion.  
Woe unto the slanderer and backbiter.  
Man shall have the preëminence over woman.  
The discourse of infidels proceedeth from Satan.  
One hour of justice is worth seventy years of prayer.  
Deliver us, O Lord, from the mischief of women blowing.  
Poets are liars; the greater part of them are bereft of their senses.

When a man dies, they who survive him ask what property he has left behind. The angel who bends over the dying man asks what good deeds he has sent before him.

No man can anticipate or postpone his predetermined end. Death will overtake us even in lofty towers. From the beginning God hath settled the place in which each man shall die. No man can by flight escape his fate. The destinies ride their horses by night. Whether asleep in bed, or in the storm of battle, the Angel of Death will find thee. The outline is given us; we color the picture of life as well as we will. If we would overcome the laws of nature, we must not resist; we must balance them against each other.

Buddha.

Better than sovereignty over the earth, better than going to heaven, better than lordship over all the worlds, is the reward of the first step in holiness.

He who lives pure in thought, free from malice, contented, leading a holy life, feeling tenderness for all creatures, speaking wisely and kindly, humble and sincere, has the Deity ever in his heart.

A wise man must faithfully discharge all his moral duties, even though he does not constantly perform the ceremonies of religion. He will fall very low if he performs ceremonial acts only, and fails to discharge his moral duties. There are two roads that conduct to perfect virtue—to be true, and to do no evil to any creature.

Why say I will go on a pilgrimage to the holy city of Benares? Why long for the sacred wells? How shall the true Benares be obtained by an evil-doer? Though we live in the desert, sanctity is not there; nor is it in the sky; nor on the earth at the confluence of holy streams. Convert thy body into a temple, and govern thyself. Give up evil thoughts, and see God with thine internal eye.

Omar-Khayyam.

The mean man is sure to gloss his faults.

To lead an uninstructed people to war, is to throw them away.

Why use an ox-knife to kill a fowl?—(Disproportioned effort.)

Those whose courses are different can not lay plans for one another.

He who speaks without modesty will find it difficult to make his words good.

If a man take no thought about what is distant, he will find sorrow near at hand.

When a man of forty is the object of dislike, he will always continue what he is.

To be poor without murmuring is difficult. To be rich without being proud is easy.

To have faults and not to reform them—this indeed should be pronounced having faults.

The people may be made to follow a line of action, but they may not be made to understand it.

He who is not in any particular office has nothing to do with plans for the administration of its duties.

The superior man hates to dwell in a low lying situation, where all the evil of the world will flow in upon him.

He who requires much from himself and little from others, will keep himself from being the object of resentment.

Hold faithfulness and sincerity as first principles; if the will be set on virtue, there will be no practice of wickedness.

When you have found out the truth of any accusation, be grieved for and pity the accused, and do not feel joy at your own ability.

The reason why the ancients did not readily give utterance to their words was that they feared lest their actions should not come up to them.

Confucius.

For one word a man is often deemed to be wise, and for one word he is often deemed to be foolish. We ought to be careful indeed what we say.

When the multitude hate a man, it is necessary to examine into the case. When the multitude like a man, it is necessary to examine into the case.

When we see men of worth, we should think of equaling them; when we see men of a contrary character, we should turn inward, and examine ourselves.

Things that are done, it is needless to speak about; things that have had their course, it is needless to remonstrate about; things that are past, it is needless to blame.

"It is according to rules of propriety," they say. Are gems and silk all that is meant by propriety? "It is music," they say. Are bells and drums all that is meant by music?

The man who is fond of daring, and is dissatisfied with poverty, will proceed to insubordination. So will the man who is not virtuous, when you carry your dislike of him to an extreme.

What is the good of being ready with the tongue? They who meet men with smartness of speech for the most part procure themselves hatred. I know not whether he be truly virtuous, but why should he show readiness of the tongue?

Do not be desirous to have things done quickly; do not look at small advantages. Desire to have things done quickly prevents their being done thoroughly. Looking at small advantages prevents great affairs from being accomplished.

I would not have him to act with me who will unarmed attack a tiger, or cross a river without a boat, dying without any regret. My associate must be the man who proceeds to action full of solicitude, who is fond of adjusting his plans, and then carries them into execution.

## OLD FAVORITES.

Apple-Blossoms.

Hither and thither they swung, Madeline Hays—  
The bloom-loaded apple-tree boughs,  
The rose-scented apple-tree boughs,  
The pink-untinted apple-tree boughs—  
In the merry May days.

Hither and thither they swung, Madeline Hays;  
The blossoms and you together,  
Rose-tinted, and light as a feather,  
All in the merry May weather,  
My rose-untinted Madeline Hays.

Down in the wet green grass, Madeline Hays,  
Where the brown bees cluster and hover;  
Down in the cowslips and clover,  
With the apple-tree blossoms sprinkled over,  
I awaited you, Madeline Hays.

Down in the wet green grass, Madeline Hays,  
Ankle-deep, I pleaded and flattered,  
While the blackbird whistled and chattered,  
And the pink-blossoms pelted and pattered,  
All in the merry May days.

"Come down, come down to me, Madeline Hays!"  
I pleaded, and pleaded in vain;  
While the pink pelted rain  
And your laugh of disdain  
Only answered me, Madeline Hays.

"Come down, come down to me, Madeline Hays!"  
I pleaded and flattered once more,  
And you laughed in my face as before,  
'Till the wind blew down with a roar.  
What happened then, Madeline Hays?

The wind blew down with a roar, Madeline Hays,  
Breaking branches and boughs in the race.  
Blowing blossoms and buds in my face;  
What else did I catch and embrace  
As the hough broke, Madeline Hays?

Soft yellow silk hair, Madeline Hays,  
Unrolling its lovely Greek twist,  
Blowing out its golden mist—  
It was this that I caught first and kissed,  
My bloom-blushing Madeline Hays!

Then through hair all a-dazzle, Madeline Hays,  
Eyes and mouth, cheek and chin too,  
Out of the dazzle came glimmering through  
All the love colors—red, white, and blue—  
What could a man do, Madeline Hays?

—Nora Perry.

Kathie Morris.

Ah! fine it was that April time, when gentle winds were blowing,  
To hunt for pale arbutus-blossoms that hide beneath the leaves,  
To hear the merry rain come down, and see the clover growing,  
And watch the airy swallows as they darted round the eaves.

You wonder why I dream to-night of clover that was growing  
So many years ago, my wife, when we were in our prime;  
For, hark! the wind is in the flue, and Johnny says 'tis snowing,  
And through the storm the clanging bells ring in the Christmas time.

I can not tell, but something sweet about my heart is clinging—  
A vision and a memory—'tis little that I mind  
The weary wintry weather, for I hear the robins singing,  
And the petals of the apple-blossoms are ruffled in the wind.

It was a sunny morn in May, and in the fragrant meadow  
I lay, and dreamed of one fair face, as fair and fresh as spring;  
Would Kathie Morris love me? Then in sunshine and in shadow  
I built up lofty castles on a golden wedding-ring.

Oh, sweet it was to dream of her, the soldier's only daughter,  
The pretty, pious Puritan, that flirted so with Will;  
The music of her winsome mouth was like the laughing water  
That broke in silvery syllables by Farmer Philip's mill.

And Will had gone away to sea; he did not leave her grieving;  
Her honny heart was not for him, so reckless and so vain;  
And Will turned out a huccaneer, and hanged was he for thieving  
And scuttling helpless ships that sailed across the Spanish main.

And I had come to grief for her, the scornful village beauty,  
For oh she had a witty tongue could cut you like a knife;  
She scanned me with her handsome eyes, and I, in bounden duty,  
Did love her—loved her more for that—and wearied of my life.

And yet 'twas sweet to dream of her, to think her wavy tresses  
Might rest, some happy, happy day, like sunshine on my cheek;  
The idle winds that fanned my brow I dreamed were her caresses,  
And in the robin's twitterings I heard my sweetheart speak.

And as I lay and dreamed of her, her fairy face adorning  
With lover's fancies, treasuring the slightest word she said,  
'Twas Kathie broke upon me like a blushing summer morning,  
And a half-oped rosy clover reddened underneath her tread.

Then I looked up at Kathie, and her eyes were full of laughter;  
'Oh, Kathie, Kathie Morris, I am lying at your feet;  
Bend above me, say you love me, that you'll love me ever after,  
Or let me lie and die here, in the fragrant meadow sweet!"

And then I turned my face away, and trembled at my daring,  
For wildly, wildly had I spoke, with flashing cheek and eye;  
And there was silence; I looked up, all pallid and despairing,  
For fear she'd take me at my word, and leave me there to die.

The silken fringes of her eyes upon her cheeks were drooping,  
Her merciless white fingers tore a blushing hud apart;  
Then, quick as lightning, Kathie came, and kneeling half and stooping,  
She hid her honny, honny face against my heating heart!

Oh, nestle, nestle, nestle there! the heart would give thee greeting;  
Lie thou there, all trustfully, in trouble and in pain;  
This breast shall shield thee from the storm, and hear its hither beating,  
These arms shall hold thee tenderly in sunshine and in rain.

Old sexton, set your chimes in tune, and let there be no snarling;  
Ring out a happy wedding-hymn to all the listening air;  
And, girls, strew roses as she comes—the scornful brown-eyed darling—  
A princess, by the wavy gold and glistening of her hair!

Hark! hear the bells! The Christmas bells? Oh no; who set them ringing?  
I think I hear our bridal bells, and I with joy am blind—  
Johnny, don't make such a noise!—I hear the robins singing,  
And the petals of the apple-blossoms are ruffled in the wind.

Ah, Kathie! you've been true to me in fair and cloudy weather;  
Our Father has been good to us when we've been sorely tried;  
I pray to God, when we must die, that we may die together,  
And slumber softly underneath the clover, side by side.

—T. B. Aldrich.

## SAN FRANCISCO FASHIONS.

A leading importer has just placed among his new goods a beautiful line of silks, quite new in design. They are checks and stripes in moire. They come in all colors, especially in the predominating shades of gray. Some of the stripes are an inch or two wide, while others are exceedingly narrow. They measure in width twenty-four inches, and sell for a dollar and seventy-five cents a yard. Another very beautiful assortment is of hair-striped silk, on which velvet flowers and leaves are appliquéd. An entire suit can be made of this; or there is the hair-stripe without the appliqué work, with which it can be combined. These hair-striped goods come in various colors, some showing lovely new shades, such, for instance, as *crème de caroubier*, which is a sort of reddish pink combined with a light cream, giving a peculiarly charming effect. Then there is bronze and cream, hussar blue and cream, and an exquisite pale greenish blue, called *vieux bleu* or porcelain. This last is also in combination with cream tints. The price marked on these goods is four dollars. There are also some very beautiful styles of brocades, which promise to become quite the fashion for receptions or dressy dinner-parties. One of these patterns shows the ground of pearl-color, with the brocaded flowers of a light heliotrope shading down to a copper tint; another was of shrimp-pink and light-gold; and another of hussar blue and *vieux bleu*. These brocades sell for five dollars a yard. But the most beautiful fabric that I saw was a material very suitable for a wedding gown, although it would be most appropriate for any full-dress occasion. The ground was of a cream-tinted white satin, with a large leaf pattern done in brocade, the novelty being that the leaves were of watered silk, while the tiny flowers dropping from them were of satin, and not watered. The price was six dollars and a half. Another handsome pattern caught my eye. It was a shrimp pink satin, with tiny buds brocaded upon it of a slightly darker shade. As to laces, the very latest for trimming purposes is Spanish guipure. This is something of a novelty. It has all the richness of a guipure, with the lightness of a Spanish lace, and is very effective, especially on black silks or satins. There is still a newer lace, called *ficelle*, which is the French for twine, and is the color of that material. The original is made of twine, and the imitation, which is as expensive, is of silk, although of the same shade. The new white laces show a combination of Venetian, *point d'Aiguille*, and real Barcelona hand-made Spanish. The new style of collars in these laces are the Cardinal collars. These come with cuffs to match, and principally in duchesse lace, but also in Spanish. A fichu was shown me of Venetian and *point d'Aiguille*, which was lovely enough to wear on any occasion. It was marked at three hundred dollars. A lace set now combines not only the collar and cuffs, as formerly, but also flounces, handkerchief, fan, and an ornament for the hair, either in the shape of a butterfly, a dagger, or any other fanciful design. Quite a pretty and stylish novelty are the neckerchiefs of raw silk or pongee, bordered around with white lace, the silk part being brilliant with imitation crab-apples, in every imaginable shade of red, green, and yellow. A fashionable modiste showed me a dress which she had just finished for one of our well-known society ladies. It was a dark-blue satin, the front being covered with a network composed of closely-woven small cut jet beads of black and white, fringed at the base with a fringe of hughes mixed with small medallions. The waist and panniers were of blue velvet, striped gauze, and looped with ornaments made up of bugles and medallions. Another was of silver-gray, made in the same style, only that the net work was of iridescent beads. Black brocaded gauze and velvet striped gauze is very fashionable, and at the same time quite durable. These are generally trimmed with gauze or Spanish lace. Another pretty fashion is the ruffling of dress skirts, which are now to be seen, covered with narrow ruffles, sometimes as many as twenty-five or thirty ruffles. In some cases they are headed with tiny puffs. When the skirts are so covered there are but small panniers worn, which are finished with a ruffle or puff to correspond, and are then fully shirred on to a deep pointed basque. Bows of ribbon are great favorites just at present. There are places found for them on almost every part of the costume. They are no doubt much worn on account of the youthful appearance which they give the wearer. Waists of dresses are now beginning to be trimmed more than they have been for the past year, and bands and straps are much used for the front of the waist. Satin-ettes, organdies, and linens are shown in great varieties, and are much sought after for the street as well as for indoor wear; perhaps not so much for our city, where there is not heat sufficient to demand such fabrics, but they are purchased and in great demand for ladies and children living in Sacramento, or in fact any part of the interior. These thin goods are made very beautiful, and expensive, too, by the great amount of lace and embroidery that is put upon them. Brocaded crape is another novelty for evening wear. These goods come in plain and figured material, and always of one color or tint, the pearl, lavender, pale-pink, blue, or white being the favorites. There are darker shades which are generally worn by older ladies. A complete toilet can be made of the crape, or only the basque and draperies, while the skirt may be of any silk material. I saw the other day an imported dress of this kind. The skirt was of pale-pink satin, flounced with embroidered crape; the flounces of white, and the embroidery of pink, and headed with the smallest ruching possible of white satin. The body, to which were shirred-in panniers, was of crape, finished with embroidered crape to match the flounces, and looped with narrow pink satin ribbon. The front of the waist was cut open down to the belt, and was filled in with ruchings of pink satin, the edges being finished with ruchings of white satin.

May 31, 1882.

HELENA.

Noah Webster, remarks the Steuben *Republican*, was a celebrated author. He was a quick and ready writer, and in one of his inspired moments he dashed off a dictionary. He took it to several publishers, but they shied at it, saying the style was dull, turgid, dry, hard, and uninteresting. He beseeched that he used too many big words. But at last he succeeded, and the immortal work is in daily use, putting up babies at the dinner table.



## SOCIETY.

It is reported, but we do not know upon what authority, that Miss Dora Miller, daughter of Senator and Mrs John F. Miller, is engaged to be married to Lieutenant Richardson Clover, of the U. S. Coast Survey. Lieutenant Clover is at present stationed in the Coast Survey office at Washington. He is a Marylander by birth, but received his appointment from Missouri. He entered the service on July 29, 1863.

On Thursday last, the first instant, Miss Emma Cole, eldest daughter of ex-United States Senator and Mrs. Cornelius Cole, was married to Mr. W. H. V. Brown, formerly of Virginia, but now of Los Angeles County, at the residence of the bride's parents, on the Brea Ranch, about seven miles from the City of Los Angeles, in the presence of all of the members of Mr. Cole's family, Mrs. Brown, (the mother of the groom,) Captain and Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Colonel B. C. Whiting, Mr. and Mr. James Howard, Mr. and Mrs. James Mellus, and a few others. The bride was dressed in a traveling suit, and soon after the wedding the happy couple started for the East.

On Thursday last, at half-past one o'clock, Trenor W. Park, of New York, was married to Miss Ella Nichols, of San Francisco, at her father's residence, corner of Bush and Leavenworth Streets. The ceremony was performed by the Reverend Mr. Barrows, of the Congregational Church, in the presence of a few friends of the family. After the marriage and congratulations, Mr. Park and his bride started for New York in a special car, and among those who saw them off were Judge Lake, Mr. Nichols and his daughters, A. D. McCullough, and a few others.

On Monday next, the fifth instant, Miss Birdsall, of this city, a niece of Mrs. R. C. Johnson, will be married to Colonel Schmidt, of China, at the residence of Mrs. Johnson, corner of O'Farrell and Leavenworth streets, and on Tuesday Colonel and Mrs. Schmidt will sail for China.

On Saturday, the tenth instant, Mr. N. W. Williams, of Oakland, and Miss Emma Husted, of the same city, will be married at the residence of the bride's parents, 1316 Grove Street, Oakland.

## Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Van De Water and Miss Garber are at the Napa Soda Springs. Mrs. Pay-Director Fulton, of the Navy Yard, is visiting relatives in Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dickson have been spending a few days at Napa Soda Springs. Miss Josie Mallard, who has been visiting her sister at Mare Island for three or four months, has returned home to Los Angeles. Mrs. Senator Fair returns home on Sunday. Captain William Kohl, of San Mateo, is in New York. Lieutenant and Mrs. T. Dix Bolles, who have been visiting Mrs. Carroll, in Washington, returned to this coast yesterday. Mrs. Dr. C. G. Toland, on account of continued ill health, has returned to Santa Barbara, where she will remain for some time. Mrs. Hemphill is spending a few days in Napa Valley. Archibald Forbes, who is widely known as a brilliant war correspondent of a London paper, will shortly lead to the altar a daughter of ex-Quartermaster-General Meiggs, U. S. A. Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Shaw, are at the Gilsey House, New York. C. P. Eakie, U. S. A., was at the Occidental on Sunday and Monday last. Lieutenant T. N. Woods, U. S. Marine Corps, has been at the Palace during the week. Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Cook will go to Monterey on Saturday next, where Mrs. Cook will remain until after the Fourth. Mr. and Mrs. Applegate go to Lake Tahoe on Monday next. Mrs. J. N. Penoyer and Miss J. P. Adams, of Oakland, returned from the East on Tuesday last. Mrs. Captain Blair and family leave for Santa Cruz on Thursday next. Mrs. General Stoneman and family, after spending a few days at Santa Cruz, returned to Los Angeles on Saturday last. The Misses McDonald and Riedout, of Marysville, are visiting Miss Cora Wallace. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell and daughter, accompanied by Mrs. Peters and her daughter, went to San Rafael on Thursday last for the season. Mrs. H. B. Stanwood has returned from Santa Cruz. Miss Dearborn, of the Palace, and Miss Trowbridge, of the Grand, are visiting Miss Weller at San Rafael. W. S. Hopkins and family have returned from the Geysers. Mrs. Horace Davis leaves for the Big Tree Grove of Calaveras County on Monday next. Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Hoffman, of Oakland, are at Santa Cruz. A party composed of Doctor and Mrs. Hatch and some friends leave for the Yosemite next Monday. Mrs. Thomas R. Hayes and family, of Oakland, leave for Monterey in a few days for a two months' sojourn. Doctor and Mrs. Whitney, who have been spending a few days at Larkmead, returned on Wednesday last. Col. Charles F. Crocker and family returned from the East on Saturday last, after a sojourn of two months in New York. Judge Silent, of Arizona, who has been visiting San José, has returned to Tucson. Mrs. Ames has gone to Blythdale, a pretty place in Marin County, to spend a few weeks, after which she will go to Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. Jarhoe are at the Ralston House temporarily. Mrs. M. D. Marsh went to Highland Springs on Thursday last. Mrs. Wells and daughter go to Santa Cruz on Thursday next. Mrs. Goad has taken up her temporary residence at the Palace. Mr. and Mrs. Holder-ness will stay at Blythdale until the end of the season. Mrs. George E. Dixon is spending the summer with Mrs. Broughton, in Napa County. Mrs. Frank Haight, of San José, is visiting in this city. Mrs. Judge Stanley is at Napa Soda Springs. Mr. F. N. Smith and family, of Oakland, will spend a month or two at the Calaveras Grove of Trees. Mrs. E. S. Lyons has gone to Santa Cruz to tarry until after the Fourth. Mrs. Edwards will shortly go to Santa Cruz to spend the summer. Mrs. Leland Stauffer has been spending the present week at Santa Monica and Wilmington. Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Ewen are at the Napa Soda Springs. Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Shaw will leave New York for San Francisco on or about the fifteenth ultimo. Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Mills will leave New York for Millbrae in a few days. Mrs. M. L. Hamilton has gone to the Napa Soda Springs, to stay two or three weeks. Mrs. J. P. Stearns, of Santa Barbara, is visiting in this city. Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan have returned from their bridal tour, and will

hold their first reception at the residence of the bride's parents, corner of Seventeenth and Valencia streets, on Monday evening next. Mrs. Gihson, of the Occidental, entertained a number of her friends at lunch on Monday afternoon last. Mr. and Mrs. Castle have been spending a few days at Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker and daughter left for the East and for Europe on Thursday last, to be absent several months. Mrs. Colonel Frank Shay went to Santa Cruz on Thursday to spend the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Morey have been at Monterey during the week. E. Simpson, U. S. N., is at the Baldwin. Miss Etta E. Booth, of Napa, is at the Grand. George Gee, organist of Trinity Church, is going to rusticate in the country for a few weeks. On June fifth Mr. H. B. Pasmore will depart for Europe, where he intends to devote two or three years to the study of singing, and other musical branches, with the best masters. Mrs. Alexander G. Hawes has returned to her home, 734 Post Street; her daughter, Miss Allie Hawes, is visiting in Vermont, but will go to Newport in a week or two. Mrs. Lathrop is at Haywards. Commander and Mrs. Glass have taken up their summer residence at San Rafael. Mrs. Glascock has returned to Oakland from Monterey. Major E. B. Stonehill has returned from Europe. J. S. Bacon left for Boston on Friday last. A. G. Hawes is in New Mexico. Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean returned from the East on Thursday last. Captain Moses Harris, U. S. A., returned from Arizona on Wednesday last. M. Craven and A. R. Bush, U. S. N., have been domiciled at the Occidental during the week. Miss Lou and Miss Katie Shepard, accompanied by Mrs. Gregory, of Oakland, left for Soda Bay yesterday, to be absent for a month. J. O. Eldridge and daughters took possession of their new residence at San Rafael on Wednesday last. Colonel and Mrs. Creed Haymond went to Sacramento on Tuesday last to remain during the week. Mrs. William Sampson, of San José, is visiting in this city. J. B. Haggin returned from the East on Wednesday last. Mrs. J. A. Fillmore and sister returned from Sacramento on Wednesday. Mrs. C. A. Longstreet, who has been visiting in this city and in Napa County, returned to Los Angeles on Tuesday last. Dr. Tonner, who left here for New York a few weeks ago, is in the City of Mexico. Colonel Gamble left here for New York on Thursday last. Doctor Stennett left here for Chicago on Wednesday. Mrs. Selfridge and family have gone to Mendocino County to spend the summer. A large party of navy people leave Mare Island on Monday next for the Yosemite, to be gone three weeks. Captain and Mrs. Smith will remain at Menlo until September. The officers of the navy yard gave a hop on Thursday evening last. There will be a hop this evening at the Hotel del Monte, and also at Napa Soda Springs.

## CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Is there not a great deal of nonsense about this civil service reform business that Mr. Carl Schurz, Mr. George William Curtis, and so many other people are making such a stir about? I take it that civil service reform means that good officers should not be removed. If good people should not be turned out of office, then it follows that good people can not get in. Now, I am one of the good ones. I want to get in, and for the life of me I can not see why I have not just as good a right to endeavor to work my way into the Custom-house or the Mint as Carl Schurz had to work himself into office as senator or Secretary of the Interior, or as Mr. George William Curtis has to become senator. If they succeed won't they get somebody's place, just as if I succeed I will get somebody's place, and are they not just as likely to turn a good man out of senate or cabinet as I a good man out of Mint or Custom-house? If the higher offices are the rewards of party service, why are not the lesser ones? If for speech-making, writing, and the higher party service the higher offices of the Republic are given as prizes, why not the lesser places for just as earnest and sincere party effort by humbler party men? President Hayes would not have placed Carl Schurz in his cabinet if he had not voted for him. Why, then, should not Eugene Sullivan, Ned Burton, and Alexander Badlam turn Democrats out of office and put me, who am a Republican, in? Are there not just as deserving and competent men among Republicans as among Democrats? I have heard the *Argonaut* severely criticised and bitterly denounced by leading Republicans for its editorials, and your editor is charged with "holting." You have the same right to holt against Alexander Badlam for assessor, or against the Board of Supervisors, as Badlam has to prefer a Democrat over me in an appointment, or as the twelve Republican supervisors had to appoint a license collector who was not a Republican, and only one year a citizen. I am a Republican, as old as the party. I am an American by birth. I am sober. I have a family to support. I am competent, industrious, and decent. I work for my party, and vote with it, and I want a place in the assessor's office, which is now held by a Democrat of Irish birth, who gets drunk, and has no family. Will you send a copy of the *Argonaut* to the *Nation*, and have Mr. Carl Schurz answer this question, or give a good reason why, all things else being equal, I should not get the place of this Democrat? I suppose he will give us a plateful of the old hash about hanks and merchants not discouraging faithful and competent servants. But the Government is not a hank or a shop; it is a political organization, run by political methods; and if a faithful cabinet officer, or senator, or good President may be removed for political causes, why not a deputy-postmaster or assessor? I hope Mr. Schurz will not think I am demoralized by seeking office, and advise me to turn my attention to some legitimate employment; because, if he does, I will write him a saucy letter, calling him "Dutchman," "adventurer," "office-seeker," and refer to his flight from Germany, Austria, or somewhere; recall his office-seeking pilgrimages through Missouri, Wisconsin, and New York, and assure him that he is still itching for office as much as I am, and that he has no better right or higher claim to the offices enjoyed by him in the past than I have to get into the assessor's office. REPUBLICAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 29, 1882.

## A BLOODTHIRSTY MANIFESTO.

The Seditious Proclamation by the Fenian Brotherhood in America.

The council of the Fenian Brotherhood in New York has issued the following manifesto, directed to the Irish revolutionists in Ireland and in America. We quote from it. We commend it to that large class of respectable but misguided Irish-American citizens who think Irish politics ought to be agitated on American soil, and we request them to read it, and then ask themselves whether such sentiments as these ought to pass unrebuked in a community the major portion of which is descended from British parentage:

Brethren—Arise, arise! And now labor with us with renewed zeal and vigor, as you never labored before, to help on the wise ways of Providence to advance the good cause. Thus shall we in solemn, secret conclave continue with augmented force to give the emphasis of dagger, fire, sword, and other available resources of civilization to our imperishable hatred of our ancient, merciless, and unrelenting enemy, to destroy whom we shall use, while life endures, every means within the reach of human effort. As to those of our fellow-countrymen who recently raised their voice, with manifest good intent but doubtful wisdom, to deprecate the Phoenix Park executions as murders, none of our friends are misled by these meetings got up on the ground of expediency. As to our enemies, we care little what they think. To them we say, "Call you this murder? Call it rather the wrath of God following in the footsteps of the oppressor." Let us clothe ourselves in sables; ay, in sackcloth and ashes, for our own dead, not for our enemies. If you, our fellow-countrymen, have tears to shed, shed them over your own flesh and blood, savagely slain under circumstances of the greatest atrocity and barbarity in the past; and being so slain, we present, by the red band and gigantic iniquity represented by Cavendish and Burke. They and others had better have been born dogs than answer our wrath. And as for the poor fool Burke we may say this much, that he for a long time bore under a heavy judgment that life which he deserved to lose. One parting word to our brethren of every Irish secret revolutionary organization: We now solemnly declare that the watchword of the hour has gone forth, and we pledge ourselves to apply all our resources with redoubled energy and devotion—with even a ferocity equal to that of our arch-enemy—to the great work fronting us; and we urge upon our brethren at home the necessity—greater now than ever—of the consolidation of all available forces, and hearty coöperation for our common object, the destruction and annihilation of British power in Ireland, whose existence is the cardinal reproach, the supreme and burning shame of modern civilization.

The foregoing came to us in a letter from Minneapolis, which we print, and the opinions therein expressed we fully endorse, except that we think our correspondent in error when he declares that the sentiments of this brutal manifesto meets with a hearty response from "every male and female papist in our community." We do not think so. The Roman Catholic Church has hitherto opposed all secret societies except their own. The papal church in Ireland withholds its countenance from all secret societies and all political movements that are not in its interest and under the direction of its priesthood, and there is in this country a large class of intelligent, humane, and generous Roman Catholic gentlemen and ladies who can have no sympathy with methods for the emancipation of Ireland from English rule that lies along a path so cowardly and bloody as that marked out by Fenianism. The following is the letter referred to:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Will you permit a gentleman, who has not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with you, but one who has become somewhat conversant with your political and social ethics, as sent broadcast and disseminated throughout the country, to say a few words? In the first place, your views in regard to the papal question are unquestionably correct and true, and bear the true American ring. And you will permit me to say that the *Argonaut* is the only frank, honest, outspoken representative genius of the entire American press; and the writer has been a close reader of the press for the last half century. In a word, you represent the honest latent American sentiment. While your contemporaries have skulked the question, you have not. I am now well advanced in years, and the older I grow, the more I am impressed with the fact that "Americans should rule America," when I see the thousands of immigrants daily pouring into our country from all parts of the habitable globe, of all nationalities, and rapidly filling up our new country, particularly this new northwest; new States, new counties, and new municipalities being rapidly organized; with the balance of power rapidly culminating into this element, which fact becomes unmistakably patent to any observer who will visit our new county seats, and the sittings of our legislatures and territorial councils. Is it not about time for us to stop and think? No country on earth has ever extended such a hospitable welcome to the immigrants from every clime of the old world as the United States. There has been free homestead, preemption, and free culture privileges under what we can and should endeavor to preserve as a true republican, Christian Government. But we should take timely warning, and reflect that this element, coming in and accepting the munificence of this government, is largely composed of papistical, communistic, agrarian, and socialistic fragments of the depraved society of the old world; who are illy qualified to assume the control and dispense the laws as true Americans desire, and as was intended by our fathers and the framers of our original magna charta. Would it not be wisdom to make haste slowly, and extend the time of enfranchisement? You complain of Mongolian encroachments on the Pacific Coast, and tell us of their entire unfitness to become Americanized for a generation or two, or possibly centuries. Please bear in mind that thousands upon thousands are now pouring in upon the Atlantic States, and a goodly proportion are as illy prepared to assume the great duties and prerogatives of republican voters as your own dear pig-tails; and it is about as difficult for them to assimilate with our true American ideas and institutions as it is with your own Mongolians. Would to God that our American press would have the honesty and independence to speak out on this momentous question. They will do it, but not until public opinion forces them to it. The inclosed clip, cut from the *Pioneer Press* of Saint Paul this morning, giving the actions of the Fenian Brotherhood in New York, and their manifesto, speaks volumes, and meets with a hearty response from every male and female papist in our country. Give this element rope and the countenance of the American people, and in will soon appreciate our true situation—that Americans are impeded in ruling our own republic. Every sensible man appreciates the fearless, outspoken, true American course of the *Argonaut*. The only fear we have for you is that this element may "give emphasis to the dagger, fire, sword, etc.," as against you and your own fearless course.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., May 22, 1882.

AMERICAN.

The following story is told of President Eliot, and is taken from the *Harvard Daily Herald*: At one time the students got in the habit of sitting in large numbers upon the fence that surrounds the college yard. The president, not desiring such a thing to become a custom, was at a loss how best to break up this practice. At last, one evening, as he was walking along the sidewalk, and the students were sitting upon the fence, singing etc., the president said: "Gentlemen, allow me to congratulate you upon having adopted the Yale custom." He was never troubled afterward by students sitting upon the fence.



## NEW YORK GOSSIP.

Our Correspondent Dilates on Club Quarrels, Coaching, and Society.

What is the matter with our clubs? It will be rather humiliating if we are obliged to admit at this late date that the club system, which is so successful in London, is a failure in New York. But events within the last six months have so frequently held the clubs of this city up to ridicule, that the question deserves serious consideration. Take the Lotus Club, with its commodious house on Fifth Avenue and Twentieth Street, the prestige it gained by the membership of famous literary and artistic people many years ago, and look at it to-day. When it is said that Miss Whitelaw Reid, editor of the *Tribune*, is its president, volumes have been spoken. It is a failure from top to bottom. Its members are discernible in the street for their obtrusive caddishness and suspicious linen. Its receptions gather the most remarkable collections of social fungi to be seen in America, and its windows give such an exhibition of long-haired and bilious-looking caricatures upon journalists as would make the late Horace Greeley weep if he could look upon them. Their little scandal in January was so dirty that reference to it is almost an impropriety. Then came the dinner in the Manhattan Club, where the opposing politicians defied every rule governing club life. And later on, the row in the New York Club. This was a serious and, in every sense, a reprehensible affair. That an organization with the honorable traditions of the New York Club should get in such a squabble over an election is a sad commentary on the dignity of its members. The death of its late president, Mr. Frederick Gibert, last week, called the members together again, and resolute of sorrow were passed, after some trouble, unanimously. Only a few weeks after the New York Club's row came the disgraceful disclosures of the Turf Club. It was not pleasant to find that the Turf, instead of being a highly respectable club, was the most successful gambling hell in America, and that crooked play was winked at within its well-built walls. The rumblings from the Union League Club about financial—to put it mildly—mismanagement are not reassuring. Two clubs remain. One, the Century Club, is, as it always has been, respectable, upright, and exclusive. The other, the Union Club, is in a muddle, compared with which the vicissitudes of the Lotus, Manhattan, New York, Turf, and Union League, were trivial. Here are the records of the principal clubs of New York during the past five or six months. It becomes questionable if the club system will work well here. In London, during the sessions of Parliament, and in fact all through the social season, clubs are a pronounced necessity, because of the immense area of London, and the fact that so many society and professional men live in the suburbs or on the outskirts of the city. Further than that, it is an honor to belong to some of the clubs, because the rules governing the admission of members are so strict that a man's social position is assured when he gets in. The English club men are above everything jealous of their club's honor. American, or at least New York clubs, don't know the meaning of the word. What course the Union Club will take is unknown, but the Board of Governors have had an all-night session, and both of the distinguished members of that haughty and aristocratic club have been before the grand jury. They were served twice with subpoenas before they would attend, and went then only on threat of arrest. Any one who knows the "under classes," as they are incorrectly called, can imagine their joy when they get a chance to drag two millionaires before the grand jury, which body happens just now to include several socialists of tantalizing natures. The club men are in a high state of indignation, for the simple reason that the Union has always claimed to be the most aristocratic club in New York, as it certainly is the wealthiest. It has a very elegant bouse on Fifth Avenue, and numbers all the "swell" men of the city among its members. The four huge windows are filled every afternoon by red-faced gentlemen in English bats, who stare at the ladies, and try to look aristocratic. Mr. Jacob Lorillard, himself a member, calls them "gossiping old hens," and roundly denounces the club as a nest of scandal, where women's reputations are torn to shreds at the hands of these would-be aristocrats. There is only one course open to the Union, and that is the prompt expulsion of both Mr. J. F. Loubat and Mr. Henry Turnbull. When these noble warriors found that the law gave ten years' imprisonment to the principals in a duel, whether death ensued or not, they lost a large part of their courage, and fell back on backbiting and slander again. How ridiculous the whole affair was! Six months ago Mr. Loubat, while talking with three other "gentlemen," including Mr. Turnbull, at the window of the Union, saw a lady pass in her brougham. She is married, of good family and position, possesses a husband who is in every sense a good fellow, is a capital horse-woman, and a thoroughly charming hostess. There has never been a breath of slander against her name. When she passed, the gallant Loubat, who is fat, red, paternal, and fifty-six years of age, with great promptness and courtesy made a most indecent remark about her. Upon this Mr. Turnbull, also fat, fifty-four years old, and a father, snickered with the others, but a short time afterward had a severe spasm of chivalry, and called Mr. Loubat "a low, dirty blackguard," and "no gentleman." Upon this Mr. Loubat went bome, and thought it over. He is worth five million dollars, but he does not seem to be quick at grasping an idea, for he studied over the meaning of the words "low, dirty, blackguard" and "no gentleman" for over a week, and then went to San Francisco, where he devoted several months to their significance. It is now broadly asserted that he believes the words were insulting. During the absence of the careful Loubat, the other discreet millionaire, Turnbull, with a view to saving the lady's name from public scandal, talked about the matter constantly and in public places. As a further barrier to shield her from notoriety, the said Turnbull had one thousand circulars printed in large type, and distributed carefully among the people who would talk the most about the matter. This was a master-stroke of diplomacy, for it not only dragged the Union Club into the muddle, but the whole world besides, and the lady was thus effectually shielded. What an outrage it was! I must stop right here to admire the good taste and magnanimity of the

New York papers, for though every one of them knew the name of the much-abused but most estimable lady, it has never appeared in print. Well, Mr. Loubat, after coming to the conclusion that he had been insulted by the chivalrous and high-minded Mr. Turnbull, devoted some more time to thought, and then called Turnbull a "malicious liar." Then the haughty and aristocratic Union Club fell to blackguarding both the members, and eventually became divided against itself. At this point both Loubat and Turnbull began to pant for gore. Loubat was so anxious to kill Turnbull that he went off in a midnight train with his friend, a San Francisco banker, who is of French descent, and traveled eight hundred miles away from the ferocious Turnbull. The latter shouted that he would kill Loubat as soon as he could find him, and in order to find him soon, locked himself up in his house, and refused to be seen by any one. Half a dozen New York reporters were constantly on the heels of Loubat, and Turnbull's house was watched day and night. After the two warriors had thirsted for each other's blood for a while, Loubat returned to New York, and Turnbull came out of doors. Then they were both obliged to bow their aristocratic and haughty heads before the grand jury and receive an unmerciful quizzing from its members, who had no respect for the great Union Club. Then they were threatened with arrest, and sent bome. By this time the various factions of the club had become dreadfully involved, until it is difficult to see what is to be done. If Loubat is expelled, one faction will leave the club; if Turnbull is expelled, another faction will withdraw; if they both go, a still larger contingent will take its departure; if either stays, there will be many resignations; if either goes, some of their supporters will follow them; if Mr. Lorillard don't take back his words, there will be trouble; if Mr. Arthur L. Willing and Mr. Eben Kimball, who were to be the seconds of the pair, are not done something with, a certain class of their opponents will leave, and so on *ad infinitum*. All of which, as I said before, makes the future of the club system in New York rather questionable.

We have had another sensation. Miss Leonie Jerome, whose sister is Lady Churchill, and who is herself a very pretty girl, was engaged to be married to Freddie Gebhard, the would-be English young man whose fiendish fate in being born out of England I spoke of a Saturday or two ago. The engagement was broken off last Friday, and Miss Jerome and her parents sail for England shortly. The canceling of the engagement sent up a sigh of relief on all sides, for no more charming girl was ever engaged to a more detestable snob. The next day I saw Gebhard on Fifth Avenue three times. He walked from one end to the other all day long, until the children became used to him, and no longer laughed at the shrunken-up youth with the hatchet face and preposterously large English clothes. He dragged himself in public, I presume, to show how little he cared because he had been jilted, for jilted he certainly was. His performance on the avenue was in keeping with his usual conception of good taste. It is still a wonder to me how this youth holds his position in society.

While we are waiting for that great event, the coaching parade, next Saturday, a new driving club has been organized. It has some very good people in it. It is called the T Cart Club, and already numbers twenty vehicles, which, though of course not so impressive as the big coaches, with their four-in-band, are still very stylish. Most of the carts were dark-green in body, with small, heavy wheels a shade lighter in color, and red tips on the spokes and tongue. The horses are usually full-blooded stock, as big as possible, with lots of knee-action, and the "tiger" dresses in green and corduroy, and should be very small. The first annual drive occurred last Tuesday. They started at noon for Mrs. William Rhinelanders, in Forty-eighth Street, and went spinning through Central Park. Of course the T Cart Club will be sneered at for awhile as a weak imitation of its big brother, but it must be remembered that many very rich men are not rich enough to own a coach. The first cost is enormous, and it is necessary to keep five extra horses, who must run with nothing else than a coach, lest they lose their "shoulder form." The addition of five stalls to a city stable where land is one thousand dollars a foot is worth noting, not to mention the extra grooms and hostlers. The fact that twenty-six coaches are kept by gentlemen here for their occasional amusement speaks eloquently for the wealth of some of New York's citizens.

As an item of social news it may be said that Doctor Webb, son of General James Watson Webb, who recently married Miss Lelia Vanderbilt, the youngest daughter of the hundred-millionaire William H. Vanderbilt, is said to have had a serious rupture with his wealthy father-in-law. Mr. Vanderbilt has wielded power a great many years. His influence is tremendous. He has brought up a number of sons, who have all their lives bent to his will and humored his lightest caprice. He rules, and will not accept dereliction by those he commands. When young Doctor Webb, who by the way is perhaps the most unpopular society man in New York, captured Miss Vanderbilt, there was considerable surprise expressed. She was never a pretty or particularly bright girl, but she was the daughter of her father, which was a pretty big thing, taken all in all, and she was mild and amiable. The secret of Doctor Webb's little game came out. He had steadily courted the girl from the time she was ten years old, although he was very much older than she, so that when it was time for her to marry he clung to her desperately, and the thing was done. Now Vanderbilt *père* is notable for his entire indifference as to whom his children marry, as witness Messrs. Sloan and Shepherd, and so he allowed his daughter to marry Doctor Webb. In order, no doubt, to get rid of them, the paternal Vanderbilt gave the pair his old residence at Thirty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, but Mrs. Webb wouldn't leave the new mansion, and insisted on staying there with her husband. Immediately after this the doctor was ubiquitous at clubs, with the one refrain of how things were done at *our* house. Mr. Vanderbilt tried to set him up in business as a stockbroker, but he failed, and ever since has been boring his father-in-law to such an extent that that eminent gentleman has begun to rebel, and there is a probability that an internal rumpus in the Vanderbilt family will result. Which reminds me that this is rather a belligerent letter, as it contains little besides fights, and fizzes, and rows.

NEW YORK, May 26, 1882.

FLANEUR.

## AN IRISH MIRACLE.

Sister Mary Frances Clare is a nun, and if sincerely devoting a laborious life to practical work of Christian charity, is deserving the esteem of all humane people who believe that service to the afflicted and the poor is service to God. This lady of the veil resides at Knock, in Ballyhannis, County Mayo, Ireland. At Knock, in Ballyhannis, County Mayo, Ireland, is a parish church that has recently become famous through possessing a miraculous gable. As we understand it, the church is of stone, and on the miraculous gable-end of it there is an image of the Virgin carved in stone. This marvelous image, on certain moonlight nights, raises its stone arms and stone hands over its stone head, makes miraculous genuflexions, bows its head, and goes through a series of devout movements, all indicating the existence of a supernatural power. This marvelous vision is authenticated by the testimony of divers persons who have witnessed its appearance. These miraculous apparitions have given to the cement in which the stones of the gable are laid wonderful and miraculous curative properties, so that the cement has been in demand for transmission all over the Roman Catholic credulous world. It cures fits, spasms, and sore eyes; the itch, jaundice, and ring-worms can not withstand its holy influence. It cures the bite of a mad dog, and, dropped into the barn-yard trough, will cure the ailment of ox or horse. It is a sure preventive of drowning, and a panacea for gout, rheumatism, and mumps. With it children are carried safely through infantile diseases. Measles, whooping-cough, and teething become pleasurable sensations. Women take the cement, and child-bearing is reduced to a common domestic incident. It makes old age lovely, and smooths the passage down the declivity of time. Archdeacon Cavanagh, who is in charge of this miracle-working cement, sends it to the afflicted—for a consideration—throughout the world. There is no danger of its giving out, for like the widow's sack of meal and cruse of oil, it will last as long as the money demand holds out. The good sister Mary Frances Clare sends out to the incredulous world the following statement regarding this wonderful and miraculous church at Knock, in the parish of Ballyhannis, in the County of Mayo, in Ireland, and it is printed in the supplement to the Tuesday's edition of the San Francisco *Morning Call*, and is special and original to that journal. She thus writes:

Did the apparitions which are said to have occurred at Knock really take place? Have there been any cures there which may probably be called miraculous? These are two most important questions. They may be answered from a purely human point of view, or from a purely supernatural point of view. Now, what evidence is there for the truth of the apparitions and miraculous cures at Knock? First, there is the evidence of from fifteen to twenty respectable men and women, among them being the family of the Byrnes; a near relative of theirs was the predecessor of Archdeacon Cavanagh as parish priest of Knock. The evidence of any one of those who saw the first apparition would be taken without question in a court of justice. Why, then, should their evidence be questioned in these matters? Next, their evidence is corroborated by that of Archdeacon Cavanagh. It is true that he did not see the first apparition, but he knew the people well among whom he has lived and labored for many years, and he does not, and could not, doubt them. But there is also the evidence of Archdeacon Cavanagh, which I am permitted to publish now, on his authority, and in his own words, Archdeacon Cavanagh has again and again seen apparitions in the church at Knock, and in his own house. That supernatural lights have been seen by two other persons, at least, in his own house, the present writer has full proof. The Very Rev. Canon Moynahan, of the diocese of Nottingham, England, has written a letter to me, for publication, in which he gives an account of the marvelous movement of the eyes of the statue at Knock, and a cure which he witnessed with hundreds of others. The Rev. J. Sheridan, P. P., has given me a verbal account of an apparition which he saw at Knock. Six persons of education and respectability have given me an account of what they saw at different times. None of the above-mentioned know each other, or have had any personal conversation on this, or indeed on any other subject. A Christian Brother, who witnessed some of the most marvelous of the Knock apparitions, has given me a full account of what he saw, for publication. The testimony of so many and such respectable witnesses puts the fact of the apparitions beyond all human question. Next, the miraculous cures of Knock. The evidence of these would occupy a large volume. I believe they will be found to have far exceeded in number, and even in weight, those which occurred during a similar period at Lourdes. I have in my possession at present several hundred letters from persons of all ranks of life, and from all parts of the world, who have been cured either by a visit to Knock or by the use of the Knock cement. It is not as widely known as it should be, that the whole subject is before an ecclesiastical commission, appointed by the Archbishop of Tuam. As in the case of Lourdes, so in the case of Knock, some considerable time will probably be allowed to elapse before the church will place the devotion on the same basis as the devotions of other shrines of the ever blessed Mother of God. In the meantime, the faithful can avail themselves of the many and great graces which are being obtained every day at this favored shrine.

And now that the matter is settled, and it is conclusively established that the miraculous vision of the Virgin Mary does really appear; and as it follows beyond a reasonable doubt that the cement of the wonderful gable does cure all kinds of human maladies, which facts are to be further established by an ecclesiastical council of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, called by the Right Reverend Archbishop of Tuam, we feel it our duty as liberal-minded and independent journalists to advise those of our readers who have faith in this ecclesiastical quack medicine of the miraculous gable of the parish church at Knock, Ballyhannis, County Mayo, Ireland, that they can obtain the cement by sending the money to the venerable Archdeacon Cavanagh, priest of the parish church, K., B., C. M., I. P. S.—Money invariably in advance.

The mercantile community are gratified that the annual meeting of the Pacific Mail Company has resulted in the reelection of the former directors: Jay Gould, Trenor W. Park, Sidney Dillon, Russell Sage, C. P. Huntington, E. H. Perkins Jr., Henry Hart, and J. B. Houston. This election insures the continuance of Williams & Dimond as agents in San Francisco. Their administration has been a most popular one with the business community.

"Amicus Cato, amicus Plato, amicus Cicero, sed major veritas." The next morning the lawyer, says the New York *Post*, found himself reported in the newspapers as follows: "I may cuss Cato, I may cuss Plato, I may cuss Cicero, said Major Veritas."

Cotton keeps abreast of the times.



## VANITY FAIR.

The London correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* states that there is at present a beautiful collection of fans at the South Kensington Museum. One of the most charming fans preserved is one which was carried by Marie Antoinette when she came to France to be married. A deputation of peasants offered the lovely young Austrian a bunch of flowers, and in return Marie Antoinette gave them her fan. The fan was preserved in the family of peasants to whom the unfortunate queen gave it until as late as 1860, when the existing members parted with it. This lovely and interesting fan is only lent. It was given by the Princess de Henin to Lord Ronald Gower, who lends it. Several original bridal fans of queens are here. One of the most beautiful is that of Maria Leczynska, Queen of Louis XV. (1725,) painted on skin by Boucher. Maria Antoinette's bridal-fan is here, and also one which the unfortunate queen had painted on the birth of the Dauphin, in which she and the king are represented as renewing their vows at the altar of Hymen. The drive in Hyde Park is very brilliant now between four and six. There is the usual quantity of unbelievable old guys, men and women, being drawn along in equipages of surpassing splendor by cattle which would not disgrace an emperor's stable. What types! And the astonishing thing is that these bleary-eyed old mummies are great people, aristocrats, the mighty of the land. The secret is that they are very old. They are so coddled they live to a Methusalic age, while other people die from hard work and hard worry in their good-looking prime. Yet there are some wondrous beauties, too. The Princess of Wales yields the palm to few in respect to personal charms; yet where shall be found the exquisite equal of that bewitching Countess of Dudley? See this latter, lovely, piquant thing, seated beside her tremulous old Earl, both in deep mourning for some of their numerous noble relations, who die just like commoners when their time comes. How bewitching the Lady Dudley is! So circumspect and well-mannered, too.

Ladies traveling to Europe, says the Boston *Times*, who find that their noses have become red through the pernicious habit, so prevalent, of tight-lacing, will do well to study Worth's recipe for so unfortunate and likely-to-be-misconstrued a blemish to beauty. It consists of a black and white striped silk dress, made with great simplicity. Under the chin a great garnet bow is to be worn, and a similar bow in the hair, well in front. A lady thus attired, who, under other circumstances would be remarkable for the hue of her nose, may safely be congratulated on the purity of her complexion and her generally distinguished appearance. Worth succeeds in hiding what doctors and hygiene have long battled against in vain.

"I had a near view of an actress acting off the stage the other night," says Clara Belle in a New York letter. "She is a member of Wallack's company, and is much given, I am told, to late suppers and friskiness, though she is a widow with two children. She looked as nearly like a figure in a fashion-plate as is possible to any mortal—that is to say, she is phenomenally slender, every square inch of clothes exposed was precisely in the right place, and she was fragility, expressionlessly, a doll. It seemed to me that a good hug would break her all to pieces, so manifestly was she made up, and glued together. Her own hair was completely covered by an impossible orange-colored wig, coming down to her eyebrows in front, and to the nape of her neck behind, and held in place by a bonnet made of open meshes of lace and beads. Her waist was a mere span, and that, as well as her entire bust, was an unwrinkled, skin-tight inclosure of Jersey-woven silk. Not a scrap of trimming was on this corsage, and a row of tiny buttons down the back revealed how she had got into it. Well down on her hips a sash covered the joining of the skirt. Her gloves reached to her elbows. She was a hideously pretty creature—daintily pretty in form and feature, and hideous in paint. Her face was heavily coated with white, red, and black paint, exactly as though prepared for the stage. And she was acting all the while, instead of taking a rest while out of the cast. Her poses were artful; her eyes were constantly raised above the point at which she might be supposed to be looking, in order to keep them very wide open; her changes of facial expression were as bright and rapid as possible with the features partially transfixed by the pigments, and the little gestures of her hands were triumphs of skill."

One way, at least, of showing how very Anglo-Americanized Paris is becoming is the fact that in that city at present there are over forty-five "bars," ostensibly English or American. "Boissons Américaines" are quite favorite tipples among Frenchmen now, and the order is given for a "jeu cocktail," by a man whose knowledge of English is limited to this. Among those numerous places at which the thirsty soul is catered for, one of the best and cheapest is the English bar in the Rue de Rome, which has recently been enlarged and fitted up by the proprietor, Mr. Moireau. One of the special reasons for its popularity, no doubt, is the importation from England of some of those "Maidens of the Counter," so famous in France for their attractions.

There is a charming passage in M. d'Haussonville's latest article in a French journal upon American people and habits, a passage suggested by his trip to Richmond, Va. A ball was given at Richmond in honor of himself and associates, during the days of the Yorktown celebration, and he relates that the ball was arranged in a hired building by the ladies, and chiefly by the young girls of the best Virginian society. There were not twenty mothers or chaperons in the ball-room, he declares; but there were at least thirty young unmarried girls. Among these there were perhaps three or four who spoke French; and among the French visitors there was an equally scant knowledge of English. Under such conditions, M. d'Haussonville is amiable enough to remind his compatriots, conversation would be rather cold in France, but at Richmond, among the American girls, conversation went on joyously and in the most

spitited way, and the evening was prolonged deep into the night. The Frenchmen left the ball-room with the conviction that they had learned something distinct and fresh about our society. They were, in fact, unanimously enthusiastic in favor of the American girl. "The young girl," writes M. d'Haussonville, "is an institution in America—like the fire engine; even more interesting. In America, when you start off for any city, you are invariably told: 'You will find some very pretty girls there.' In France one would say very pretty women. All the difference which I speak of is made clear in the use of the two terms. In America the social movement is organized for the young girls; balls, Germans, kettledrums, country parties—everything turns upon them. And young married women, without being excluded from them, take but a small part in them, most often under pretext to matronize one or more sisters, cousins, or friends. Young girls go frequently also to the theatre, dine alone in town, and stay at the houses of their married friends. In a word, during the few years which separate their entrance into society from marriage—that is to say, from eighteen to twenty-two, or twenty-three—they lead that life of pleasure which is, on the contrary, the privilege of young wives in France."

Speaking of summer fashions the *Hour* remarks: Small bouquets of yellow chrysanthemums are worn by brunettes with effect, as near to the face as possible. Pale pink roses are more affected by blondes. A brooch of brilliants sometimes replaces the flowers. But the especial glory of a ladies' luncheon dwells in the bonnets of the assembled guests. White tulle capotes, encircled with wreath of flowers, are more popular than ever. Short white tulle veils, which only extend to the tip of the nose, and which serve to keep intact the delicate tendrils of hair resting in graceful curves on the forehead of the period, may be retained during the repast. In lieu of toast-drinking and speechifying, so dear to the rough and bearded sex, the ladies have invented the recital of verses as a pastime, after the more serious business of eating. To toy with a Roman punch—which is said, by the way, to have killed Julius Caesar—and to listen to verses so pathetic as to draw tears from the eyes of the most hardened waiter, at the same time inhaling the odor of roses, violets, and mignonette, massed together in luxuriant loveliness, is one of the sensations created by the genius and experience of the nineteenth century.

"There has been much laughter outside," says a London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, "over the account of the royal banquet, published in a leading daily paper, in which John Brown, instead of being described as occupying the post of toastmaster behind the Queen's chair, was said to have proposed the toasts. This is the duty of and was performed by Lord Sydney, who is what is called Lord High Steward of the Household. He is a fine old courtier, admirably suited to his place, and he was furious at being mistaken for John Brown. I am assured by those in authority that the whole account of the banquet is a flight of imagination, and that the reporter of the newspaper in question never saw the banquet at all. Be this as it may, the laughter outside the royal household has been echoed by curses within it at the impious or inventive gentleman who mixed up Lord Sydney and John Brown."

At the artistic gatherings of the last few days in London there has been a visible falling off in the number of grotesque costumes. Slowly but surely the eccentric dresses introduced by artists' wives have been laid aside.—Badminton bids fair to supplant lawn tennis as the outdoor game for midsummer, and is played with battledoors and shuttlecocks.—New York society laughs and talks a good deal just now about a lady of Murray Hill who has sued, or threatened to, another prominent and equally fashionable dame under amusing circumstances. It seems the servant of the latter, while laying on the hose, the other morning, in front of her residence, "put the douche" on the former's carriage-dog, which was passing at the time, and the unfortunate beast sought refuge in the vehicle, and ruined what is alleged to have been a valuable toilet.—It is no longer fashionable abroad to have hall-rooms ablaze with gaslight. When wax candles are not used it is the rule to shade the gasoliers and candeliers with tinted glass, or tinted muslin, or tinted tissue-paper.—The Chester races, says the London *Figaro*, were largely and brilliantly attended. A notable feature was that more than one very well-known gentleman of London society was surrounded by a bevy of beautiful ladies, none of whom appear to be known either in or out of society.—Ficelle is the rage in Paris—the coarser the better.—The old-fashioned calèche, or Heligoland of forty years ago, is revived. It is a silk bonnet or hood shirred on whalebone or splits of alternate long and short lengths, so as to give the bonnet the appearance of a half-opened folding gigtop.—Buttoned boots are going out of fashion.—At the "Masonic Fancy Fayre" in Dublin, on the 12th of April, Viscountess Massene, who is one of the handsomest women in Ireland, appeared as Joan of Arc. The costume consisted of a petticoat of white cashmere, made to fall in long pleats from the waist; bodice (cuirass) composed of cloth of silver, tubbed over the hips, and cunningly studded with brazen nail-heads, in admirable imitation of armor; sleeves of cashmere, made close, with armlets, shoulder-pieces, and cuffs of silver cloth, representing complete mail. Long-sword girt upon the left thigh; hair tied with a silver knot at the back of the neck, and falling in superb strands to the knees.—Long curled hair in the back is again in fashion for little girls, but the curls must be large, loose, and few.—The number of tickets available for places in St. George's Chapel to witness the marriage of Prince Leopold was three hundred and fifty. The number of applications to the Lord Chamberlain exceeded twelve thousand.—In Paris, at the moment, the most fashionable women are wearing very plain demi-trained morning dresses of soft, light, woolen stuffs, generally of some subdued Carmelite brown color. Both the corsage and skirt are laid in pleats, and when the wearer walks out she catches up the demi-train at the side under a silk bow, or a cord and flat tassel, which also supports the *aumônière*. The shoulder cape worn with this costume and the *aumônière* are of cisèle velvet.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Anna Catherine Green, the author of a volume of verses entitled "The Defense of the Bride," appears to have gone through a long course of Mrs. Browning, at least the style of her plots and the nature of some of her verse would so indicate. She possesses rather an artistic knack of expression, but is frequently awkward in the matter of metre and arrangement. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

"Lottie of the Mill," translated from the German of W. Heimbürg, by Katherine S. Dickey, is a sentimental and rather interesting love story. It details the adventures of a youth of good family, but of little wealth. He loves one maiden, but must marry through policy, and by reason of family pressure, another. After many complications, however, he finally wins the girl of his choice, and all ends happily. Published by Lippincott, Philadelphia; for sale by Jos. Hofmann.

Augustus Blauvelt, in the preface to his, "Present Religious Crisis," states, and circumstantially proves, that he received an orthodox religious education; after which he details the history of his wandering off into the broad fields of rationalism, and how he first awoke to know Renan and Strauss. His book is the first of a series of volumes which are the result of a long preparation for a gigantic assault upon the Christian religion. Mr. Blauvelt intends to shake American Christianity to its foundation, and expose the shams and frauds upon which, he says, it is built. In this volume he discusses the modern religionists and rationalists, and reviews the works of the foremost skeptics and infidels of the present day. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

"The Romance of a Mummy," translated from the French of Théophile Gautier, by Augusta M. Wright, is the story of an Egyptian maiden who lived in Thebes three thousand years ago. The sarcophagus which contains her well-preserved remains and a papyrus history of her life, is found by a young Englishman and a German savant, who are exploring the country of the pyramids. The Englishman, "Lord Evandale," falls in love with the mummy, and carries it with him to England. The manuscript, when deciphered, tells the story of a young Egyptian heiress who loved one of the Hebrews who were about to leave Egypt with Moses. The Hebrew does not reciprocate, as he is already engaged to marry one of his own race. The fair Egyptian follows him one night through manifold adventures to the house of his beloved, and soon realizes the state of affairs. She faints on the threshold from grief and fatigue. The Hebrew lovers bear her within, and learn her story. The Jewish girl is so affected that she urges her lover to take two wives, according to a not unusual custom. He agrees to this; but before the marriage can be arranged the Egyptian is stolen away by King Pharaoh, who had for some time determined to make her his queen. The story after this goes off into a description of the plagues sent by God through Moses, the flight of the Israelites, and the drowning of the king in the Red Sea. The story is full of luxurious descriptions, and Gautier revels in scenes of Egyptian splendor. Published by Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia; for sale by Joseph Hofmann, 208 Montgomery Street.

Miscellany: Curiously enough, Robert Browning never has on hand a complete set of his own books. The Browning Society therefore intends to present them all to him on his approaching seventieth birthday. The cover of each volume will have a symbolic device. On "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country," for example, will be displayed a red night-cap, and on the volume containing "Troy," a dog, etc.—The author of "Will Denby" in the "No Name" series has a new novel in press, the scenes and incidents of which deal with modern Irish life.—During Mr. Aldrich's absence in Europe the *Atlantic* will be edited by Mr. H. E. Scudder.—The recently published correspondence of George Sand contains a letter breathing the warmest language of admiration to "mon bon enfant et frere," Monsieur Franz Liszt.—Ouida's "Moths" has been translated into French, and published under the name of its heroine, "La Princesse Zouroff."—The March number of *The Clerk*, a Philadelphia journal for book-keepers, contained an interesting paper on "Practical Phonography."—Mr. E. C. Stedman has gone to Europe. Mr. John Burroughs will soon follow him. Messrs. W. D. Howells, H. James Jr., and T. B. Aldrich also are to spend the summer abroad.—Dante Rossetti, at the age of five, wrote a play called "The Slave," which, according to his friend, Mr. Theodore Watts, "showed no noteworthy characteristic save precocity."—Charles Darwin was held in high honor in Germany and Austria. One of the Vienna journals, which published the news of his death, apologized for speaking of politics at all "on a day when humanity has suffered so great a loss."

The annals of musical and dramatic journalism in this country have never been marked by such enterprise as has characterized the late numbers of *Music and Drama*, edited by John C. Freund, of New York. A special number was published recently descriptive of the great musical festival. The edition for May contains thirty-two pages. Besides the illustrated description of American and European theatrical affairs, eight illustrated pages are given to the late production of "Françoise de Rimini" in Paris.—*Macmillan's Magazine* for May contains a pretty Eastern story—"The Little Pilgrim"—Notes on Mrs. Siddons, and a review of modern play-writing, by Fleeming Jenkin; the continuation of Julian Hawthorne's "Fortune's Fool," "A Distant Shore," by Lady Barker, and a very interesting paper on "National Surprises," in which all the sudden attacks and seizures made by various hostile nations are successively discussed.—There is a reply to Matthew Arnold's article on America in the current *Critic*, written by Mr. E. S. Nadal; Mr. John Burroughs endeavors to show the essential difference between Carlyle and Emerson; and there is a denunciation of Zola's latest and dirtiest book.—In the *North American Review* for June Senator W. B. Allison has a paper on "The Currency of the Future." "A Memorandum at a Venture" is by Walt Whitman. Hon. George F. Seward, late minister to China, makes an argument against anti-Chinese legislation. Doctor John W. Dowling, dean of the New York Homeopathic Medical College, defends the Hahnemannian school of medicine, and O. B. Frothingham has an article on Swedenborg. Finally, Charles F. Lydecker essays to prove that a "National Militia" is a constitutional impossibility.

In writing "The Naval War of 1812," Mr. Theodore Roosevelt has consulted American and British authorities impartially. He endeavored to gain access to the English archives, but was forced to content himself with the "Naval Chronicle," the "Gazette," or some standard history. To the records of our own government he had full access, and gained much information from them in regard to statistical figures, although in the cases of some of the foremost battles the log-books were extraordinarily deficient. The author gives, as the result, a history marked by the utmost fairness. The facts of the war appear to be that the Americans had the best and swiftest ships. With but few exceptions, such as the *Essex* and *President*, our vessels had better guns, more of them, and admittedly superior gunners; while in numbers the forces of marines and complements of seamen were greater. Our ships, to be sure, were, as a rule, by no means as large as those of the British, but their swiftness and armaments always made up the difference. A French observer, Admiral de la Gravière, whom the author quotes, makes this comment, among others of value:

Nor was the skill of their gunners the only cause to which the Americans owed their success. Their ships were faster; the crews, composed of picked men, manœuvred with uniformity and precision; their captains had that practical knowledge which is only to be acquired by long experience of the sea; and it is therefore not to be wondered at that the *Constitution*, when chased during three days by a squadron of five English frigates, managed to escape by surpassing them in manœuvring, and by availing herself of every ingenious resource and skillful expedient that maritime science could suggest.

This, and other valuable testimony quoted, seems to demonstrate that the future success of America in naval affairs will depend upon the adoption of a system of small cruisers of extraordinary swiftness and of invincible armament; in short, just such a plan as Commander Goringe has suggested. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$2.50.



## A MORNING IN MODERN GREECE.

A Correspondent Tells How the Greeks Welcome the Birth of a Son.

I am sitting on the little wooden balcony of my room in Kerios Chromopolos's house, in the little Greek town of Petras. The balcony overlooks the principal Platea of the town. The sun is just up, but its rays have not yet got over the housetops, so that there is a nice, cool shade. The Platea side, walks, and roadway are filled with little white-painted wooden tables, at which are seated all the world of our town. There is the *demark*, (or mayor,) in the centre of a knot of his friends and political supporters—for he is also the local head of a *koma*, or political club. His party have just come into office in Athens, and he is doubtless at this moment in the middle of an oration, showing how Trecoupi is going to reform everything, and the abuses allowed by Coumoudouros are things of the past—which means that the good things previously enjoyed by the late premier's adherents are now to come to the patriotic friends of Trecoupi. All the merchants are there, buying and selling over their coffee. Bill-brokers, currant-brokers, brokers for everything, are buzzing about from table to table. Plantation proprietors from the coast are here to sell their fruit—dried currants—which are loaded in the small sailing vessels, of which there is a fleet now lying anchored in the open roadstead in front of us. The captains of these vessels are standing about in groups. Lawyers and doctors are here in dozens. I see a *clistera*, or deputy-sheriff, serving writs. Our Platea is the exchange for everything and everybody. The air resounds with the shrill cry of the busy coffee-house waiters. Every one drinks coffee, but each has his own particular style. Some have it thick like soup; others, thin and weak, sweet or bitter. The waiters know each customer and his wants, and shout the order in accordance.

I take my breakfast on my balcony. It is supplied from the coffee-house. Panagi, Kerios Chromopolos's servant, who waits on me, is now bringing it in on a little brass tray; the coffee in a brazen pot, with a handle two feet long. On the tray there is also a glass of ice-cold water, cup and saucer of a very transparent china, and one little ring-shaped combination of bun and crackers. This is all my breakfast, and, with the exception of three or four complementary coffees, which I may expect to drink down in the Platea, I shall have nothing else until dinner, at midday. Panagi puts the tray carefully on a chair by my side, and then says: "Kali eméra, Effendi." I reply: "Good-day, Panagi," and look at him anxiously, for I expect important news this morning. From a thousand circumstances I know that an interesting event has been expected to take place in my host's family. From ten thousand noises during the past night, I know that this event has taken place. I shall know now if I am to rush at Kerios Chromopolos when I see him this morning, seize his hand, and say: "Na su zesé," (may it live to you,) and utter what enthusiastic congratulations I can put into Greek, or—terrible alternative—keep out of his way as much as I can, and when I do run against him, put a touch of condolence in my salutation, say in consolation: "O Theos ten estelle," (God sent it,) and delicately hint better luck next time. The vital question at this moment is: boy or girl? It's all right; I can see it in Panagi's face. A calm expression of triumph, as if to say we know how to manage matters, is what I read there. He will not speak, evidently enjoying my suspense. I can stand no longer this uncertainty. "Well, what is it, Panagi?" "A very fine boy, Effendi," and then I get an overwhelming flood of Greek, tending to prove that this new subject of King George's is endowed with all the attributes of Apollo and Hercules combined. Panagi, though a servant, is first cousin to Chromopolos, and enters warmly into all that affects the family interest. And now you will probably ask: Why this great difference between the sexes? Why should a boy or girl be such a vital question? The same difference as between a merchant's bills payable and bills receivable. A girl for Kerios Chromopolos would have been a bill payable at eighteen years' date, the amount expanding should Chromopolos improve in his position and wealth. Every girl in Greece gets married. No girl can get married without a dowry, and the father must provide it. A boy brings into the family treasury. A girl is so much loss. Should the father die before the girls are married, on the sons devolve the duty of providing dowries for the sisters. Until his sisters are married the son can not take unto himself a wife, unless he defies the custom of his forefathers for ages.

But I see Chromopolos coming out of his door to go on the Platea to receive congratulations. He sees me on the balcony, and puts his hand to his heart in answering salutation to my wave of the hand. He will expect me to follow him and do the proper thing. So I throw away my post-breakfast cigarette, put on my white sun-helmet, and go on the Platea toward the table at which I see Chromopolos has seated himself.

The national dress is still worn by about ten per cent. of the inhabitants of the provincial towns. The appearance of the people on the Platea suggests the idea of a field of yellow wheat sprinkled with poppies—the red fezes among the white summer suits. Kerios Chromopolos wears the Greek dress. It is very becoming to him, as he is a good specimen of a Greek. He is tall, with muddy-brown complexion, a large straight nose, bright brown eyes, and dark hair. With the exception of a moustache curled up toward his eyes, his face is clean-shaven. His red fez of some four inches in height is slightly crushed to the right side, with its blue silk tassel falling on his neck. He has on for the occasion a fresh *fustanella*. Its snowy folds hang from his waist (tightened in there with a red silk sash) to below his knees in a thousand little plaits, forming a striking contrast to his crimson hussar jacket, the bright color softened with black braiding, of which one sleeve is thrown over his back, allowing his whole shirt-sleeve to be seen. The shirt is open at the neck. Leggings of the same color as the jacket complete a most picturesque costume. A Greek can never keep his hands quiet. When not making a cigarette as thick as his little finger or gesticulating, he brings into use his *com-boloya*, which is a circlet of bone or amber beads the size of nuts, which he holds with his left hand, dropping the beads

with his fingers by twos and threes along the portion of the silken string left free from beads for the purpose.

I have made my speech with appropriate enthusiasm to Chromopolos on the happy event. There are now about a dozen of us, making a ring round the table, drinking the coffee Chromopolos has ordered for all. We touch lightly on politics—most intensely on the probability of the present fine weather lasting till the currant crop, of which the greater part now on the drying-grounds is safely stored. Once on this subject, we can not leave it. It is our only trade. All our prospects for the next year depend upon a good season.

Our party now breaks up. The hot rays of the August sun are stealing up the Platea. The outside line of tables is being gradually contracted. The roadway is now abandoned, and the sitters on the sidewalks are constantly drawing their chairs and tables toward the shade of the coffee-houses. We must go now to our offices, to the court, to our ships, to visit our patients. Chromopolos has given himself a half-day; but he must go home to see that all is ready there to receive the visitors whom he may expect in honor of the occasion a little before noonday.

On my way to the hotel for dinner—for boarding is impossible in Greece—I am reminded of my social duties to Chromopolos by seeing several of my acquaintances going into his house. I overtake one, and propose that we pay our visit together. The door is open, and without meeting any servant we enter an uncarpeted hall, which brings us to a large sitting-room where Chromopolos is receiving his visitors. The floor has no covering, except a strip of gaily-colored woolen fabric. In front of the white calico-covered divan chairs are placed, rather stiffly, with their backs to the wall. In the middle of the room is a white marble table, on which is a large bowl of tobacco, with paper for cigarettes. This is all the furniture in the room. The light-blue painted walls, and perfectly clean white floor make everything delightfully cool and refreshing to us, just come from the glaring sunshine. I go up and shake hands with Kerios Chromopolos, and congratulate him again. He gives me, as a foreigner, the seat of honor on the divan. In the room are most of the party who were with us in the Platea in the morning. We are not at all so free and lively as we were then. We seem to feel that we have got to be ceremonious now, and restrain ourselves accordingly.

In the further interior of the house we hear female voices. They seem to be all speaking at once. These must be all the female relatives of the family. We will not see them, as they will stay with the wife, Keria Chromopolos. When all are seated, a female servant comes in, bearing a silver tray on which are the cups of coffee. This being a state occasion, there are besides little glasses of *mastika*, which is a colorless spirit flavored with anise-seed. There are also on the tray a jar of sweetmeats made from the *visino* cherry, a little silver basket with spoons, and several glasses of cold water.

Had Keria Chromopolos been present it would have been her duty to accompany the servant to each visitor, and give with her own hands the glass of *mastika* and cup of coffee. In her absence this will be done by a younger sister of Chromopolos, who comes now into the room. Her fez is the only article of dress distinctively Greek. It is very low, and worn quite on the side of the head, with a gold tassel. She has a good figure, fine eyes, but a bad complexion. She performs her part with the greatest composure and politeness. It requires some practice to take these refreshments neatly. I put a large spoonful of the sweetmeats into my mouth, place the used spoon in a little jar filled with water for the purpose, then drink a large glass of water, just as if I had taken a powder. Now I am ready for the glass of *mastika* which Miss Chromopolos hands me. At this stage I must bow to Mr. and Miss C., say "Na su zesé," and drink. Coffee now follows, and the next gentleman is served as I have been. You would offend the host if any of these refreshments were declined. We all feel better now; cigarettes are made, and talk is lively. Miss Chromopolos has retired, and will only present herself if a new visitor comes. The other occupant of the divan with myself is a very old man, dressed in Frankish clothes, the fez only being Greek—Greeks always wear the fez in the house. Ninety years old I should say he was. I soon find out that he comes from Spezia, and is an "Agonistes," or one who fought for independence forty years ago. We sit conversing for about twenty minutes, when we are interrupted by hearing the church bells ring out midday. We must leave Kerios Chromopolos to his dinner, and go to our own. So, rising in a body, we give the midday salutation, "good appetite," and file out. ALITHIA.

PETRAS, April 27, 1882.

The following story is told by M. Laurent in the *Paris*, concerning the "16th May," when the MacMahon ministry fell: "A compositor belonging to the *Moniteur Universel* came to the *France* office, and said to us: 'We have now been shut up for twenty-four hours composing a proclamation from Marshal MacMahon. We shall only be released when it has reached all the provincial towns—that is to say, to-morrow. Two million copies have been printed. Paris is not to know anything about it till it can be read all over the country. Here it is. Send it to M. de Girardin; he will answer it at once, and the plan will be spoiled. I shall lose my place, for I shall not go back to the office; but *vive la République! je me moque du reste!*' M. de Girardin got the proclamation, and answered it that evening, point by point."

The *Truckee Republican* says: "We are of the opinion that some of the Boston excursionists who passed through here the other night went away with the impression that Truckee was a tough place. As a number of them were passing along Front Street Jim Burge suddenly whipped out an ugly looking six-shooter, and commenced flourishing it in a reckless manner, threatening to make short work of some one who had insulted him. There was one terrific squawk, and in five seconds those Bostonians were scurrying across the plaza to their sleeping-cars, and Burge dropped down behind a dry-goods box, and rolled and kicked in his paroxysms of laughter." A humorous rascal, Burge.

Moses Taylor, who died in New York recently, was worth forty million dollars. Mr. Taylor was not an editor.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Ladies as Grain-Dealers.

Two blooming ladies, fair to look upon and elegantly dressed, rode down on the street-car together to attend to their duties at the Women's Grain Exchange. One was a blonde, the other a pronounced brunette. They were much interested in discussing the present unsettled condition of the market, especially the decline in wheat, and so deeply engaged that they did not stop to think how extraordinary their conversation sounded in the ears of their uninitiated listeners. Said the blonde: "Oh, this drop is to be accounted for in many ways. The millers have shut off grinding, and because of the late fall farmers will not need so much grain for feed. Besides, there is a good deal of monkey business among speculators, and they are banging away at each other without regard to the propriety of things, or actual condition of the supply and demand."

"I tumbled into a pretty good thing on that last bust," said the brunette. "I don't care if the whole bottom falls out."

"I do," retorted the other; "I am an awful big bull; I believe in crowding. I'm long now, and stood in for \$1.30."

"Maybe I'd better straddle," suggested the other.

"No, don't you straddle anything. That'll break up the best of 'em. You might as well try to straddle a buzz-saw."

This was too much for one of the passengers, a Board of Trade man, who smiled so ardently that the ladies were confusedly interrupted, and signaled to the conductor to stop the car. There was a twitter as the two got out.—*New York Journal of Commerce*.

Rupert's Racket.

"I have been waiting for you, Rupert."

Desdemona McCaffery was a witching strawberry blonde, with dreamy brown eyes and a large, luxuriant foot that attracted attention wherever she went. Careless and trifling in most things, and little recking whether she had pie or radishes for breakfast, her love for Rupert Hetherington was the one absorbing passion of her life. When he was by her side life was like a beautiful day in June.

"I am never unhappy when you are with me, darling," she said, nestling her head on Rupert's shoulder; "but when you are away everything is dreary, and dismal, and forlorn. Did it never occur to you of what antagonistic emotions the life of woman is made up?"

"It never did," replied Rupert. "I have been too busy this spring trying to figure out whether Iroquois would win a race."

For an instant there was silence. The lowing of the cattle in the distant meadows, and the twittering of the swallows as they circled round the eaves of the house preparatory to turning in for the night, were the only sounds to be heard. Presently Desdemona spoke again.

"But it is so, Rupert," she said. "Flame and ice, poison and perfume, smiles and tears, roses and upas, passion and abnegation—these are what the gods cast into the caldron from which came woman."

"But your sex is fickle, is it not?" said Rupert. "You know the old saying: 'Woman, thy name is Flaherty.'"

Desdemona looked at him steadily a moment.

"I presume you refer," she said, in cold, better-come-in-before-your-ears-are-frozen tones, "to the line which reads: 'Fidelity, thy name is woman.'"

"I guess likely," was the reply, "but I really can not see why women should buck-jump around so much."

"It is because you do not understand their nature. A woman loves some man with a mad, unreasoning love. She is only a girl—a frail, passionate, moody girl, whose heart is a lute for every wind to play upon; who is swayed by love and honor like any reed; who in the sleepless midnight looks renunciation in the face with dry eyes; who walks hand-in-hand with a sorrow that might so easily wear the stars of joy"—and with a convulsive sob breaking from her lips the girl turned to enter the house.

Rupert stopped her. "You are off your feed, my darling," he said, in the low, musical tones he knew so well how to use when a woman's love was to be won or the unexpected advent of three acres in a jack-pot announced. "You will be better in the fall, sweetheart—the golden-tinted fall—when the leaves are turning brown, and the Agricultural Association gets out those beautiful mezzo-tinted posters announcing its annual *soirée* of live stock."

"Do you really think so, Rupert?" the girl asks, putting her arms around his neck, and looking at him with a wistful, how-do-you-think-you'd-feel-if-papa-was-to-be-ave-in-sight look.

"Why, of course I do, my angel," he replies, bending over to kiss her once for the cigars.

"And would you do anything in your power to make me happy?" and again the yearning, anxious, somebody-hold-the-dog expression came into the dusky eyes from which the tears were welling.

"My love," he says, speaking slowly, and with an earnestness that shows how grave the subject is to him, "you know that for your dear sake I would brave any danger, make any sacrifice that man can make. You know that your happiness is mine, that to win a smile from your sweet face hell could furnish no torture I would not endure; you know that in a pinch I would even—"

"Enough!" said Desdemona, a glad smile fluttering on her lips; "I will test your love."

"Do so," was Rupert's reply. "Let me prove my love as the Crusaders of old did, by some noble, manly action. I am ready for the test, no matter how terrible it may be;" and his pure young face lighted up with a rapturous Schuyler-Colfax smile.

Desdemona kissed him tenderly. "I knew you would not fail me, my own true love," she murmured. "You may bring them to the house this evening."

"Bring what?" asked Rupert. "I do not understand you."

"You will catch on before the summer is over," came the reply, in clear, incisive tones. "I mean two tickets to the *matinée* and the beautiful girl stepped into the house."

With a dull pain at his heart Rupert went away. "I'm o'er young to marry," he said softly to himself, "and too luxuriantly fly to begin buying *matinée* tickets in June."—*From "Fell at the First Hurdle," by Joseph Medill, the Chicago Tribune Novelist.*



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FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

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The history of no nation is more interesting than that of the Jews. They have been fitly called a "peculiar," and, by their own historians, styled God's chosen people. But their God was not the God of the universe, but the Jehovah of their own creation. He was their Jove, their God of battles, their leader, their patron. The national unity of Israel was always religious; the formula of their faith, "Jehovah is the God of Israel, and Israel is the people of Jehovah." The idea of ancient Judaism was God and the law, rather than any earthly fatherland. The Jews in tribal communities existed long before Jerusalem, and for long ages they have outlived the destruction of their holy city, and to-day give evidence of a vitality and national life greater than that of most peoples who enjoy country, language, and civilization peculiar to themselves. Away back in the very twilight of history, pastoral and nomadic, living under a patriarchal system, shepherds and goatherds spread themselves over such countries and extended to such regions as would best accommodate their flocks and herds. Ever preserving the same simple faith, ever maintaining the same religious ceremonies, accepting all physical and political conditions, acquiring all languages, adapting themselves to all governments, they have at the same time, through tribulation and persecution, ever maintained the distinctive elements of a nationality. When living within the territory of the Pharaohs they preserved and maintained the characteristics that were distinctive from the Egyptian, and old to themselves. Changing from pastoral life to agriculture; from following their flocks to the raising of corn, wine, and oil; from agriculture to trade and finance; from their early warlike character, as when they fought the Ammonites, till they acquired the land and absorbed the people of Canaan, through their conflicts with the Philistines, down past the siege of Jerusalem and the Roman period; through invasions, foreign wars, domestic dissensions, dispersion, conquest, and persecution, the Jew has preserved the distinctive features of his religion, and this has enabled the race to preserve its solidarity, and to survive the attacks of time. They are indeed a remarkable people, who through all these ages, scattered to the ends of the earth, and subjected to the domin-

ion of governments that hated and communities that despised them, have so preserved what we may call a distinct nationality. Assuredly they may well believe in the protection of their Jehovah, and that the children of Israel are His chosen people. We took up our pen to write a paragraph concerning the persecution of the Jews within these later years by the Germans, the Turks, and the Russians. To write the history of Jewish persecution is to write the history of the race. They emerge into the light of history from a period of oppression. Long before they emancipated themselves from the bondage of Egypt they were persecuted. They were oppressed by the Christians under Constantine in the third century, and persecuted in Germany by the early Catholic Church. They have been afflicted in every conceivable way, through the entire history of the race since the birth of Christ. They were compelled during the mediæval period to purchase toleration of sovereigns—toleration usually granted not from sentiments of humanity nor by reason of considerations of state policy, but simply from financial necessity and greed for gold. From the thirteenth century the position of the Jews was rendered almost intolerable in all the countries of Europe; and yet it is a curious fact that in Russia, where this persecution has lingered longest and been most brutal, Judaism once flourished, and in the eighth century it was a problem whether Russia would not adopt the Jewish rather than the Christian faith. The Jews were expelled from England by a royal edict in 1290; from France in 1395, and from Spain and Portugal in 1495, Germany, Italy, and the Holy Roman State receiving at these times large accessions of Jewish population by reason of those arbitrary and oppressive acts.

We have not time here to discuss the interesting, and perhaps not unprofitable inquiry, why these persecutions have existed, or what causes have led to them. Especially would this be a curious theme for intelligent research in the instance of Germany, when we reflect that in the dark ages the Jews met a kindly welcome in that country, and obtained a strong foothold; and yet, while Germany is among the most liberal of European countries, and its people less likely than most others to persecute for religious opinions, the Jews within the past few years have been the object of a popular outburst, and that, too, among the most intelligent and cultured of the German people. It is a strange fact that the Jewish people, for so long a period of time, in so many countries, and among nations so diverse in their civilizations, should have been so continually oppressed. This persecution is not to be accounted for solely on religious grounds, for in many instances, and in many countries, the popular aversion has been directed against them for business reasons. The unscrupulous conduct of certain classes of the Jews in their financial affairs was given by the Germans as the cause of their hatred to the Jews ten centuries ago; while extortion toward their debtors, and overreaching greed for illicit gain, is to-day attributed to them. The persecution of the middle ages had undoubtedly left its impress upon the race, and hurned in upon it certain traits and characteristics that only time, freedom, and unrestricted intercourse with a free people will eradicate. That period of equality has now, in most of the civilized world, come to the Jews. The time when the proscribed and despised Jew is to be confined to the Ghetto and Judenstrasse, not permitted to hold lands or engage in the more honorable pursuits, and denied political privileges and social equality, has, happily, passed away. There is now no reason why the Jew may not advance in culture and intelligence, except in those countries which still remain in a condition of semi-barbarism. There seems to us to be no good reason why this people, in such lands as England, France, and America, should not share somewhat of their distinctive and peculiar manners, and in common with the religionists of all lands, and with the native-born, mingle freely upon the plane of a common equality. Why should laws concerning diet, religious ceremonies, marriage, and social customs continue to divide citizens of a commonwealth like ours? Whose fault will it be if in some after period of our country's history these old prejudices shall again burst out? There is now the opportunity in the youth of our country, where the law admits no distinction, where all are equal, and all are free, for the Jew to break down the wall which has heretofore divided him from his Christian fellow-citizen. There are, we believe, all over this country and throughout Europe congregations of reformed and orthodox Jews. The reformed represent the cultured, progressive, and advanced thinkers of the Israelitish society. The orthodox still adhere to the religious customs of the Mosaic period, and still treasure the hatreds and prejudices of the time of the Ghetto and Judenstrasse. The advanced of Jewish reformed congregations, the intelligent and cultivated among them, are not indisposed to business and social intercourse with Christians, and do not mourn in sackcloth and ashes when a son intermarries with Christian maidens. It would seem as though there were a large class of Jews who desire to be persecuted, and who take delight in oppression; for assuredly they seem to use no effort to make even the slightest

concession toward the Christian community around them, and delight, in this age of progress and in the midst of cosmopolitan surroundings, to preserve inviolate the opinions, customs, habits, and ceremonials of conditions that no longer exist, and of an age that has passed away. In the time of Gideon was built a temple, with an image of Jehovah overlaid with the gold taken from the Midianites. We have Gideonites among us who seem to think, evidently, that they are still in the business of despoiling the Philistines. We must not, therefore, be blamed if we recognize here in our midst two kinds of Jews—one class handed down to us from the middle ages, with all the traditions and inheritance of their period of oppressions, and with all the mean instincts and highly cultivated peculiarities of their persecuted conditions. We have another class whom the best gentlemen, the best citizens, and the most honorable of men are proud to recognize as friends, as business associates, and as social equals. It was Spinoza who declared that the emancipation of the Jews would lead to the extinction of Judaism, the idea being that it was persecution alone that led to the exclusiveness of the Jews, and thus perpetuated their peculiar race nationality. The absence of political restrictions; the throwing open, as in England, France, Germany, Spain, and America, of all the civil and military offices to the Jews; the giving to them equal opportunities in every department of life, and the protection of equal laws, ought to blot out all the more marked lines of religious observance and social practice. The commingling of Jewish and Christian children in our free schools, under the American system, and the free intercourse of the street, play-ground, and school-room, will in time break down this existing class distinction, in spite of the laws of Moses, the teachings of the Talmud, and all the prayers that may be intoned in Hebrew. There should be no such class distinctions in America as are now persistently maintained by a certain class of Jews. It were better for them, better for us, and better for the future of our American commonwealth that these barriers which divide intelligent citizens be broken down and destroyed. In the future, and under such conditions, the prejudices that have existed of late years in Germany, and the shameful persecutions now being practiced in Russia against the Jews, could never occur in this Republic. One, and that one of the grandest divisions of God's earth, would be to them an inheritance where they might have equal protection under the law, and where they and their children could share all the honors, dignities, and offices of the government of a free people. There are six million two hundred thousand Jews in the world, and of this number two million six hundred thousand are in Russia. In the United States of America there are less than three hundred thousand. We unite with all humane people in denouncing the infamous persecution by the Russians of their Israelitish citizens; but we pause before aiding to bring to our country an immigration of Russian Jews, until it shall conclusively appear from the conduct of their American co-religionists that they are willing to regard themselves as our equals, and not hold themselves as a distinct and peculiar people, and in the midst of Americans, separate from them.

The candidacy of George Hearst has provoked a character of opposition that seems to us most unbecoming and ungenerous. "He is a mine-operator, and he is rich, therefore he must be in collusion with rich men, and the slave of corporate wealth." "He belongs to the aristocratic and chivalry wing of the party," says the Irish orator of the ward. He "holds the sack," and is using money to advance his ambitious designs. And Mr. John C. Maynard steps to the front to "sound the alarm against the burlf methods adopted by him to secure delegates to the convention." It is a "pestilential change" that Mr. Hearst is inaugurating by his endeavor "to purchase the gubernatorial office as a marketable commodity." "Hearst is rich," writes Maynard, "and has not heretofore been prominent in Democratic politics; and he is endeavoring to advance himself through 'revolving' appliances." Mr. John C. Maynard does not dispute Mr. Hearst's intelligence, or his integrity, or his generally respectable character, or his Democracy. Mr. Hearst is not a mining-stock gambler. He is a miner, and all his life in California has been devoted to the development of mines and the advancement of a legitimate mining industry. In the highest and best sense of an honorable term he has been a working man, and his labors have been crowned with success. The writer of this worked thirty years ago in the mines with pick and shovel, pan and rocker. Had the miner of that day been told that a persistent following of this occupation till he had acquired an honest competency would have disqualified him for official or other honorable positions, he would have demanded to know the reason why. Mr. Maynard has been these ever so many years a politician, an office-holder, and an office-seeker—undoubtedly an honorable pursuit; but there is a large class in this community who think that honest persistence in any honorable and legitimate industry presents as high claims for political recognition as the profession of politics. There are those who even think that wealth honorably



acquired is not a disqualification for office; that poverty, as the result of long neglect of business opportunities in the pursuit of office, does not indicate the highest qualifications or the strongest claims for place. We have no means of knowing whether Mr. Hearst is using money improperly. We have seen no evidence of it, and Mr. Maynard only charges it by innuendo. Innuendo that is not followed by proof is always cowardly and unfair. The meanest demagogism that we observe is that which endeavors to array the poor against the rich. It comes from jealousy, from uncharitableness, and from a debased and groveling instinct. It is an insult to the ambitious poor man who looks forward to the opportunity of himself becoming rich, and who proposes that between his children and the rich man's brood there shall in the future be no gulf that his toil will not have bridged. In a government like ours, where the chances in the struggle of life are equally open to all, and where it is a matter of practical observation that the sons of rich men become poor, and the sons of poor men become rich, declamation against wealth is altogether stupid, while declamation against wealth honestly acquired by honorable toil, and by the practice of the common virtues of industry, economy, and sobriety is altogether contemptible and indecent. With Mr. Hearst's ambition for advanced position in the Democratic party we feel but little concern. He would, in our opinion, make a good governor, and none the worse because he has worked his way successfully up from a Missouri farm to an honest competency.

The accumulation of vast riches in the hands of a few persons is a distinctive feature of the present age. Fifty years ago there were but few millionaires in the country. In the time of our youth we recall the names of Astor in New York and Girard in Philadelphia as among the exceptional ones. The Van Rensselaers had large landed property on the Hudson, and the Wadsworths a great estate in the valley of the Genesee. Now we number our fifty-million and ten-million magnates. Five-million men are found in all the States of the Union, while millionaires are becoming vulgarly common. We have more than a hundred in San Francisco. In the writer's Eastern village home there was an abnormally rich man. He was a usurer, and an infidel, too rich to be considered quite respectable. As a hoy we looked upon him with awe, and never saw him that we did not picture him in our mind's eye as endeavoring to crawl through the eye of a needle on his way to Abraham's bosom and the concert of the golden lyres; and we hoped he would never reach the golden pavement lest he should carry off floor, harp, and stools in his unconquerable greed and lust for gold. In our maturer years we found him an intelligent man of advanced thought. When he died, he panned out something less than one hundred thousand dollars; and, on reflection, we have no reason to fear that his future state does not compare favorably with that of the pious deacon from whom we stole apples, melons, honey, and green corn in the days of our unregenerate and superstitious youth. While the wealth of millionaires has been so largely increasing, we may remember that the wealth of the people has also increased, and now in the places of the five, and ten, and fifty-thousand men of fifty years ago, we find hundreds of larger wealth. Land has increased in value in town and country. Vast domains of then unoccupied and valueless land has since been converted into productive farms. Where hamlets formerly stood are now great cities. Desert spots have become populous, and the general wealth of the country has been largely increased. There is another reflection that enables us to regard with little fear the dangers of large accumulations of wealth in individual hands. It seldom lasts. It rarely gets past the first generation, and has, so far, in no single instance in our country gone unimpaired to the third. We have no law of entail or primogeniture. The dying Cræsus can not transmit beyond the third generation. Rich men usually die early; their administrators are careless; their heirs are profligate. Easy comes, easy goes. Daughters marry, and sons heget sons that squander. The sons of the rich, as a rule, do not inherit the cumulative, economical, and business habits of their toiling and successful business fathers. Let us not therefore envy the hard-working trustees of a vast property, for the management of which Vanderhilt, Jay Gould, Russell Sage, Moses Taylor, Leland Stanford, James Flood, John Mackey, Charles Crocker, and all the rest of them only get their bread, clothes, and spending money. The more they eat, the more they drink, the harder they work, the sooner they die. Their daughters are no prettier or better behaved than ours. Their sons can not cope with ours, and when they come to manage their properties our boys, when dealing with theirs, will go through them, despoil them, outmanage them, and in the next generation will swap places—descendants of poor men at the top; descendants of millionaires at the bottom.

It would be affectation on the part of an uncultured person, and one who is not an alumnus of the alumni of some learned university, to pretend that a day spent among clergymen, schoolmasters, and graduates is the very extreme kind of gratification that life affords. A day at the

farm, under the shade of the bright-leaved, balsamic laurel, smoking, sunning, and sleeping on the soft and redolent hay-cock, may be less intellectual, but it is far more agreeable. We are not endeavoring to elevate the kind of education that one gets from sunlight and shadow, from hillside and meadow, from the contemplation of a quiet day, and the repose of a mind at ease and unemployed, with that which comes to the ambitious person whose intellectual pores are open to the absorption that comes from the prayer of the Reverend Doctor Brier, or the wisdom that gushes out from schoolmasters, preachers, and honored guests on every side at Berkeley, when the University of California has its commencement day. The first spectacle on our arrival was to see, in solid column of war, an unwrinkled line of boys in gray, with guns; at their head more musicians than warriors, and with implements—as we afterward learned—more terrible than swords. Music is a divine art, and if in the days of its ruder infancy it could cause the forests to dance and the stones to weep, tame the ferocious breasts of barbarous men, and charm away the tenants of the invisible world, and all this on reed, and pipe, and strained hide, what must be its power with horns of brass, and fiddles of cat-gut, with cymbals and drums, blown, sawed, and beaten by strong-lunged, strong-breathed, strong-armed Teutons? We never contemplate orchestra or hand without thanking God there is no American in it. We never could quite understand the propriety of putting school-boys into an absurd military toggery, with toy guns, to play at soldiering. Our youthful calisthenics were hat and hall, foot-ball, rough-and-tumble wrestling, racing, tag, snap-the-whip, I spy, cricket, snow-halling, and the thousand and one improvised sports of the summer and winter-time. Our young gentlemen looked well on parade, and when Governor Perkins, in an elegant charge, gave them their commissions as colonels, majors, captains, and lieutenants, in addition to their other and more scholastic honors of masters of art and bachelors of philosophy, we for the first time learned that all this military nonsense was enjoined by law, and then we let up on the boys, the professors, the faculty, and the regents, and away down in our inner consciousness we thought profanely of the politicians. In the commencement exercises there was one scholarly, well-written, and thoughtful essay, entitled "Evolution and Religion," by Bernard Bienenfeld. The oration by the Rev. C. D. Barrows was one of strong, original, rugged thought, excellently well expressed in vigorous language, and in clear-cut, metallic tones. It was long, and well worth listening to, and when he had finished we said to ourselves, "Another good mind gone wrong; 'another strong, intellectual, and thinking man, confused in 'early days, as he stood at the forked roads of life's great 'thoroughfare, made the mistake that led up to a meeting-house." What a dreadful perplexity must it be to an independent, resolute, and honest thinker to find himself in a pulpit, looking down on a select circle of elegantly dressed, well-horn, well-mannered, well-to-do, pious people, and feel that he has to measure out to them an intellectual pabulum within the restrictive formula of an orthodox creed. In his oration the Reverend Mr. Barrows endeavored to disprove the old axiom that parallel lines do not meet. He endeavored to prove that the old shell-hack religion of our ancestors, the old creeds of the early ecclesiastics, the old dogmas of an early church, the old superstitions of an ignorant age, and the old interpretations of the early fathers, could be yet reconciled to the new facts discovered by science, and the new philosophies, and he made to meet at a common point with the developed and demonstrated truths of a later and a more learned and liberal age. It was our first observation of a new man, who has come among us with the highest promise of great usefulness, and our impression is that he has brains and courage. We think he has enough of intellect and resolution to make an assistant editor for the *Argonaut*, and it seems a pity that such capacity should be confined to the pulpit of a sect. It is always a pity that big-brained men can not have a better and a broader opportunity of usefulness than any pulpit affords.

The University of California at Berkeley is a promising school. Its standard of admission is high. Its professors are learned and faithful teachers. Its president, Mr. W. T. Reid, is an admitted success, and has put this college upon the highway to usefulness. Those citizens of our State who are sending their boys abroad for education are making a mistake. If all the California boys seeking a liberal education were kept at home, and if their parents would take the interest they ought to in the University of California, it would become in time second to none in this country. We did not stay to the alumnus low-jinks longer than to listen to a poem which we could not hear, an oration which we could not understand, some excellent and sensible remarks from President Reid, and some inappreciable wit from that one of the Reverend Mr. Bentons who is an Oakland politician, acting as Sir. We are informed that we lost some good things by not remaining, especially in the remarks of General McDowell, who defined

the soldier's use and place in the political fabric. It is a curious fact, as we learn it, that the regents have unanimously agreed upon a professor of mathematics, and that he is a native of Kansas. There are two curious facts: First, that the regents could be unanimous upon any subject, and, second, that a professor of mathematics could be born in Kansas. We never before knew of anybody being born in Kansas; we supposed people went there. In 1849 the writer passed through what is now a State producing professors learned in mathematics. It was then the home of the Indian and the buffalo. We are delighted to have Kansas produce learned professors, for New England has heretofore assumed to be the only place where such a growth is indigenous. We have soured upon New England, and if we can in the future procure our professors of mathematics from west of the Mississippi, for the same price and of as good a quality, we shall invariably give that country the preference. We look forward with confidence to the time when we can send schoolmasters to Boston from the University of California at Berkeley.

George Hearst carried the San Francisco clubs, and it is understood that he will go into the State Convention with a strong showing for the Democratic nomination for Governor. Strong partisans and well-informed workers in the party assure us, however, that General Stoneman will walk away with the prize. The royal family of the Democratic Bourbons, which acknowledges the Duke of Sonora as its head, is not happy. Its hereditary honors are imperiled; its official emoluments are in danger; its cadets, scions, and dependents are liable to go out of office. Democratic politics are so dreadfully tangled, just at present, that it is difficult to determine whether the chivalry or the shovelry is at the top. Rose-water and sweat are badly mixed. There is one curious fact—of the three prominent Democratic gubernatorial candidates, Hearst, Stoneman, and Johnson, all are from former slave States. It is just possible that the Democratic party will not find it as easy to win this coming election as some of their leaders now think. It is quite within the political possibilities that a Republican convention, called after the Democratic quarrel is well under way, may have judgment enough to take such a course as will enable it to snatch a victory from the now over-confident Irish. The Democratic party is composed of two antagonistic elements—the ragged remnants of the late unpleasantness and the papal Irish. They have no sentiment in common; they hate each other with a bitterness that is really delightful. Spoils are the umhilical cord that holds them together. If some Northern Democrat, loyal during the war—an honorable, independent, non-office-seeking gentleman like Joe Hoge—could be nominated, he would be elected. At the present outlook no Democrat has any assurance of becoming Governor of California.

Colonel Bee, the Vice-Consul of his Imperial Majesty of the flag of the yellow dragon, tells a very good story on our friend M. M. Estee, Republican candidate for Governor. Mr. Estee is a horny-handed son of toil. He is a granger on the fat valley land of Napa. He is a viticulturist. He has worked his vineyard with Chinese cheap labor up to the time of his candidacy, when, for obvious policy, he discharged his Mongolian brown men, who could not vote, and employed green sons of the Emerald Isle, who could vote. In taking precautions against frost it is necessary to smoke the Napa vines. The Irishmen fell asleep, and dreaming of their beautiful gem of the sea, did not awaken one morning last week until the frost had destroyed Mr. Estee's vineyard. Ten thousand dollars' worth of prospective wine was lost, and now Mr. Estee pauses to determine whether he will retire from politics or retire from vine-growing. He has referred the question to the decision of the next Republican State Convention.

Barney Hartzman is a man of German birth. He lived in Germany at the period when by the laws of that country he became liable to the performance of military duty. While under orders to report for service he left the country, came to America, and was naturalized. Subsequently he returned to Germany, where he was seized by the government authorities, and remanded to the army for the performance of the military duty required of all German citizens, and which he had endeavored to escape by emigration to America, and naturalization under the laws of Indiana. There can be no question that by international law and morals Barney Hartzman owes military service to his native land, and that no American authority ought to endeavor to relieve him from the performance of that duty. The same rule is applicable in the Irish cases, and in all cases where the citizen or subject of one country endeavors to escape the civil duties of the land of his birth by emigration, or where, being a naturalized citizen of the United States, he returns to his native land, and forfeits the protection of our government by political interference with the affairs of a government whose allegiance he has foresworn.



How Rugs and Painted Floors are Superseding Immovable Carpets.

Floors from all ages, says the *New York Times*, must have been a prolific source of discomfort and expense, but it was reserved for the latest civilizations to conceive the idea of covering them up in such a way that it should require the energies of a strong man to uncover them again. Carpets fitted to the floor, stretched by main force, and nailed so securely that even an earthquake would have left them undisturbed, became so popular that it required a moral revolution to make them unfashionable. It is only after some twenty years of discussion that new houses are built especially with the view to the use of rugs, squares, and strips of carpeting. Apart from all fashion and all theory, it is recognized as a fact that health demands movable floor coverings, or failing these, coverings which can be cleansed daily. Rugs are certainly free from many of the most serious objections to carpets, even when they are fixed upon the floor—which, in our estimation, they never ought to be. It is possible to wash well all around them, to remove the dust from the corners of the room, and even under the edges of the rug itself. But such a condition of affairs is still far from satisfactory. There is always more or less dirt about a stationary carpet, in any room that is much lived in, and the best housemaids in the world can not rid an immovable rug of dust as readily on the floor as they could off it. Carpets ought, as a matter of health, to be taken up once a week, laid over a line, and thoroughly beaten, but where is the household where this rule is enforced? The growing conviction of the superiority of rugs to carpets is shown in the newest houses, in many of which the floors are expressly arranged with stained borders, a parquet flooring, which it is possible to leave entirely uncovered. What a boon this is to persons of small means? Nothing eats into a small sum of money for house-furnishing more disastrously than a carpet. It is useless to buy a cheap one; cheap carpets are never of any use, and the price of a good one is a formidable consideration. This is another argument in favor of rugs—cheap rugs wear a great deal better than cheap carpets, for the obvious reason that they are not pulled and strained in every direction, and are only subjected to legitimate wear and tear. The question of colored floors is a debatable one. It must be admitted that for living rooms or rooms in which there is much passing to and fro, painted floors are not all one could wish. First, they are noisy; second, they show every mark, and after a little wear have a scratched and worn appearance, which is disheartening. Even with constant care, rubbing and washing, it is difficult to keep a colored floor as nicely as one would wish, and moreover it has a cold and desolate appearance if entirely uncovered. A square rug or carpet, with a bordering, is a decided improvement upon the bare boards, and this, in living rooms, should certainly be large enough to come within half a yard of the walls all over the room, and be heavy enough to lie flat without being nailed. The most desirable floorings for all purposes are unquestionably those of wood carpetings and tiles, but comparatively few persons are fortunate enough to possess them, and unless they are owners of houses, are not willing to go to the expense of having them laid. Unless a room is full of handsome furniture it does not look well with several small rugs laid about in different directions. The centre of the floor should be covered, and, if possible, heavy furniture should hold the rugs in position, for however eloquent we may be in favor of loose floor coverings, there is no disguising the fact that a kicked-up rug is one of the minor aggravations of life. Many of the fashionable rugs nowadays are of home manufacture, and although woven in imitation of those imported from the East, can be easily distinguished from them by the greater brightness of color. Pennsylvania rugs, in imitation of those imported from Smyrna, are very effective, but a little too obtrusive in color, it being now generally recognized that floor coverings have no business to force themselves upon the attention. As a matter of artistic decoration the carpet should attract no particular regard. A room is badly furnished if the first thing that strikes a person upon entering it is the carpet, and modern taste is so far educated that in well-appointed homes one is seldom called upon to admire a parterre of brilliant flowers upon the drawing-room carpet, or to tread upon trees whose branches shelter humming-birds. Neutral tints are to be preferred, and if the walls of a room are dingy, or there is any other reason for wishing to introduce a little brightness, the coloring should be in the border of carpets rather than in the centre. Those from India are usually sombrous in color, and of intricate and even confused design, while those which come from Turkey are bright and vivid in outline, and have the inestimable merit of becoming more valuable after they have been worn. It is difficult to distinguish between those made in Turkey and those brought from Persia. They are rarely imitated with any success, but the Smyrna rugs, known in the trade as Oushak, are of such strong colors and striking designs that it is often difficult to detect imitations. As a rule they have deep crimson or bright scarlet centres, with geometrical markings and borders in which every shade of color is harmoniously blended. Some few of them, generally the smaller ones, are of less decided coloring, and a fashion has lately been introduced of covering staircases with them, a rug the exact width of each stair being kept in place by a brass rod across either end. It is difficult to see what object can be gained by this innovation, unless it be that of novelty, for velvet pile stair-carpets answer the same purpose as far as deadening sound is concerned, and look a great deal better if sufficient margin is left at either side; stairways covered without this margin never look well, a reflection which may solace those whose purse is limited, and to whom wide stair-carpets are denied. To close, there is great consolation in the fact that a floor partially covered with rugs is infinitely more useful in showing up furniture than the handsomest carpet that ever left the loom. Such a reflection should reconcile us even to the scratches on a dark-stained floor, and all things considered it is useless to lighten the purse or burden the mind with extensive floor coverings when the home will look just as well with rugs, and when every consideration of health requires that they should be done away with.

## Love's Inquisition.

"How often have I been in love?"  
What an exhaustive query!  
To count the stars that shine above  
Not more my mind would weary.  
"You blush for me!"—I see you do:  
Your blushes are becoming;  
"You want to hear the whole list through!"  
Well, I'll attempt the summing.  
My first love!—Oh, those cunning curls,  
The wind blew all about so!  
My rose of roses! Pearl of pearls!  
I wish you wouldn't pout so.  
"I'm not a stoic!"—She is fair;  
Not tall, but very stately;  
She's sweet and kind beyond compare:  
She's—Yes, I've seen her lately.  
"My second?"—This is like a charade.  
Well, she at first was icy.  
As I was warm; but like all maids:  
Time made things *versus-vice*.  
"I ought to be ashamed?"—I'm not!  
I didn't start the question;  
You asked me to describe the lot—  
"You're sure 'twas my suggestion!"  
Well, I'll—"Go on!"—Of course I will.  
Let's see: The third was impish—  
As bright as steel and never still;  
Her hair inclined to crispish.  
She used to dote on me, I know;  
At least, she said so often.  
A heart as hard as rock to dough  
Her sunny smile would soften;  
I loved the rustle of her dress;  
I loved the—"Don't be silly!"  
All right; I won't. But don't distress  
Yourself, to be so chilly.  
"Don't be sarcastic, but proceed  
To number four!"—With pleasure.  
She was the sort of girl you read  
About. A perfect treasure.  
Her eyes would thrill me through and through,  
And—shade of General Harrison!—  
When she first kissed me, honey-dew  
Was acid by comparison.  
I loved that girl with all my heart;  
I'll love her to my dying.  
Day!—"You and I had better part!"  
"You hate me!"—"Why, you're crying!"  
Don't, dear! The list that I repeat  
I only mean in fun, love;  
Fair, icy, impish, sunny-sweet—  
You're all of them in one, love.  
You are my first love and my last;  
I never loved another;  
Kiss me, and say the storm is past  
—Confound it! Here's your mother!  
—*J. Cheever Goodwin in the June Century.*

## The Leaf and the Book.

Across the meadow-land together  
A youth and merry maiden strayed,  
Where grasses grew, and purple heather,  
'Midst checkered peeps of sun and shade.  
At last beside the river seated,  
He took her book—this lover sage,  
One fallen willow leaf secreted,  
Then slowly folded down the page.  
  
Next year the maiden slowly strolling  
Alone beside the river's brink,  
Saw summer-time to winter rolling,  
And rested there to think of him.  
Her eyes with sorrow's tints were shaded,  
Her book still pictured youth and age—  
The fallen willow-leaf had faded  
Where he had folded down the page.  
  
Years after, by the stream forsaken,  
In winter-time she wandered forth;  
Great forest trees with storms were shaken,  
Sent from the Kingdom of the North.  
She found the spot where they were seated  
Before he left her for renown;  
No willow-leaf the book secreted,  
But life's sad page was folded down.  
—*Clement Scott.*

## Alas, So Long!

Ah! dear one, we were young so long,  
It seemed that youth would never go,  
For skies and trees were ever in song,  
And water in singing flow,  
In the days we never again shall know.  
Alas, so long!  
Ah! then, was it all spring weather?  
Nay; but we were young and together.  
  
Ah! dear one, I've been old so long,  
It seems that age is loth to part,  
Though days and years have never a song,  
And, oh! I have they still the art  
That warmed the pulses of heart to heart?  
Alas, so long!  
Ah! then, was it all spring weather?  
Nay; but we were young and together.  
  
Ah! dear one, you've been dead so long—  
How long until we meet again,  
Where hours may never lose their song,  
Nor flowers forget the rain,  
In glad noontide that never shall wane?  
Alas, so long!  
Ah! shall it be then spring weather?  
And ah! shall we be young together?  
—*D. G. Rossetti.*

## Unsheltered Love.

Like a storm-driven and belated bird  
That beats with aimless wings about the nest,  
Straining against the storm its eager breast,  
So is my love, which by no swift-winged word  
May enter at her heart, and there be heard  
To sing as birds do, ere they fold in rest  
Their wings, still quivering from the last sweet quest,  
When with their song and flight the air was stirred.  
Oh, if some wind of hither disbelief,  
Some terrible darkness of estranging doubt,  
Keep it from thee, oh, now, sweet Love, reach out  
Thy hand, and pluck it from this storm of grief;  
It takes no heed of alien nights and days,  
So in thy heart it finds its resting-place.  
—*Philip Bourke Marston in June Lippincott's.*

The other evening in an old castle the conversation turned upon apparitions, each one of the party telling a story. As the accounts grew more horrible the young ladies drew closer together.

"Have you ever had an adventure with a ghost?" said they to me. "Do you not know a story to make us shiver? Come, tell us something."

"I am quite willing to do so," I replied. "I will tell you of an incident that happened to myself."

Toward the close of the autumn of 1858 I visited one of my friends, sub-prefect of a little city in the center of France. Albert was an old companion of my youth, and I had been present at his wedding. His charming wife was full of goodness and grace. My friend wished to show me his happy home, and, moreover, to introduce me to his two pretty little daughters. I was fêted and taken great care of. Three days after my arrival I knew the entire city, curiosities, old castles, ruins, etc. Every day about four o'clock Albert would order the phaeton, and we would take a long ride, returning home in the evening. One evening my friend said to me:

"To-morrow we will go further than usual. I want to take you to the Black Rocks. They are curious old Druidical stones, on a wild and desolate plain. They will interest you. My wife has not seen them yet, so we will take her."

The following day we drove out at the usual hour. Albert's wife sat by his side. I occupied the hack seat alone. The weather was gray and sombre that afternoon, and the journey was not very pleasant. When we arrived at the Black Rocks the sun was setting. We got out of the phaeton, and Albert took care of the horses.

We walked some little distance through the fields before reaching the giant remains of the old Druid religion. Albert's wife wished to climb to the summit of the altar, and I assisted her. I can still see her graceful figure as she stood draped in a red shawl, her veil floating around her.

"How beautiful it is! But does it not make you feel a little melancholy?" said she, extending her hand towards the dark horizon, which was lighted a little by the last rays of the sun.

The afternoon wind blew violently, and sighed through the stunted trees that grew around the stone cromlechs; not a dwelling nor a human being was in sight. We hastened to get down, and silently retraced our steps to the carriage.

"We must hurry," said Albert; "the sky is threatening, and we shall have scarcely time to reach home before night."

We carefully wrapped the robes around his wife. She tied the veil around her face, and the horses started into a rapid trot. It was growing dark; the scenery around us was bare and desolate; clumps of fir trees here and there and furze bushes formed the only vegetation. We began to feel the old, for the wind blew with fury; the only sound we heard was the steady trot of the horses and the sharp clear tinkle of their bells.

Suddenly I felt the heavy grasp of a hand upon my shoulder. I turned my head quickly. A horrible apparition presented itself before my eyes. In the empty place at my side sat a hideous woman. I tried to cry out; the phantom placed her fingers upon her lips to impose silence upon me. I could not utter a sound. The woman was clothed in white linen; her head was cowed; her face was overspread with a corpse-like palor, and in place of eyes, ghastly black cavities.

I sat motionless, overcome by terror.

The ghost suddenly stood up, and leaned over the young wife. She encircled her with her arms, and lowered her hideous head as if to kiss her forehead.

"What a wind!" cried Madame Albert, turning precipitately toward me. "My veil is torn."

As she turned, I felt the same infernal pressure on my shoulder, and the place occupied by the phantom was empty. I looked out to the right and left—the road was deserted, not an object in sight.

"What a dreadful gale!" said Madame Albert. "Did you feel it? I can not explain the terror that seized me; my veil was torn by the wind as if by an invisible hand; I am trembling still."

"Never mind," said Albert, smiling, "wrap yourself up, my dear, we will soon see her warming ourselves by a good fire at home. I am starving."

A cold perspiration covered my forehead; a shiver ran through me; my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and I could not articulate a sound; a sharp pain in my shoulder was the only sensible evidence that I was not the victim of an hallucination. Putting my hand upon my aching shoulder, I felt a rent in the cloak that was wrapped round me. I looked at it; five perfectly distinct holes—visible traces of the grip of the horrible phantom. I thought for a moment that I should die or that my reason would leave me; it was, I think, the most dreadful moment of my life.

Finally I became more calm; this nameless agony had lasted for some minutes, and I do not think it is possible for a human being to suffer more than I did during that time. As soon as I had recovered my senses, I thought at first I would tell my friends all that had passed, but hesitated, and finally did not, fearing that my story would frighten Madame Albert, and feeling sure my friend would not believe me. The lights of the little city revived me, and gradually the oppression of terror that overwhelmed me became lighter. So soon as we reached home, Madame Albert untied her veil; it was literally in shreds. I hoped to find my clothes whole and prove to myself that it was all imagination. But no, the cloth was torn in five places, just where the fingers had seized my shoulder. There was no mark, however, upon my flesh, only a dull pain.

I returned to Paris the next day, where I endeavored to forget the strange adventure; or at least when I thought of it, I would force myself to think it an hallucination.

The day after my return I received a letter from my friend Albert. It was edged with black. I opened it with a vague fear.

His wife had died the day of my return.—*Translated from the French of Henry d'Iderville for the Argonaut by M. D. Bigelow.*



## "THE PLEASANT ANGLING."

The Angler's Wish.

I in these flowery meads would be,  
These crystal streams should solace me;  
To whose harmonious bubbling noise  
I, with my angle, would rejoice,  
Sit here, and see the turtle dove  
Court his chaste mate to acts of love;  
Or, on the bank, feel the west wind  
Breathe health and plenty; please my mind,  
To see sweet dewdrops kiss these flowers,  
And then washed off by April showers;  
Here, hear my kenna sing a song;  
There, see a blackbird feed her young,  
Or a laverock build her nest;  
Here, give my warty spirits rest,  
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above  
Earth, or what poor mortals love.  
Thus, free from lawsuits, and the noise  
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice;  
Or, with my Bryan and a book,  
Loiter long days near Sbaflowd brook;  
There sit by him, and eat my meat;  
There see the sun both rise and set;  
There hid good-morning to next day;  
There meditate my time away,  
And angle on; and beg to have  
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

—Isaac Walton.

Angling.

Just in the dubious point, where with the pool  
Is mixed the trembling stream, or where it boils  
Around the stone, or from the hollowed bank  
Reverted plays in undulating flow,  
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;  
And, as you lead it round in artful curve,  
With eye attentive mark the springing game.  
Straight as above the surface of the flood  
They wanton rise, or urged by hunger leap.  
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the harbed hook;  
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,  
And to the shelving shore slow dragging some,  
With various hand proportioned to their force.  
If yet too young and easily deceived,  
A worthless prey scarce hends your pliant rod,  
Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space  
He has enjoyed the vital light of heaven,  
Soft disengage, and hack into the stream  
The speckled infant trout. But should you lure  
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots  
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,  
Behooves you then to play your finest art.  
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;  
And oft attempts to seize it, hut as oft  
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.  
At last, while baply o'er the shaded sun  
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,  
With sudden plunge. At once he darts along,  
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthened line;  
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,  
The everted hank, his old secure abode;  
And flies aloft, and fountains round the pool,  
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,  
That feels him still, yet to his furious course  
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now  
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage;  
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,  
And to his fate abandoned, to the shore  
You gayly drag your unresisting prize.

—James Thomson.

The Angler.

But look! o'er the fall see the angler stand,  
Swinging his rod with skillful hand;  
The fly at the end of his gossamer line  
Swims through the sun like a summer moth,  
Till, dropt with a careful precision fine,  
It touches the pool beyond the froth.  
A sudden, the speckled hawk of the brook  
Darts from his covert and seizes the hook.  
Swift spins the reel; with easy slip  
The line pays out, and the rod, like a whip,  
Lithe and arrowy, tapering, slim,  
Is bent to a bow o'er the hooklet's brim,  
Till the trout leaps up in the sun, and flings  
The spray from the flash of his finny wings;  
Then falls on his side, and, drunken with fright,  
Is towed to the shore like a staggering charge,  
Till heaved at last on the sandy marge,  
Where he dies with the hues of the morning light.  
While his sides with a cluster of stars are bright,  
The angler in his basket lays  
The constellation, and goes his ways.

—Thomas Buchanan Read.

The Angler's Revellie.

Old Winter is gone, and young Spring now comes  
tripping,  
Sweet flowers are springing wherever she treads,  
While the bee, hovering o'er them, keeps humming  
and sipping,  
And birds sing her welcome in woodlands and  
meads,  
The snow-wreath no more on the hillside is lying;  
The leaf-huds are bursting, hright green, on each  
tree;  
Ho, anglers! arouse ye! the streams are worth try-  
ing,  
Fit your rods, and away to the fishing with me.  
Haste away! haste away, for the south wind is blow-  
ing,  
And rippling so gently the face of the stream,  
Which neither too full nor too fine yet is flowing—  
Now clouded, now hright with a sunny gleam.  
At the foot of the fall, where the hright trout are  
leaping,  
In the stream, where the current is rapid and  
strong,  
Or just by the hank, where the skeggers seem sleep-  
ing,  
Then throw your fly lightly, and you can not throw  
wrong.  
There's a joy in the chase, over hedge and ditch fly-  
ing;  
'Tis pleasing to bring down the grouse on the fell—  
The partridge to bag, through the low stubble trying.  
The pheasant to shoot as he flies through the dell;  
But what are such joys to the pleasures of straying  
By the side of a stream, a long line casting free,  
The salmon and trout with a neat fly betraying?  
Fit your rods, and away to the fishing with me.  
To awaken the milkmaid the cock is yet crowing—  
She was out late last night with her lover, I swear!  
To be milked, yet the cows in the cow-fold are low-  
ing,  
We'll be at our sport ere young Nelly is there.  
The weather is prime and the stream in good order,  
Arouse ye, then, anglers, wherever you be;  
In Scotland, in Ireland, in Wales, on the border,  
Fit your rods, and away to the fishing with me.

—Anon.

## PRESENTIMENTS.

An Investigation of the Causes of Those Dark  
Forebodings which Make Powerful Men  
Weak.

Golden Rule.

Much apprehension has been occasioned throughout America from the announcement made by Professor Proctor that the return in nineteen years of the great comet of last summer will cause the destruction of the earth. But while people are becoming so strangely exercised over this announcement, an event of far more serious importance, which is taking place to-day, seems to be almost wholly overlooked. The nature of this most vital subject can be best explained by relating the following experiences:  
Bishop E. O. Haven, known to the entire land, was unaccountably awakened one night out of a sound sleep, and lay awake until morning. His mind seemed unusually active, and he not only reviewed his past life, which had been an eventful one, but laid extensive plans for the future. He did not feel especially ill, but could not account for the unusual activity of his brain, nor for the restlessness which seemed to possess him. In the morning he had but little appetite, but was apparently well in other respects. In a few days, however, he began to feel restless and morbid, although he tried earnestly to overcome the feeling which had taken possession of him. But as he would the shadow of some evil seemed to follow him, and he was conscious of a gradual sinking and wasting away of all his physical faculties. He had been an earnest and diligent worker, and in his zeal frequently overtaxed his strength, and being absorbed in his duties failed to observe the common symptoms with which he was afflicted, thus permitting the work of destruction to go on unchecked. But the final came in a most peremptory manner. Shortly before his death he wrote a letter—the last one he ever indited—in which he speaks as follows: "A belief that death is near affects different minds differently, but probably all who are in a fair condition of physical and mental strength instinctively shrink from it with an indefinable dread and horror. A young man is no more able of himself to foresee his own destiny or the destiny of those he leaves than he was before he began to die."

The recent sad and sudden death of Hon. Clarkson N. Potter is one of the most serious warnings ever given in the long list of innumerable cases of mental neglect. It is not sufficient to say that many other brilliant men, including Everett, Sumner, Chase, Wood, Wilson, and Carpenter, were swept away by the same fatal trouble. The question is, were these men sufficiently careful of their health, and could they have been saved? The Albany Argus, in speaking of Mr. Potter's sudden illness and death, says:

"One of the physicians who attended Mr. Potter here was interviewed last evening. He stated that Mr. Potter's inability to converse had for some time served to baffle the physicians in their efforts to determine the root of his illness. It seems, however, that Mr. Potter, some two years ago, suffered a slight attack of kidney disease. Unwary dependence upon a robust constitution and naturally perfect health, and neglect of proper clothing, doubtless sowed the seeds of a disease that needed but some such personal neglect as that of Tuesday morning to develop. From the symptoms at first shown, it was thought his only trouble was nervous prostration; but his long continuance in a semi-unconscious state led to the belief that his illness was seated in a chronic difficulty more mysterious and dangerous."

Up to the latter part of last year Mr. Edward F. Rook, a member of the New York Stock Exchange, was doing business in Wall Street, New York. He had everything to encourage him, and make life happy, but was the victim of unaccountable uneasiness. His experience, as described by one who knew, was as follows: "At unexpected times, and on occasions when he had the greatest reason to feel joyous, he was irritable and haunted with strange feelings of discontent. He endeavored to check these feelings and appear pleasant, but it required a great effort to do so; after which he would again relapse into his former morbid mood. This feeling continued a number of months, when he became conscious of an added trouble. He was tired even when resting, and although experiencing no acute pain, had dull, aching sensations in his limbs and various parts of his body. Shortly afterward his head began to ache most frequently, and his stomach failed to digest properly. Being told that he was suffering from malaria he consulted an eminent physician, who told him that his kidneys were slightly affected, and gave him medicine to restore them. But he grew worse instead of better. He then consulted other eminent doctors of another school, and was informed that he had a brain difficulty, somewhat in the nature of a tumor, but in spite of all efforts to the contrary, he continued to grow worse. At this time his condition was terrible. What were at first simple symptoms had developed to terrible troubles. He was flushed and feverish, constantly uneasy, and yet always weary. He had an intense appetite one day, and very little the next. His pulse was irregular, his breathing labored, and every moment of existence was a burden. These disastrous symptoms continued, his face and body became discolored, his heart was irregular in its action, and his breath came in short, convulsive gasps. He grew constantly worse, notwithstanding the utmost precautions of his friends, and finally died in the greatest agony. After his death an examination as to its actual cause was made, when his brain was found to be in a perfect condition, and the reason of his decease was of an entirely different nature."

The experiences which have been cited above all had a common cause, and were each the result of one disease. That disease, which so deceitfully yet surely removed the people above mentioned was Bright's disease of the kidneys. In the case of Mr. Rook, the examination after death, while showing the brain to be in a perfect condition, revealed the terrible fact that he was the victim of a slight kidney trouble, which had gone on unchecked until it had resulted in acute Bright's disease. The leading physicians and scientists of the world are fast learning that more than one-half the deaths which occur are caused by this monstrous scourge. It is one of the most deceitful maladies ever known to the human race. It manifests itself by symptoms so slight and common as to seem unworthy of attention; and yet these very insignificant symptoms are the first stages of the worst complaint known in the history of the world. Thousands of people have died from troubles that are called heart disease, apoplexy, pneumonia, brain fever, and similar diseases, when it was, in fact, Bright's disease of the kidneys. The ravages of this disease have been greatly increased from the fact that until recent years no way was known to prevent its beginning nor check its increase when it had become once fixed upon the system. Within the past two years, however, we have learned of more than four hundred pronounced cases of Bright's disease, many of them much worse than those above described, and most of whom had been given up by prominent physicians, who have been completely cured. The means used to accomplish this end has been Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, manufactured in Rochester, N. Y., a remedy that has won its way into the confidence of the public solely upon the remarkable merits it possesses. As a result, it is more widely used and thoroughly praised than any medicine which has ever been before the American public. Indeed, there is not a drug store in the entire land where it can not be found.

Although Bright's disease is so common in cities, it is still more prevalent in the country. When eminent physicians in the largest cities are not able to recognize Bright's disease, it is only natural in the country where there are few physicians of any kind, and those few so unacquainted with the disease as to call it by some other name, it should rage terribly, and yet unknown to the ones who are suffering with it. Thousands of people can look back and recall the death of friends from what was supposed to be some common complaint, when it was really Bright's disease, and no one knew it. The terrible pleuro-pneumonia, which has been so dreaded, is usually the result of uremic or kidney poison. Lung fevers can be traced to a similar source. Most cases of paralysis arise from the same disease, and in many instances fevers, lung trouble, head, and bowel troubles. A vast number of ladies have suffered and died from complaints common to their sex called, perhaps, general debility, when, could the real cause have been known, it would have been found to be Bright's disease, masquerading under another name. In marked contrast to the sad cases which have been above described are the experiences of many prominent people who were as low as any of the persons mentioned, but who were remarkably restored to former health and vigor by this same remedy. Among this number are the following prominent

names: Col. John C. Whitner, Atlanta, Ga.; B. F. Larabee, Boston, Mass.; Gen. C. A. Heckman, Phillipsburg, N. J.; Rev. D. D. Buck, D. D., Geneva, N. Y.; Dr. F. A. McManus, Baltimore, Md.; Edwin Fay, Davenport, Iowa; Rev. A. C. Kendrick, LL.D., Rochester, N. Y.; J. S. Matthews, Portland, Mich.; C. W. Eastwood, New York; Dr. A. A. Ramsay, Albion, Iowa; Chancellor C. N. Sims, D. D., Syracuse, N. Y.; Dr. S. P. Jones, Marionette, Wis.; T. S. Ingraham, Cleveland, Ohio; Henry T. Champney, Boston, Mass.; Elder James S. Prescott, North Union, Ohio, who is a prominent member of the Shaker community, and many others.

To all candid minds the force of the above facts must come with special power. They show the importance of promptness and attention to the first symptoms of disordered health, before disease becomes fixed, and hope departs. They show how this can be successfully done, and that the dangers which await neglect can only with difficulty be removed.

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## SHERIFF'S SALE.

PETER ENGEL, vs. CHARLES WOCHATZ. Superior Court. Department No. 3. No. 632 Execution.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

execution issued out of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly attested on the tenth day of May, A. D. 1882, in the above entitled action, wherein Peter Engel, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a judgment against Charles Wochatz, defendant, on the twenty-eighth day of March, A. D. 1882, for the sum of one thousand five hundred and sixty-one 65-100 dollars, with interest thereon and costs, etc., I have levied upon all the right, title, and interest which the said defendant, Charles Wochatz, had on the twenty-eighth day of March, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the hereinafter described property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, standing of record in the office of the County Recorder of said City and County in the name of Charles Wochatz, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at the southwest corner of Byington and Webster streets; thence south on the west line of said Webster Street, twenty-four feet; thence west at right angles ninety-three feet and six inches; thence north at right angles twenty-four feet; thence east along the south line of said Byington Street ninety-three feet and six inches to the place of beginning. The same being a part of fifty vara lot No. 1, in Block No. 307, Western Addition.

Public notice is hereby given that on MONDAY, THE FIFTH DAY OF JUNE, 1882, at twelve o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will sell all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, Charles Wochatz, had on the twenty-eighth day of March, 1882, the day on which said judgment was docketed as aforesaid, or which he may have subsequently acquired in and to the above-described property, to the highest and best bidder, for lawful money of the United States.

San Francisco, May 13, 1882. JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.

R. THOMPSON, Plaintiff's Attorney. May 13-20-27, June 3.

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A pretty sure guarantee of the success of the specialty man in his specialty play is the character of his wardrobe when the wardrobe scenes arrive. They always do arrive, for it is said that the specialist invariably says to his dramatist: "Give me a scene or two where I can fix up a little," and the dramatic literature has come to such a pass that the man of letters frequently writes up to the tailor's needle. Dress has become a matter of such paramount importance that perhaps no man living enjoys greater notoriety than Worth, the man-milliner. For if it were asked to-day who is the greatest biographer, preacher, historian, general, inventor, romancer, or poet living, we would all find ourselves obliged to stop a moment and think. But if we were asked suddenly who is the greatest dress-maker in this era of civilization and fashion, who is there among even the most serious-minded of us all who would not be prompt in reply? The fame of the great London tailor is scarcely so extensive, and yet the male creature has taken to dress with a fondness which quite equals that of his butterfly companion. "I knowed he was an actor," was the comment of a gallery boy, not long since, "because he wore patent leathers." We have all become unconsciously fastidious with regard to the dress of the leading man. As for the man himself, though he be a very Antinous to look at, though he have a voice like a pealing church organ, and a talent which borders upon genius, we will have none of him, unless he bear the indefinable stamp, counterfeit though it may chance to be, of a gentleman. We have become finikin. No one will own up to it, but we require an elegant and studied carelessness, both of manner and appearance. And it is curious to watch a practiced eye study a new actor to discover which of the points are missing. His dress must be that happy cross between exaggeration and insufficiency of style, so to speak, for he leaves the latter to those who have never been touched by the magic chrisim, and the former to the serio-comic singer and the specialist. Who does not know their rampant fancy? It particularly chooses to distort itself in handkerchiefs; but the ulster is its darling, and the ulster's lining its heart's delight. It flutters like a humming-bird between plaids and stripes, between blue and cream, and has come by accumulating degrees of gorgeousness to the shaded inwardness of "Sam'l of Posen's" last and greatest ulster. I omitted to count "Sam'l of Posen's" costumes. I suppose a man's clothes may be called costumes when they attain that astounding degree of flash; but it is only fair to the new star to mention that he changed them quite as often as the elasticity of the plot would permit. In fact we had almost missed an ulster once, owing to the circumstance that it was only carried upon the arm; but the actor ingeniously and ingeniously turned it right side out, and made a feint of finding something in the pocket. I take it therefore that "Sam'l of Posen" is a hit. There is nothing so expensive as collecting. "I lack a hobby," says Lady Constantine, the heroine of Hardy's new story. The author, having been accused of putting too much architecture in his books, has made certainly a novel departure, and makes his heroine go in for astronomy. He leaves her in the last number of the serial buying lenses and equatorials. Madame De Struvé, the Russian Minister's wife, has visited her country with a flood of tea-pots—fourteen hundred of them, they say—and more to come. One man collects china, another beetles and bugs, a third pictures, and a fourth curios; but "Sam'l of Posen" collects ulsters. Perhaps this is a touch of nature, a feature of the real drummer, whom, perhaps, Mr. Curtis has studied from life. If so it must have been the only peculiarity of the genus which struck him, for Sam'l of Posen is like nothing which is in the heavens above nor on the earth beneath. Yet he is amusing. The evenness of his monotone is irresistible, and the caricatures of accent may have been the original—and probably are—of the copies which have been feebly circulating in other specialty Dutchmen, or, rather, specialty Jews; for the Jew has come to have his special niche in dramatic literature. Even Nat Goodwin has caught the fever, and is having a Jewish part written into a new play for him. Furthermore, the exacting realism of the day has come to demand that a Jew play a Jew's part, and even the little rôle of Rebecca in "Sam'l of Posen" is given to a maiden of the chosen race. But "Sam'l of Posen" is throughout an adapted play, rather than a written one, for the fiery M'le Celeste has been most plainly introduced to fit the broken accents of Miss Albina de Mer. Miss Albina de Mer is evidently an actress of

not wide experience, but considerable native talent, and plays the fiery French woman with strong dashes of high color, quite Turneresque in their suggestions of the emotional. The shop-girl has long been the especial protégé of the "penny-dreadfuls," and the "chambermaid's own." To see her in her apron, and in her native element behind the counter, is something new in the drama. It does very well for an act; but it was wise to make a kind of New York Cora of the fiery French woman as soon as possible.

Such a drama as "Sam'l of Posen" does not require genius, but there has been considerable dexterity shown in weaving together materials so apparently irreconcilable. How different from "Hazel Kirke," with its sweet homeliness and its flowing story. No characters were really written into "Hazel Kirke" but that of the old miller; but being placed in the hands of a clever lot of people, they all became characters as fixed as silhouettes, long runs, and frequent playings could make them. There is always a jangle in any change in a play which takes such a hold upon the masses as this one. None of the changes are for the better. That utterly impossible Pittacus Green became quite a favorite last year; but the new Pitty strikes one as being an actor who was once a comedian, but in whom the well-springs of humor are completely dried up. He goes conscientiously through every situation, makes every point in a methodical and approved manner, and winds up the tangled affairs with the calm consciousness of one who has acquitted himself by all the rules. Mr. Henry Lee, the new Lord Travers, is an agreeable young actor of the popular leading-man type, with a style not thoroughly formed, but quite up to the requirements of the part. The other changes are minor, and include a new Mercy, a new Dolly, a new Clara, a new Met, and new costumes for pretty little Hazel herself. These are really such magnificent affairs that they challenge mention, for they remind one of the old-time game of "playing lady," when this little woman, with her simple coiffure and her girlish face, trails a great, tremendous flow of rich brocade behind her. How weary these people must be of a weary round of three years of sameness. They must, in the nature of things, be cloyed with goodness. But Effie Elser has abated not a jot of her sweet seriousness, nor Squire Rodney of his strong earnestness. He has a coat of sunburn, by way of a change. One notices small things when changes are few, and the sunburn seems to belong quite naturally to the English squire; but for the rest, all is the same as before, from the doughty old Miller to Barney O'Flynn. The story seems to have its olden attraction, for the arguers still quarrel over it as a picture from life. One of them assured me the other day that it was only "dramatic pap, and mawkish and maudlin stuff at that"; but I fancy that my friend was alliterative rather than exact, and the day after I found a phrase of Henry James's which seemed to bit its weakness rather happily. In speaking of Dickens's works as the great "cockney epic," he objected that the great novelist's fatal danger was the "falsetto note in pathos." It is the falsetto which offends some ears in "Hazel Kirke"; but for good or ill, the course of the little play must be almost run. It is not in the nature of things for so small a thing to live so long. The company proved themselves to be clever in another line when they gave us a touch of Shakespearian comedy at a matinée benefit one day, and as there is a rumor that they are going to remain some weeks, we are perhaps going to have a real season, with a new play now and then, and the actors in a round of parts as we used to see actors, long, long ago. BETSY B.

A private letter from Warsaw, in Poland, tells an interesting incident in connection with Madame Modjeska. She herself is of plebeian extraction, but her husband's family are of long and noble descent. They were intimately concerned in the Polish insurrection of 1863. Some were murdered, some were exiled, and all had their property confiscated by the Emperor of all the Russias. Madame Modjeska has been making an effort for three years to get the confiscations decreed against the family remitted. She had made pretty fair progress under the administration of Alexander II., but his sudden death brought it to an end, and the feeling in Russia against the Poles was greatly embittered at the time. It was not until this summer that Madame Modjeska dared to make any new move. While in London she had made the acquaintance of a high Russian dignitary, Schouvaloff, we believe. At any rate, he advised her to go straight to the Empress of Russia, and promised to get her a special audience. She started for St. Petersburg, but when there, spite of Schouvaloff's influence, she being a Pole excited suspicion in the minds of the timid officials. Never daunted she tried and tried again, and at length was admitted to a private interview with the empress, at which the emperor was present. Two days after a decree was published granting amnesty to the relatives of her husband, and restoring their estates.

Schubert wrote more difficult piano music than he could play. Once, after attempting to play his own fantasia, Op. 15, he jumped off his piano-stool with evident disgust, and exclaimed: "Das zeug mag der Teufel spielen." (The devil may play such stuff as that.)

#### DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Actors are getting ready for next season, and the number of those who expect to go out as stars is uncommonly large. This is the time for making contracts with theatre managers, laying out routes, and forming companies. Modjeska, Salvini, and Aimée will return to this country. All the established stars will shine about as usual, except that Booth will be in Europe. There are no signs of a return to the stock system, and the only resident companies out of New York will be those of the Boston Museum and the Philadelphia Museum. Gilbert and Sullivan are under contract to send over a new comic opera, and a number of native ventures in that line will be made. Melodrama will be the chief feature of the season, however, and several London pieces have already been bought for this market. Among the new stars will be Adelaide Detton, formerly at Wallack's Margaret Mathers, whose pictures have already been spread over the country by the hundred thousand; Selina Dolaro, who will abandon opera for the drama; Emil Rigi, formerly of Daly's; Joseph Wheelock, Harry Courtaine, Minnie Maddern, Julia Hunt, Marion Elmore, Lillian Olcott, Alexander Kaufman, William Stafford, and Bertha Boyd. Thirteen traveling companies will be sent out from the Madison Square Theatre. Clara Morris will undertake a tour, if her health permits. Mr. and Mrs. Kendall, London fashionable favorites, will seek their fortunes in this country.

Victor Hugo's drama, "Le Roi s'Amuse," will be performed for the second time at the Théâtre Français on Monday, November 23 next, exactly fifty years after the first production of the piece. "Le Roi s'Amuse" was prohibited by the Government of July after the first performance, so that the play bill, instead of announcing a "revival," might simply bear the laconic inscription, "Second performance of 'Le Roi s'Amuse.'" If Victor Hugo be in the house at the time, he will enjoy a *revanche* never before granted to any dramatist, and will be a living witness to the instability of things political, though in this instance the wheel of fortune has been exactly half a century turning round.

Madame Materna thus describes her first interview with Richard Wagner: "He was casting about for one to take the rôle of Brunnhilde in his 'Tetralogy,' and some one suggested to him that I would be a fit person. He wrote to me to come to see him at once. I went, and arrived at Bayreuth. As I entered the room where Wagner was sitting, he rose, and looking at me, he suddenly moved his body nervously, and exclaimed to a friend: 'Thank God, it is not she!' By this language he referred to the impression which he received when he viewed my likeness a few days before. The original had pleased him far better than the likeness. After a pleasant conversation with him, he asked me to sing that same night. 'Impossible,' I thought, but it must be so, because the master was dedicating his new house on that very day. So in the evening I sang an aria from 'Tannhauser.' I shall never forget that face of Wagner as he stood apart from the rest of the company in an isolated corner of the room, and listened to the music. His decision was made at once, and he exclaimed: 'I have found my Brunnhilde!'"

The popular condemnation of Louise Michel's melodrama, "Nadine," recently produced in Paris, so displeased her friends, the ultra-Socialists, that a number of them formed themselves into a "Committee of Theatrical Vengeance," pledged to create disorder in play-houses frequented by decent people. They selected the Renaissance as the scene of their first operations, and wrote to the "citizen manager" of that theatre that he would receive an early visit from the committee. The manager at once arranged to give the avengers a warm welcome, but at last reports they had not appeared.

Mrs. Langtry gave two morning performances of "She Stoops to Conquer," at the Standard Theatre in London, a few days since. The East-End Theatre was so crowded that the musicians had to give up their seats in the orchestra, and to play from the stage. When the performance was over, there was so large a crowd to see Mrs. Langtry issue from the stage-door that the entire street was filled. Mrs. Langtry has commenced her provincial tour, and is performing in "An Unequal Match." Her part in this piece makes stronger calls upon dramatic ability than any she has heretofore played. In the first act, in which she is a poor country girl, she wears a flowered cotton dress, tucked up over a red petticoat, with a white apron and neckerchief; in the second, she has a pale-turquoise blue dress, of soft material, made up in innumerable platings, loopings, and frillings, and trimmed with cream lace; and in the third an elaborate gray-silk dress, trimmed with "steel jet," which looks like the scales of silver fish.

A German tragedy on the subject of "Harold," king of the Saxons—so nobly treated in Bulwer's beautiful romance—was lately produced at the Schauspielhaus, Berlin, and met with a cordial reception. The piece is the work of Herr von Wildenbruch, and has long been, in print, though never he-

fore acted. The Meiningen Company recently appeared at the Friedrich Wilhelm Stadt Theatre, in "Wallenstein's Camp" and the "Piccolomini," of Schiller. The scenery and dresses used in these revivals were, it is said, careful, accurate, and beautiful.

Monsieur Maxime du Camp gives some amusing examples of the customs of the police under the French empire. He says that in 1854 he was reading by his fireside, when he was informed that a detective desired to speak with him. A very amiable young man was introduced, who said he had come on the part of the Director of General Safety, who desired to have a little conversation with him—adding that a carriage was at the door. Monsieur Maxime du Camp could not imagine what he had done; nor was the mystery cleared up by his interview with the director. On being ushered into the presence of that personage, Monsieur Collet-Meygret said: "The Government insists, sir, that you shall say nothing about the events which occurred yesterday evening at the Théâtre Français." Du Camp bowed. "You understand?" "Perfectly; but I don't know what happened at the Théâtre Français." "No matter, sir; the incidents to which I allude may be communicated to you, and you are warned not to say anything about them in the *Revue de Paris*." Being unable to get anything more out of Monsieur Collet-Meygret, Monsieur Maxime du Camp, thinking that an attempt had been made to assassinate the Emperor at least, hurried off to the Théâtre Français, where the truth was discovered. It appears that, thanks to a certain amount of pressure, a Mademoiselle Dantes had obtained permission to make her début at the Comédie Française; that she had appeared in "Andromaque," and that her Hermione, instead of tears, had provoked shouts of laughter from the audience.

There is a saying to the effect that nearly all actors have a knack of drawing, says *Music and Drama*, and that most actresses are good singers. That there are among the stage people many clever draughtsmen, and women, is well known. Joseph Jefferson, Charles Waverly, Frederick Bock, Walden Ramsey, Henrietta Vaders, Laura Don, Adelaide Detton, Jeffreys and Catherine Lewis, (whose father is a Welsh artist,) Sarah Bernhardt, and Sophie Croizette, and one must not forget that on his nineteenth birthday Charles Fechter, by a singular coincidence, received the Paris Conservatory prize for acting, and the grand Prix de Rome as a sculptor.

The dinner of the Society of the Amis des Livres was made remarkable by the fact that Madame Edmond Adam and the Duke d'Aumale, who had never met before, were among the company. The conversation chancing to turn upon Talma, the great tragedian of the Théâtre Français, the duke said: "I did not know him, and regret it, but I remember having seen him. My recollection of him, however, is imperfect, seeing that I was only eighteen months old at the time. It was in 1824, a few months before the great actor's death. Talma was playing Manlius. My father, who was an enthusiastic admirer of his talent, never missed a performance. At that time our family were proprietors of the Palais Royal, and there was a private entrance to our box from the palace. On the particular evening in question my mother went with my father to see the play, and she thought she would like to take me. So I was present at the performance, half asleep in my nurse's arms, and it appears that at one time I looked at the stage. It was just at that part of the play when Manlius listens to the reading of a letter. As the reading progressed his features assumed a terrible expression, and when, the reading being over, he uttered the celebrated '*Qu'en dis-tu?*' which used to draw the whole of Paris to the Comédie-Française, at the sight of his contracted features and blood-shot eyes I was utterly terrified, screamed, and began to cry with all a child's unconventional vehemence. The result of my fright was soon apparent. The people in the pit and stalls started to their feet, and protested in the most unmistakably emphatic fashion against the introduction of a child in arms in so serious a theatre. My father merely smiled and said: 'Take that child away and put him to bed.' That is how I saw Talma."

On the 27th ult., George Conly, the well-known basso, while fishing on Lake Spofford, N. H., was drowned. The deceased supported Kellogg in 1878, and Maria Roze, in 1879, in their opera seasons in this city. His reputation as a singer was first gained during the late war. His camp-fire comrades urged him to become a professional, by reason of his splendid singing of patriotic songs. Following their advice, he quickly became famous, and has supported many celebrated singers. He was especially fine in old English ballad singing, and any one who has heard his rendering of "The Wolf" will never forget it.

#### Obscure Intimations.

S. B.—"Amateur Opera Company"—Declined.  
J. J. S.—"Decoration Day"—Declined.  
W. R. B.—"Heartdrawn"—Declined.  
P. F. B.—"Columbus"—Declined.  
E. C. L.—"Hell" was sent to the given address a month ago.



## THE CLOWN'S BABY.

It was out on the Western frontier—  
The miners, rugged and brown,  
Were gathered around the posters;  
The circus had come to town!  
The great tent shone in the darkness,  
Like a wonderful palace of light,  
And rough men crowded the entrance—  
Shows didn't come every night!

Not a woman's face among them;  
Many a face that was bad,  
And some that were only vacant,  
And some that were very sad.  
And behind a canvas curtain,  
In a corner of the place,  
The clown, with chalk and vermilion,  
Was "making up" his face.

A weary-looking woman,  
With a smile that still was sweet,  
Sewed on a little garment,  
With a cradle at her feet.  
Pantaloons stood ready and waiting;  
It was time for the going on;  
But the clown in vain searched wildly—  
The "property baby" was gone.

He murmured, impatiently hunting,  
"It's strange that I can not find—  
There! I've looked in every corner;  
It must have been left behind!"  
The miners were stamping and shouting,  
They were not very patient men;  
The clown bent over the cradle—  
"I must take you, little Ben!"

The mother started and shivered,  
But trouble and want were near;  
She lifted her baby gently;  
"You'll be very careful, dear?"  
"Careful? You foolish darling!"  
How tenderly it was said;  
While a smile shone through the chalk and  
paint—  
"I love each hair of his head!"

The noise rose into an uproar,  
Misrule for the time was king;  
The clown, with a foolish chuckle,  
Bolting into the ring.  
But as with a squeak and flourish,  
The fiddles closed their tune,  
"You'll hold him as if he was made of glass!"  
Said the clown to pantaloons.

The jovial fellow nodded;  
"I've a couple myself," he said;  
"I know how to handle 'em, bless you!  
Old fellow, go ahead!"  
The fun grew fast and furious,  
And not one of all the crowd  
Had guessed that the baby was alive,  
When he suddenly laughed aloud.

Oh, that baby laugh! It was echoed  
From the benches with a ring,  
And the roughest customer there sprang up  
With, "Boys, it's the real thing!"  
The ring was jammed in a minute,  
Not a man that did not strive  
For "a shot at holding the baby"—  
The baby that was "alive!"

He was thronged by kneeling suitors  
In the midst of the dusty ring,  
And he held his court right royally—  
The fair little baby king—  
Till one of the shouting courtiers,  
A man with a bold, hard face,  
The talk, for miles of the country,  
And the terror of the place,

Raised the little king to his shoulder,  
And chuckled, "Look at that!"  
As the chubby fingers clutched his hair,  
Then, "Boys, hand round the bat!"  
There never was such a hatful  
Of silver, and gold, and notes;  
People are not always peniless  
Because they don't wear coats.

And then, "Three cheers for the baby!"  
I tell you those cheers were meant,  
And the way in which they were given  
Was enough to raise the tent.  
And then there was sudden silence,  
And a gruff old miner said,  
"Come, boys, enough of this rumpus!  
It's time it was put to bed."

So, looking a little sheepish,  
But with faces strangely bright,  
The audience, somewhat lingering,  
Flocked out into the night.  
And the bold-faced leader chuckled,  
"He wasn't a bit afraid!"  
He's as game as he is good-looking—  
Boys, that was a show that paid!"  
—Margaret Vandegrift in St. Nicholas.

CCXXXI.—Sunday, June 4.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Sorrel Soup.  
Curried Lobster, Boiled Lamb, Caper Sauce.  
Mashed Potatoes, Asparagus, Spinach.  
Baked Beefsteak.  
Cucumber and Tomato Salad.  
Raspberries, Whipped Cream, and Sponge Cake, Cherries,  
Apricots, and Pears.

CURRIED LOBSTER.—Put into a stew-pan a tablespoonful of flour, which has been well rubbed into half a pint of milk, into which grate half a lemon rind, and add the juice, also a lump of butter, into which has been worked half a tablespoonful of curry powder—more can be added, if not sufficiently pungent. Cut half an onion fine, and fry; stir into the mixture, and pour over the lobster. A few crumbs may be scattered on top. Set the dish in the oven until brown, and serve very hot.

—ICHI BAN—DOUBLED IN SIZE—IS THE LARGEST Japanese sale exhibition in the world. Shattuck & Fletcher export their printing inks to Japan, receive Japanese goods in return, pay for this advertisement with printing ink, and this is why Ichi Ban exists on low prices. Logical, isn't it? Wholesale and retail. Goods for every branch of country retail trade.

—Go to Bradley & Rulofson's, 429 Montgomery.

"Edwin Booth," says the London correspondent of the *Dramatic Times*, "will open at the Adelphi with a picked-up company, in legitimate plays. The London engagement is intended only as a feeler for the provinces. It will unquestionably prove an extremely disastrous affair financially. He is to have no new scenery, but will put up with the old stuff on the Adelphi stage, which has been used in pieces like 'Michael Strogoff.' It is extremely threadbare, and will be almost ridiculed by comparison with the magnificent mounting which Mr. Booth's pieces had at the Lyceum Theatre, owing to Henry Irving's kindness—or sagacity, whichever it may be. The other disadvantage under which Mr. Booth will now appear will be the support of a hastily-organized and undrilled company. Besides this, his season will run through the hottest part of summer, when the most magnificent sort of production would hardly tempt people into a theatre. It is said that Mr. Booth is to be supported in the country towns by Miss Eleanor Calhoun, a Californian amateur, who has been studying here with Ryder, the old stage elocutionist and trainer. I don't know if this young lady is to be seen also during the metropolitan engagement, but Mr. Booth certainly seems to be taking some pretty big risks in a country where he owes the most of his popularity to the patronage of the favorite local actor."

Apropos of Sarah Bernhardt's marriage. "She told him everything," said one pretty actress. "What courage!" said another. "But what a memory!" said a third.

## A Delightful Swim.

Since the Terrace Baths were started at Alameda there has been every summer and autumn a steady and continual patronage from San Francisco and Oakland. As soon as it was found that one could leave the dusty and loggy city at three o'clock in the afternoon, go over to the Third-avenue station in Alameda, have a swim at the Terrace in warm and delightful sea-water, and be back to dinner by six o'clock, a most surprising number of San Franciscans became regular patrons. Mr. C. A. Edson, the proprietor, has just completed his extensive improvements for the season. A large number of dressing-rooms have been added, a complete assortment of new bathing-suits have just been purchased, and a large and elegantly fitted observatory for spectators has been built. This resort is especially well suited to lady visitors, since no liquor of any kind is allowed to be sold on the premises. To render the institution complete in every particular, the proprietors have engaged the services of Mr. Chris. Gerner as instructor of swimming. As is well known, the Germans give especial attention to the natatorial art, and in most of the great German cities, as, for instance, the extensive establishment in Berlin, there are free natatorial institutes. Mr. Gerner has had experience in many of these institutes, and is prepared to teach the newest styles of swimming. Families may visit the resort without fear of annoyance, as every precaution is taken to preserve order.

—THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC BROAD-GAUGE RAILROAD has just completed special arrangements for Sunday excursion trips to Santa Cruz and Monterey, at which five hours may be spent on the sea-shore. The trains leave Fourth and Townsend-street station at half-past seven o'clock in the morning, and arrive in this city at half-past eight o'clock in the evening, thus affording the citizens of San Francisco and Oakland the means of spending a most delightful holiday on the warm sea-sands of our semi-tropical watering-places. For further particulars see advertisement on another page.

—WHAT MERIT AND BUSINESS ENTERPRISE MAY accomplish.—The well-merited fame of Morse, the celebrated and favorite photographer, has reached far and wide. His peerless pictures are to be found all over the Union, and have made their way into many European homes. After years of unparalleled industry and devotion to art-progress, Mr. MORSE has been enabled to open up the most magnificent PHOTOGRAPHIC ESTABLISHMENT in the world. It has been the theme for remark for weeks past, as the work of finishing and final preparation has been going on. This elegant emporium is now open to the public, in the new PHELAN BLOCK, No. 825 MARKET ST. A hydraulic elevator, (so constructed as to be absolutely safe from all fear of accident) takes the visitor to this marvel of capaciousness, beauty, and convenience. There are twenty-two large rooms, all splendidly arranged and furnished, making this wonderful gallery a model of modern skill and genius. Every device for the comfort of his patrons has been provided. Immense operating rooms are so lighted and arranged as to secure instantaneous pictures. Large parlors and dressing-rooms are provided for the special use of guests. Mr. Morse has the finest operators in their respective lines, many of them having been with him for years, and others are the pick of the profession. Everybody should examine these magnificent appointments. Visitors from abroad should not fail to inspect the most marvelous PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY of the world.

—"SWEET CURING SEEDS" was the translation of the name given to Ayer's Pills by a high mandarin of China, in his letter of acknowledgment and thanks to Dr. Ayer for having introduced them into the Celestial Empire—a very appropriate name. They are sweet, they cure, and are therefore the most profitable "seeds" a sick man can invest in.

—ROWELL, HAZAEL, O'LEARY, HART, AND other pedestrians all use German Corn Remover, 25c. All druggists.

—LADY READERS OF THE ARGONAUT WILL remember that the place to buy colognes, perfumery, toilet soaps, brushes, sponges, cosmetics, etc., is at the elegant and well-stocked store of James G. Steele & Co., Chemists and Apothecaries, 635 Market Street, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

—REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE IS THE MOST wonderful healing medium in the world. Try it.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.

## JNO. LEVY &amp; CO.

MANUFACTURING JEWELERS,

Importers of DIAMONDS and other PRECIOUS STONES, WATCHES, CLOCKS, and SILVERWARE,

118 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

(Of the late Firm of BRAVERMAN &amp; LEVY.)

DOXEY & CO.  
HAVE REMOVED TO  
23 DUPONT ST.

Where they will be happy to meet their Customers and Friends.

## HOUSEKEEPERS!

DO NOT SACRIFICE YOUR GOODS AT AUCTION, but STORE THEM with H. WINDEL & CO., NO. 310 STOCKTON STREET. Furniture, Pianos, Household Goods, Paintings, Trunks, etc., well taken care of. We have three large, airy, brick buildings, and no rent to pay, and can store goods very moderate. Money advanced on goods at one-half per cent. per month. We guarantee against damage and moths, and can give references dating back 20 years.

—THE CHAMPAGNE OF ROYALTY.—IT MAY safely be said that there is no champagne which obtains a larger amount of royal and aristocratic patronage than the famous brand of "G. H. Mumm & Co's Extra Dry." It was the favorite wine at the festival dinner of the Charing-cross Hospital, when His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh presided, and it is to be the champagne used at the Royal Academy banquet this evening, which will, as usual, be honored by the presence of the Her Apparent. We understand that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has recently expressed himself in terms of high commendation regarding this exquisite wine, and, as all connoisseurs know, such approbation was well deserved.—*The Court Circular, London.*

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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—MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, 233 WESTERN Avenue, Lynn, Mass., is rapidly acquiring an enviable reputation for the surprising cures which daily result from the use of her Vegetable Compound in all female diseases. Send to her for pamphlets.

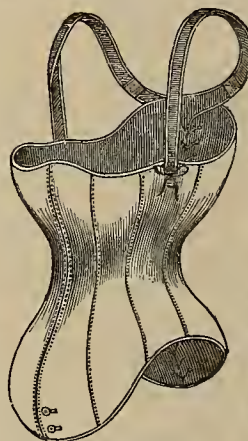
—DON'T MISTAKE THOSE WIRE BRUSHES YOU SEE in the shops for Dr. Scott's Electric Brush, so widely advertised. It is made of pure bristles, has an enormous sale, and everybody should read the advertisement once, it is interesting. It will be found in today's paper.

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NEW TREATMENT BY INHALATION for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders. Prepared by DR. STARKER & PALEY, Philadelphia, Pa. Package contains all directions, and is easily sent by express, ready for USE AT HOME. H. B. MATTHEWS, Forwarding Agent, 606 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal. Send for Free Pamphlets.

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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Conceit.

If love give life,  
And life bring death,  
And death itself bring life,  
Why death is life,  
And life is death,  
And love must be  
All three.  
—F. Roena Miller in Independent.

Crank.

If pork were beans,  
And beans were hash,  
And hash itself were beans,  
Why hash is beans,  
And beans is hash,  
And pork must be  
All three.  
—Acrobatic Editor of Puck.

Nathaniel's Cold Day.

In all the towns,  
Nathaniel Brown's  
Extravagance was flagrant;  
There came a crash,  
He lost his cash—  
He's now an extra vagrant.—Hawkeye.

A Pious Punster.

To church the two together went,  
Both, doubtless, on devotion bent.  
The parson preached with fluent ease,  
On Pharisees and Sadducees.  
And as they homeward slowly walked,  
The lovers on the sermon talked,  
And he—he deeply loved the maid—  
In soft and tender accents said:  
"Darling, do you think that we  
Are Pharisee and Sadducee?"  
She flashed on him her bright black eyes  
In one swift look of vexed surprise,  
And thus he hastened to aver,  
He was her constant worshiper:  
"But, darling, I insist," said he,  
"That you are very fair-I see.  
I know you don't care much for me,  
And that makes me so sad-you see."  
—Springfield Republican.

A Naughty Couple.

When Matthew Sipher came to wed  
With Mattie Nort, 'twas wondered at,  
Since not a calculating head—  
No matter how 'twas pondered at—  
Could make of Nort and Sipher one.  
And so 'twas said, emphatical,  
"This union must to nothing come  
For reasons Mathy-Mattie-cal."  
—Rome Sentinel.

Leaving Town.

He straightened his back, and wiped the sweat  
From his brow so fiery red;  
"I would rather travel with Jumbo, dear,  
Than travel with you," he said.  
She darted an angry glance and cried:  
"Why, Walter, you must be drunk."  
"I'm sober enough," he said, "to know  
That Jumbo can pack his own trunk."  
—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Same Old Tune.

The same old tune! She played it years ago—  
The ancient "Maiden's Prayer"—and I know  
She'll bang it out from early morn till noon—  
The same old tune!

Time alters not. The right hand skims aloft,  
The left beats time in accents none too soft;  
I heard it first ten years ago last June—  
The same old tune!

Lo! when shall come an answer to this "Prayer"  
That tireless maidens utter everywhere?  
Oh, may it come in golden silence, soon—  
The same old tune!—Musical American.

Kindness to Animals.

Speak gently to the herring, and kindly to the calf,  
Be blithesome with the bunny, at barnacles don't  
laugh;  
Give nuts unto the monkey, and buns unto the bear,  
Never hint at currant jelly if you chance to meet a  
hare;  
Don't tantalize the tortoise, nor sacrifice the stoat,  
Don't persecute the parrot, nor grumble at the goat;  
But give the stranded jelly-fish a shove into the sea—  
Be always kind to animals wherever you may be.

Be lenient with lobsters, and ever kind to crabs,  
Be merciful to mussels, don't skins your eels alive;  
Chase not the cochon-china, chaff not the ox obese,  
And babble not of feather-beds in company with  
geese.

Be tender with the tadpole and let the limpet thrive,  
Be merciful to mussels, don't skins your eels alive;  
When talking to a turtle don't mention calipee—  
Be always kind to animals wherever you may be.

Oh, make not game of sparrows, nor faces at the  
ram,  
And ne'er allude to mint sauce when calling on a  
lanib;  
Don't beard the thoughtful oyster, don't dare the cod  
to crimp,  
And worry not the wrinkle, or scarily the shrimp;  
Tread lightly on the turning worm, don't bruise the  
butterfly;  
Don't ridicule the wry-neck, nor sneer at salmon fry;  
Oh, ne'er delight to make dogs fight, nor bantams  
disagree—  
Be always kind to animals wherever you may be.

Be patient with black beetles, be courteous to cats,  
And be not harsh with haddocks, nor rigorous with  
rats;  
Give welcome unto wopses, and comfort to the bee,  
And he not hard upon the snail—let blue-bottles go  
free.

Be lively with the cricket, be merry with the grig,  
And never quote from Bacon in the presence of a pig.  
Don't contradict the moocow, nor argue with the  
goe—  
Be always kind to animals wherever you may be.  
—P. anch.

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For all these Painful Complaints and Weaknesses  
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Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the  
Change of Life.

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cerous humors there checked very speedily by its use.  
It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving  
for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.  
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General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and In-  
digestion.

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Other Real Estate.....	5,225 35
United States Bonds.....	626,977 85
Loans on Real Estate.....	134,868 00
Loans on bonds, gas, water and bank stock.....	132,198 35
Loans on other securities.....	577,443 96
Loans on personal security.....	1,106,064 27
Due from banks and bankers.....	392,457 61
Money on hand.....	398,669 34
<b>LIABILITIES.</b> \$3,523,844 23	
Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,759 12
Due Depositors.....	1,888,655 07
Due Banks and Bankers.....	174,370 53
Dividends unpaid.....	59 50
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## A SIBERIAN CITY.

One of the Czar's Outposts Which Looks Out on the Sea.

A year ago last winter, while temporarily a resident in the busy settlement of Shanghai, the commercial metropolis of North China, an opportunity was offered the writer to visit the important military post of Vladivostock, the chief town of the eastern seaboard of Siberia. The attractions of such an excursion were just then unusually great, the relations existing between the Chinese and Russian governments being more than strained, and a declaration of war, arising out of the Ili dispute, being considered imminent.

Arrangements for a passage to Vladivostock were soon completed. I was to proceed in the steamship *Appin*, a small but comfortable vessel, belonging to the old established firm of Jardine, Matheson & Co., which had been chartered by a Shanghai merchant for the purpose of bringing from Siberia a cargo of edible seaweed. This product of the ocean is fished up in considerable quantities along the coast of the Sea of Japan, the Gulf of Tartary, and the Island of Yezo, and after being dried and packed in bundles, is shipped to the northern ports of China, whence it is dispatched hundreds of miles inland for consumption by the poorer class of natives, who use it for imparting a flavor to their rice and other grain-food, and in the concoction of a variety of dishes more or less appetizing.

In China, the government farms out the tax on salt to a number of monopolists, who settle its price to suit themselves. It is needless to say it is outrageously high. Hence the demand for such a substitute as dried seaweed. Some idea of the extent of the trade in this article may be formed when it is mentioned that quite a fleet of sailing vessels—barks, brigs, and schooners—are engaged in its transport from the Island of Yezo, in Northern Japan, the principal source of supply, and from Siberia, to the ports of Tien-tsin and Shanghai; and that it constitutes the bulk of the cargo carried by the steamers of the Nitsu Bishi Steamship Company between the ports of Yokohama and Hiogo and the city last named.

Our voyage occupied nearly nine days, three of which were consumed in the passage across to Nagasaki, where we had to call in order to take in a stock of coal sufficient to last us the round trip. Our course on leaving this port lay through the Straits of Korea, and thence into the Sea of Japan, a lake-like expanse of considerable extent having for its western boundary the isolated country of Korea.

Early in the morning of the eighth day out, the look-out reported land on the port bow. This was taken to be the high hills to the southward of the entrance to Vladivostock harbor, and a few hours' steaming served to verify this assumption. Of all those on board, the only person in whom the announcement excited any show of interest was myself. Every one else had made the voyage over and over again so often, that the circumstance of the near approach of the vessel to the shores of Siberia failed to excite in the breasts of those who gazed on the scene aught but the most languid emotions. With me the case was different. This was my first visit to the vast domains of the mighty Czar, and although I had been a great traveler, both by land and sea, and was to a certain extent *blasé*, there was enough of promise in the strange country opening out before me to excite considerable interest. Accepting an invitation from the captain, I mounted to the bridge, from which an excellent view of the land was to be obtained.

I was not particularly prepossessed with the prospect before me. True, the season of the year was not a very favorable one for observing the country to advantage. It was November, and although snow had not yet begun to fall, the weather was bleak and chilly, and the hills which sloped down to the water had a bare and cheerless aspect. Their sides were mostly bare of timber, and at the best were covered with a species of dwarfed pine, beneath which was a dense undergrowth of bamboo-grass.

When within a couple of miles of the land, the steamer's course was altered a little, and her head pointed for a channel lying between the islands of Dundas and Skrybleff. On the summit of the latter there is a primitive-looking light-house, which from April to December serves to indicate the entrance to Vladivostock, the harbor being closed by ice the remainder of the year. The channel by which we entered is carefully buoyed, and is the one generally used by merchant vessels, though that to the southward of Dundas is occasionally made use of. As we steamed along, we sighted a gun-vessel and a couple of torpedo-boats, engaged in some manoeuvres, in which they were evidently too much absorbed to take any notice of us, as no attention was paid to our salute. Beyond them was a hill on which a number of cattle were grazing, and some distance behind it loomed up another and a much loftier one, on the summit of which was perched a little hut, used, I was informed, by the military authorities as a look-out. Sweeping round a point or bluff defended by earth-works, we came in full view of the town of Vladivostock, which presented a novel if not a picturesque appearance.

The anchor had hardly touched bottom before the *Appin* was boarded by a miscellaneous mob, comprising naval and military officers, all in uniform, of course; Cossack soldiers in long gray coats and sea-boots, and Russian and German

storekeepers and merchants—every one ravenous for news—besides a crowd of Chinese hucksters in quest of grapes and bananas from the genial South, and a sprinkling of Koreans and Manzas, the local hewers of wood and drawers of water. The *Appin* carried a mail, which was doubly welcome from the fact that there was no regular communication with the outer world by sea, the visits of steamers being few and far between. Leaving the chief officer to attend to the business of mooring the vessel, the captain led the way down the companion-way into the cosy little saloon, which was quickly filled by a crowd of bearded officials. The mail-bag was opened, and its contents distributed, after which cigars and whisky were placed on the table by the Chinese steward, and the hospitalities of the ship dispensed.

The cabin offering little attraction, filled as it was with a crowd of noisy, smoking foreigners, chattering in an unknown tongue, I went on deck to take a peep at the harbor and town. The vessel was anchored right in front of the public gardens, and so close to the shore that one could almost throw a biscuit upon the beach. A fine band was playing in a pavilion in the centre of the grounds, and numbers of elegantly dressed ladies, attended by bearded and uniformed officials, could be described promenading the walks or occupying benches and chairs. The gardens themselves were scarcely worthy of the name. They had a scrubby, neglected look; and I could not help contrasting their appearance with that of the Shanghai gardens as I had last seen them.

The town lay in the rear, and to the right and left of the park, the most prominent buildings being the government offices, occupied by the captain of the port and his staff of officials, and the offices of the Great Northern Telegraph Company. This is a Danish corporation, whose ramifications extend, on the one hand, toward Japan and China, with which they are connected by cable, and on the other, with St. Petersburg, its land lines running clear across the vast continent of Asia, and linking the East and West in a close embrace. Leaving Vladivostock, the line follows the coast for several hundred miles, when it diverges, and after calling in at Habarofka, the seat of the governor-general of the district, and at Nikolaefsk, an important town some distance up the Amoor River, it passes on to Irkutsk, on Lake Baikal, the most important city of Siberia. Away across the steppes it stretches for thousands of *verssts*, (a *versst* is two-thirds of an English mile,) and crossing the Ural Mountains and the mighty Volga, enters the holy city of Moscow, finally terminating in the new capital founded by Czar Peter.

The general conception of Siberia is that of a bleak, cheerless waste, stretching from the Ural Mountains on the west to Behring's Strait on the east; from the borders of India and China on the south to the Arctic Ocean in the extreme north. When one comes to consider the vast extent of the country, including as it does territory contained within the temperate as well as the frigid zone, the erroneous nature of this view will be manifest. Mr. George Kennan, a gentleman who has traveled much in Siberia, recently delivered a lecture before the American Geographical Society which did much toward dissipating the absurd notions held by the public on this point. The country, he says, is composed of three belts, of which the northern is a broad stretch of treeless and mossy steppes upon a frozen soil, the middle a range of unbroken forest, and the southern a mild and fertile region, warmer than England in summer, and in winter not colder than Minnesota. It is to this southern part of Siberia that the exiles are sent; and at its extreme southeastern part Vladivostock is situated. Siberia was first invaded by Cossacks, and it is largely peopled by their descendants. After their first incursion, the Cossacks constantly poured into the country, "fighting, starving, freezing, but always pushing on," and in eighty years, reckoning from the middle of the eighteenth century, they had overrun and subdued a region covering more than thirty degrees of latitude, and one hundred and thirty of longitude, thus adding to the Czar's dominions over three hundred thousand square miles of new territory.

Siberia now contains a population of more than five millions, comprising representatives of over thirty different tribes and nationalities, divided into a nomadic and a settled population. The Russians proper live mainly in the fertile zone of the country, and the Siberian Cossacks are among the finest specimens of the Russian common people. Exiles were first sent to Siberia in the middle of the seventeenth century. The criminal code was cruel, and after punishment criminals were sent to Siberia to dispose of them. In the eighteenth century the mineral and agricultural resources of Siberia began to be developed, and exile gradually became the punishment of a large class of crimes. As mines were opened, the demand for labor became greater, and Jews were exiled for refusing to pay taxes, peasants for cutting timber without permission, and army officers for minor offenses. Many of the more cruel punishments have been mitigated. Flogging with the terrible knout has been abolished, chains and fetters have almost disappeared, and labor in the mines has been generally restricted to capital offenders. Between 1827 and 1847, there were about one hundred and sixty thousand persons sent into exile. Of these only four hundred and forty-three were exiled for political offenses, and of that number nearly two-thirds belonged to the nobility. At the present time nearly twelve thousand persons are exiled annually, less than one per

cent. of them being political exiles, while the remainder are common felons. They are not sent to a bleak waste, as is generally supposed, but to the fertile zone, and, as a rule, to a milder climate than that they leave. Mr. Kennan, the Siberian traveler alluded to, says: "As for me personally, if I were given my option of five years in the Sing-Sing prison or exile for life with my family in the province of Trans-Baikalia, I should choose the latter without a moment's hesitation."

Vladivostock is the chief and, strictly speaking, the only naval depot of the Russians on the coast of Eastern Siberia. It is of quite recent establishment. Twenty years ago there was scarcely a hut where now stands a town with a population of three thousand inhabitants, not including the military. Of these there are perhaps five thousand, while the navy is always represented by at least a dozen steam and sailing vessels, manned by a couple of thousand men. At the time of the Crimean war, the only fortified place possessed by the Russians in the far east was Petropaulovski, the principal town of Kamtschatka. Here the English and French were badly beaten, through being betrayed into an ambush, the French admiral taking the affair so much to heart that he committed suicide. Now the whole coast, from Possiet, on the Korean frontier, to the entrance to the Arctic Ocean, is fairly well defended.

The coast-line, extending from the port just mentioned, which is a little to the southward of Vladivostock, to the mouth of the Amoor, includes some splendid harbors. With the exception of Olga bay, some couple of thousand miles to the north, however, Vladivostock is the only one suitable for a naval station, the others being more or less closed by ice during six months of the year. In some respects Olga bay excels its southern neighbor, containing, as it does, an inner bay, perfectly land-locked and secure from assault, though ice-bound during a portion of the winter. The outer bay is said to be free from ice all the year round. This, however, is not so great an advantage as would at first appear, the gulf itself being frozen for three or four months of the year from four to ten miles out from the shore. There has been considerable talk, during the last two or three years, of transferring the naval depot from Vladivostock to Olga bay, and we were told during our visit that the change had actually been decided upon, and would be carried out in the following year. Nothing, however, has been done, and in all probability nothing will be done. The expense of the transfer would be enormous, the government having large stores of coal and munitions of war on hand at the present depot, besides the nucleus of an arsenal, barracks for the troops, and so on.

The harbor of Vladivostock is very beautiful, though the same can not be said of the town. It is well protected from seaward, and in the inner bay or arm, known as the Eastern Bosphorus, the navies of the whole world might ride at anchor in safety, without inconveniencing each other. The fortifications of the place are not as formidable as might be expected, though some heavy Krupp guns were being landed and hauled up the slopes of the hills to commanding positions during our stay. As there are always a number of war vessels in port, from the majestic ironclad of six thousand tons down to the little coasting cruiser carrying a couple of brass guns, this apparent neglect of measures of land defense is not of such great importance.

At the time of our visit there were no less than fifteen Russian vessels of war in harbor. The largest of them, the *Iminin*, was a magnificent ironclad, carrying some very heavy ordnance. She was flying the flag of Admiral Aslembekoff, the commander-in-chief of the Pacific squadron, formerly minister for the navy. There were, besides, some very powerful vessels of the corvette class, and four swift cruisers, the *Europe*, *Asia*, *Africa*, and another, the name of which I forget, built in Philadelphia at an enormous cost, and said to be able to steam sixteen knots. Just at that time there were rumors of coming trouble with Great Britain, arising out of the everlasting Eastern question, and it was understood that these vessels were lying by, ready to pounce on the valuable tea steamers flying the English flag employed in the China trade. They certainly were magnificent specimens of naval architecture, but, like the rest of the Russian navy, were said to be in a dirty and neglected state.

On the following day an invitation to make one of a party proceeding down the bay was extended to me, and was eagerly availed of. The run down did not occupy many minutes, the wind being fresh. On our way we had an opportunity of observing the preparations being made by the authorities in anticipation of the country becoming involved in war. We passed three or four depots, each of which contained not less than three thousand tons of coal, chiefly from Nagasaki, though there seemed to be a goodly stock of the best Welsh, besides a supply of anthracite for the torpedo boats, of which we noticed several. On the right hand, built on the side of a hill, we observed an immense barrack of brick, in front of which a number of troops were drilling, and still further over, toward the southern passage, the beginning of a military road of extraordinary width. All over the harbor busy little steam-launches and pinnaces went flitting rapidly back and forth, while now and then we would meet or overtake a clumsy dug-out, or square box-like sampan, laden with dried fish or seaweed, and propelled by a warmly clad Manza or Chefoo Chinaman.

The object of our journey was to inspect a pile of



weed stored on a point of land near the mouth of the harbor, and which it was intended we should load. It proved to be not what was ordered, it being of a red color instead of a dark olive-green, and made on the coast hard-by instead of being brought from the island of Saghalin, where weed of the best quality is fished. There was an immense quantity of it staked in bundles of half a picul (a picul is one hundred and thirty-three and a-third pounds) each, worth on the spot about seventy-five cents a picul. It was in charge of a number of Koreans. These strange people are tolerably numerous in and around Vladivostok, and are even to be found on the island of Saghalin, five hundred miles to the north and east. They are runaways from their own country, which they are forbidden to leave, and were they to return would probably all be decapitated. They work for the Russian and Chinese fishermen and seaweed gatherers, earning enough during the summer and fall to enable them to "lie hack" during the winter. Those we saw occupied wretched huts, surrounded by heaps of fish-entrails and filth of every description, and were accompanied by numbers of huge dogs, certainly three feet in height, of the pure Siberian blood-hound breed. The men were engaged in gutting and drying salmon, which are caught in immense quantities up and down the coast, the dogs looking for and now and then coming in for a share. The animals used for drawing the sledge in winter are fed entirely on dried herrings, and fish seemingly constituted the sole food of these gigantic hounds. They were a hungry and ferocious-looking lot, and we were all glad when once more safely ensconced in the boat, out of their reach.

Next morning I accompanied the captain ashore, on a visit to the Russian merchant who was to furnish us with our cargo. His house stood close to the beach, in the rear of the public gardens, through which we had to pass, and an inspection of which more than confirmed the unfavorable opinion we had formed of them the day previous. Mr. Semenoff, the gentleman we were in search of, was not at home, but three of his daughters were, and very pretty girls we found them. As they either could not or would not converse in any other language but their own, and as Russian was an unknown tongue to my companion as well as to myself, we were fain to depart, intimating by signs that we would shortly return. Our next place of call was a large general store kept by a firm of Germans, who by all accounts were doing a thriving trade. At the door of this establishment was standing a strange-looking vehicle, long and narrow, a sort of cross between a hearse and an Irish jaunting-car. This, I learned, was a *drozky*, a conveyance I had often heard described, but now beheld for the first time. It was drawn by two horses, one being attached to the shafts and the other alongside. The *mojzhik*, or driver, was a thick-set, stupid-looking peasant. He was clad in the long frieze overcoat, reaching to the heels, worn by almost every one in that part of the world, with accompanying long boots, and a low, shiny hat, with rolled brim, of the fashion of thirty or forty years ago. Entering the store we were conducted to the office, where we were welcomed by the members of the firm, one of whom had just returned from St. Petersburg overland, a journey of eleven thousand versts. We found the establishment to be stocked with every imaginable article of necessity or luxury, from brown sugar to diamond-rings, from reindeer-skin overcoats to silk for ladies' dresses. The customers were mostly of the peasant class, the women as well as the men wearing the long hoots aforementioned, short skirts being the fashion.

Having a little time on our hands, we resolved on paying a visit to the market, or as it is there termed, the bazaar. We were somewhat surprised at meeting on our way thither quite a number of Japanese women and girls, evidently out for a morning walk. Our surprise was increased on being informed that Vladivostok contained over two hundred natives of the Land of the Rising Sun, the greater number being females engaged in an occupation discreditable to both themselves and their government. Japan is represented at the port by an official designated a "commercial agent," but his office must be almost a sinecure, the trade between the two countries being exceedingly small. Vladivostok has no other consular representative within its bounds, neither Great Britain nor the United States providing for the protection of subjects or citizens resident there. As there is but one American located at the port—a Yankee, as a matter of course—and as the only Englishman left is an Irishman, and he has just changed his nationality and become a Russian, this is not a matter of importance.

I was somewhat disappointed in the bazaar. It was of inconsiderable size, and contained hardly anything in the way of edibles, potables, or wearables that might not be found in any establishment of the kind in the United States or Europe. Of vegetables there was a full supply, while salmon, fresh and smoked, met one's eyes at every turn. But of sable-skins, tiger-skins, and bear-skins, of walrus horns, and sea-elephant's tusks, of which I had expected to find a rare store, not one was to be seen.

Vladivostok, though a settlement of great promise, is hardly likely to attain to the dignity of a city for another generation or two. The Russians are more successful as annexers of territory than as colonists, and its pioneers seem to have more of a knack for razing towns and cities than for building them. Its day will come, though. Under any other government than the one that exercises dominion over it, the vast agricultural and mineral resources of the fertile surrounding district would be developed at a rate that would soon lift it into prominence.

If the towns of Eastern Siberia are slow to extend their limits, the same can not be said of the country generally. The Russians have a way of enlarging their territory in this part of the world that can not fail to commend itself to the mind of the ingenious but not over-scrupulous settler. It consists simply in removing a mile or so south, every few months, the boundary posts designating the frontier line of its neighbors, the Chinese and Koreans. This is an old trick of the wily Muscovite, and is generally a successful one. The change is made so quietly and unobtrusively, under pretense of renewing the decaying land-marks, and the country itself is so wild and sparsely inhabited, that little or no notice is taken of it. And so the invaders have crept on and on, until they have absorbed a considerable tract of country, embracing within its limits a number of populous villages, the inhabitants of which wake up some fine morning and

discover to their astonishment that they are no longer Koreans, or subjects of the Brother of the Sun and Moon, as the case may be, but owe allegiance to the mighty Czar, the autocrat of all the Russias, and of a territory ten times as large in addition. An English merchant who paid a visit to the town of Possiet, near the frontier line separating Russia from Korea, some twelve years ago, had occasion last year to go over the same ground. He was traveling alone, on horseback, though well armed, the district being infested with tigers, the skins of which form a valuable article of export, and with handits, who lie in wait for Chinese traders and gold-miners returning overland to their native country. Stopping one evening at a rude hut, erected by the Russian government as a shelter for its scouts, he got into conversation with the officer in command of a small body of Cossacks, who had halted for the night on their way south in pursuit of a band of robbers. Our Englishman was congratulating himself on his close approach to the frontier, which he expected to reach on the following day, when he was taken all a-hack with the intelligence that he would require at least one more day to reach his goal. He recalled the position of the hut with great exactitude, and felt certain he had made no mistake as to the distance he had to traverse on the occasion of his former visit in order to reach the boundary. Later on in the evening a bottle of good Scotch whisky, which he had with him, helped to solve the mystery.

On our second visit to the house of the seaweed merchant, we were fortunate enough to find him at home. We were ushered into a cosy parlor, warmed by a huge stove of cylindrical form, covered with plaster, and extending right up to the ceiling. The furniture of the room was plain and unpretentious. It included a piano and a tawdry *eikon* or holy picture, which hung in a corner of the room. The *eikon* is an indispensable adjunct to every Russian household. Some very palatable hotted beer, brewed in the town, was produced, and business was proceeded with. This was soon disposed of, it being arranged that the *Apbin* should load a cargo of Vladivostok weed, and instead of proceeding to Shanghai as it did to Tien-tsin, where the red weed is in request. A visit to the telegraph office then became necessary, in order that the particulars of the altered arrangements might be communicated to the purchaser in China. We found a Cossack sentry at the door of the building, and were attended to by Russian officials in military uniform, which inclined us to the belief that though ostensibly Danish, the line was in reality Russian. This, it had already been hinted to us, was actually the case. On proceeding to pay for the message, we were agreeably surprised to find that it cost just one-half as much to send a message to Shanghai as it did to send one from that place, the charges for messages of equal length being payable respectively in dollars and paper roubles.

Business having been disposed of, the captain and I set forth on an expedition having for its principal object the purchase of sundry fur-caps, sea-otter skins, and Moscow perfumed soap, for fair friends in Japan and China, and of caviar, "salmon-hacks," shark-fins, and tiger-skins for other friends, of the male sort, in Shanghai. Great was the fun. The sign-boards over the various stores were so many enigmas to us, being as they were in Russian characters, and even when we managed to find an establishment that contained what we wanted—and we made a point of dealing only with genuine Russians—we were at our wits' end for lack of words in which to express our wants, and were fain to go wandering all over the shop—behind the counter or anywhere—in search of the desired article. Let me say, in justice to the Muscovite storekeeper, that we were not cheated out of a kopek. Indeed, we were assured, on subsequently exhibiting our purchases to our friends, that we had been charged even less for nearly everything we had bought than Russian customers would have had to pay.

Lunch was taken with genial Sam Morris, a jolly son of the Emerald Isle, who in order to secure a title to a valuable coal-mine which he had opened up, had, as he phrased it, "changed his religion," and become a Russian. "Scratch a Russian," says the proverb, "and you'll find a Tartar." No need to scratch that Russian. The Irishman was sticking out, as he would say himself, "a tu."

After "tiffin," as lunch is everywhere called in the East—at least by English-speaking people—we paid a visit to a convict settlement a mile or two out of the town. The people—men and women—were well clad, and seemed happy. They were nearly all murderers. The rest of the day was devoted to an inspection of the recently established brewery, the Greek church, and the navy-yard, none of which call for any special remark. Our impressions of the town, as a town, were not particularly favorable. The streets were broad, it is true, but they were unpaved, and in wet weather must have presented a frightful appearance. Nearly every one we met wore long boots. Even the little school-girls had them. But we were not surprised, after what we had seen of the roads, and the stories we had heard of them.

We had quite a number of passengers on the return trip, all Russians, and most of them officers, naval or military, on their way to Europe, on sick or general leave. The number of naturalized foreigners in the Russian service is very great, and we were not surprised to learn that of our fellow-passengers one, a flag-lieutenant in the navy, was by birth a Frenchman, and two others, military officers, were Germans, and another, an engineer, was a Scotchman. We had also a lady passenger, a Kamschatdal, the wife of the commander of a gun-boat, about whom whom naughty things were said; but Kamschatdals have a bad reputation, even among Siberians, and that is saying a good deal; for if half the stories we heard in Vladivostok are true, the latter must have no morals at all.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1882.

A Fable from the Chicago Herald: See the Boots. There are Ten Pairs of Them. They are Boots Jesse James wore when a Bad Man Killed Him. See the Clothes. There are Forty-six suits of Them. They are the Clothes Giteau wore when he shot President Garfield. Why are there Forty-six Suits of them? So that each Circus in the Country can Have One Suit.

Giteau has lost some flesh during the past four weeks. It is sincerely to be hoped, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, that he has enough left to break his neck.

## THE TRANSLATING MANGLERS.

An Inside View of the Hacks who Render Foreign Works into English.

No feature of American book-making, outside the race-track, has been so marked as the growth into popularity of the works of foreign authors, not only English, but of still more alien nations, remarks the New York *Nexus*. The earliest European novels which fell under the translator's hands were those of Zschokke, Tieck, Hauff, Hoffman, and Spindler, among the Germans, and of Victor Hugo, Dumas, Sue, De Vigny, Lamartine, De Beauvoir, and George Sand, among the French. The translation of the former indeed was more a labor of love on the part of certain English literary men, with a leaning toward German literature, than a commercial speculation. The same men who translated Zschokke, Hauff, and Hoffman, tried their hands with equal success at Heine, Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, and the other classics of Teutonic bibliography. The same remarks apply to the translation of the few of Balzac's works from the original French. It was only the phenomenal popularity of such romancers as Alexandre Dumas and Eugene Sue in their own country which made the rendering of their works into English a paying venture—to the publishers, at least. Few if any of these translations were made in America. But about ten years ago translations of French and German novels took a sudden bound into popularity here. And since that time the business of the translator has augmented steadily, until now nearly every novel published abroad—certainly every one that makes a hit, and is translatable, is snapped up and thrown into the American market. The most interior romances of such Ned Buntlines of French literature as Xavier de Montepin are now done into English for the serial story papers. About the first foreign novels to come in for this favor on the part of the public were the wondrous criminal romances of Gaboriau. Osgood published them at seventy-five cents, and they made a hit. Now they can be bought in the cheap libraries at ten and twenty cents apiece. Shortly after, De Witt tried a couple of translations of the blood-and-mystery novels of Boisgohy. The translation of a couple of novels from the German for *Lippincott's* did much to popularize that class of literature, till then only known to American readers through a few translations of Auerbach, and a couple of equally illustrious authors. The hit Zola made with "L'Assommoir" insured its reproduction in English. Now nearly all of his novels are published, regularly as they appear, by the same house which opened the hall with his sinister panorama of the French slums. Today the American admirer of French fiction has his choice in translated form among the works, in addition to those already noted, of De Goncourt, About, Feuillet, Belot, Cheruliez, Daudet, Henry Greville, Jules Verne, Claretie, Flaubert, Cadol, and a long list of others. Turgenieff's productions are turned into the vulgar as rapidly as the Russian Dickens puts them out; and the German authors, from Reuter, Marlitt, Ehers, and Heyse, down, are to be found in the cheap libraries. The translation of "La Gaviota" of Fernan Cabellero has started a run on Spanish romances, and the best works of the Scandinavian novelists are readily obtainable in English. In proportion as the demand for translations has increased, their quality has declined. Formerly the task was confided to men of ability, whose knowledge of the language they had to deal with was thorough. Frank Lee Benedict's translations were masterpieces, and the early translations of Hugo, Balzac, and even of Dumas, were excellent. Good prices were paid to the men who did the work, and they did their best. Now, however, the only works decently rendered are those of the higher order in history, science, and *belles-lettres*. The translations of novels, performed by men and women who have the dictionary ever open, and who can not fathom, let alone interpret, the ideas of the author they slaughter, are simply abominable. In them all delicacy and suggestiveness, all play of light and dainty fancy, are lost. It makes one's blood run cold to wade through the butcheries of the delightful works of Daudet and the rest undergo under the brutal hands of their assassins. Nor can anything better be expected when from twenty-five to one hundred dollars is the range of prices paid for the translation of books of from three hundred to six hundred printed pages. People writing for a dime a foolscap page, even when they have only to draw upon the invention of others, can not be expected to produce ordinarily polished results, let alone masterpieces of diction; and they fulfil these limited expectations to the letter. The system by which books are translated nowadays for the general market is a purely mechanical one. As soon as the author makes a hit abroad, his works are rattled out into type here, one after another, as rapidly as they can be rendered into English. The translator and the printer alone read them; the character of their execution is subject to no criticism. What they amount to may be understood from the fact that there is a lady in New York who regularly writes seventy-five foolscap pages a day when she is at work, and who has, at an emergency, turned out two translations from the French in a week. When Belot's "Strangers of Paris" made a hit abroad, one of the cheap libraries commenced a publication of his other books. Inside of six months there were as many of Belot's romances on the news-stands, some of them double numbers in two parts. And between these, during the same time, the same house put out, mostly from the same translator, about twenty other single and double numbers from the French. Some months ago an able New York writer secured advance sheets of Zola's latest, "Pot-Bouille," and translated it really well. He could not get three hundred dollars for the translation, which covers over five hundred pages of print. For two years past some of the most popular translations from French novels of a certain order have been written on a table in a Gotham bar-room by a man who gets thirty-five dollars apiece for them, and who calculates on finishing one with from four to six days' work. The works of the German novelists are less woefully mangled, principally because the language is less capable of distortion than the French, while the inferior demand for them renders their execution less hurried. The dirtiest and best selling translations in America are those of Zola and criminal novelists; the cleanest and poorest those of Daudet and About.



## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mrs. Noah's Sin.

"Draw near thine ear, I pray thee," said Noah, as he sat smoking his good clay pipe by the fire, after having fed the animals their evening meal and shaken up their bedding. "What would my lord?" replied Mrs. N., drawing near her ear, as commanded. Noah smoked in silence for the space of a minute or two, and then opened his mouth, and spake as follows: "I perceive by the indications, mother, that the storm which was central over the Euphrates will move west early to the Nile Valley on the morrow, with areas of low barometer and northeasterly winds, and showery weather on the Arabian coast. I have been moved, therefore, to jettison a part of our cargo, fearing that our supplies will give out ere the floods shall subside. What animal, thinkest thou, can best be spared, love?" And Mrs. N. looked out the window, listened a moment to the pattering drops on the roof, and replied sweetly, "The rain, dear." And at the sound of her voice Noah wept like a child, and the animals wailed in unison, and there was misery unspeakable where all had been so calm.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Bashful Bridegroom.

Senator Sebastian, of Tennessee, tells this story: "When I was young I was the most bashful boy west of the Alleghenies. I wouldn't look at a girl, much less speak to a maiden; but for all that I fell desperately in love with a sweet, beautiful neighbor girl. It was a desirable match on both sides, and the old folks saw the drift, and fixed it up. I thought I should die just thinking of it. I was a gawky, awkward country lout, about nineteen years old. She was an intelligent, refined, and fairly well educated girl, in a country and at a time when the girls had superior advantages, and were, therefore, superior in culture to the boys. I fixed the day as far off as I could have it put. I lay awake in a cold perspiration as the time drew near, and shivered with agony as I thought of the terrible ordeal. The dreadful day came. I went through with the programme somehow in a dazed, confused, mechanical sort of way. The guests one by one departed, and my hair began to stand on end. I felt like fleeing to the woods, spending the night in the barn, leaving for the West, never to return. I was deeply devoted to Sallie. I loved her harder than a mule can kick; but that dreadful ordeal—I could not, I dared not stand it. Finally the last guest was gone, the bride retired, the family gone to bed, and I was left with the old man. 'John,' said he, 'you can take that candle; you will find your room just over this. Good-night, John, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul,' and with a mischievous twinkle of his eye, the old man left the room. When I heard him close a distant door, I staggered to my feet, and seized the candle with a nervous grip. I knew that it could not be avoided, and yet I hesitated to meet my fate like a man. A happy thought struck me. I hastily climbed the stair, marked the position of the landing, and the door of the bridal chamber. I would have died before I would have disrobed in that holy chamber, where awaited me a trembling and beautiful girl. I would make the usual preparations without, blow out the light, open the door, and friendly darkness would at least mitigate the horror of the situation. It was soon done. Preparations for retiring were few and simple in their character in Hickman, altogether consisting of disrobing. The dreadful moment had come; I was ready. I blew out the light, grasped the door-knob with a deathly grip and a nervous clutch; one moment and it would be over. I leaped within, and there around a glowing hickory fire, with candles brightly burning on the bureau, was the blushing bride, surrounded by the six lovely bridesmaids."

The Difference in Girls.

The last rainy day the heavens seemed to be weeping over the loss of the sun, which had not been seen at its accustomed haunts for over a month. An old man got into a street-car with his umbrella as wet as it is possible for an umbrella to be. The seats were all full, and he closed his umbrella and put the point down on the floor as he supposed, but in fact he put it right into the low shoe of one of these sweet, modest girls, right on to her stocking, and the dirty water more than poured down into the shoe. At first she looked as though she would move her foot, and call his attention to what he was doing, but she seemed to relent, and with a resigned expression, as though she hoped he was not going to ride many blocks, she looked out of the window. Once she moved her head as though she would look down at her shoe to see how near full of water it was, but again she thought better of it, and looked across the car at a man with a wart on his nose. She looked as though she feared that if she spoke to the man about it, he would think her very forward, and that she was guilty of impropriety in speaking to a stranger without an introduction. Finally she became nervous. She blushed, and touched him on the hand that held the umbrella handle with her little fluttering finger, and said: "May I ask you, sir, without seeming to be impolite, to do me a favor?" "Why, certainly, miss," said the old man, as he looked down at her; "what is it?" "Will you please take your umbrella out of my shoe for a moment, and let me take off the shoe, and empty it?" "For heaven's sake, miss, was my umbrella in your shoe? I beg pardon," and he took it out. "It's of no consequence at all," said the little lady, as she turned up her shoe on the side, and let the black cambric water out. But the old man blushed, and moved off to the other end of the car, and stepped on another girl's foot. The other girl was not that kind of retiring child of nature, and she looked up at the old blunderbuss with fire in her eye, and every red hair on her head meaning business, and said: "Can't you keep off of people's feet? You better ride in a sprinkling cart, when you go anywhere. Why don't you look where you are walking? I don't see what the city bought a stone-crusher for, when you could walk on a stone-quarry, and furnish cobble-stones for pavement." The old man pulled the bell-rope, and putting his umbrella under his arm, he walked the whole length of the car, knocking off several hats with the umbrella, but he didn't mash any feet, for all the passengers put their feet under the seats. It heats all what a difference there is in girls.—*Peck's Sun.*

## OLD FAVORITES.

Hasbeesh.

If ever you should desire to gain  
A glimpse of the primal regions where  
The vital tissues of the heart lie bare,  
The intricate coils of Life are plain;  
If you have strength enough to dare  
The apocalypse which turns the brain  
With too much peering of mortal eyes  
Into the immortalities;  
And—stabbed with splendors that hurt like pain—  
Wake from the gorgeous dream at last  
Dogged by phantoms which cleave and cling  
Closer than any living thing;  
Haunting your future with their past,  
Limning you in a charmed ring,  
Cutting you with a wizard wing  
Out from the darkness, till you die—  
Eat of the hasbeesh, as did I.

It was not the drug of the Orient,  
With which the poet simulates  
A warmth in his veins when the fires are spent,  
A flight in the blue when the hither weights  
Of the world have broken his wings; it was  
More beautiful, awful, terrible!  
Clothed on with fantasies which surpass  
Whatever is known of heaven or hell,  
When, under the touch of the other spell,  
Back the mystical curtains roll,  
And up, unscreened, to the seeing soul,  
Past and present and future rise,  
Bearing their secrets in their eyes.

She could not help that she distilled  
A blessed aroma all around;  
She could not help it that she filled  
My arid silence with cooing sound;  
She could not help that her sweet face  
Was as a reverential hymn;  
She could not help that round her place  
Lingered the Lord God's cherubim.

Was it so strange that, brooding thus,  
Over her saintly humanhood,  
Deliriums multitudinous  
Wrought in my pulses and my blood?  
That I dreamed dear dreams of a wedded wife?  
That some one walked in my sleep by my side?  
That I stood in a tremulous hush of life,  
Content to stand so until I died?  
O the clear beneficent days!  
O the calm and reverent nights!  
O the mornings of perfect praise!  
O the evenings of pure delights!  
O the whispers in which we talked!  
O arch replies of merry lips!  
O the trances wherein we walked!  
And the beautiful fellowships!  
Spirit with spirit so ingrooved,  
Sympathies so divinely blent.

My blessing watched the flowers she loved;  
She made my poverty opulent.  
The well-pleased angels smiling on  
That most ineffable union!

No trance is lifelong; all dreams flee—  
I am awake now; something cut  
The paths of the currents lifting me,  
And close the insurmountable blankness shut  
Down on my mount Delectable;  
Down on my fields Elysian;  
Down on my Palace Beautiful!  
Over the Universe something ran  
Which trod the gold and the amethyst  
Out from the mornings and the eyes;  
Something withered the grass and leaves;  
Out from the vastness something hissed;  
And something within me moans and grieves,  
Like a lost soul's wail for something missed.

—Richard Realf.

Kubla Khan.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree,  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,  
Through caverns measureless to man,  
Down to a sunless sea.  
So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round;  
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Infolding sunny spots of greenery.  
But O that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!  
A savage place; as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon-lover;  
And from this chasm with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
A mighty fountain momently was forced,  
Amid whose swift, half-intermittent hurls  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
Or chaffy grain beneath the thrasher's flail;  
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
It flung up momently the sacred river.  
Five miles, meandering with a mazy motion  
Through wood and dale, the sacred river ran—  
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean,  
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
Ancestral voices prophesying war.  
The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
Floated midway on the waves  
Where was heard the mingled measure  
From the fountain and the caves.  
It was a miracle of rare device—  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice;  
A damsel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw;  
It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And on her dulcimer she played,  
Singing of Mount Abora.  
Could I revive within me  
Her symphony and song,  
To such a deep delight 't would win me  
That with music loud and long  
I would build that dome in air—  
That sunny dome; those caves of ice;  
And all should cry: Beware, beware!  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

## IN PARIS ONCE MORE.

The Immortal Bernhardt Again Essays to Capture the French Capital.

Bernhardt, after all these months of absence, is to play once more in Paris. The cause of her appearance is a Legitimist journal—the *Figaro*. Not long ago the great scene-painter, Cheret, died, leaving his family in very destitute circumstances. The *Figaro* almost every year is the mover in some great charitable enterprise; and so, when the editor's attention was directed to the unfortunate condition of the widow Cheret, he recalled the many great scenic spectacles with which the painter delighted Paris during his long life, and announced that he would engineer a grand benefit in her behalf. The Gaiety Theatre was engaged, and a performance announced for the 25th of May. The next question was who should play at the benefit? During the past season the foremost artists in Paris have aided in many benefits. One would hardly credit the fact, but Coquelin has appeared for thirty-eight benefits during the last year. Judic has counted nearly the same number, and other prominent actors can show almost as large an account. Finally, one of the editorial staff suggested Sarah Bernhardt in "La Dame aux Camélias." Doña Sol happened to be in Barcelona. It would not be very far for her to come; and besides, although her broken contract with the Comédie-Française would interfere with any prolonged engagement, nothing would he said concerning so worthy a cause as this. Magnard, the editor-in-chief, at once telegraphed the great actress. She replied that she would be "only too ravished," and that she had already dispatched particulars to Manager Duquesnel as to general arrangements for the performance. The telegram sent to Duquesnel announced, among other things, that "My husband, M. Damalas," would take the rôle of Armand Duval, under the stage name of Jacques Daralle. The editors were entranced. Nothing could he wanting to complete the success of the performance. Ah, yes; one thing remained—the permission of the author, Alexandre Dumas. Duquesnel thought that this would be an easy matter. The painter Cheret had done great things in the scenic line for the Dumas, both father and son. The production in 1850 of "La Jeunesse de Louis XIV.," by Dumas père, attained much of its success through the splendid decorations of Cheret. And for Dumas fils, what Parisian can forget Cheret's scenery in the "Danicheffs," "Monsieur Alphonse," and others? But Alexandre Dumas was, strange to say, very reluctant to give his consent. He put forward several objections. Bernhardt might play it now, and injure her future success for his own benefit in the rôle; or else her triumph would deter other artists, through fear of contrast, from attempting the difficult part. Duquesnel, deeming it indiscretion to urge further, politely withdrew. The news was telegraphed to Bernhardt. She, replying that the refusal "really desolated" her, volunteered to recite instead a piece of poetry during the evening. But the Bernhardt secretly longed for this chance to triumph over the Paris public, and bring it again beneath her sway. She composed a touching appeal in behalf of the widow, for whom she probably cares not two straws, and telegraphed it all—one thousand words—to Dumas. The great author laconically replied: "I yield all; else you will ruin yourself in telegrams." Sarah informed Magnard immediately, and the preparations have ever since been going on. The seats are selling at an extraordinary price. Private boxes were put up at five hundred francs, and good orchestra seats at one hundred francs. But the ticket speculators have got hold of all they can, and the prices are said to have raised considerably. The Damalas arrived yesterday. It is said that Victorien Sardou has seen the husband as Armand, in a private rehearsal, and that the veteran playwright prophesies for him an immense hit. Sardou, my informer told me, has suggested several very striking points to Damalas, and hence has put him on the road to a triumph. Sarah is a little nervous as to results, there has been so much talk lately from old theatre-goers about the hold on the public which she has lost. However, there could be no better opportunity for her to regain her popularity, and the occasion will be a great one.

Some English residents in Paris are at present in very bad odor, and the ambassador, Lord Lyons, has been vainly endeavoring to get them to leave. An English woman, who is the dowager of a haughty earl, has lately become very frisky. She gave a champagne supper the other night to her "friends." These intimates are chosen from very questionable society. There were hackles, variety actresses, and bohémians in rare profusion. About midnight the party created such a disturbance as to arouse the entire neighborhood. The next day came a severe protest from the Commissaire de Police. Lord Lyons personally remonstrated, and begged her to leave the city; but she emphatically refused. The youthful heir to another great English title has been rather intimate with her. He is noted for his success at play, but gentlemen refuse now to sit at cards with him.

The prizes at the Salon were awarded yesterday, amid much grumbling, for no one has been satisfied with the hanging of his picture. The committee retort that they did not have sufficient time in which to arrange matters, and that next year the artists must hand in their pictures two weeks earlier. This Salon will hold a prominent place in the art history of Paris, for in it are represented some of the prominent works of the greatest painters. It also marks the decided advance which the "Zola" style of art is making. The crowds pass by Bougereau's sensuous and finished "Twilight," which pictures a virgin of voluptuous charms, and move on toward a "wonderful" character study by Bastien Lepage, entitled "Le Père Jacques," which pictures an aged peasant, whose skin is wrinkled in parchment rolls, staggering home under a load of wood. He is led by a plump little grandchild, and the contrast between the deathly yellow of the old man and the child's rosy flush is really excellent, but, to my mind, not half so attractive as Bougereau's pretty nymph. The like may be said in regard to any one of either the "ideal" or the "realistic" schools, and the masterpieces of Bonnat, Cahanel, or Gérôme are neglected for Manet's *demi-monde* scenes, or a hand of laborers loading a ship, or some other "artistically truthful" study.

BAILLARD.

PARIS, May 21, 1882.



## SOCIETY NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Mrs. Senator Fair and children arrived from Washington on Sunday last. Trenor W. Park and his bride, who were married in this city on the thirty-first ultimo, and who left for the East on the same day, arrived in New York on Wednesday last, and are at the Buckingham Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker and Miss Hattie Crocker have arrived in New York, and are at the Windsor. Mrs. Samuel Mayer, of this city, now in New York, is about to sail for Europe. General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton, of Oakland, have been visiting Menlo Park. Mrs. A. J. Le Breton has gone to Santa Cruz to stay three or four weeks. Eugene Dewey and Joseph Redding have gone to New York on business, to remain some weeks. Miss Adams and Miss Miller have been spending a few days at Santa Cruz. Mrs. Edward Steele, of Oakland, is at Lake Tahoe. Mrs. Judge Hager and family have gone to Clear Lake to spend the summer. Mrs. Leland Stanford has returned from her visit to Southern California. Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Barker, of Oakland, have taken up their residence in this city temporarily. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ford are at the Yosemite. Mrs. and Miss Bradley are at the Geysers. Miss Alice Nichols leaves for Santa Cruz next week, to stay a month. Mrs. J. B. Low and daughter have been spending a few days at the Geysers. Mrs. Charles Clayton is at San Rafael. Mrs. Godoy returned from the East with her two children on Wednesday last. Mrs. Elam and Miss Mamie Elam are at San Rafael. W. H. Hydenfeldt returned from the East yesterday. Mrs. M. E. Warren and the Misses Mary and Katie Applegate are at San Rafael. J. W. Mackey arrived in New York from Europe on Sunday last. F. H. Clark and C. G. Bowman, U. S. N., were at the Baldwin on Sunday and Monday last. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Balfour have been spending a few days at the Tamalpais, San Rafael. Mr. and Mrs. George Bancroft, of San José, who have been in the East for several months, returned home on Wednesday last. Colonel and Mrs. Smedburg and family are at Santa Cruz. Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith are at San Rafael. Dr. E. H. Woolsey, of Oakland, has gone East on a short visit. Mrs. Dr. Sawyer and Miss Jennie Sawyer are still in Paris. Mrs. Shillaber is in Constantinople. Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Treanor, who were married in this city on the first inst., are enjoying their honeymoon at Monterey. Miss Bessie Sedgwick has gone to Belmont on a visit to her friend, Lady Hesketh, and in the meantime Sir Thomas goes off on a grand piscatorial expedition into Alaskan waters with a few friends. Judge Niles Searls is doing the Yosemite. Mrs. W. B. Collier is at Clear Lake. Governor Stanford is in New York. Miss Etta Tracy is at the Geysers. Mrs. W. G. Doane is at San Rafael. Mr. and Mrs. John Haskell, and Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Brown, of Oakland, are at Santa Cruz. Miss Laura Arner leaves New York in a few days on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Cook. Mrs. Senator John F. Miller and Miss Dora Miller sailed for Europe on Wednesday last, to remain abroad until August. Miss Nellie Savage and Miss Madge Spear are at Santa Cruz. Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hatch, of Napa, returned from the East on Thursday last. Miss Flora Low, who has been visiting at Menlo, has returned. Louis McLane is contemplating permanent residence in the East. Miss Addie Spaulding, of Oakland, has gone East to remain several months. Mrs. Adam Grant has with her at present Miss Carrie Hammond, a niece from Chicago, who will remain quite a while, and visit the leading watering-places during the summer. Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Hutchinson have gone East for the summer. Governor Tritle, of Arizona, is in Washington. Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Head, left for Monterey on Saturday last, to remain until after the Fourth. Mrs. J. De Barth Shorb, of Los Angeles, who has been visiting in this city for some time, returned home a few days ago. Mr. and Mrs. Squire P. Dewey are at the Grand Hotel, Paris. Mr. and Mrs. William Pridham, of Los Angeles, are visiting in this city, and are contemplating trips to the Geysers, Napa Soda Springs, Monterey, and Santa Cruz before their return to the orange groves; Mrs. Pridham was formerly a Miss Mary Wheeler, eldest daughter of Colonel John O. Wheeler, a well-known Californian, and at present deputy-clerk of the Supreme Court; Mrs. Pridham has two married sisters in this city—Mrs. F. H. McCormick and Mrs. Clay Greene. Captain and Mrs. Charles G. Wilson have taken up their permanent residence at Menlo. Mrs. S. D. Hovey, of the Palace, is at the Sierra Madre Villa. J. J. Valentine, who has been on an extended Eastern tour, has returned. Mrs. Otis and her daughter left for Santa Cruz on Wednesday last. Miss Mamie Perry, of Los Angeles, returns to Italy on the fifteenth proximo. Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Harrison have gone to Clear Lake, to spend a portion of the summer. Mrs. Chester Williams has gone to Santa Cruz for the summer. Miss Emma Bray, of Oakland, gave a German on Friday evening, the second instant. Mrs. ex-Governor Irwin, who has been visiting here for a week past, has returned home. Mrs. George E. Bates is at Bartlett Springs. Mr. and Mrs. William V. H. Brown, nee Miss Emma Cole, who were married at Los Angeles on the first instant, have been staying a few days in this city, previous to their departure East. Mrs. Pacheco and Miss Pacheco will summer in the Adirondacks, near Schroon Lake. Miss Pacheco, who is a superb blonde, has as a guest at present a brunette beauty in the person of Miss Chita Della Messa. Honorable William M. Stewart is in Bodie; Mrs. Stewart is in Carson City. Honorable John Wasson, Surveyor-General of Arizona, is at the Occidental. Noah F. Flood, formerly of San Francisco but now of El Paso, is visiting in this city. Judge Lake has been taking a run down to the sea-shore. Miss Grace Jones is at Monterey. Miss Kate Parker has rented a cottage at Santa Cruz, and she and her mother will summer at that place. The Misses Simmonds have gone to Santa Cruz to spend the summer. The following go to Monterey during the coming week to stay a month or more: Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, John Lee and family, the Misses Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hammond and party, Mrs. Boggs, Mrs. M. M. Tompkins, Samuel Hood and family, J. B. Wright and family, J. H. Carroll and family, Colonel Gray and daughter, Colonel E. E. Eyre and family, Judge and Mrs. Morrison, J. H. Brown and family, W. H. Taylor and family, Mr. and Mrs. Jenks, Mrs. Tallant and family, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and family, Mrs. Breeze and

family, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miller and daughters, Mrs. E. J. Bowen and family, Mr. and Mrs. Lake and the Misses Lake, Judge and Mrs. Rising and their daughters, of Nevada, and some twenty others. Among the ladies at present at Monterey, who have been there for several weeks, and who will remain until after the coming holiday, are Mrs. Colonel Horace Fletcher, Mrs. R. C. Hooker, Mrs. A. Bannister, Miss Bannister, Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Head, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Breckinridge, Mrs. W. P. Morgan, Mrs. A. L. Tubbs and Mrs. Nettie R. Tubbs, Mrs. J. T. Haviland, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Miss Grace Jones, Mrs. A. J. Bowie Jr., Mrs. O. C. Pratt, Mrs. A. Jones, Miss L. M. Jones, Mrs. I. Friedlander and the Misses Friedlander, Miss Bowie, Mrs. W. S. Gage, Mrs. J. H. Jewett, Mrs. J. L. Moody and Miss Ida Moody, Mrs. John Corning, and Mrs. W. S. Keys. Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Boruck and daughter go to Santa Cruz to-day on a short visit. Mrs. A. T. Fletcher and Mrs. Stephen F. Gage, of Oakland, have gone to Monterey to stay a few days. Miss Ella Brown, of Oakland, is visiting Miss Emma Peck, in Sacramento. Chief-Engineer H. S. Davids, U. S. N., is recreating at Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Morris are at Santa Cruz. William S. Barnes and wife and Archie Harloe and family go to Santa Cruz this week to spend the summer. Mrs. Atherton and her daughter, Miss Florence Atherton, have returned to Menlo from Monterey. Mrs. Singleton, of San José, is visiting Mrs. James Woodburn, in Sacramento. Mrs. Colonel Eddy and her daughter, who have been in Paris for several days, were to leave the French capital for Geneva to-day. Mr. and Mrs. Macondray and family have returned from Monterey. J. Q. Ayers, U. S. N., is at the Baldwin. Mr. and Mrs. Willard V. Huntington, who have been sojourning a few days at the seaside, have returned. Bishop and Mrs. Kip are at Stockton. S. F. Thorne, of the Grand, went East, on a visit to his mother, on Tuesday last. Miss Lizzie Bashford, of Oakland, who has been visiting in Los Angeles, has returned home. Mrs. H. P. Earle and family are at Magnetic Springs. Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw, of the Palace, but who are now in New York, leave for home on Thursday next. Mrs. S. A. Sanderson and family have gone to Santa Cruz for the summer. Miss N. D. Rideout, Miss Grace Rideout, Miss Mattie Belcher, and Miss Belle McDonald, of Marysville, and Miss Cora Wallace, of this city, left here on Thursday last for the Yosemite, to be gone several weeks. Judge Hoffman has gone off on his regular annual vacation to Pescadero, returning from that picturesque spot in about a week to spend a few days at Monterey. William Hopkins and a party of twelve, who have been doing the Yosemite, returned from the valley on Wednesday last. Colonel J. P. Jackson and son returned from the Yosemite on Tuesday last. Mrs. W. W. Stow and family and Colonel Gray and daughters are at the Yosemite. Mrs. Joseph M. English leaves for London to-day. Mrs. Pay-Director Schenck entertained a number of her lady friends at lunch on Thursday last. Mr. and Mrs. Pierce and Miss Carrie Pierce, of Santa Clara, go to Monterey next week, to stay until after the Fourth. Colonel Dickinson returned from the Yosemite on Wednesday last. Mrs. Taber and sister and Mrs. Smith leave for the Yosemite to-day. Mrs. C. W. Grant is at Santa Monica. Miss M. A. Cobb and Miss Julia Colby, of Oakland, are at Etna Springs. Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Campbell, of Oakland, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding on Saturday last. Mrs. Colgate Baker is spending a short time at the Yosemite. Mr. and Mrs. A. K. P. Harmon, who were married at Fruit Vale on Thursday, the first instant, are enjoying their honeymoon in the East; they will return to Oakland on or about the twentieth of July. Mr. C. P. Kennedy and Miss Mary Flinn, daughter of P. T. Flinn, all of this city, were married at St. Mary's Cathedral on Tuesday evening last, in the presence of a large congregation. On the following morning St. John's Church was the scene of the marriage of Mr. Thomas Ambrose and Miss Mary C. Shannon. On the same day, at Alameda, Miss Rena Porter, daughter of the late Nathan Porter, was married to Mr. Sterling McLean, at the Episcopal Church in that place. Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan gave their first reception at the residence of the bride's parents, corner of Seventeenth and Valencia Streets, on Monday evening last, at which a large number of their friends participated, during which there was dancing, and a splendid supper served; they will hold another reception on Monday next at the same place. Mrs. McMullin and her daughters have gone to their summer place in San Joaquin County for the season. Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, of Oakland, have gone to Lake Tahoe for a week or two. Captain Kidley, formerly of the *Gaelic*, after having made the circuit of the globe, has returned to the China trade in command of a new and elegant steamship, the *Coptic*. He is warmly welcomed back to San Francisco by a large circle of friends.

It is the fashion East for ladies to have a live bug, attached to a fine gold chain, run at large about their persons, crawling about their shoulders or necks, and making itself at home. We do not know that this fashion will extend to the wild West, says Peck's *Sun*, but we mention it so men need not be astonished at anything they may find while in the company of their adored ones, and show their ignorance by killing the bug. Nothing would be more apt to create a coldness between two young people than for the man to slap his girl on the bug and kill it.

Henry James describes the French as "a race of people who acquit themselves gracefully of delicate undertakings, and who have on all occasions the courage of their emotions."

A New York State man, who tried a flying-machine of his own invention last week, had no advice to give those who crowded around. All he said was: "Work in 'darned fool' somewhere on my tombstone!"

Over eighty years ago Lord Cornwallis wrote: "The life of a lord-lieutenant of Ireland comes up to my idea of perfect misery."

Oscar Wilde was the first to discover that there are green-backs to sunflowers.

## THE COLTON SUIT.

For fifteen years of his early life in California the editor of this journal was the law-partner of G. Frank Smith. To this day there exists between them the most intimate personal and friendly relations. Thirty years of such intercourse justifies the writer in saying that, in his opinion, the insinuations of Mr. Charles Crocker touching the professional character of Mr. Smith are not deserved; that there is no man at the bar of San Francisco who is less liable, in the discharge of his professional duties, to do a dishonorable act. With the suit of Mrs. Colton against the railroad company this journal can have none other than a general interest. The character of D. D. Colton, the mystery of his death, the mode of the settlement of his estate—as charged—the large amount involved, the sworn statements of the published complaint, the testimony of Mr. Crocker before the notary, his interview published in the *Chronicle*, together with the interview with Mr. Smith, also published in the same journal—all have awakened a deal of curiosity on the part of the community to which it is not our intention to contribute, leaving to the proper tribunals, the courts of law, the settlement of all the legal questions at issue, and allowing the curious and the interested to make up their minds as to the moral questions involved. The friends of the gentlemen who direct the affairs of the railroad will be slow to believe that they would act other than honorably toward the widow of their dead friend and co-partner in the settlement of his estate. The friends of Samuel Wilson, who know the intimate companionship of himself and Mr. Colton, and his high standing at the bar, will be slow to question either his fidelity to the memory of a life-long friend, or his ability to discriminate between irregularity and crime in the management of business entrusted to him. At the same time the relatives and friends of Mr. Colton will not allow his memory to rest under the stain of a felonious charge, unless they believe him to have been guilty. The gentlemen who have married the daughters of General Colton have money, courage, and brains. Mr. G. Frank Smith's position as counsel in the case is a sure guarantee of intelligent, courageous, and exhaustive law proceedings, and the fact that, after so long a period, and after formal settlements have been had, the widow of the deceased gentleman should have determined to reopen the matter, and challenge the surviving partners to make good their charges against Mr. Colton, is assurance of a full disclosure of all the matters and all the mysteries involved in the case. Without at all intending to take any side in the controversy, and without intending to express any opinion upon the matters involved, we print the following as a statement of facts put forward by the plaintiff in the case, as giving some idea of the case of Mrs. Colton against the railroad people:

In the spring of 1871 D. D. Colton acquired a one-ninth interest in the then projected Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and toward the building of which, through the Western Development Company—of which he was also a one-ninth owner—he contributed over half a million of dollars, realized by him from the sale of his real estate on the corner of California and Montgomery streets, Market Street, etc. Desiring to acquire a substantial interest in the Central Pacific Railroad also, he purchased, on the fifth of October, 1874, twenty thousand shares of its stock from Stanford, Huntington, Hopkins, and Crocker, for one million dollars, and gave his note as of that date, payable on the fifth of October, 1879, for that sum, secured by the hypothecation with them of the twenty thousand shares of the Central stock so purchased, and twenty thousand shares of Southern stock. During Colton's lifetime he paid up all accruing interest on this note, and two hundred and fifty thousand dollars of the principal, leaving a balance due Stanford & Co. at the time of his death of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. On the ninth of October, 1878, Colton died, and on the twenty-seventh of August, 1879, Stanford & Co. took from the widow, in settlement of this indebtedness of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars and the one hundred and ninety thousand dollars alleged to have been embezzled by him from the Southern Railroad and Rocky Mountain Coal companies, the forty thousand shares of Central and Southern Railroad Company's stock, which, according to the sworn appraisal of E. H. Miller and B. B. Redding, their own employees, made in the Hopkins case, two months previous to the time of settlement, was then of the value of one million three hundred thousand dollars, and also the following stocks and bonds, which the widow then had in her private safe in the vaults of the Safe Deposit Building:

408 shares of Rocky Mountain Coal Company.  
10,000 shares of Occidental and Oriental Steamship Company.  
14,900 shares of Southern Pacific Railroad Company.  
5,555 shares of Western Development Company.  
749 shares of Amador Railroad Company.  
111 shares of Berkeley Railroad Company.  
2649 shares of California Pacific Railroad Company.  
550 shares of Colorado S. N. Co.  
650 bonds (of \$1,000 each) Southern Pacific Railroad Company.  
100 bonds (of \$500 each) Southern Pacific Railroad Company.  
75 bonds (of \$1,000 each) Amador Railroad Company.  
11 bonds (of \$1,000 each) Berkeley Railroad Company.  
3 bonds (of \$500 each) Los Angeles County. All of which aggregated one million three hundred and seventy-eight thousand seven hundred and forty-six dollars, when the same appraisal of Miller and Redding is applied, added to the forty thousand shares of Central and Southern stock, makes a total of two million six hundred and seventy-eight thousand seven hundred and forty-six dollars in value, which Messrs. Stanford, Huntington, and Crocker took from the widow of their deceased partner and friend in payment of a positive indebtedness of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and a problematical claim of one hundred and ninety thousand dollars more.

To people who walk their rooms of nights over promissory notes of amounts within the hundreds coming due, and no provision for their payment, the amount involved in this case seems large; but to the gentlemen defendants, up in the score of millions, this suit is but a bagatelle. So we hope they will keep their tempers all around, and remember that the doctrine of *noblesse oblige* is applicable to millionaires. Gentlemen litigants and lawyers, we trust that there will be no feeling, and no exhibition of unseemly passions.

George Peixotto, son of the American consul at Lyons, who was for many years a resident of this city, has painted a picture entitled the "Flight into Egypt," which has been much admired in the recent Paris Salon. Toby Rosenthal's "Vacant Chair" has also been greatly commended in the same exhibition.

In Ireland the police are arresting as Cavendish assassins all men whose faces are scratched. Married men are keeping themselves very close.

Guiteau is to be hung by a man from New Jersey. Guiteau never did have any luck.



## ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE.

I am going to tell a story—a story rather low in the neck. "Proh pudor!" I hear some one cry. Ah, bah! my good Squaretoes, our great-grandmothers would have wagged their powdered heads over it with never a thought of ill. And are we any better than they? Nay, by my troth, not so. And our daughters? Ah, good Squaretoes, much I fear me they are only more prudish, not more virtuous.

But the story, you say? Ah yes, the story. It was told me by Viator, who has just returned from "the land of Montezuma" in Journalese—Anglice, Mexico.

"When I crossed the frontier," began Viator, thoughtfully stroking his blonde bifurcated beard, "I was struck by the appearance of a lad of some ten or twelve years. Olive-skinned was he, swart and black-eyed, yet his head was crowned with a shock of carrot hair. I am of an inquiring mind, and I speedily sought the cause of this phenomenon. My informant was a hand-maiden at an inn—a sort of Mexican Maritones—and she laughed and blushed as she told me that there had lived in the vicinity, a dozen of years ago, one 'Juan el Escoces.' 'John the Scotchman, eh?' said I; 'ah, that explains it.' And I pursued my way.

"But as I went farther into the bowels of the Mexican land, I found yet other shock heads of carrot hair. And the farther south I journeyed, the smaller grew the children. Four-year-olds, three-year-olds, two-year-olds—I was in the heart of Sonora, and I was on the heels of Juan el Escoces." "As his ancestors in Scotia," I interrupted, "bore the Fiery Cross from clan to clan among the Highlands in the elder time, so John the Scotchman doeth his devoir."

"Exactly," said Viator. "Well, as I was saying—"

"Pardon me," I interrupted again, "but you do not seem to tumble to my remark about the Fiery Cross."

"Ah, yes, I see," murmured Viator, "cross—breed—ha! ha! very good." He laughed patronizingly. "Well, as I was saying, I was in the heart of Sonora. I drew rein one day at a humble hut by the roadside. Seated on the ground, her back against the wall, was a woman. She was not beautiful, and she was engaged in scratching her left shin with her right toe. Despite the untutored grace of this movement, she did not attract me. Yet she bore in her arms an object which did. She bore a baby. This baby's caput was crowned with a nimbus or aureola of fiery red hair."

"It was—" I broke in.

"It was the last pledge of the affection of John the Scotchman for his adopted country. It was the posthumous infant of Juan el Escoces."

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That is my *decolleté* story. And now I am ready to be abused. Have at me now, my Lady Loosethegirdle! You are always soonest shocked. I know one of you whose husband's horns do almost reach the sky—good easy man, he is the gibe of half the town—and I shocked you once. But I am glad I did it. Nothing amuses me more than the prurient surface indignation of a woman who is foul within. Nothing pleases me more than to hear a smug church-deacon lie.

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I was tickled to hear, one day last week, a sequel to the story of the Russian fleet in our harbor some months ago. It will be remembered that the gallant Russians were most assiduous in their attentions to the rosebuds in some of the various gardens of girls known as our seminaries. Certain of these rosebuds had been aboard the Russian ships, and doubtless had left their hearts there.

It was probably the brass. The effects of this metal upon the heart of the human female are well known. Snooks, grocer's clerk, stands no better chance for the heart of Clytemnestra Jones than does Boggs, tailor's clerk. But Corporal Snooks, of the Tar Flat Light Cavalry, clothed in brass as in a mantle, is simply irresistible. Clytemnestra yields to his effulgence as did Danaë to the gold.

This is a well-known fact. Housewives have noticed the respective fatalities of fascination exercised by the butcher-boy and the policeman upon their female servants. Compare, also, coachmen with gilt buttons and those in plain liveries. Rich men's daughters invariably run away with the gilt-buttoned men.

Well, as I said, the Russians captured some hearts, and when they went away they wanted to express their despair in the Russian fashion, which is by drinking large quantities of sweet champagne and eating inordinately—in company with their charmers. But this, of course, was out of the question—the girls couldn't get away. Finally one hoyden among them bit on this plan—the officers were to come at midnight into the yard back of the school building; a rope would be lowered; the wine and "goodies" would be elevated; then they would be lowered again; then the recipients would be elevated—and so on.

It was done. At midnight the Muscovites stealthily climbed the walls, and while the dragons of the institution slept their virginal slumbers, the maidens and Muscovites mingled their sighs and drank to each other.

At a safe distance, I am happy to say.

One daring lover attempted to climb the Romeo ladder to where the maidens were, but such dreadful threats were made of cutting the rope that he desisted.

I am afraid he was wrong. I do not think they would have cut the rope. But then it might have broken.

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Talking of seminaries, I was at a commencement last week, and heard an "essay" which pleased me much. As near as I remember it, the peroration was as follows:

Schoolmates, we stand upon the verge of a shoreless sea—the sea of life. We are now about to go forth into the great world. Our kind preceptresses, who have so long guided our timid feet in the paths of virtue, will be no longer at our side. The rigid conduct which has marked our daily lives during our sojourn within these quiet walls, was but fitting us for the greater circumspection required hereafter. And let us pray that our lives here may have been such as to fit us for that other and greater school, the University of Eternity, whose Master is the Heavenly Father, whose term doth never end!

It was really very pretty. And touching, too. I blew my nose violently, and my spectacles grew quite dim.

Oh, by the way—I forgot to mention that its author was the young lady who was ringleader at the midnight supper.

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"Zulano," said Witling to me the other day, "I see Garibaldi is dead."

I restrained a strong inclination to moralize, and merely assented.

"His eldest son," continued Witling, "is called *Menotti*. Now, couldn't you make something sorter like this out of it—'*We see Garibaldi is dead. His son is called Menotti. May not he prove greater than his father?*'" Something kinder, funny, eh?"

"Witling," said I, kindly, "it is excellent. But I would not willingly deprive you of the credit of it. If I print it, it shall be attributed to you."

He pressed my hand warmly. I have kept my promise.

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Possibly San Franciscans do not realize how closely they are kept up to the times in operatic matters. We are probably ahead of any American city in that respect, and of some foreign ones as well. Let us take "Boccaccio," for example. This opera was produced here almost immediately after its first appearance in Vienna—some two or three years ago. It has been repeatedly played here since. Yet my remarks upon the Geister performance of it here, some two months ago, have been copied by *London Society*, a British hebdomadal, with comments showing that it is new to them, and has never been played in London. And now *La Vie Moderne*, a Parisian weekly, is at hand, with "Boccaccio" under the heading of "Premières Représentations," and with copious illustrations, as is their custom when anything new is produced in Paris. Here are two great cities in which this opera was not produced until two years after we heard it. Yet we have had it here in both English and German, "Favart" in English, French, and German, and many other operas which have never been produced in those cities at all.

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"It is most extraordinary," said I, after I had searched vainly for my hat for ten minutes preparatory to going out one evening, "it is most extraordinary how little method there is about the average housewife. Now, at my office there is a place for everything and everything is in its place. Here, on the contrary, it is impossible to find anything. If I set a book down anywhere, it disappears—no one knows where. If I hang my hat upon the peg—presto, change!—no hat. It is simply maddening."

"It is annoying, dear," said Zulana, smoothly. Her calmness excited my suspicions. I stared at her. "Apropos of your methodical ways," she continued, "I see you do not use the bottom drawer in your toilette stand any more."

I dimly remembered that it was FULL.

"N-n-no," I replied, "I believe I keep my things in the top drawer now. But what has that to do with the disappearance of my hat?"

"Perhaps nothing, perhaps a great deal," said Zulana, sweetly. "I have noticed you pulling at that drawer recently, and swearing so horribly when it would not come out, that I took pity on you, and determined to find out what it was that annoyed this most methodical man."

I winced. Confound these women! They always bit below the belt.

"This morning," she went on, "I took the drawer out. The way I did it was by first removing the one above. That is the way women do. I do not know how it is done by methodical men."

I endeavored to whistle a tune, but it sounded hollow, and I stopped.

"In this refractory drawer," she continued, "I found a number of articles, of which I have drawn up a methodical list. Here it is."

And she put a bit of paper into my nerveless hand. It read as follows:

a cigar-stump	a box of matches
a 13-14-15 puzzle	a toothless comb
some fish-hooks	a sheet of court-plaster
an effete shaving-brush	a book-mark
a superannuated razor-strop	a piece of smoking-tobacco
a dog-whistle	a bullet
2 photographs of improper actresses	3 tooth-picks
a piece of ore	a champagne-faucet
a pocket-microscope	a piece of fishing-rod
a cigar-fusee	a pair of scissors
a match-box	1 eightpenny nail
a champagne-cork	1 tenpenny ditto
a button-hook	1 label Old New England Rum
a pair of eye-glasses	3 rubber bands
some cigarettes	a paper of tacks
3 razors	some books and eyes
2 boot-straps	17 keys
some corn-plasters	some picture-cord
a box of cough-lozenges	6 fishing-lines
a window-catch	2 cartridges
a pocket-book	a broken pencil
2 postage-stamps	a cake of shaving-soap
a porous plaster	some homeopathic medicine, and
	a box of Cocker's pills

"The drawer which contained these things," she further remarked, "is about six inches wide by ten long, and possibly two inches deep. You see I am becoming methodical. You have unconsciously influenced me."

I glared wildly around the room. Where, oh where, was my hat?

She followed my eyes; she divined my glance.

"Your hat," she said, with a cold and mocking—I may say a matrimonial—smile, "your hat is in the bath-room, where you put it when you went to wash your hands. A less methodical man might have placed it on the rack in the—"

But I was gone. I fled from before her. I crushed the offending hat over my eyes, and bolted.

Ab, me! If

A married man's house is his castle,  
And a married man's hat is his crown,

Then the man himself ought to be king, couldn't he? Well, children, sometimes he is, and then again sometimes he isn't.

ZULANO.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

"The Failure of Arthur's Administration," is the title of an editorial article in the *Chicago Tribune*. This, one of the leading Republican journals of the West, declares that the administration has lost the respect and confidence of the Republican party. The *New York Times* and the *New York Tribune*, representing the best sentiment of the party in New York, can neither of them be regarded as friends of the administration, and neither of them will support Mr. Arthur for renomination. Nearly every prominent appointment has been made from the stalwart wing. Nearly every prominent friend of General Garfield has been removed. The appointment of Worthington as Collector of Boston arrayed against the President a majority of the New England senators. Senator Miller, of New York, is in open hostility. There is an irreconcilable feud in New York. Pennsylvania is in revolt. The foreign policy has been vacillating, weak, and undignified. Mr. Arthur's personal friends are severely criticised, while his personal habits do not escape criticism. His veto of the Chinese bill, as a matter of course, renders it impossible for him to expect any support from the Pacific States and Territories. Hence we conclude that his presidential aspirations will come to nothing in the next National Convention.

P. H. Canavan, placed under the sod during the past week, is a loss to more than the immediate circle of family and friends who mourn his too early death. He was a good citizen, a good man, an honest official, and a gentleman in the higher and purer sense of that term—educated, honorable, and honored by every one who knew him.

The Italian colony of this city propose to honor the memory of General Giuseppe Garibaldi, the great Italian, by a funeral procession on the eleventh of June. It is a seemly and a gracious thing that they should do so. Garibaldi has done more than any other man to advance the cause of Italian freedom. His great heart has ceased to beat; may the earth rest lightly on him. But the Italians of this city are not satisfied with themselves honoring the memory of Garibaldi; they are endeavoring to secure the co-operation of the State militia stationed in this city. This is not well. For whatever may be the opinion of Italians as to the character, life, and patriotic services of the hero who has passed away, there is a large class of the community who hold him in unkind memory. His death recalls the stirring incidents and arouses the passionate bitterness of an Italian conflict now happily at rest. We have—and have a right to have—our individual sympathies with the political struggles of Europe, but we would not transplant them to our soil; we would not revive them in our country; we would not have our authorities take part in them; and we would not permit military display by American organizations in honor of their chieftains, statesmen, or heroes. Let our Italian citizens honor their illustrious dead by such pageants as they may desire; but let them be content not to ask those Americans who are enrolled as soldiers to parade under our banners in any demonstration that will revive unpleasant memories or stir up the resentments of those who are not adherents of one whom we regard as an Italian patriot, and the great promoter of Italian unity.

One of the present incumbents of a Superior Court judgeship, a very good Democrat, a very high-toned Southern gentleman, and descendant. We have no doubt, from Pochahontas, or some other of the first families of Virginia, is a candidate for nomination by the Democratic convention for the Supreme Bench. We hope he may not get it, because on St. Patrick's Day he felt it his duty to ride in the procession beside an Irish priest in an open barouche, and as this is to us evidence that he toadies to the Pope's Irish, lacks personal respect, and is a demagogue, and that these qualities indicate other qualities unbecoming in a judge, we shall feel it our duty, in event of his nomination, to mention his name, and comment upon the character of a native-born American who can so far demean and disgrace himself as to grovel with the ground-hogs in rooting for place.

Last Saturday evening a banquet was given by Washington Camp, No. 14, Patriotic Order Sons of America, to the officers of the State Camp. The affair took place in the spacious dining-room of the Lick House, and over three hundred participated. It was a pleasant affair. The hosts were Americans, the guests were Americans, the toasts proposed were American, the music between the toasts was made up of American airs—everything, in short, was American except the waiters and the wine. We must still rely on the effete despotisms of the old world in the matter of champagne, despite the praiseworthy efforts of New Jersey.

The *Sacramento Record-Union* of Saturday last declared, in its news columns, that little Black-and-Tan is to be appointed Assistant-Secretary of the Interior. On Monday morning it declared that the appointment of Gorham is one unfit to be made; that "he was a shameless and brutal villifier of President Garfield"; "he was an impudent defender of the star-route thieves"; "a repulsive exponent of the machine." It styles him "the professed champion of thieves and scoundrels." On the same day the *Record-Union* says, in its news columns: "There is no truth whatever in the report that Gorham is to be appointed Assistant-Secretary of the Interior." We endorse the *Record-Union's* encomiums on Black-and-Tan. This is about the fifteenth time that the associated press news has represented this person as about to receive an appointment. The sod was not green upon the grave of Garfield before there came dancing across the continent the rumor that Gorham was to have a cabinet position; and not a month has passed, and sometimes not a week, that he was not about to receive a prominent place. Once he was to have been Assistant-Treasurer. When the wisdom of our national Congress shall determine to establish a national pound for the arrest and asphyxiation of vagabond dogs, then we shall hope that Black-and-Tan may be created keeper of the kennel, and have board and lodging with the family. Some years since we prophesied that Black-and-Tan would find his level in a government department clerkship. So far he has failed to get himself taken care of; but the government will in time be compelled to do so.



## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

The decimal currency in the Solomon Islands runs as follows: 1 string of white shells, or 10 cocoanuts, equals 1 flat stick of tobacco; 10 sticks of tobacco equals 1 dog's tooth, or 1 string of red shells; 10 dog's teeth equals 1 isa, or 50 porpoise teeth; 10 isas equals 1 good quality wife.

A gentleman, remarks the Bombay *Gazette*, may be seen riding about that city in a novel kind of vehicle. The machine is called a "coolie-cycle." Worked by a couple of coolies, and with a gentleman seated in front, the machine travels at a good pace, easily keeping alongside a fast-trotting horse, and it appears to answer the "helm" very readily.

We hear, says the London *Times*, of a strange adventure from Réunion. Two soldiers of the Royal Artillery, stationed at Mauritius, went out for an excursion along the shore in a little skiff. They were caught in a strong current and carried out into the Indian Ocean, where they drifted about for nine days without food, or anything to drink except rain water. One eventually died from exhaustion; the survivor, named Forsythe, was at last thrown on the coast of the island of Réunion, and was properly cared for by the Consul. They fed on flying fish.

The Moors, who drive a trade in elephants throughout the Indies, have a fixed price for the ordinary type, according to their size. To ascertain their true value they measure from the nail of the fore-foot to the top of the shoulder, and for every cubit high they give at the rate of five hundred dollars. An African elephant of the largest size measures about nine cubits, or thirteen and a half feet, in height, and is worth about four thousand five hundred dollars, but for the huge elephant of the Island of Ceylon four times that sum is given. Had Jumbo been measured by the same standard, what would have been his real value in money?

It is related, observes the *Catholic Review*, of Jean-Pierre Camus, Bishop of Bellay, that at the beginning of his sermon he would twist his beard into as many tresses as he had points to treat of, and as he proceeded the divisions of his beard would vanish with the divisions of his sermon. The French rushed into the other extreme under Louis XIV., when, after the example of that monarch, beards all but totally disappeared. It was owing to the prevalence of the fashion of wearing beards in the reign of Julius II. and Francis I. that so many provincial councils enacted canons to keep up the time-honored custom of shaving. St. Charles Borromeo was first and foremost among the champions of that ecclesiastical custom.

The Burmese kings and queens like to get hold of new inventions. Electric lights, sewing-machines, balloons, and all sorts of patent machines have had their turn. Whatever the thing may be, it is sure to be soon put out of order by inexperienced hands, and then it is put out of sight, and a new toy must be got. We hear of one very queer fancy of the Queen's. It seems there was an excellent American dentist in Mandelay, and he was appointed specially to attend the Queen and court. The last news of him is that he has had to give up practice for awhile, the Queen having fallen so much in love with his instruments, to say nothing of some very pink jaws with fine sets of teeth, that she brought up his whole dentist's paraphernalia.

The Czar is "by God's grace emperor and autocrat of all the Russias, of Moscow, Kiev, Vladimir, and Novgorod; Czar of Kazan, Czar of Astrakhan, Czar of Poland, Czar of Siberia, Czar of Taurida, Czar of Gruzia; Sovereign of Pskov, Smolensk, Litva, Volinia, Podolia, and Finland; Prince of Esthland, Livland, Kurland, Semigal, Samogit, Belostock, Korella, Tyer, Ingor, Peim, Viatka, Bulgaria, and others; Sovereign and Great Prince of Nijn-Novgorod, Tchernigoff, Biazan, Polotak, Rostoff, Iaroslavi, Belazers, Utorsk, Obdorsk, Kondia, Vitehak, Matsilav, and Ruler of the entire Northern Land; Sovereign of the Lands of Ivorsk, Kartalinsk, Kahardinsk, and Armenia; Potentate of the Tcherkassian, the Mountain, and the Princesdoms; Heir Apparent of Narvay; Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, Stormarnsk, Ditmarsen, and Oldenburg, etc." In the whole civilized world there is no other monarch possessing such sweeping authority as the Czar of Russia. Art. 1 of Vol. I. of the law says: "The Emperor of all the Russias is an autocrat, and has unlimited power, whom God Himself ordered to be obeyed, not only for the sake of fear, but also for the sake of conscience."

Predictions are made in England that ivory will soon become so scarce that its use for piano-keys, knife-handles, and fans will be reserved for the rich alone. Of late there have been rapid advances in the market price of this article, the latest advance having been from fifteen dollars per hundred weight to twenty dollars, while another is talked of. Only eighty-one tons were offered at the last quarterly sale, against one hundred and twenty-two tons in April of last year. Of Cape ivory there has been a continued scarcity, while of the west coast of Africa supply there is now much less in hand than formerly. Stores in the London docks now amount to only one hundred and thirty-three tons, compared with two hundred and thirteen tons for last year. One dealer has just had invoiced to him no fewer than five hundred and twenty-two tusks, all of which he expected a fortnight ago to dispose of by this time. These tusks represent two hundred and seventy-six elephants. Facts like these are leading to a renewal of the old predictions that the elephant will before many years belong to the list of extinct animals.

Oscar Wilde tells this story of Rosetti's wife—a beautiful woman with a wonderful glory of red-gold hair, who had entered his life to mold and color it with her love, and to shape all his work. One day, in the act of raising a Venetian glass filled with wine to her lips, she died. No one knew why. With her life passed away all her husband's interest and his hopes, and the sonnets which he felt to be her work as much as his, he put into a leaden casket, and had buried with her in her coffin. Some years after his friends begged that he would restore to the world the poems, and at last they prevailed upon him to allow them to be taken from the grave. To do this, they applied to Mr. Bruce (a secretary and the authority, I suppose,) who, Mr. Wilde humorously said, could understand a thing that was an export or an import, or that had a name on the stock exchange, but to whom the word poet conveyed nothing, and who was lost in amused astonishment that any one could think that a poet's work could confer honor upon England. However, in the end permission was given, the grave was opened, the coffin-lid raised, and behold, the beautiful red hair had grown to great length, and wound about her grave-robe; the leaden casket had broken by the weight of the earth upon it, and the wonderful hair had grown in and around the sonnets, and made a lace-like mesh on every page.

Women who wear high-heeled hoots, remarks a London journal, do so not only literally but legally at their peril. In Westminster Hall on the twelfth of May this was solemnly decided before Mr. Justice Denman and a jury, in the case of Mrs. Bland, of Woolwich, who, while embarking at Brighton on a steamboat, tripped up on the gangway over a concealed obstruction in the shape of a roll of tarpaulin carelessly left there, and seriously injured herself. Mrs. Bland brought suit for compensatory and exemplary damages. During the examination of Doctor Butler, the medical witness, Mr. Justice Denman asked him if he had noticed the heels of Mrs. Bland's boots when he examined her, to which the witness answered that to the best of his belief they were reasonable. Mr. Justice Denman then said he asked the question because the absurdly high-heeled boots which were worn by ladies now seemed to be built on purpose to cause accidents. In the end the jury found that whatever the negligence of the steamboat officials might have been, Mrs. Bland by her high-heeled boots had wantonly and wilfully contributed to cause the injury of which she complained, and therefore absolved the proprietors. On the same principle a lady who may be thrown down and injured through the overweening length of her train must take the consequences without redress.

## ARGONAUT VERSE.

## The Fisherman's Wife.

Oh, the fisherman's wife was fair to see;  
Pretty and young, with a native grace;  
But a frown had come, where a smile should be,  
Which chased the light from her winsome face,  
For she wanted a dress from the far off town,  
Instead of her simple home-spun gown.

But hauls were poor at that time o' year,  
And twine was needed to mend the net;  
So, though the fisherman held her dear—  
He said a woman would always fret—  
He'd get her the town-dress hie-and-bye,  
When fish were plenty, and prices high.

And she would not kiss him good-bye that morn,  
Or wish him good luck as he left the door.  
(The time for romance, she said, was gone;  
The rich might dally, but not the poor.)  
Nor even turned at his skiff fled by,  
Out to the line that meets the sky.

Oh, what a dreary, dolorous day;  
The strokes of the clock seemed years between,  
Yet the sun shone bright on the waves at play;  
The grass was springing, the leaves were green;  
But a dark cloud over the cottage hung,  
And the little wife neither laughed nor sung.

A neighbor came in to knit and rest  
An hour or so, and she shook her head.  
"The clouds are spreading from east to west;  
We've a stormy evening to come," she said.  
The young wife's heart sank low as she heard—  
"Oh, could I take back that hasty word!"

The day crept on and the twilight fell,  
And with it in torments came the rain;  
The sea-wind sang like a funeral knell,  
The roar of the thunder shook the pane;  
Over the cliff the white foam dashed,  
And quick and vivid the lightning flashed.

The hearth was swept, and the fire blazed bright,  
And close-drawn curtains shut out the storm.  
Without was tempest, and wind, and night;  
Within was light, and welcome warm.  
The little wife sang, as she knit, a rhyme  
He used to love in their courtship-time.

"I'll hear his footsteps come through the gate  
Before I finish this row," thought she.  
"I'll run to the door, so he need not wait,  
He'll be so worn with the angry sea."  
But no footsteps came, though the row was done,  
And still the tempest roared on and on.

So the hours sped by, and the clock struck three;  
Down on her knees she sobbed a prayer:  
"Oh, bring my darling back safe to me,  
And never again will I give a care  
To riches, or utter a fretful word,  
But ever will praise and thank Thee, Lord!"

And lo! when she rose, through the window-pane  
The day had come, and the black night fled;  
And with it had vanished the wind and rain;  
The sun was tinting the east rose-red,  
As a torn white sail came round the cliff,  
Sheltering under her wing the skiff.

And the dear step came through the gate once more,  
(Her heart near broke as its sound she heard.)  
And the dear hand opened the little door,  
And she stood and smiled, but could say no word;  
Her own hair fisher-lad, strong and true,  
Close to his bosom her glad heart drew.

"I dare not speak tenderly, else I'll weep,"  
She thought to herself; "but oh, I'll be  
So loving, whether he wake or sleep,  
To my love who came to me from the sea."  
Then she murmured, casting her lashes down:  
"And can you get me the dress from town?"

June, 1882. LILIAN DYNEVOR RICE.

## Day After Day.

At morn they rise. They see no shining gold,  
Nor rose, nor violet in the breaking East;  
Nor see they any wonders sweet unfold,  
Nor mysteries of the earth. They do not feast  
On incense of a flower, a bird's wild song,  
A bat's swift, jagged flight, a brown bee's gong;  
They do not comprehend the least low note  
Of Nature's chording. Blind, and deaf, and dumb  
To harmonies of sound, and tint, and speech,  
With misty brain, and heart and soul all num,  
They walk day after day, nor even reach  
To tear away the heavy clouds that float  
Between their lives and God. His bending blue  
Smiles down on none so pitiful as you!

June, 1882. FANNY DRISCOLL.

## England's Forgotten Worthies.

ABBOTSFORD—1827.

Lone figure, grandly worn, now fully lame,  
Not sad I call thee—he were rashly brave  
Who in thy presence, ever loving, gave  
Pity to scorch and sting like unlearned flame.  
There have been martyrs—Ridley, held in flame  
While crept slow hand high round the dial's face;  
That Maid, chief pride alike of sex and race;  
Mid Cranmer, preading death just less than shame.  
These well obeyed a gracious Lord's behest  
These, thou tookest up laborious strife,  
Theirs, pledge fulfilled, theirs, bound of tedious strife:  
Thine, battal at death's door with rebel life!  
O mighty deed! How mighty when there fell  
From scorn's high priest\* a proud and sad farewell!

\*Carlyle. Vide review of Lockhart's "Life."

## WITH A COPY OF THE POEMS OF ALEXANDER SMITH.

I send the songs of one whose fame, dim grown,  
Hath kin and counterpart in every age;  
I love to-day his fierce, unequal page  
With what strange wealth of imagery betwenn.  
I, one for all who did his hardship own,  
Fire heart, where fled the caged thoughts that Death  
Loosed when his rude hand checked thy gathered breath  
Back to the void; or are our heads o'erflown  
By these 'scaped birds that wait a true lord's hand  
Ere shall they light again on sea or land?  
No new star thou—(they said thou wert a sun,  
Then, that their vision failed them every one)—  
But flame—and sky-born, like that which we mark  
Gleam and then glance behind th' eternal dark.

June, 1882. A. E. WATROUS.

## LITERARY NOTES.

The latest volume of the series of Bret Harte's works, which are now being republished in book-form, is entitled "Tales of the Argonauts and Eastern Sketches." The first part consists of California sketches which appeared in various publications in this State and the East. The latter portion embraces sketches from Europe, or those distinctively Eastern in flavor. These stories abound in descriptions of scenery which can only be really appreciated to their full extent by a Californian. In every one, too, there is found some bit of delightful satire; as where, in the story of "Simpson's Bar," the *Sierra Avalanche* says, "with pensive local pride," concerning the flood in the Sacramento Valley: "An area as large as the State of Massachusetts is now under water." It is like journeying back into the days of a quarter-century ago, to turn to the pages of "An Episode of Fiddletown," "The Rose of Tuolumne," or "The Man from Solano." Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$2.00.

"Marion Fay," a novel by Anthony Trollope, is the latest Franklin Square issue; published by Harpers; for sale by Bancroft; price, 20 cents. The latest numbers at hand of the Q. P. Index's "Monograph" series are: Gabrielle D'Estrees, "Casanova," and "American Isms"; published and for sale by J. W. Christopher, 47 Dey Street, New York. The June *Wide Awake* contains the six-hundred-dollars prize frontispiece, "A-Maying," drawn by Langren and engraved by Closson. This number also contains an illustrated article upon the Zuni Indians and Pueblo life; a setting to music for violin of one of the songs in Tennyson's "Maud," by Julius Eichberg, the Boston musician; and a Russian paper prepared in London by Mrs. S. K. Bolton. It is called "The Russian May Day at Whiteland's College," and is embellished with pen-and-ink portraits of Ruskin and Miss Osborne, the May queen. Our *Little Ones*, for June, contains a pretty poem by Amanda Douglas, and numerous well-illustrated stories by well known authors. Published by Russell & Co., 36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

Mr. Charles F. Kroeh, a professor of modern languages in the Stevens Institute of Technology, has made use of Herrman Hensch's historical play, "Die Anna-Lise," as a guide to a knowledge of the German language. The full German text of the drama in the Gothic type is furnished with an interlinear English translation. An extensive introduction outlines a most admirable method for gaining a familiarity with the principal words in the ordinary German vocabulary. Following each act of the play are ample notes upon peculiarities in the text, with a list of the words bearing resemblance to their English equivalents which have occurred in the previous act. At the end of the volume is a valuable chapter on the German particles which are so frequently inserted in ordinary conversation, and which according to their use or position, may have such different shades of meaning. This includes such words as "ja," "doch," "gar," "immer," etc., whose varying significance is so often neglected in the dictionaries. This book is the second number of a series of a German course, and will prove most valuable to any one learning that language. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

When William A. Wheeler, the lexicographer, died in 1875, he left an unfinished dictionary of "Familiar Allusions," which his son, Charles G. Wheeler, has now completed. For many years the late Mr. Wheeler's "Noted Names of Fiction," at the back of Webster's dictionary, has been the standard authority of its kind in this country, and the present volume, while it does not include references to personages, will certainly become the popular authority for miscellaneous information concerning the names of celebrated works of art, buildings, streets, societies, natural curiosities, and such objects as are akin to those in nature. The thoroughness of the work will be appreciated when the reader learns that the American cities have been carefully included, and San Francisco's "Telegraph Hill" figures side by side with Rome's "Tarpeian Rock," or that our "Golden Gate" receives equal attention with Constantinople's "Golden Horn." A most valuable feature are lists of various pictures on the same subject, as for instance, the enumeration and description of sixty odd different "Madonnas." Celebrated ships and their prominent battles are also given; well-known statues are described, and, in fact, almost everything of note or importance. Published and for sale by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Announcements: The next volume in the charming "Parchment Library" is to be a collection of "Eighteenth Century Essays," selected and edited by Austin Dobson. Young Darwin, who intends to prepare his late father's biography, is mentioned as peculiarly fitted for the task both by education and personal knowledge. He is a clever young man, and has been his father's colleague in many of his recent scientific researches. "Dick's Wandering," a new novel by Julian Sturgis, will be published immediately by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The subject of Mr. Edward Jenkins's new novel, "A Paladin of Finance," has been suggested by the incident of the Bontoux scandal in Paris. Besides its issue in London by Trübner & Co., it will appear as a *feuilleton* in M. Gambetta's paper, *La République Française*, and is being translated for Russian and Hungarian journals. A German edition will shortly follow. The daughter of W. E. Forster, the well-known English statesman, Miss Arnold Forster, is about to make her first appearance as a writer in a volume on missionary work entitled, "Heralds of the Cross; or the Fulfilling of the Command." "Stories from the State Papers," a new book by Alexander Charles Ewald, will soon be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The "Stories" deal with English historical subjects, and present new facts which the author has gleaned from calendars and catalogues of the State Papers of Henry VIII. from 1509 to 1532; the Domestic State Papers from 1547 to 1640; Irish State Papers; the calendars of the Colonial Papers, etc., etc. The stories are told in a manner that makes the book an interesting one.

Miscellany: At the recent matriculation examination of the Calcutta University eight women passed successfully, of whom six are natives of India; and at Bombay seven women were successful, including four from Poona. At the First Arts exhibition at Calcutta a female candidate obtained a scholarship of the first grade. A. R. Thompson, associate editor of *St. Nicholas Magazine*, has just died of scarlet fever, at his home in Brooklyn. His father was a colonel in the British army. He was born in Paris, and was thirty-four years old when he died. He was the "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" of the magazine. Sir Bernard Burke's "Reminiscences Ancestral, Anecdotal, and Historic" is a remodeled and revised edition of "The Rise of Great Families, and Other Essays," by the same author, bringing Sir Bernard's family memoirs down to the latest dates, and presenting in a compact and readable shape much interesting and valuable information in regard to English, Celtic, and Scotch families. It is published by the Longmans. The author of the quaint "Lilliput Levée," and of many subtle and delightful essays, has just died in England. This was Mr. W. B. Rands, who was known also under the sobriquets of Matthew Browne and Henry Holbeach. Mr. Rands was in a great degree self-taught, and had made himself an admirable Spanish scholar, as well as an acute metaphysician. Dr. Holmes says that to sum up briefly what would, as it seems to him, be the text to be unfolded in Emerson's biography, he was a man of excellent common sense, with a genius so uncommon that he seemed like an exotic transplanted from some angelic nursery. The house in Westminster in which Milton wrote the greater part of "Paradise Lost," has been almost wholly pulled down, only the front door and its adjacent parts being left. The heroine of Miss Braddon's new novel, "Mount Royal," is a seraphic person, possessing the "picturesque loveliness of an old Venetian portrait," and "the elegance of an ideal duchess." About this young woman are gathered dire complications of jealousy, duel, and murder. The works of Samuel Richardson, first twelve thick volumes, will be published in London next autumn. There has not hitherto been any library edition of Richardson's novels. A copy of the "Memoires de Sully," which once belonged to Louis XV., was sold in Paris the other day for one thousand and twenty dollars. The Latin type, or "antiqua," is gradually winning its way in Germany.



## THE DOUBLE GAME.

A Spanish Story.

A celebrated painter at Madrid, whose real name it will be more discreet not to disclose, but whom we shall call Morales, had just completed a superb picture for the convent of the Escorial. He had received a pretty large sum for his work, and by way of a little relaxation after the long-continued toil and close attention bestowed upon it, he assembled around a well-spread table in his studio a few choice spirits from among his fellow-artists. It was a bachelor's entertainment. Not a female was to sit down with them. The mistress of the house herself, Doña Casilda, had been excluded. Morales had sent her off, with the female attendant, to pass the day with one of her cousins. But the good dame, having a little of the curiosity of Mother Eve in her composition, was very anxious to know what was to take place during her absence, and had a strong desire to find out what so many men could find to talk about when there were no women present. Instead, therefore, of remaining at the house of her cousin, she quickly returned, bringing the latter with her, and presently the twain were snugly ensconced in a little closet adjoining the studio, where, with eye and ear closely applied to the key-hole, they remained eagerly listening to all that passed.

"But tell us, my friends," said one of the guests, "why we are deprived of the pleasure of Señora Morales's company? Her wit, her pleasantness, and beauty, surely would not have diminished the charm of this delightful meeting."

"There," whispered the lady to her cousin, "that is the first sensible speech I have heard."

"Fie, fie!" replied the husband, pouring out a bumper of old golden sherry, "women know nothing of the poetry of life."

"That's true," added another. "Women are more matter-of-fact beings, common-place, essentially prosaic. What do they know about the arts or the enjoyments of artists?"

"Fools!" exclaimed Casilda.

"Yes," continued Morales, "take from woman love intrigues and household affairs, and they absolutely know not what to think or talk about."

"Impertinent fellow!" was the comment of the listeners.

"Why," added the painter, "they can not comprehend one of those rich jokes or capital pieces of humor which the air of the studio inspires. They have no conception of them. When a woman plays us a trick it is always at the expense of our honor."

"Wretch!" This word escaped the two cousins at the same moment, and was uttered in a loud tone. But the noise of the guests and the rattling of glasses prevented its being heard.

"Ah! Master Simple, and so you defy us to play you a trick without touching your honor, do you? By the lady of Atocha, I vow, though it is now Shrove-Tuesday, that before Lent is over I will have my revenge."

Casilda set her wits to work, and you shall hear what came of it. On the following Thursday she engaged her brother to procure for the Plaza Caheda, where they are accustomed to sell fragments of old buildings, a door of the same dimensions as their own, which fronted on the street. She charged him to get one of an antique pattern, covered with iron-work and heavy moldings. This she had conveyed to her house with all secrecy, and kept closely concealed until the favorable moment. She had communicated her design to her brother and a few female friends in the neighborhood, on whose aid in carrying out her plot she relied.

On a certain evening, when Morales had returned home at a late hour from a convent, where he had just completed the painting of a chapel which the monks were to open at Easter, Casilda received him with much warmth, and a greater profusion of caresses than usual. It was very late when they retired to rest, for Morales must first have his supper. The night was cold and stormy. Toward midnight the dame began to utter deep groans, intermingled with piercing cries, as if racked by grievous pain.

"Holy mother!" exclaimed she, "I am dying. My poor husband, my last hour is come; let them bring a confessor, and quickly, for I'm going fast."

She accompanied these words with grimaces and violent contortions, which women, when the humor takes them, so well know how to counterfeit. Her husband, in a condoling tone, inquired where she felt the pain.

"Blessed Virgin!" was all the answer, "get me a confessor! the sacrament! I can bear it no longer, it is almost all over with me!"

At these cries, the domestic, a young girl, hastened to the assistance of her mistress, applied warm napkins to her stomach, and made her swallow draughts of hot, spiced wine, and similar remedies. But the malady yielded not.

Poor Morales, though sorely against his will, was forced at length to quit his bed.

"Ab!" cried his wife, in a piteous tone, as he slowly drew on his garments, "it is a colic of the most dangerous nature."

"No, my mistress," said the servant girl, "I know what it is that ails you; it is that vinegar you mixed with the salad that causes the pain. You know it served you the same way the last time you took it. Dame Castinoja then cured you."

The painter, on this, began to scold his wife, because experience had not made her more careful. But she only sobbed out in half suffocated words:

"What is done can not be undone. For mercy's sake go for Dame Castinoja. She knows my constitution; she is the only one that can give me relief from the dreadful pains I suffer. For heaven's sake bring her quickly, or there will be nothing left you but to open my grave."

"My little wife," replied the husband, in a dismal tone, "my dearest wife, Dame Castinoja, you know, has removed to the other end of the city, near the gate Foncaral, and we are in the quarter Lavapie; the night is very cold, and if the gutters do not deceive me, the rain is pouring in torrents. Even should I find Dame Castinoja, do you think she would come to see you through this terrible storm? I remember the last time you had this terrible complaint she cured you with two ounces of treacle boiled in the rind of half an orange. Let me go to the apothecary's and get it

for you. Compose yourself a little, and do not force me to take such a long journey, which I am sure will be of no use, and I shall only get a worse malady than yours."

At this, Casilda began to pour forth the most bitter lamentations.

"Good heavens! see what a husband the Fates have given me! To hear him would not one suppose that I was demanding impossibilities; that I was asking him to be buried with me; that I was claiming the sacrifice of his blood, or of half his fortune? I only ask him to go for a nurse, at the risk of wetting his shoes, and he refuses. But I well know what it is you want; you wish to be a widow; you long to live over again your bachelor's life. At every cry that pain forces from me, your heart leaps with joy! Ah! I'm dying! a priest! the confession! I am poisoned!"

Morales, really believing that his wife was at the last extremity, and fearing, if she died, that the accusations she had thrown out against him might have serious consequences, endeavored to soothe her by a few caresses, and proceeded to light a lantern, which the darkness of the night rendered very necessary. He then drew on a pair of stout boots, threw a large cloak over his shoulders, pulled the cape over his head, and manfully set forth on his nocturnal expedition in search of Dame Castinoja. The painter knew that the dame in question dwelt somewhere in the Calle Foncaral, but of the precise location of her residence he was totally ignorant. The rain fell in torrents, and he met not a soul from the time he left the Calle Lavapie until he reached the quarter to which his steps were directed. The night was as dark as Egypt, and Morales cursed from the bottom of his heart the day on which he had married. It may readily be imagined that in such a mood he was not likely soon to find the object of his search.

But while he is groping along the streets, and getting soaked to the skin, let us return to the sick lady. No sooner did she see her husband fairly off upon his expedition, than she summoned her brother and a few chosen friends, who were lying hid in the cellar. In a twinkling they had the old street-door off its hinges, and its place supplied by the one thought for the occasion, which fitted as if it had been made on purpose. Above it they placed a huge white sign, on which was displayed, in large letters, the following inscription: "Hotel of the Cid. Good entertainment for man and horse." This done, a large party of friends from the neighborhood, who had been let into the secret, were speedily assembled. Castanets and guitars were put in requisition, a repast was prepared, and the merry guests began to eat, and drink, and dance, by way of celebrating the dismal expedition of the poor husband, who had gone in search of Dame Castinoja.

Meanwhile, having proceeded from street to street, knocked at more than fifty doors, and roused and angered the whole neighborhood, our poor painter was at length obliged to return homeward without the nurse. He was drenched to the skin, and his patience was completely exhausted.

On approaching his home, the sounds of musical instruments, and singing, and peals of laughter burst upon his astonished ears. Thinking he had made a mistake, he raised the lantern, and discovering a different door from his own, with the sign of a hotel over it, he became completely bewildered, and began to traverse the pavement anew.

"It is indeed the Calle Lavapie," said he. "Here is the hook-store of Pedro Trappal; there is the fruiterer's shop; and this is the house of Diego the cripple, and then surely comes mine, for on the other side there is that of Lucas Merino, the money-changer."

He recognized the doors of all his neighbors; each one was familiar; his alone was changed.

"Heaven help me!" said he, making fifty signs of the cross, "this, indeed, must be my house. It is but an hour and a half since I left it. My wife was then weeping and groaning with pain, and now they are singing and dancing. And yet we were living alone in the house. The door, it is true, needed a little repair, but I am certain it was not changed when I left home. Beside, I have never noticed a tavern in this street, and surely it is not in my house that they would establish one. Am I dreaming? That can not be. My eyes are wide open, and I bear plainly enough. The rain is pelting furiously, yet this illusion can not be the effect of the little drop of wine I took before setting out."

He began to make a closer examination, carefully passing his hand over the door, but could not find the knocker in its accustomed place. Determined to make himself heard, in hopes that as soon as he effected an entrance he should learn the cause of the mysterious transformation, he began to thump at the door with blows enough to rouse the whole neighborhood. The merry-makers within pretended not to hear him. He knocked still more loudly. At length, after he had been left standing a long time under the drippings of the roof, a man, with head covered by an old bandkerchief, and holding a light in his hand, opened the window above the door.

"Halloa! my good man, what the deuce do you want at this time of night? There is no room for you here. Go seek a lodging elsewhere."

"But I wish to enter my own house."

"My friend, it is not our custom to open our doors at this unusual hour."

"But I tell you this is my house; and my father, Diego Morales, paid a round sum for it with his own deniers."

"Hark ye, my fine fellow. I know not if the wine which disturbs your noddle was Val de Peñas or Logroño, but I'll be sworn it was capital, and the water from the gutters will not hurt you. So go your way. Cease knocking at the door, or I will let loose my mastiff, whose teeth will make a dozen button-holes in your hide in quick time. Good-night."

Thus saying, he closed the window. The singing and laughter were renewed again, and the poor painter gave himself to all the furies, fully persuaded that some sorcerer was playing him this cruel trick.

Meanwhile the rain continued, and flakes of falling snow came thick upon the face of Morales. The candle in his lantern had burned out, and his patience had long since been completely exhausted. He commenced knocking anew, when presently he heard some one within the house call out:

"Halloa, Antonio, unloose the dogs; bring a cudgel, and

give the shoulders of this drunken fellow a taste of it; it will relieve his muddy brain a little."

At this the door was thrown open, and forth came a man with two huge dogs, which might have made the joke rather a serious one, had they not been held back by the keeper.

"You cursed fellow," said the latter, "what do you mean by making this clamor? Were you not told there was no room for you here?"

"But, my good friend, this is my house, and I can not comprehend what piece of sorcery has converted it into a tavern. This is indeed, I assure you, the very house I received as a heritage from Diego Morales, my father."

"My good man, you are certainly under a strange delusion. There are neither Morales nor mulberries in this neighborhood."

"I am a painter, well known in this city, and of some celebrity in this quarter. I have lived twenty years in this house. Call my wife, Casilda. If she is not transformed into a landlady, she will doubtless extricate me from this labyrinth."

"How can you talk in this foolish manner? For more than six years this house has been one of the most frequented and best-known hotels in Madrid. Its master is Pedro Carasco. The landlady is Herez; and I, who speak to you, am Antonio, their valet. And now take yourself off, in heaven's name, without any more noise, or this cudgel will speedily restore you to your senses."

The poor painter, not knowing to what saint to turn for succor, made the best of his way, by groping along through the darkness, to the house of one of his friends. It was four o'clock in the morning when he reached it. From the lamentable voice in which Morales claimed admittance, the friend thought that some serious calamity had befallen the painter, and hastened to let him in. Morales related his adventure; but his friend listened to it with incredulity. He, however, lighted a fire to dry the well-soaked garments of his guest, and having prepared him a bed, advised him to go to sleep, for he doubted not that Morales had been making a little too free with the bottle.

In the morning, however, the painter still persisted in maintaining the truth of the story he had told on the previous evening; and his friend, curious to behold the enchanted mansion, accompanied him home. But to the utter astonishment of the mystified artist, another change had come over the spirit of his dream. The marvelous sign had disappeared, the house was secured by its accustomed portal, and everything had resumed its former quiet and peaceful appearance.

"Come, Morales," said his friend, tapping him on the shoulder, "confess that you had taken a drop too much last night, and was afraid to return home."

"On my honor as a man and an artist," replied Morales, "I have told you nothing but the truth."

"But, my dear fellow, it is no such great crime to be overcome by a cup of good wine."

Morales heeded not the remark, but commenced rapping smartly at the door. Bridget, the maid-servant, half-dressed, hastened to open it.

"Oh, Señor Morales," cried she, in tones of well-feigned astonishment, "how could you have the heart to stay out all night in the city, carousing with your friends, and your wife lying here at death's door? And to go off, too, under pretense of finding Dame Castinoja! Fie upon you! fie upon you!"

"Fie upon you, Señor Morales!" cried out in chorus half a dozen shrill voices from the neighboring windows. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you cruel man! You have an angel for a wife, and here you leave her in this shameful manner to die without assistance."

"Ah, indeed! And where have you been all night? In some filthy tavern, I dare say, drinking with your good-for-nothing companions. What an abominable thing is a husband who plays the bachelor! If I had such a one, I warrant you I'd go to the magistrate and soon have a divorce."

"But it is with me that he has the account to settle," cried Casilda, who now came up, looking pale and wan, as was natural after a night of dancing and revelry. "And so you believed I was dead, and you thought to come back and squander my dower on your bachelor parties. But you did not reckon on the good services of these kind neighbors, by whose timely aid I have been restored to life."

"My dear little wife," said Morales, soothingly, "if you will only listen to me, you will find that I am much more to be pitied than found fault with."

And here the poor artist began to relate what had happened to him. But his story was received with shouts of laughter.

"Tell that nonsense to others, Morales. Do you take us for idiots, to whom you are telling some of your silly stories of the studio? Confess the truth, man. You have fallen in with some of your scapegrace companions, with whom you have passed the night in drinking and carousing. Tell the truth, and beg pardon for your fault. That will be much better than to stand here telling such a nonsensical tale, which nobody will believe."

And, in truth, Morales had to come to this at last. Crestfallen, overwhelmed by ridicule, jeered by the whole neighborhood, he was forced humbly to sue for pardon, which was only granted on the condition that he should give no more bachelor parties.

A gentleman, just returned from a trip through Mexico, brings with him the following "Notice to Passengers," which he picked up in a Hermosillo hotel:

1st. Any passenger at his arrival at this house will please register his name in the book in accordance with the law.

2th. The proprietor will not be responsible for losses of any kind that might happen to any of the guests' rooms, only if any valuables are delivered in his hand for safe keeping is how he will be responsible for the same.

3th. Should any waiter or servant be impolite toward a passenger he will please notify the same at the office so as to reprimand such a waiter or servant accordingly.

Hermosillo, January 1st. 1882.

A paper, in announcing a recent marriage, beads it, "At the End of His Troubles." The paper, however, says the *Marathon Independent*, neglects to say at which end.



PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.



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THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1882.

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There is lying upon our table the letter of an esteemed personal and political friend from the country, who writes complainingly that the "independent and outspoken course" of the Argonaut, so commendable in a certain sense, is "injuring the Republican party, and, unless modified, will imperil its success in the coming election." This friend reproaches us by saying that, as recent chairman of a State Convention, and recent delegate to the National Convention, our writings carry with them an influence more than personal. We never intend to lose sight of the fact that we have been honored by the Republican party at times, and sometimes entrusted to act as ammunition-hearer, when, in the heat of conflict, it needed powder and hall at some exposed part of the field where the contest raged hottest. We have volunteered in one or two forlorn hopes of candidacy, where talk and money have been demanded to elect somebody else. But our friend does not quite comprehend the fact that, having assumed the position of an editorial writer on a journal that claims to be independent, it is impossible to overlook the mistakes, excuse the blunders, palliate the offenses, or condone the crimes that are, with malice, perpetrated by Republican party leaders. Our friend is not in accord with our views as to the result of fair and resolute criticism. We think that the condemnation of party crimes does the party good, and that it both purifies and strengthens it. We think censure belongs to the leaders who perpetrate wrongs, rather than to the journalist who exposes them. We think the influence of even a party organ is in exact proportion to the fearless truths it dares to utter. And, speaking of organs, the impression has somehow gone abroad that the Argonaut is in some sense thus related to the Republican party. This is not so. The Republican party has placed the Argonaut under no obligation to it. The Argonaut, in the five years of its existence, has received from State, municipal, and party organizations, from officials and official patronage, from city, county, State, and general government, the sum of one hundred and fifty-seven dollars, and no more. In 1877 it received ten dollars; in 1878 nothing; in 1879 seventy-two dollars; in 1880 nothing; in 1881 fifty-five dollars, and in 1882, from John Sedgwick, Sheriff, sixteen dol-

lars. We ask no official patronage. We receive no official favors. Not that we would not willingly be allowed to advertise for the Sheriff, the County Clerk, and the Board of Supervisors such legal notices, bankrupt notices, proposals, and the hundred and one other things that the law requires, and he paid for them at rates allowed by law. But we do not solicit this patronage. We keep no sucker with his straw mouthing at the official bung-hole for patronage. If an official gave us his patronage it would not secure our favor, and if he withheld it he would not thereby be held in disfavor. We are under pecuniary obligations to the Royal Baking Powder Company for five times as much money in one year as we have received from the Republican party in five years. The Argonaut, and everybody in and around it, stockholders, directors, editors, and writers, are Republicans, but they do not belong to the Republican party in the sense that they can be induced to do any of its dirty work, cover any of its mistakes, apologize for any of its crimes, or elevate any hlackguard to office if they know it. So much in explanation to our country friend.

A very good lady took the writer severely to task for the expression in last week's editorial, "Another good mind gone wrong; another strong, intellectual, thinking man consumed in early days, as he stood at the forked roads of life's great thoroughfare, made the mistake that led up to a "meeting-house." There was a time, and that within the recollection of this generation, when the pulpit embraced a large part of the learning of the land, and wielded in all public matters a leading influence. There was an earlier time, when within the ecclesiastical pale was embraced the culture of the world, and when the priestly influence was felt in every department of life as a controlling and directing power. That time has gone by forever. It is not our intention, in so brief a space as the columns of this journal afford, to review the history of ecclesiasticism, or to go beyond our own country and the period of our time to demonstrate how and why this influence has declined, or show the causes that have placed the clergy of our country the last in the rear column of our intellectual forces. We direct ourselves especially to the clergymen of the Protestant Church of America. The early history of our country, from the Puritan era all through the early formative processes of our institutions, needs no repetition to intelligent readers. There need not be called up the distinguished names of the early clergymen of New England to demonstrate the fact of their intellectual leadership, and we would not undertake to question the good they accomplished in the labors and devotion of their earnest lives. Whether time's changes, the personal character of the clergy, their waning zeal, or the decaying interest of the masses in religious matters accounts for the fact as we state it, viz., that the clergy no longer hold the position of intellectual leadership and influence, we will not undertake to say. We repeat, and more broadly: the pulpit no longer possesses the leading minds of the country. The clergy are no longer leaders in the intellectual development of the age. More than that, they are clogs and dead-weights on the advancing progress of the time. They are not the most honored nor the most useful class of the community; they are not the best men of the society in which they exist; they are not the most earnest, most honest, most self-sacrificing of men; they are not conspicuous for virtues above other men. The divines are not distinguished from those around them for purity, excellence, and those qualities which ought to distinguish clergymen, and which in an eminent degree did adorn the lives of the earlier class. Now, we beg especially to say to the reader—to the pious reader, and more especially to the pious lady reader—we do not mean your clergyman; we refer to the other preacher in the little church around the corner. Your good man is a splendid exception to the class we indicate. Your pastor is learned and godly; he is pure in his private life; he is sincere, earnest, and most unselfishly devoted to the harvest of souls. It is the small-minded man of dull intellect who is preaching for coin that we mean. It is the narrow-minded bigot, whose education in an ecclesiastical school has warped his brain. It is the slow, unprogressive, dull fellow, who is content to work in the theological harness as it was made and fitted to him when he graduated from the theological seminary; who, in his ignorance of science, of philosophy, of free thought, thinks he sees an enemy in ambush, and fears to confront what he has not the courage to examine or the capacity to understand. It is one of the encouraging signs of the times that every now and then, and with more and more frequency, the younger and brighter men who have made the mistake at the cross-roads of life's great thoroughfare, and found themselves at the meeting-house, have begun to emancipate themselves and their congregations from the tyranny of the ecclesiastical dangers to which they have been educated, and the belief of which they sincerely thought themselves possessed. These men are the adventurous and hold leaders of a great religious rebellion; a rebellion which, as it advances, will be honored by the name of revolution, and in its final triumph will be styled revival. It is their mission as iconoclasts first to destroy the idolatrous altars, and in their places build

up temples; destroy the old superstitions, dogmas, and creeds in which all religions are founded, and evolve principles for the direction and guidance of the human mind which will elevate man, and he of practical service to him in the affairs of this life; principles which will elevate religion till it shall so interpret sacred writings that it may look science squarely in the face, he led by it and conform to it; till the church shall keep pace with the progress of the age, and keep hand in hand with it as both go clampering to loftier heights. Then the emancipated pulpit will be able to call to it the giants of the schools, and it will be relieved of the just reproach passed upon it in these latter years, that the stupid hoy of the family is alone reserved for a preacher. When brave, proud, and strong-brained men shall feel at ease in the gown, and at liberty to think for themselves, and shall find themselves permitted to preach their convictions without fear of confessions of faith, thirty-nine articles, or Westminster catechisms, then the pulpit will become more honored and honorable than it now is. Then it will take rank among the institutions of intellectual thought, and clergymen may safely challenge the men of the bar, the men of the philosophies, the men of the journals, statesmen, and men of affairs as their equals.

The church has progressed, and that within the period of our time; but it has made an unwilling and sullen progress. It has been dragged along and driven ahead by forces which it could not resist or control. It has timidly and with seeming reluctance allowed itself to adopt new ideas. Let us recall the teachings of fifty years ago as they were taught in New England and New York. Hell—local, sulphurous, hot, and actual; devil—personal, powerful, almost equal with God, and malignant; predestination, foreordination, total depravity, and infant damnation; the Mosaic cosmogony that the earth is no more than six thousand years old; that it was created in the natural days and nights of a single week; that Nebuchadnezzar fed on grass; that Jonah was swallowed by the whale, and restored to life and dry land; that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still; that Elijah was fed by ravens, and translated to heaven in a chariot of fire; the story of the old hald head, the had hoys, and the hears; the death of Ahsalom; the burning hush; the funny story of Ruth and Boaz, and of Joseph and his torn and curious coat; Baalam and his ass; Daniel in the lion's den; Moses in the bullrushes; the witch of Endor; Jacob and the willow rods with which he swindled his father-in-law the good old Lahan, his ladder, his courtship, and his trick on Esau; Joh's toil; Moses's serpents; the manna, the quails, and the golden calf; the tooting down of the walls of Jericho, and the thousand and one other impossible, improbable, absurd, and immoral romances, tales, and imaginative stories of times that were traditional, and of men that were mythical. Let no man reply, in denial, that to these things were not given literal interpretations; that they were used as illustrations of religious thought, and demonstrations of spiritual conditions, for we know better. They were taught as actual history; they were told as veritable occurrences, which we were not permitted to question or disbelieve, under penalty of the torture of an eternal hell of actual fire. They were taught as writings divinely inspired. One by one these absurd and grotesque stories have been surrendered to the sneers of an audacious incredulity. Little by little, slowly and most grudgingly, they have been yielded to the clamor of the irreverent. They are not yet entirely abandoned. An intellectual and pious woman, who had devoted her life to Bible teaching, has been within the year turned out of a leading church in San Francisco because she gave a spiritual interpretation, and not a literal one, to these very stories. Only last week a leading clergyman was called upon to explain the doctrine of election. That in the higher matters of science the church has not willingly allowed itself to come into harmonious relations with demonstrated philosophies and ascertained facts every one knows who is a student of Draper, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, or a reader of Renan, Colenso, and the scores of other advanced thinkers and scientists of modern times. Since the time of Galileo the church has hung like a dead weight around the progress of learning. Its light has gone out. Its usefulness is passing away. Here and there some bright, intelligent, earnest, and brave mind is fighting the Cossacks in the rear, in the vain hope of permitting the remnant of a routed army to escape. These brave defenders, fighting science on every side, turn imploringly to the main body of the army of the church, and beg it to throw away its useless haggage, to no longer encumber itself with the impedimenta of its early organization, to abandon its old guns and heavy gun-carriages, and hasten on. The flying artillery of free-thought, the light cavalry of intellectual emancipation, an infantry without knapsacks, and armed with the modern arms of mental precision, are hovering around and threatening it with annihilation. For these gallant clerical out-riders, these Uhlans of the church, doing picket duty in the rear of the army of ecclesiasticism, we have a profound respect and sympathy. For the inert body of old theological dolts and dunder-heads, who, having eyes, will not see; having ears, will



not hear, and having brains, can not, or will not even try to think, we have no respect. Let us be more emphatic. For these fossilized old intellectual hulks, whether they be Roman, Jewish, or Protestant, we have more contempt than we have brains, and ink, and paper to express. We think the church and its organization worth preserving. We think it embraces within it the elements of vast usefulness. We believe it is the mission of these new men to restore its early vitality and energy, to lift it up out of the rut, and inspire it with new vigor. If it be an army, reorganize it; give it modern implements, new and heavier guns, a new drill, new discipline, and a new manual of arms. Pension the old fogies; retire the old preachers; shoot the awkward squad of stupid boys who volunteer to enter the ministry because they have not wit or genius to get a living in some more active industry. Let the pulpit of the new creation be filled with bright, earnest, eloquent, brave, and independent men, who will have the mental capacity to grasp and comprehend the new truths that are being constantly advanced, and when once grasped and fully comprehended, sacred writings, inspired teachings, canons, dogmas, articles, and catechisms be made to conform to the truths of science. Let the clerical orator, as he stands before his congregation, feel at entire liberty to follow his own mind, where study, reflection, and reason shall lead it—always, of course, within the lines of a moral boundary that needs no other definition than an intelligent, healthy, and disciplined conscience. When we speak of the zeal and earnestness of the preachers of an earlier age, we are not endorsing the errors they taught. We are simply extolling their earnestness and devotion. We have a qualified opinion concerning the men or women who go as missionaries to beaten lands; but we must not withhold a certain respect for the zeal that prompts a man or woman to consecrate his or her life to toil, and confront perils to preach the gospel. And we contrast certain lives we have known with the life of luxurious ease that surrounds the carved and elegant chancels that adorn the modern church, where pampered, well-fed men and Easter-bonneted women worship in upholstered comfort to the sweet melodies of classic music from paid musicians. Ever so much of this modern meeting-house and preacher business is a sham. To the preacher it is becoming a money-making industry; to the worshiper, a fashionable pursuit.

In the city of San Francisco are denominations and church edifices for the worship of all the gods, congregations professing all the faiths, clergymen and priests preaching all the doctrines, altars for the pagans, temples for the idolators, churches for the Christians, synagogues for the Jews, and meeting-houses for the Quakers. Everything in the way of religion, from the Peruvian sun-worshiper to the modern Mormon nonsense, has its representative here. All the prophets, from Confucius and Jeremiah down past Mohammed to Joe Smith, have their believers in our midst. How many millions are invested in church property we do not know. How many hundreds of thousands of dollars are paid annually to clergymen and choirs we do not know. How many people, men, women, and children, attend religious meetings we do not know. But this we do know, there are more people by many thousands who go fishing of a Sunday in the trout season than go to church; there are more people gunning for quail on the fifteenth of March than are in attendance at all the places of worship; there are more people going by the writer's door to Harbor View, over the new cable-road, on the first day of the week, than compose all the congregations at morning service. There are more people, men, women, and children, good men, good women, and well-behaved children, who radiate from San Francisco by car, ferry, private carriage, and on foot to picnic in the country groves, to lounge on the sea-beach, to enjoy the country air of a Sunday, ten times over, than are in attendance upon all the churches of the city. Now, what is the cause of this? Let not the Christian professor say that it is because those people flocking to the groves and ocean sides are not as good citizens and as good people as those who go to church, for it would not be true. The broad, straight, highways that pass through God's temples do not alone lead to destruction, and the men, women, and children who go picnicking on the Sabbath may not, in their lives of usefulness, be unfavorably compared with those who throng the side and centre aisles of our most fashionable churches. The writer spent his last Sunday at the farm, and saw hundreds pass over the narrow-gauge to picnic at Fairfax, or with gun and rod to tramp over the Marin hills, and haunt the glens through which is heard the roar of the ocean and the murmur of the winds. The morning was a misty one; great clouds laden with ocean spray went sailing above the earth, borne along by strong air currents, currents that below were gentle breezes—a murmuring orchestra, at which the forest trees howed in graceful minuets, while the leaves of grass and wild flowers danced merrily to the music of the wind. The farm was taking a spray bath, and seemed—although it was Sunday—to enjoy it. Every leaf, shrub, and blossom seemed happy. The birds, the little sinners, came out and sang their most joyous notes. They stole cherries, made love to their mates or their neighbors'

mates, built their little houses in preparation for nesting and family cares, and acted as though the whispered inspiration of their instinct was in utter defiance of the great moral maxim written by the finger of the Israelites' Jehovah upon the Mosaic stone: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." And then the sun came out from behind the clouds, and worked—worked lovingly. It kissed the leaflet and the grass, and they looked up and smiled. The little drops of glistening dew mounted silently upward, to form again the great working clouds, the ocean, and the rain that makes earth habitable. All day Sunday the little streamlet ran murmuring by; all day the sunlight and the shadow danced over the sear, brown bills of Contra Costa; all day the breezes stirred wavelets upon the fields of growing grain; and all the Sabbath day the grain grew, the fruits ripened, and did not rest; colts and calves kicked up their sacrilegious heels in the very wantonness of defiant joy; the vagabond jaybird—that noisy communist of the feathered tribe, who aggravates us not only by his thievish propensity for fruit, but by his harsh and discordant clamor about it—evidently thinks man a bloated monopolist of cherries; that property in fruit is theft that justifies theft; and, with Harry George, that air, water, land, and cherries are the common inheritance of all God's birds. An argument of the question with a shotgun convinced him that he had better been born an owl, in alliance with the property class, to mouse at night for gophers and other destructive vermin of the soil. And there on that Sabbath day, under the shadow of a thick, bright-hued odorous laurel, in the calm reflection of a two-hit cigar, the writer wondered whether the picnickers at Fairfax, the loungers by the sea, the tramps with gun and rod, over meadow and glen, men resting from weekly toil, mothers relieved from household cares, and children in their happy glee, were not passing as innocent and profitable a Sabbath day as those who were in attendance upon the average prayer and preach-makers of the churches. We hope it is not awfully and unpardonably wicked to come to the conclusion that it was better than a Sunday-school, and more instructive than a sermon.

The suggestion that the able and earnest divine, in an editorial capacity, would have an enlarged sphere of usefulness, contains the germ of a practical idea. The era of the pulpit has passed away, and it is to be doubted if the time will ever come when it will be ranked with the journal in its capacity for good. We have no compliments to spare for the ordinary commercial newspaper. As a rule, it is a selfish, mercenary, cowardly, and devilish institution, endurable only because, as a whole, it is doing more good than harm. But it is capable of infinite improvement. Give to the press the endowments of the church; make it independent by the property-gifts of the benevolent, the devout, and the superstitious; let it enjoy the accumulations of centuries; let seminaries and colleges be endowed to educate its editors and writers; let there be thrown around it a sacred character; let the same exertion be put forth for its support as for the maintenance of the church; let it be free and independent; let it depend upon the people alone for support, and let its writers be as courageous as perfect independence can make them, and we should have a press that would indeed be the shield and bulwark of free conscience and free thought. The Unitarian church on Geary Street is a property worth a quarter of a million dollars. It costs, say twenty thousand dollars per annum to maintain it. Its average attendance, we suppose, is five hundred people. There are four or five other leading congregations in San Francisco with costly churches, able ministers, and expensive choirs. There are sextons and servants to hire, insurance to pay, and repairs to make. Let one of these congregations do this: sell their property for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and with fifty thousand dollars purchase the *Argonaut*, with its types, presses, and new building on Dupont Street; invest the balance, two hundred thousand dollars, at five per cent. Ten thousand dollars a year added to twenty thousand dollars would make a fund that would furnish a ten-thousand edition of the *Argonaut* to be given away, or a fifty-thousand edition to be sold at one dollar per annum. Let Dr. Scott, Dr. Stebbins, the Reverend Barrows or Hemphill, or any learned pastor of the church turn editor. If it should be deemed necessary to keep up the personal association of the members, let them picnic together every Sunday. If Sunday-schools are indispensable, take the children out to the groves and ocean shore, and teach them natural history and God in the presence of His works. The editor could do parish work as well. He could administer the consolations of religion to the dying at almost any time, except when engaged in revising his final proof. The editor could be authorized to perform the wedding service. We know of no good reason why Mr. Pickering of the *Call* could not solemnize with impressive pomp the marriage ceremony, or Mr. Fitch baptize the sick and afflicted, or Boruck pray at the bedside of a dying Democrat; and as for us we are confident of possessing an unlimited capacity for donation parties, and would become the willing recipient of any amount of dinner invitations,

embroidered slippers, or other favors that come from the ladies of the congregation. We would be willing to become the recipient of legacies, and would be glad to have editorial chairs endowed in the *Argonaut* office, with right of presentation reserved to ourselves. No one could lead a praise-service with more unction than our friends of the *Record-Union*, especially if it was in praise of themselves; and as to the burial of the dead, there is not an editor in all America who would not delight to perform the last solemn rites of sepulture over any one who did not take his paper, or who would not gladly preside over the cremation of the body of any rival journalist. We commend the clergymen of the State to suggest these views to their congregations, giving credit to us for the idea, and mentioning from their pulpits that the subscription price of the *Argonaut* is four dollars a year, payable invariably in advance; office at 522 California Street.

There is a movement inaugurated in the Board of Education against the married school mams. The question is being agitated whether a teacher who is young enough, pretty enough, and lucky enough to find a gray goose for a mate, should be permitted to support him by her labor in the department. Curiously enough, the lady teachers are divided upon this proposition. All the married and marriageable ones are united in the opinion that the constitution of this free republic guarantees to every woman the right to seek a husband and get him, if possible. There are some who think the girls ought to go out when the husband comes in. These are the ladies who have passed the probable age of matrimony, and some of the widows, whose bad luck in a first matrimonial venture disinclines them to a second experiment. It is a curious fact that all the waiting applicants and anxious outside expectants, maids and widows, are unanimous in their hostility to the retention of the married ones. Our inclination is to side with the younger and prettier teachers. We recognize the duty of every competent girl to support a husband as soon as she is able. We know that ever so many of the younger and prettier teachers devote their salaries to dress, matinées, and lunches at the Maison Dorée, with a view to securing husbands; and it seems very hard on these husbands if their wives shall be deprived of the means of supporting a family. We have not quite the same feeling toward the good-for-nothing, selfish, cowardly things in pantaloons who are willing to live upon the earnings of a hard-worked wife, and if this article was not intended to be facetious, we would say something to endeavor to hurt their feelings. If we were postmaster, and a young lady wanted a position for a short time to enable her to purchase a claret-colored velvet, to be cut *en train*, we would give her the place; if superintendent of the mint, and there came to us a chemical blonde, baving matrimony in view, and to whom a Paris *trousseau* was indispensable, in she would go. In a word, we would help the girls. But when she had accomplished her little intrigue, and had dragged her captive up the centre aisle to the altar, and become rightfully and legally endowed with all his worldly wealth, we would relieve her husband from the mortification of living upon her earnings by immediately turning her out of place, and putting some sweet and confiding conspirator in petticoats in her position.

At Saucelito the postmaster is a German, the justice of the peace a Frenchman, the road-master an Irishman; of the constables, one is a Dane, and the other a Greek; of the school trustees, one is a Swede, and the other a Portuguese. An impudent Rhode Island Yankee, by the name of Dexter, had the cheek to offer himself for school trustee, but was driven out of the campaign before election day. Delegates to the Democratic State Convention from Vallejo are as follows, and all of them Pope's Irish: O'Grady, Patrick Grimes, McGettigan, Tormey, McAuliff, Hayes, McManus, McDermott, McDonnell, Reardon, Kingston, Monahan, Noonan, Coleman, Patrick Fagan, Hogan, Moran, Connolly, McDonald, McCudden, Dineen, Brennan, and Michael Cahill. The delegates from San Francisco are mostly of the same nationality and religious convictions, and a majority of them are land-leaguers. Nearly all the candidates for office are of the same stripe. Shall California become Mongolian or Caucasian? is not the only question. Shall the State be placed under the political control of Americans or the Pope's ignorant Irish? is of equal importance. The ever-pushing insolence of this particular class of political adventurers is becoming unendurable. They have obtained the absolute mastery of the Democratic party in this State, and only as a matter of policy do they refrain from claiming every office that is elective by popular vote. No prominent American Democrat dare oppose himself to their pretensions, and this evil is irremediable, except in one way, and that is for Republicans and Democrats to unite in the formation of an anti-Irish party. Give the whole cheeky mob the go-by. Nominate no mother's son of them for office; and secure an administration that will have the nerve to refuse them political appointments. Let the motto be: "No Chinese in the land; no Pope's Irish in office."



## A BLOODY BULL-FIGHT.

A Madrid Correspondent Tells of the Death of Six Bulls and a Man.

I am fresh from a feast of blood—a Spanish bull-fight. At three o'clock this afternoon I found a crowded seat on top of a six-horse omnibus in the Calle de Alcalá. It was full of silk-hat gentry. In two minutes we are off eastward on a run. We follow the left side of the street. Mounted policemen every hundred yards keep all vehicles going out on the left, and all returning on the right. Hundreds of vehicles are going as fast as horses, mules, and donkeys can pull them both ways. Here comes a three-story omnibus, garishly painted, and with awning over the upper deck, drawn by ten horses gaudily hedecked with tassels and trappings. There is a five-horse passenger carriage, worn out a hundred years ago, rattling hack after more passengers. Now we pass a two-wheeled *tartana*, jerked along from stone to stone after a hony mule and vagrant horse, tandem, and the eight passengers hold each other in the seats, all laughing. A fine carriage, drawn by prancing bays and driven by a gold-handed coachman beside a powdered page, rushes in ahead of us. The sidewalks are crowded with rapid pedestrians, men of every class and garb, women with kerchief or mantilla on the head, and here and there a bouquet-tinted Manila silken shawl on the shoulders. As we advance in a rattling gallop our horses falter, but every driver who passes us gives our three leaders a stroke of the whip. And now we come running abreast of two other carriages, and stop under the shadow of the Plaza de Toros, or Bull Ring. It is a Moorish building, three-story brick, circular, and about four hundred feet in diameter. We bought our tickets from street vendors this morning, because there were none at the office. We enter the large horse-shoe portal, and before taking our seats, walk through into the arena, where the hand is playing, and where thousands are talking of the prospects of the coming *corrida*, or contest. It is half-past three; the seats are sparsely filled, but thousands of people are still pouring in.

The circular sandy arena is about two hundred feet in diameter, and a fosse is watering it. Around it is a red, wooden barrier or wall, about six feet high, with six swinging double gates. Outside this barrier is a road about eight feet wide all around, with occasional small refuges, where policemen and servants may be protected from any bulls which may jump the barrier. A stone harrier or wall outside this road, about six feet high, has occasional projecting iron rods connected by two ropes all around to protect spectators. Next to this wall is the first of twenty tiers of stone seats of the amphitheatre. Behind the highest of the stone seats rise two wooden galleries, one over the other, in each of which are graded wooden seats. The upper gallery is divided by partitions into boxes or *palcos*. The *palco* on the western side, opposite the stable portal of the arena, with glass screens and crimson drapery in front of the balcony, adorned by the royal arms, is the royal box. To the right of this *palco* is that of the president, and to the left those of dignitaries of the state, nobility, etc. Over the stable portal mentioned, the hand is sitting. Orange vendors are throwing oranges from the arena with unerring precision to any seat of the circus.

We were here yesterday, and with some other Americans paid fifty-five dollars for one of these *palcos*, near that of the king. But being told by several persons, as well as by the newspapers, that yesterday's *corrida* was a failure, although the bulls killed seven horses, and gored one hystander an inch and a half in the side, we came to-day. Under the advice of a judge and lover of the sport, we to-day succeed in obtaining two stone seats next to the harrier, where we can "feel the hreath of the bull," as our adviser expressed it.

The arena is cleared; the fourteen thousand seats are occupied; women and children are among the spectators; the sun is peering down on the eastern side, and hundreds of gaudy fans are held up to ward off his rays. Around the galleries many women wear white-lace mantillas and huge figured fans, and their gaudy silken Manila shawls adorn their balcony railing. Men are looking at their watches, and women at the men. But I am glad to see that there are fewer women and children than men to-day.

The president has taken his seat; the king and the two infantas, his sisters, enter the royal *palco*, and are saluted by the royal hail. The queen is not here to-day; she attended yesterday, as a duty of her station, but will not come, unless it is necessary. She faints at the first bull-fight she witnessed. She is an Austrian, however, and lacking in taste!

I begin to feel sea-sick on remembering yesterday, and the prospect of to-day. Of our nine of yesterday two of us only have the courage to witness a second fight. Then all of us grew pale, even an officer who was in many battles of our civil war. But I came to see Spain, and the bull-fight is a key to the character of its people, so I will see this one.

The president waves his white kerchief; two *alguaciles*, dressed in knightly cape, plumes, and spurs, on gallant steeds, cross the arena, wheel, return, and as they pass out, doff their hats to the king and president. A few moments' delay, and other horsemen enter from the north-east portal followed by twenty-seven *lidiadores* or contestants on foot, dressed in light silken costumes of various colors, encrusted with gold and silver designs, and chains of heads. After them seven *picadores* on horseback, with gay waistcoats, wide-hrimmed gray hats, with their legs swathed in paper, cloth, and iron, under huckskin trousers, and bearing long spear poles, round and thickened just above the one-inch gad or harh at the end for use. Attending each *picador* is his stirrup-boy or page, besides whom are about twenty other servants, and finally two three-mule teams hitched to a triple-tree, with which to drag off the dead. As soon as the king and president are saluted, the teams, servants, and all but two *picadores* leave the arena. Those *lidiadores* remaining take their stand around the south side of the area.

In an instant all is silent and expectant. All eyes are on the stable portal. The kerchief signals, the bugle sounds, the wings of the portal separate, and in plunges "Mesonero." Upon the first hound he hesitates a moment. A grand, black figure; his head aloft, curved neck, thick shoulders,

slender legs, his long tail almost horizontal, his nostrils dilated, his eyes on fire; a snort of defiance, and he rushes, like a dark demon, toward the first fluttering *capa*. A murmur of delight goes round the amphitheatre. A royal bull; glorious sport is ours to-day. Lagartijo, the greatest of living *matadores*, has a worthy opponent. The red cloaks are fluttered about the charging bull. He grows furious at his ineffectual plunges. Now he is hot and mad with rage. The *picadores* ride their horses to the north side, to wait the time of the bull's lashing fury. He is brought to this side by the artful cloaks. The *picador* rides his black horse—a poor, old worn-out horse, which is blind-folded, at least over the right eye—into position ten feet from the harrier, with his right side turned a little toward the bull, and holding his lance in his right hand, under his right arm, in a position to harh the creature between the shoulders. The *capas* have drawn the bull, by the rustling, to within fifteen feet of the obedient horse and his rider. Now all is still. The bull stands for an instant facing the horseman. The latter shakes his lance a little, as a defiance. The bull gives one grand plunge, and charges at the horse's side. But the *picador* is fortunate in his aim, and holds his lance firmly in the bull's shoulder a moment, till the latter passes, and the horse is unharmed. The crowd clap their hands in approval of the horseman's skill. A little more play with the bull by the cloak *cuadrilla*, and he is in position for the next horse. Another charge, on the second horse, and the bull's horns are hurried in its hip. Into position again with the first horse; and this time the horseman meets the bull well, but his spear and his strength not being strong enough, the bull plunges his sharp horns into the horse's chest, and the life-blood follows them out. A tremble, a fall, and another horse is ridden in. The gray is again brought in place, but not hurt this time. The *picador*, who has gashed the bull in the wrong place, is hooted and pelted with oranges. The new horse is affixed—the bull misses the heart, but opens the abdomen, and he is soon led out. The crippled gray must be killed. Another charge opens his vitals, and he falls in his own gore. Thus four horses are laid dead, and three led out gashed. The huggle calls for a change. The horses are taken out, and iron-harbed *banderillas* are given to *banderilleros*, to further excite the bull. Each man takes two barbs, and running toward the facing bull, sticks them into the shoulder already gouged by the *picadores'* spears. Three pairs of these are placed, when the signal for the death is sounded. Lagartijo, the *matador* mentioned, takes his long, stiff sword and scarlet cloth, and plays awhile with the maddened bull. His assistants also keep their *capas* flapping about about the animal. When a good play is made, *i. e.*, a dangerous, dexterous play, the crowd applauds; when had, the crowd rains groans and whistles of disapproval upon the unfortunate. Lagartijo knows the bravery of "Mesonero," and tries again and again to get a favorable position for plunging his knife. The crowd grows impatient. He has a good opportunity but neglects it, and the crowd hisses and curses his cowardice. He seeks another position, and thrusts his sword; but it is a bad thrust, and the crowd hoots him. He tries again, and fails. The crowd groans noisily. Lagartijo raises himself up for a grand effort. After a little play he plunges the sword to the heart of the bull, through the top of the neck, between the shoulder-blades. The beast reels a little, but charges again and again at the fluttering cloaks. After while the animal ceases to mind the cloaks, goes off to lie down, and soon rolls over. A knife is driven into his head behind the horns, and he trembles his last. The *matador* approaches the king and president. The signal is given, and the mule teams drag out the four dead horses and "Mesonero." The sand is dragged over the bloody places; the entrails of a gored horse that ran about after his wounding, removed; another signal, and a second black bull leaps into the arena. This bull only kills two horses. He is killed by the *matador*, Angel Pastor, who is highly lauded by the posters. This *matador* is a little nervous, and makes several hold plays, almost reckless; upon which we remark that, if not fortunate, he will lose the last half of his name. He finally kills the bull on the seventh thrust.

The third bull charges everything offered. In one charge at a *capa*, he splits his horns against the harrier. He jumps the barrier beside us, but is soon turned in again. He successively gores the abdomen of four horses, two of which drop in the arena, and the other two are led out to be sewn up. The fourth, a hrindle, and a nervous, reckless beast, kills two horses, one of them having been sewed up after the goring of the last bull. The fifth, "Capirote," a white bull with hrindle head, kills one horse, spoils two others, and the time comes to kill him. Angel Pastor comes out to slay him. The *matador* is still nervous. After a little play the bull charges at him. He hesitates, and is lost. The bull is on him, throws him against the harrier, picks him up on his horns, shakes him, drops him to gore him again, when the fluttering *capa* of Lagartijo calls the heast away from the prostrate man. Angel Pastor is able to rise. Attendants rush up and hear him out to his praying friends. He is given into the hands of a priest and a doctor, who always wait outside. Now the multitude calls for the brute's blood. Lagartijo seizes his sword, and prepares for the slaughter. A little play in position, when he plunges the sword to the hilt between the heast's shoulders, and it rolls over dead. Fourteen thousand voices yell their gloating joy.

Another signal, another heast, and two white horses killed after several ineffectual bloody trials. A horse which was wounded by the last bull is brought in, but drops dead. When the harbed *banderillas* are thrust into his shoulder the bull jumps with pain, and hellsows. The *matador* strikes at him with the sword eight times before he falls. The band plays the royal march, to six hulls and seventeen horses. The hulls are dragged out and prepared for the market. The six horses are carted away, two in a cart. The head of the fifth bull, "Capirote," is preserved as a memento of his bravery and success in goring Angel Pastor. The blanched faces of the *lidiadores* and gathering rumors tell that the unfortunate *matador* is dying.

I know the Spanish character better to-night than I did yesterday. I can realize the spirit of their inhuman warfare as illustrated by the poisoned wells, midnight-dagger assassinations, and the recklessness of the Saragossan maids during the war with Napoleon.

A. R.

MADRID, April 10, 1882.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Queen Victoria's servants doffed their crape armlets on Prince Leopold's wedding day, for the first time since his father's death.

Monsieur Outrey, the former French Minister, left in his wine-cellar at Washington, to be sold at auction, about fifty dozen bottles of Madeira of the vintage of 1791.

Prince Hutzfeldt, who was engaged to the lady circus-rider who was killed the other day in Paris, has bought the horse which was the cause of her death, in order to have it shot.

Mr. West, the British Minister at Washington, intends shortly to present to the city of Philadelphia a portrait of his ancestor, Lord De La Ware, for whom the State of Delaware was named.

The Queen of Italy has a nice sense of the picturesque, and in summer never wears a bonnet if she can help it. She takes her afternoon drives with her beautiful head covered only by the mantilla or black lace veil.

Mr. Matthew Arnold was to have been made an LL.D. on the occasion of his delivering the Rede lecture at Cambridge, but the presentation of the degree was postponed on account of the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish.

Colonel Baker (Baker Pasha) is about to resign his appointment in the Turkish service. This step is believed to be in consequence of the German element having been so largely imported into the government service at Constantinople.

J. Rufino Barrios, president of Guatemala, will shortly visit this country. Señor Barrios has been president of Guatemala for nine years, and keeps a firm hand on the reins of government. He is reputed to be worth eight million dollars.

Alexandre Dumas recently testified before a commission of authors, to which an infuriated scribbler had summoned him, that his adversary had handed him a manuscript to revise, and that he had accordingly revised it to the best of his ability, leaving in it only forty lines of the original.

Alexander H. Stephens attributes the sprain of his ankle, received three weeks ago, to the machinations of destiny. Every momentous event in his career, he declares, has pivoted on the early part of the month of May, and though disclaiming to be superstitious, he always looks for something strange to happen to him at that period.

Randolph Rogers, the American sculptor, now of Rome, had as his model for "The Lost Pleiad" the late Mrs. Hoyt, of New York, who was a daughter of General Scott. He has expressed the liveliest sense of his obligation to her for this service. "For," said he, "you can form no idea of the tediousness of posing and standing about for a long time. And besides, we bully our models so sometimes."

Lady Wilde is at home every Saturday, when she receives her friends, assisted by her eldest son, William Wilde. These receptions take place in darkened rooms, dimly lighted by colored lamps, and are said to be very enjoyable. The guests all talk, and talk well. The latest freaks of Mr. Oscar Wilde often come in for discussion, and the newspaper reports about him, favorable or otherwise, are frequently canvassed.

Here is a name that would delight a fashionable novelist—Anne Victurnienne Clémentine de Rochechouart de Mortemart, Duchesse d'Uzes. This brilliant widow, famous in Paris for her splendid equipages, has just paid three and a half millions of francs for the mansion, 76 Avenue de Champs-Élysées. The vendor was M. Secretan, a wealthy merchant, who has been paying colossal prices for pictures of late. It was M. Secretan who paid one hundred and sixty thousand francs for Millet's "Angelus," at the sale of the Wilson collection.

The Empress Augusta, who has a bearty respect and liking for Count Moltke, is having a splendid gift made for the veteran, in the shape of a bronze instand, holding four cells for ink, with covers surmounted by gilt crowns. In the centre rises a square block of black marble, the four sides of which will bear the Prussian eagle, the Imperial eagle, a medallion portrait of the Field-Marshal, and a dedicatory inscription. The block of marble forms the pedestal for a specially designed model of an equestrian statue of the Emperor of half a metre in height. All the details of the present were arranged by the Empress herself.

The present Duke of Devonshire always carries with him a little desk which contains all the letters ever written to him by his wife, who died eleven years after her marriage, and to whom he was devotedly attached. A few years since the duke's valet, while handing his master into a railway carriage at Westland Row, laid down the box, which was instantly snatched by a station thief, and has never, though large rewards have been offered, been recovered since. Of the family, Lord Hartington, now forty years old, is unmarried, and said not to be likely to marry, and Lord Frederick died without issue, so that the title is likely eventually to descend to Lord Edward, the third son, who is married to a cousin of the Earl of Harewood, and has with other male issue a son Victor. The present duke is seventy-six years of age, but well preserved.

In all likelihood the man to whom the care of the Irish police will be offered is Sir Frank Souter, the Police Commissioner of Bombay, who won his Victoria Cross many years ago, by riding down a rebel chief seventy miles, and sabreing him and his attendants, and who was knighted by the Prince of Wales during the celebrated royal tour in Hindostan. It was Souter who, during a Parsee disturbance, rode his horse up the steep steps leading to the Towers of Silence—an act of sacrilege which horrified the Zoroastrians, who made representations to the Secretary of State upon the subject, and a year or two afterward his conduct during a riot, when the Mohammedans wrecked a Parsee temple, and slew many people in the streets of Bombay, was such that the governor, Sir Philip Wodehouse, ran a narrow escape of being recalled on account of it.



## AN OPEN LETTER.

## Some Outspoken Statements of Great Value from Parties of the Highest Standing.

When the people of America become so thoroughly aroused, and on a subject of such serious importance as the preservation of their lives and health, it is but natural that the ones who have been largely instrumental in the origin of this movement should speak frankly and directly to the people most interested. It is for this reason that we thus come before the public and make the following revelations.

Every careful observer who has sought to keep pace with the march of events has noted the alarming increase of certain peculiar physical troubles within the past few years. These troubles have come at unexpected moments and in a most treacherous way. They have manifested themselves innumerable forms, but they have had the same cause. They have not afflicted the minor parts of the body, but have gone direct to the strongholds of the system, and their work has usually been as prompt as it is fatal. Their treacherous and deceptive nature has often prevented a careful analysis of what causes them, and as a result, intense suffering and final disaster have ensued. The real cause, however, has been a derangement of the kidneys, and all of these troubles are, in fact, the first symptoms of the terrible Bright's disease, which has cast its dark shadow over so many homes in the land, and is increasing wonderfully and continually. It is now conceded by the ablest physicians in every land, and by eminent scientists the world over, that this disease is the result of blood-poisoning. This poisoning is brought about by wasted and unhealthy kidneys that permit the poison to remain in the blood, instead of throwing it from the system. But it is equally evident to all who have studied into the effects and have become conversant with the facts, that a disordered state of the kidneys and liver produces most of the common complaints and pains which afflict the human race, and they can be traced to this source just as certainly as can Bright's disease. To cure a disease we must remove the cause. It being true, therefore, that nine-tenths of all human ailments are caused by diseased kidneys or liver, the way to cure them is by treating the organs which cause them. How intimately the kidneys are associated with the entire system may be understood from the fact that over 1,000 ounces of blood pass through them every hour, being more than 200 gallons, or nearly one ton in the course of twenty-four hours. This vast mass of living fluid is sent to every part of the body, and if the kidneys are diseased the impurities that are in the blood are not removed, and hence pass through the veins, carrying disease in some of its many terrible forms. The horrors which accompany most of the diseases caused by diseased kidneys and liver can not be described in print, while the dangers surrounding them are even greater than the agony. And yet a person may be troubled for months without knowing the cause of the diseases that have attacked him. Some of the symptoms of the first stages, any one of which indicates disordered kidneys or liver are these: Pains in the back and around the loins, severe headaches, dizziness, inflamed eyes, a coated tongue and a dry mouth, loss of appetite, chills, nervousness, indigestion, (the stomach never is in order when the kidneys or liver are deranged,) a dryness of the skin, nervousness, night sweats, muscular debility, despondency, a tired feeling, especially at night, puffing or bloating under the eyes, etc.

The above are a few of the hundreds of symptoms which indicate the beginning of aggravated cases of kidney or liver difficulties, and they require instant attention. If these symptoms are not checked at once, they are almost certain to result in some one of the many terrible diseases of the kidneys. But unpleasant as all the symptoms and even these diseases may be, as are nothing compared to the last stages of the complaints. The kidneys waste away by degrees, accompanied by intense pains; the heart becomes uncontrollable; the lungs are oppressed; the eyeballs grow glassy, and the entire system is reduced and debilitated. For weeks before death comes the sufferer looks forward to it as a blessed relief and anything that can furnish even temporary help is gladly taken, when it is that the bloating begins. The face becomes puffy and pallid; the breath can only be caught in gasps; speech is impossible, and muscular action suspended. The patient finally sinks into a state of unconsciousness to everything except the pains which are racking him, and death comes by certain but slow degrees. The cause of the trouble is not until it is too late to be cured, and judgment will draw from these facts, which is the necessity of treating the disease in time, and by that means which has been proven the best and most efficient.

It has been our privilege to treat more cases, and effect more cures of this terrible complaint than has ever been known before in the history of the world. The wonderful sale which our remedies have attained is due wholly to the fact that they have cured the ones who have used them. The power and value of any remedy must rest wholly on a basis of worth, and here is just where our Safe Kidney and Liver Cure has found its wonderful power and success. But in this connection comes one important fact: It has always been true that articles of merit are subject to imitations. No one seeks to counterfeit the bills of a worthless bank. The productions of a cracked inventor or witless writer are never copied. It is just so with a healing remedy. If it possesses no merit, it will not be subjected to imitations. If, however, it has power and value, imitations will spring up on every side. While it is the truth that some of these imitations have been made, still, in justice to those who are suffering, we feel that all should be warned against them.

There is but one known remedy that has ever been able to cure serious kidney troubles, or control these great organs when once deranged, and that remedy is Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. There are numerous nostrums on the market claiming to be just as efficient, and some which even claim to be the same. The test of merit, however, is in what has been accomplished, and we therefore say unhesitatingly that for all diseases of the kidneys, liver, and urinary organs Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure stands alone, not only in point of excellence, but in the wonderful results it has achieved. In order to successfully avoid the purchase of spurious and injurious medicines, observe these facts:

Our remedy is put up in dark-amber glass bottles, with the Safe (our trade mark) blown in the back. A private proprietary six-cent internal revenue stamp is affixed to the neck, and covers the top of the cork, and is of a light-brown color. In the middle thereof is a Safe in outline, and on it the picture of a negro gathering herbs. If this stamp is not found on every bottle of the Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, or if there is any evidence that it has been tampered with, and if a Safe is not blown in the back of the bottle, reject the bottle at once, and insist on having a genuine one.

We are led to publish the foregoing in order that the public may know and realize just where we stand. We have always sought to keep our personality from obtruding upon the public, knowing full well that the value of our remedy was the essential thing, but the unexampled use of which has been made of this medicine, and the volumes of letters we are constantly receiving demand a personal statement from us. We are justly gratified at the confidence which has been shown us, and thankful for the myriads of cures our remedy has performed, and we pledge ourselves for the future, as we have endeavored in the past, to furnish the best and only valuable remedy that can control and cure all the many and terrible troubles arising from disorders of these great organs. Sincerely,

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Rev. C. W. Mich., Feb. 3, 1880. Hop Bitters—Co.—I think it my duty to send you a recommendation for the benefit of any person wishing to know whether Hop Bitters are good or not. I know they are good for general debility and indigestion; strengthen the nervous system and make new life. I recommend my patients to use them. Dr. A. B. Pratt, Treatise of Chronic Diseases. Send for Circular of Testimonials, to HOP BITTERS MANUFACTURING CO., Rochester, N. Y., Toronto, Ont., or London, Eng.

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## BARN-STORMING.

Some one mentioned it the other day as an irony of fate, that one of the dry-goods actresses, who had flashed like a brilliant meteor across the sky at the old California, was now barn-storming. The word suggested very little then, but I have had a peep since at a band of players who went a-gypsying in the interior, and I caught, a glimpse of the obverse of that alluring profession, where success succeeds so magically, and where failure makes life such a grind. Barn-storming was at its best in the little village where I saw it, for one of the rich meo of the place had put up a brick building. It was a solitaire, but it was there; and in that brick building there was a hall, and in that hall there was a stage, and on that stage there hung a curtain. I will engage the vagrant players found many a town less handsomely furnished forth.

We betook ourselves early to the temple of Momus, for news had gone abroad that they had played "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the night before to a crowded house. To-night we were to have "Rip Van Winkle," and seats had not been reserved. As we came to the top of the staircase, we found a couple of dogs tied to the hannisters. They were as wide of kio as if the one had been bred on the steppes of Siberia, and the other on the plains of Patagonia; but they had played the blood-hounds the night before with stirring success. At the end of the hallway an apartment was curtained off with a garment which might have been a state robe in "Macbeth" or a floating banner in "Henry V." A gentle breeze, coming through the open window beyond, kindly lifted its folds, and revealed to whomever wished to see the legs of various members of the company, and the fact that it was the dressing-room. The star was taking tickets at the door in the light of a smoky oil-lamp, and there was a shrewd financial glitter in his eye which betokened little coming pathos in his Rip. We were delivered into the hands of an usher at the door—a townsman with an intuitive recognition of caste; for, as the little theatre was out an amphitheatre in form, and boasted neither parquette, dress-circle, nor orchestra, he made the proper distinction by putting all the swells in the arm-chairs, and the hone and sinew on deal benches. The seats were mixed together helter-skelter, but the usher wore a beaming smile of triumph, which seemed to say that he felt that he had done his duty by the upper classes. The centre-aisle was occupied by a man and a baby-carriage; but as the baby remained affixed throughout the performance to a long rubber tube, and the man threw off the information in a careless manner to whomever it might concern, that he had paid two dollars and a half for the privilege of wheeling the baby-carriage in, no one complained. There was a gallery, a small, raised stand improvised a night or two before for the musicians' stand at a hall. It was crammed with shock-headed urchins. Though they were not more than a yard above their nearest neighbors' heads, and separated from them only by a paper canbrier rail, they promptly proceeded to indulge in all the antics peculiar to a gallery; passed comments with refreshing frankness upon the style of our hats, and the cut of our features; smoked, and whistled, and almost stamped the gallery out of existence, when it began to wax late, and the performance failed to begin. Half-past eight, almost nine o'clock, and still the curtain stared us in the face. Of course it was a view of the Yosemite, with the Bridal-Veil Fall in the foreground; but the sparkling wreaths of foam had become congealed into a thick paste, and the foliage of the beautiful valley had taken on a strange, vile green. A huge bird, with uplifted eyebrow of astonishment, gazed at these phenomenal colors from a big rock under the fall. The bird himself, measured by the scale upon which the picture was painted, would have been at least four hundred feet high, and there did not seem to be enough room in the valley for him to get about comfortably. Our attention was distracted from artistic musings by a conversation at the door. The star asked the usher if he thought every one was in that was coming, and the usher made answer that, as pretty nearly the whole town was inside, he thought the show had better begin. So the star picked up his smoky lamp, closed the box-office, and made his way through the audience to the stage. As we were packed like sardines, this was a feat of considerable difficulty; but by dint of moving a chair here and there, and hoisting him bodily over the baby-wagon, he made his way to the stage at last, deposited the smoky lamp in its place, for it was a borrowed footlight, and disappeared behind the big bird. A hush of expectation fell upon the

audience, and the orchestra struck up an overture. It was a harrel-organ, and it sounded as if it had outlived its usefulness in pre-historic times; but there were four tunes left in it yet. I did not recognize them, but I suspected one of them of being "Home, Sweet Home." They ground them out slowly for pathos, rapidly for dramatic effect, as in the storm of Heinrich Hudson's men at howls, and now and then a wheezy briskness suggested gaiety. I have not the ghost of an idea where the orchestra was located. It must have been overhead somewhere, for there was not a yard of space in the wings, and an actor making a precipitate exit would have bolted into a brick wall.

How ridiculously close together they all looked when the curtain went up at last! How high their voices sounded when habit made them speak at the stage pitch! What an odd, contorted, shrunken "Rip Van Winkle" it all was to be sure. There was something pitiful in every furnished rag of the players, for poverty lay hid in every hurried seam, and hard luck in every wrinkled fold. Poor things! I do not imagine for a moment that neglected genius was burning in any form in that little country theatre that night, for although I did not know many of the voices, the faces were familiar to me as the rank and file of a theatre grows familiar to the practiced playgoer in the city. Yet without rhyme or reason, a paragraph from a paper on Henri Murger came floating into my mind:

"Bohemian! Comprehensive epithet, which embraces the north and south poles of existence, which amalgamates sun and ice, which unites horrors the most lugubrious to pleasures the most delicious—it shall not die out as long as the world lasts, as long as youth has to struggle thigh to thigh with the fearful spectre of poverty, like Jacob wrestling at dead of night with the dark shape of fear upon Penelope, so long as society, to its shame, denies to aspiring genius the bread it bestows upon convicted crime!"

There really was no genius there. Rip himself was fashioned in a shambling manner, as all Rips are, upon Joe Jefferson's. The Gretchen was shrill-voiced and crude, and only the little woman who played Heinrich Vedder first, and Meenie afterward, seemed to know any thing of stage use. They had secured a girl from the village, half a dozen years too old for the part, to play the child Meenie. She was badly afflicted, not with stage-fright, but with shame-faceness, as her name came floating up to her bewildered ears from all portions of the house. But the aroma of her brief professional career seemed to have lingered with her. I saw the child a day or two afterward carrying a gaudy Japanese umbrella, the only evidence of bric-a-brac fancy in all the crowd, and with quite a following at her heels, all evidently in rapt admiration of "the actress."

The storm scene in the Kaatskills was quite the *piece de resistance* of the evening. The space was so small that it was necessary to confine their attentions entirely to the background; but some attempt was made to give the effect of numbers by placing the three ghosts of Heinrich Hudson's men in tiers. Unfortunately the ceiling knocked off the top of the top man's hat. It proved to be a sheet of white paper dooped up in coruopia style, and left his head encircled with a staying rim of paste-board shading his grizzly locks. The *contre-temps* made the irreverent laugh irreverently, but the stage-manager, with great presence of mind threw a ghastly blue light on the proceedings, and checked the scoffers. The background was a cold-gray gray, athwart which capered fantastic geometrical figures, like the gnarled reaching branches of ghostly Cypress Point trees. I found it in the next act to be a harmless bit of wall-paper; but what with the blue light, the pale faces, and the rumbling thunder, I had just managed to work my fancy up to the idea that it was a Walpurgis night itself, when the audience made a grand stampede, and we found ourselves carried with the throng. I had feared for several minutes that they were trying to cough the actors down, when I found myself joining in the chorus. There were but two windows in the hall, and we were almost asphyxiated with spectacular effect. The blue flame choked us till we sputtered, coughed, wept, and quite drowned the hollow roars of Heinrich Hudson's man, and the monotonous babbled of Rip; but we remained staunchly by the scene, till the man with the baby-wagon turned pale. He seized the child from its rolling cradle, and fled. The baby, still clinging to the tube, was black in the face. We all turned pale, and fled, too. Rip fell asleep in the Kaatskills before an audience composed of a baby-wagon, and a small gallery-box. The boy had coughed himself almost to shreds, but he stood by his post like a new "Casahuate," and was determined to lose neither the thread of his story nor his place on the edge of the gallery-rail. His calm lured us back to confidence, and we strolled in till the house was full again; but the laws of caste were entirely ignored, and arm-chairs and benches were so unaccountably exchanged that it became difficult to know who was who. It did not really matter, for the taming of the shrewish "Gretchen" delighted high and low alike, although the doubling up of some of the characters became a difficult problem to solve. But how they thrilled over the routing of the villain's nefarious schemes; how they applauded the sailor lover who had the "Pinafore" hitch to a fine point, and had nothing else that was ever seen before in the drama. How they rose to every point which the untired actors dared to make. How they applauded even the villain when he came before the footlights after the play was over, and made a brief poetical speech of farewell to the little town, and cordially invited all hands to wind up the evening with a dance.

And all this was the *couleur de rose* of barn-storming.

BETSY B.

## HOW TO WRITE A PLAY.

A man who has sufficient talent to make a good novel, says Fleeming Jenkins in the *May Macmillan*, would probably succeed in writing a good play if he went to work in the right way; but the art of the playwright has not been studied by our leading authors for many generations. This art is that of selecting proper subjects for stage representation, and giving them such a form as will enable the actors to move their audience. The success of a play in stirring an audience depends less than is usually supposed on style, on the delineation of character, or even on the invention of an ingenious and probable plot. Plays succeed which are glaringly defective in all these respects; for instance, the "Lady of Lyons." The one necessary condition for success is that the scene represented shall move the audience; the emotion may be sad or merry, noble or ignoble, but emotion there must be. The skilled playwright knows what scenes will stir the hearers, and how best to frame each scene and the whole play with this purpose. If with this knowledge he possesses originality of conception and beauty of style, his plays become part of the literature of his country; without these higher qualities he remains a mere playwright, but we go to see his plays, built up as they are of old, worn-out materials. The playwright is familiar with the materials used in his art; he knows the stage well on both sides of the footlights; he mixes with actors, managers, stage-managers, scene-painters, and stage-carpenters. From *Æschylus* downwards, all great dramatists have had this practical knowledge of the instruments at their command. A drama should be written for the stage, as a song should be written to be sung. The author must subconsciously—if such a word may be used—have the stage always in mind; the exits, the entrances, the time required to cross the stage, the positions of the actors, their very attitudes and dress. No author provides more admirably for all these stage exigencies than Shakespeare, as any one may see who will consider his inimitable contrivances for removing dead bodies from the stage. We may learn much from French practice as to the framework of a drama. A great part of the success which is certainly achieved by modern French plays depends on the art shown in their construction. M. F. Legouvé, who is a skillful playwright, tells us frankly how a Frenchman proceeds. First, he chooses or conceives the situation which is to be the crisis of the play; from this he works backward, considering how that situation is to be brought about, and what characters will be necessary for the purpose. His first act is devoted wholly to informing the audience of the relations between the characters at the beginning of the piece; his second act develops the plot; in his third act the plot thickens; his fourth act contains the crisis for which the play is written, and his fifth act gives the solution of the knot which has been tied in the fourth act. These rules seem rather harrow, but we shall see their significance if we consider what other courses may be followed. A writer may begin by inventing an ingenious or interesting plot, or by choosing some historical period which he will dramatize, or by conceiving some marked characters whose feelings and thoughts he will expound. M. Legouvé tells us that none of these is the French method; that for the French author the motive of the play is essentially one situation; that his characters are chosen so as to make this situation tell, and that his plot is a matter for after-consideration, devised so as to reveal the characters of the persons, and lead up to the crisis. The French, following the Greeks in this, look on a play as a representation of feelings rather than of actions. The incidents which occasion the feelings, and the actions they lead to, are alike kept in the background in French as in Greek plays. Rapid action in a play does not, in France, mean a rapid succession of events, but a rapid development of feeling in the persons of the drama. A scene in which the emotion represented is monotonous, will be dull even if crammed with incidents. The French dramatic authors of the Second Empire have succeeded in producing living plays, because, besides being skilled playwrights, they do in their works appeal to real and strong feelings. A certain moral poverty alone prevents the school from taking a very high rank. Even Victor Hugo's verse can not make us believe that Ruy Blas is not a poor creature. English writers show no similar moral inaptitude, and since they have created scores of types which in freshness, truth, power, and interest surpass the men and women of French authors, we are driven to the conclusion that if the English do not write great plays it is rather because they do not know how, than that they lack power. The best British authors, when they attempt the drama, seem to be misled by a desire to appeal rather to the intellect or to the æsthetic sense of their hearers, than to their moral emotions. If they were to mix with actors on familiar terms they would soon learn the playwright's art; for the actor knows what will succeed upon the stage. An actor calls a part well written when the words and situations are such as enable him powerfully to express strong feelings. He will, if permitted, cut out every line which does not help him in this, his art, and for stage purposes he is right. Charm of style, beauty of metre, wisdom of thought, ovelty of character, ingenuity of plot, poetry of conception, all these things may be added to a play with much advantage; but they will not ensure success.

## DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Madame Rivé-King left on Wednesday for Portland, Oregon, accompanied by Miss Ivy Wandesforde, Mrs. Stetson, Mrs. Porteous, and Ben Clark. Her last two concerts in this city proved financially very successful.

Marwood, the executioner, arrived in London the evening before Dr. Lamson was hung, and paid a visit to Lushy's Music Hall. He was recognized, a scene ensued, and he only escaped being mobbed by driving off with his friends in a cab. While in the hall he gave a waiter and some others his card, inscribed: "Marwood, Horncastle, Executioner."

The Gaston in a Philadelphia performance, of "Camille," after gallantly pouring out the supposed champagne for the heroine, inadvertently put down the bottle with its lager-beer label toward the audience, the nearest of whom could read it. The actress could not understand the laughter, though she comically sipped the beer with the air of a dainty wine-bibber.

In making arrangements for next season's theatrical companies, the managers complain of a general demand by competent performers for increased pay. To offset this, however, a large number of promising amateurs are willing to go out on a tour for no compensation except board and traveling expenses, and the services of such persons often turn out more valuable than those of paid actors. Never before has the stage in this country given employment to so many persons, particularly singers.

"Hazel Kirke" will continue to be played at Haverly's California Theatre during next week. At Emerson's Standard Theatre Joseph Murphy, supported by Emerson's Standard Company, will continue to appear in "Shaun Rhue." M. B. Curtis is still playing "Sam'l. of Posen," and will do so through the coming week. On next Monday evening, June 12th, the Baldwin Theatre will be reopened with a good company, at popular prices, under the management of Gustave Frohman. The opening play will be Boucicault's "The Octoroon," in which the Callender Minstrels will take part.

On Wednesday last Miss Phoebe Davies was married to Mr. Joseph R. Grismer, both of the company playing at the Baldwin during the season just closed. The marriage attracted considerable attention, owing to some romantic features connected with the match. The bride is a pretty girl, a good girl, and a talented actress; the groom is an excellent actor, a member of the Grand Army, and a gentleman. It is necessary to state this, because many actors are not gentlemen. The young couple have gone to Tahoe for their honeymoon. It is to be hoped they will have a full measure of matrimonial happiness meted out to them through life's journey.

The theatrical season is now at its height in London, and every week sees the production of a new piece. Mrs. Langtry continues to increase the good opinion which her first appearance created. Of late she has been playing at Brighton, in Tom Taylor's "An Unequal Match." It is a somewhat stagey play, abounding with claptrap and mock sentiment, but contains many telling situations. Mrs. Langtry played the heroine, who is a blacksmith's daughter, wooed and won by a baronet. In the second act her husband reproaches her with her rusticity, and she gets the better of him by following him to Ems, and laughing at him when he complains that she has disobeyed his wishes. The part requires more skill than any other as yet played by Mrs. Langtry, and it is said that she made quite a hit in it.

The following stinging strictures on San Francisco taste are from the *Sacramento Union*:

It has frequently been asserted by San Francisco journals that the public of that city possessed quite a particular taste in dramatic and musical art, and that this critical public are always prepared to review the judgments of London, and Paris, and New York, and Boston, and could always be trusted to endorse the most sterling merit. Well, for several weeks one of the most magnificent tenors who ever sang in America has been offering this same fastidious and appreciative San Francisco public the highest class of musical entertainments. Mr. Ugo Talbo possesses a voice such as is only heard once or twice in a lifetime. There are not three living tenors fit to be named in the same breath with him. To the most thorough training he adds a compass and a flexibility which give assurance that every phrase and note will be done complete and delicate justice to; while the power and sweetness of his organ are alike remarkable. This noble singer appeared in admirably arranged and selected concerts, assisted by ladies and gentlemen, all of whom are artists of real merit; and critical, fastidious, appreciative San Francisco would not go to hear him, but let him lose money on his enterprise. It is at least ten years since such a tenor as Ugo Talbo has been heard on this coast, and, judging from the character of his reception, it will be twenty more before his equal or his like will be heard here again. The critical and fastidious San Franciscans are presumably too much absorbed in the analysis of nigger minstrel art, and dramatic representations such as Milton Nobles, and Curtis, and such specialists can offer them, to find time or attention for a singer who possesses one of the finest voices in the world, and who knows how to use it with consummate ability. After this illustration of the "taste" of San Francisco, however, we trust that it will be some time before the customary effrontery of self-conceit is permitted to proceed from the "art" critics of that "Athens of the Pacific."

Coming from a city which possesses a Bric-a-Brac Club and things, this is more than harsh—it is unkind. But until Stockton, San Andreas, Mud Springs, and other of our sister cities condemn us, we must endeavor to hear up under Sacramento's scorn.



## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Hymn of the Republic.  
More offices! more offices!  
Oh give us further pap!  
More offices! more offices!  
What ever else may hap.  
More offices! more offices!  
O Congress, give us more!  
More offices! more offices!  
Make offices galore!  
More offices! more offices!  
Give every man a piece!  
More offices! more offices!  
We've found the golden fleece!  
—*Courier-Journal.*

A Case of Indigestion.  
Gone aloft is little Johnny;  
In the pantry ne'er again  
Will he gather mother's pickles,  
To his little stomach's pain.  
From the topmost shelf he tumbled,  
Crashing down, he fell ker-slam,  
And a petrified cucumber  
Pierced him through the diaphragm.  
—*G. W. Childs.*

Her Husband's Apostrophe.  
O woman, in your hour of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
Whene'er you go to buy a bonnet,  
You're harder yet to please, doggone it.  
—*Salem Sunbeam.*

## The Troubadour.

With a jaunty cloak and swagger, and a jewel-handled dagger,  
And a fute across his shoulder, by a ribbon—blue at that!  
And his breeches never bigger than would show his shapely figure,  
And a fascinating figure in his funny little hat,  
Not fat and polly-poly, like that parody Brignoli—  
Singing sentiments affected to a mercenary tune—  
But a poet, young and slender, he would charm the tender gender,  
As he sighed his soul, in music, at the maiden or the moon.  
He would rove the land or ocean, on a fancy, whim, or notion;  
He would sing the tender rondeau, he would tell the merry tale;  
He would thrill the fierce Crusader, he would turn a sirenader;  
He would banquet in the castle, he would billet in the jail.  
And the queens and noble maidens doted on his serenadings,  
And they dropped the smile or ribbon, and the gloves or lock of hair,  
Or, in lieu of rope or stringlets, loosed their long and silken ringlets.  
And the minstrel, hold and loving, climbed them as you might a stair.  
Thus, he poached on others' manors, and he fought for others' banners,  
And he dined at others' tables, and he droned in others' lives,  
And he "livened others' journeys, and he rhymed of others' tourneys,  
And he emptied others' flagons, and he flirted others' wives.  
So he wandered forth a-warrior, and a-rhyming, and a-guitaring,  
And in attitudes artistic tinkled lum-te-tumty airs,  
And the ladies all adored him, and the gallants aped and bored him,  
And his tones were legal-tender for his lodging everywhere.  
Thus, a-humming and a-strumming, and a-wooing and a-cooing,  
Dealing ditties by the dozen, making sonnets by the score,  
While the glamour of the amour hid the stammer of his grammar—  
Ah! so gay, and free, and happy, was the merry Troubadour.  
—*The Century.*

## Obscure Intimations.

Persons sending us notes concerning social matters, and more especially those regarding marriage engagements, must invariably sign their names to the same, or we can not make use of them.  
M. J. H., "Memorial Day."—Declined.

CCXXXII.—Sunday, June 11.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Chicken Soup.  
Shrimp Salad.  
Breaded Lamb Chops. Tomato Sauce.  
Lyonnaise Potatoes.  
String Beans. Young Beets.  
Beef à la Bordelaise.  
French Artichoke Salad.

Tutti Frutti Ice Cream. Cherries, Apricots, Pears.  
Beer à la Bordelaise.—Take a good-sized piece of a shoulder, lard and bind in shape well, and stuff with grated carrots and onions chopped fine. Season with pepper and salt, and slice a Malaga lemon, putting a small piece into each hole with the stuffing. Bake slowly, basting well, and serve with gravy around.

Tutti Frutti Ice Cream.—Heat one pint of milk to the boiling point, pour over the yolks of five eggs beaten light, with three cups of sugar, beat well, and boil until it sets into a good custard. When cold, beat in a quart of cream, and half freeze; then stir in half a pound of crystallized fruits chopped very fine. Beat with the juice and rind of one lemon, and one glass pale sherry wine. Cover, and freeze very hard.

We have received from M. Gray two songs, "I Hold my Heart so Still," a sacred contralto piece by C. T. L. Runcie, price, 35 cents; and "Blessed Dreams," by August Mignon, words by F. Percy, price, 40 cents.

LADY READER OF THE ARGONAUT WILL REMEMBER that the place to buy colognes, perfumery, toilet soaps, brushes, sponges, cosmetics, etc., is at the elegant and well-stocked store of James G. Steele & Co., Chemists and Apothecaries, 635 Market Street, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

## JNO. LEVY &amp; CO.

MANUFACTURING JEWELERS,

Importers of DIAMONDS and other PRECIOUS STONES, WATCHES, CLOCKS, and SILVERWARE,

118 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

(Of the late Firm of BRAVERMAN &amp; LEVY.)

## HOUSEKEEPERS!

DO NOT SACRIFICE YOUR GOODS AT AUCTION, but STORE THEM with H. WINDEL & CO., NO. 310 STOCKTON STREET. Furniture, Pianos, Household Goods, Paintings, Trunks, etc., well taken care of. We have three large, airy, brick buildings, and no rent to pay, and can store goods very moderate. Money advanced on goods at one-half per cent. per month. We guarantee against damage and moths, and can give references dating back 20 years.

The Most Perfect Thing for Ease and Comfort Ever Devised.



The Self-Adjusting Hammock Chair.

—THE LATE EXPOSURES, SHOWING THAT A brand of baking powder made at the East and largely advertised here as an absolutely pure cream of tartar powder, is adulterated with ammonia and starch, should teach consumers that too much care can not be taken in the selection of this article of daily use. Housekeepers that are so particular in the selection of viands for the table, should be equally cautious with baking powders. A little care may save much discomfort, if not suffering. That the two ingredients, cream of tartar and soda, make the only pure and wholesome baking powder, is an admitted fact. The New England Baking Powder, composed of these only, is so carefully proportioned and thoroughly combined that a failure in making perfect bread, biscuit, or cake with it, where the other materials used are equally good, is impossible. It is a satisfaction to the consumer also to know that in using the New England Baking Powder no better can be obtained.

—A JAPANESE ARTIST AND TWO JAPANESE ART embroiderers, who came over on the *Oceanic*, are at work, dressed in their native costumes, at Ichu Ban, and the public is cordially invited to see something which will interest them very much. They are leaders in their branches of art. The elder embroiderer was commissioned some years ago to make a piece of work for the Japanese Government as a present for the French Emperor, and also for the Paris Exhibition. The story of the artist, who is still a young man, is very interesting. His parents were poor. They sent him to gather wood and sell it, but he loitered on the way, and hung round about the house of an artist, whom it was his delight to see paint, and showed such interest that the artist jokingly asked him one day if he would like to apprentice himself to painting. No sooner suggested than he threw down his bundle, threw off his sandals, and was ready to begin. His parents considering him a useless boy for the work assigned him, consented to his apprenticeship. He made wonderful progress, and in a few years led in his profession. His work is to him a pleasure, as is that also of the embroiderers to them, and in this they are true artists.

—A RARE OPPORTUNITY IS JUST NOW OFFERED for the purchase of valuable works at a great bargain. Mr. Joseph A. Hofmann has at his book-store, No. 208 Montgomery Street, the following valuable magazines: A complete set of the "OVERLAND MONTHLY MAGAZINE," consisting of fifteen volumes, handsomely bound in half-morocco; besides this series, a complete set, with indexes to date, of the "ATLANTIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE," all the volumes elegantly bound in half-claret calf; also "JOHNSON'S CYCLOPEDIA," eight volumes, bound in half-morocco, together with many other rare books.

—ONE OF THE FIRST ARTICLES WHICH FAMILIES visiting the country or camping out for the summer desire is a good hammock. A Californian has recently patented a most ingenious invention, which is called the "Hammock-Chair." This invention may be used either as a hammock, a swing, or as a reclining chair. It is composed of stout canvas stretched on a wooden frame-work, weighs only eleven pounds, and may be so compactly folded as to occupy only four inches in thickness. This convenience may be obtained from O. J. Lincoln, the manufacturer, at Santa Cruz, California.

—BEFORE OANCING PUT YOUR FEET IN GOOD ORDER by using German Corn Remover. Sold by druggists.

THE HAMMOCK CHAIR adjusts itself to any desired position, from sitting to reclining, or vice versa, without effort, requiring no fastenings to hold it in place. The seat is of strong canvas or tapestry, which conforms to and supports the whole body, thus affording entire relaxation and ease, and absolute freedom from cramped position. To the lovers of comfort or the tired professional and business man, mechanic, or invalid, the enjoyment and perfect rest afforded makes this CHAIR worth more than it costs every week. They are adapted to the House, Office, Garden, Picnic, and Camping Parties, or wherever solid comfort is desired. They are durable and light, weighing eleven pounds, and occupying only four inches in thickness when folded. Price, \$4.50, \$5.00, and \$8.00. Shipped free of expense to your nearest railroad or steamboat station on the Pacific Coast, on receipt of price. Liberal discount to agents.

O. J. LINCOLN,  
Sole Manufacturer, Santa Cruz, Cal.

—BOTH LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COM pound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, \$1. Six bottles, \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills or of lozenges on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Inclose 3c. stamp. Send for pamphlet. Mention this paper.

—REOING'S RUSSIA SALVE IS AN INVALUABLE dressing for inflamed and sore joints. Price 25 cts.

—YOU CAN RUN NO POSSIBLE RISK IN BUYING Dr. Scott's Electric Brushes, made of pure bristles, they are a splendid brush, elegantly carved, and the money will be returned if unsatisfactory. Read the advertisement in to-day's paper.

—BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS OF GERMAN Corn Remover. All druggists keep the genuine. 25c.

—IT IS VOUCHERED FOR THAT HALL'S HAIR Renewer restores gray hair to its youthful color, prevents baldness, makes the hair soft and glossy, does not stain the skin, and is altogether the best known remedy for all hair and scalp diseases.

—Dr. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.

—Go to Bradley & Rulofson's, 429 Montgomery.

FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES 235 KEARNY ST. S.W. CORNER OF BUSH. PROF. DE FILIPPE continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. Classes and private lessons. Apply from 3 to 5 or 7 to 8 p. m.

WEST'S NEW ELECTRIC BELT.—C. N. West's Electro-Medical Belts always have excelled all other electrical appliances. They have taken the premiums at all State Fairs. This new Belt excels every other that he has invented. Cures all diseases without medicine. Price, from \$5.00 to \$10.00. Address or call on C. N. WEST, 652 Market Street, San Francisco.

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SEND STAMP FOR CATALOGUE.  
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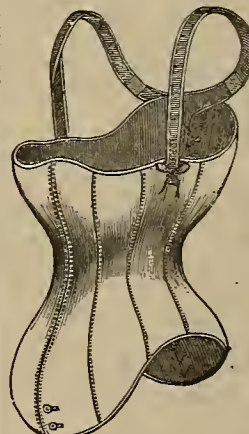
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Cream Tartar and Bi-Carb. Soda

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Specialty for Stout Figures, by mail, \$3.00. Send waist, hip, and bust measure. Also, Shoulder Braces, Union Under Flannels, Ladies' and Children's Comfort Waists, Bustles, Hose Supporters, etc.

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SOLE AGENTS,

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## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

During the first empire the military nobility had predominated in Paris; under the Restoration, it was the turn of the old aristocracy, who came back from their emigration, or their voluntary exile into other provinces. These two classes of nobility the old and the new—notwithstanding that the latter had rallied to support the traditional monarchy, had not melted together. A *marquis* of Marshal Soult will give a correct idea of the situation. He was conversing one day with the Duke de Montmorency, when the latter said:

"You are a duke, but you have no ancestors."  
"That is so," replied the marshal, "it is we who are the ancestors."

A peasant from the agricultural recesses of Long Island, while standing apparently in deep thought one wet afternoon at a street crossing on a popular shopping thoroughfare in Brooklyn, was accosted by a friend with the question:

"What on earth are you lounging round here for, Dick?"

Dick shook the hand extended to him without turning his eyes from the crossing, and said, in a very matter of fact way:

"Well, you know Sal Sloane and I've 'bont to be married. Next Tuesday's her birthday, and as I'm going to make her a present of some bran new stock-ings I thought I'd stan' here a bit to get a notion of the latest styles."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

The little-thought-of solar eclipse of the 17th recalls an interesting story of François Arago, who, in the good days when Louis Philippe was king, profoundly impressed his fellow citizens of Roussillon by his accurate prediction of a similar phenomenon.

When the legislative election of 1846 took place they sent their illustrious countryman up to Paris by an immense majority. Even the most reactionary folk among the rural classes voted for him.

Vainly did the prefect of the department endeavor to rally them to the banner of M. de Contado, a rich man, and in high favor in court circles.

"Not much!" was the reply; "if Arago got mad he might look another eclipse to us!"—*il servait capable de nous flaqueur encore une eclipse.*

An exchange has the following pretty good one on an English traveler: "An Englishman was lately obliged to travel in Ireland—a duty he approached with fear and trembling. His affrighted senses were startled on hearing a fellow-passenger in the railway carriage remark to another: 'I'm just after bein' over to Kilpatrick.' And I," replied the other, 'am after bein' over to Kilmory.' 'What murderers are they I thought the Englishman; and to think that they talk of their assassinations so publicly.' But the conversation went on: 'And share are you goin' now?' asked assassin No. 1. 'I'm goin' home, and then to Kilmore,' was No. 2's reply. The Englishman's blood curdled. 'Kilmore, is it!' added No. 1. 'You'd better be comin' along wid me to Kilmorale.' It is reported that the Englishman left the train at the next station."

An actor at the Carlo Theatre in Vienna has just passed away, who had held a life engagement as the monkey in pantomimes, and who was simply indispensable in such parts as required remarkable agility and suppleness. When he was a young man, and first called on the manager to seek an engagement, he was refused with scant courtesy by that official, who was very busy, and who paid no attention to the young actor's plea that he did not know what he should do to earn his bread were employment refused him. Sadly and silently the youth turned away, and paused at the door in deep dejection, as if he hoped the manager might reconsider his decision, but the manager made no sign, and with a melancholy sigh the actor languidly scratched his ear with his foot, as if in perplexity what to do next. Every one burst into uncontrollable laughter at this unexpected action, and he was engaged instantly.

A Paris editor was much bothered by one of his staff who was constantly in debt. At last, to that gentleman's horror, he one night caught sight of the following paragraph in type for the next morning's paper: "The creditors of M. X— are hereby informed that he has decided upon paying his debts, and they may therefore present themselves at the caisse of this journal to-morrow at 2. They will form a line along the Rue Rossini, Rue Chanchani, Rue Lafayette, and Boulevard Hausseman. A picket of sergents-de-ville will keep order. The Marcellaise will not be allowed." Aghast at this, he went to see his chief. He had gone from the city, leaving express orders that the paragraph should go into next morning's paper. It was only until the moment of going to press that the sub-editor discovered that he had been made the victim of a practical joke which was intended as a lesson.

In the last few weeks of the war, says the *Wall Street News*, a Confederate, serving under Lee, wrote home to his father in North Carolina that he was almost barefooted, and completely discouraged. As soon as the old man received the letter he mounted his mule, and set off at a gallop, but was soon halted by an acquaintance, who called out: "Hello! I have been another fight?" "Not as I've heard of; but I've got a letter from Cyrus." "What does Cyrus say?" "He's out o' butes, an' clean discouraged." "And where're you going?" "Down to Abner Smith's, to borrow seven hundred thousand dollars to send to Cyrus to get a cheap pair of shoes, and we're going to write him a long letter, and send him a box o' pills, and tell him to hang on to the last; for if Cyrus gets low-spirited, and begins to let go, the infernal Yanks will be riding over us afore we kin hack a mule outen the barn." "That's so, that's so!" nodded the other. "I kin let ye have the money myself as well as not. I was a savin' up to buy three plugs o' tobacco and a box o' matches all to once, but the army mustn't go barefoot when it only takes a puny seven or eight hundred thousand dollars to buy a purty good pair o' shoes. Go home, an' git a cart, and I'll have the money all tied up for ye."

## A CHALLENGE!

TO ANY PHYSICIAN we will send one of

## DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC BRUSHES

With our urgent request for him to test it in every case of Headache and Neuralgia he may chance to meet, and if it fails to cure within a few minutes, nine sufferers out of every ten, let him advise his patients not to buy them. We also challenge a test in any case of Baldness. We submit that this is fair advertising, and every person reading this may have a brush on trial, as is explained further on. Now, many people are doubtful about advertised remedies, and, while we have received thousands of letters enclosing the price of this article, no doubt a large number are incredulous, and hesitate to buy it through fear of being cheated. To remove this fear we have resolved to let all have them, for a time, on trial, before deciding to purchase.

In 1878, the Pall Mall Electric Association introduced this new invention in London; the sale was enormous and now extends all over Europe. It soon won its way to Royal favor, and had the distinction of being cordially indorsed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and written upon by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

Jas. R. Chapman, the Mayor of St. Paul—President of the Bank and Gas Co.—writes thus: "July, 1881. It always cures my headaches in a few minutes, and is an excellent brush, well worth the price, and from its curative powers." Rev. Dr. Bridgman writes from Brooklyn, N. Y.: "Never before gave a testimonial, but am willing to encourage the use of a best remedy. It cured my baldness, and my wife finds it a prompt and infallible cure for her headaches." Geo. Thornburgh, Esq., Speaker of the House of Representatives, Little Rock, Arkansas, writes: "Feb. 1881. This is my first testimonial. My wife was getting bald; the brush has entirely stopped the falling hair and started a new growth. I use it for Dandruff; it works like a charm. Several friends have bought and used them for headaches, and they have never failed to cure them in about three minutes. My wife Ponder uses it with like results. This is strictly true and given by me voluntarily without solicitation." "An infallible remedy for curing neuralgia in five minutes."—*British Medical Index*.

Out of a mass of letters from persons benefited we have selected three from people of some prominence; and can any sensible person think for a moment that men of position and wealth would deliberately sit down and write falsehoods for our benefit, or that we would dare publish fabrications over their signatures and addresses? Were we at liberty to use letters received from senators, judges, lawyers, doctors, ladies and gentlemen whose names are known in the highest circles in Europe and America, the readers of this paper would be astonished at the remarkable cures of Falling Hair, Baldness, Headaches, Neuralgia, etc. this Brush has effected.

Now, reader, are you bald or afflicted with Dandruff, Falling Hair, or Premature Grays? Are you troubled with any kind of Headaches or Neuralgia? Do you wish to ward off and prevent these afflictions? No doubt you daily use a hair brush. Why not try this one? If you are not satisfied with it you may return it. The Brush is made of a beautiful material resembling black ebony, handsomely carved and filled with the best bristles (not wires). This material is permanently charged with an electro-magnetic force which immediately acts upon the hair glands, follicles, and brain. Always doing good, never any harm, it should be used daily, in place of the ordinary brush. There is no shock or sensation whatever in using it, while the power can always be tested by a compass accompanying each brush. The price is \$3.00 each, and no better brush can be found anywhere. If you wish to try it, please send us that amount and we will promptly forward it post-paid on trial. Should you wish to return it, first write us and we will send back the money. If we fail to keep this promise, the publisher is authorized to return the money to you and charge the amount to us. Is not this fair? When all advertisers offer these honorable terms, they will show proper faith in their remedies and the public will be quick to respond. We cannot do more to invite your confidence, and hope you will give us a trial. If you prefer, you can obtain it on the same terms from any Drug or Fancy Store, but accept no substitute, and see that Dr. Scott's name is on the box, and "Electric" on the back of the Brush. If your druggist refuses to let you have it on these terms (which we authorize him to do), write directly to us. Remittances can be made by money order, draft, currency, or stamps, payable to GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York, and mention this paper.

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At this time, when so many young men are seeking an opportunity to make money, we would call attention to the large profits to be made in my line. There is an investment equal to our Price Here. Three months' salary in 12 hours. Average day's work 18 cents per day. Three men and one span of horses can earn \$1600 in one session by an outlay of \$400 in a Paper Press. \$450 invested in a Paper Press will net better than \$200 in any other machine. They are the cheapest, because the fastest and most durable Paper Presses made. They are greatly improved for 1882, and give perfect satisfaction. There is no other machine of the kind. We should be pleased to give any information desired on this subject. We manufacture a full line of American-made Paper Presses, Hays, and Wood Presses, Evans, Thomas, Winslow, Hays, etc., etc. Send us your address, and we will mail you our large new illustrated catalogue, containing a great deal of useful information. Address: JACKSON & TRUMAN, San Francisco, Cal.

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Mining Company, Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada. Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 6th day of June, 1882, an assessment (No. 15) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of July, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 1st day of August, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.  
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1863  
Capital \$1,000,000  
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Semi-Annual Statement.

RESOURCES.

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Other Real Estate..... 6,225 35  
United States Bonds..... 626,977 35  
Loans on Real Estate..... 134,868 00  
Loans on bonds, gas, water and  
bank stock..... 132,198 35  
Loans on other securities..... 577,443 96  
Loans on personal security..... 1,106,004 27  
Due from banks and bankers..... 332,457 61  
Money on hand..... 208,668 34  
LIABILITIES. \$3,523,844 28  
Capital paid up..... \$1,000,000 00  
Surplus..... 460,759 13  
Due Depositors..... 1,888,635 01  
Due Banks and Bankers..... 174,370 53  
Dividends unpaid..... 59 50  
\$3,523,844 28

R. H. McDonald, President

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# The Argonaut.

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SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 17, 1882.

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## A STORY OF POMPEII.

By Thophile Gautier.

(From "One of Cleopatra's Nights, and Other Fantastic Romances"—Faithfully Translated from the French by Lafcadio Hearn.)

Three young friends, who had undertaken an Italian tour together, were visiting the Studi Museum, at Naples, where the various antique objects exhumed from the ashes of Pompeii and Herculaneum have been collected.

They scattered through the halls, inspecting the mosaics, the bronzes, and frescoes detached from the walls of the dead city, each following the promptings of his own particular taste in such matters; and whenever one of the party encountered something especially curious, he summoned his comrades with cries of delight, much to the scandal of the taciturn English visitors and the staid bourgeoisie who studiously thumbed their catalogues.

But the youngest of the three, who had paused before a glass case, appeared wholly deaf to the exclamations of his comrades, so deeply had he become absorbed in contemplation. The object that he seemed to be examining with so much interest was a black mass of coagulated cinders, hearing a hollow imprint. One might easily have mistaken it for the fragment of some statue-mold, broken in the casting. The trained eye of an artist would have readily therein recognized the impression of a perfect homom, and a flank as faultless in its outlines as a Greek statue. It is well known—indeed the commonest traveler's guide will tell you—that this lava, in cooling about the body of a woman, preserved its charming contour. Thanks to the caprice of this eruption that destroyed four cities, that noble form, though crumbled to dust nearly two thousand years ago, has come down to us; the rounded loveliness of a throat has lived through the centuries in which so many empires perished without even leaving any traces of their existence; chance imprinted upon that volcanic scoræ the seal of beauty that remains unobliterated. Finding that he still remained absorbed in contemplation, Octavian's friends returned to where he stood, and Max, touching his shoulder, caused him to start like one surprised in a secret. Evidently Octavian had not been aware of the approach of Max or Fabio.

"Come, Octavian," exclaimed Max, "do not stay lingering whole hours before every cabinet, else we shall be late for the train, and miss seeing Pompeii to-day."

"What is our comrade looking at?" asked Fabio, drawing near. "Ah! the imprint found in the house of Arrius Diomedes!" And he turned a peculiar, quick glance upon Octavian.

Octavian slightly blushed, took Max's arm, and the visit terminated without further incident. On leaving the Studi Museum, the three friends entered a *corricolo*, and were driven to the railway station. The *corricolo*, with its great, red wheels, its tracket seat studded with brass nails, and its thin, spirited horse, harnessed like a Spanish mule, and galloping at full speed over the great slabs of lava pavement, is too familiar to need description here.

The railroad by which Pompeii is reached runs, for almost its entire length, by the sea, whose long volutes of foam advance to unroll themselves upon a beach of blackish sand, resembling sifted charcoal. This beach has actually been formed by lava streams and volcanic cinders; and its deep tone forms a strong contrast with the blue of the sky and the blue of the waters. The earth alone, in that sunny brightness, seems able to retain a shadow.

The villages bordered or traversed by the railway—Portici, celebrated in one of Auher's operas, Resina, Torre del Græco, and Torre dell' Annunziata, whose dwellings, with their arcades and terraced roofs, attract the traveler's gaze—have, notwithstanding the intensity of the sunlight, and the southern love for whitewashing, something of a Plutonian and ferruginous character, like Birmingham and Manchester. The very dust is black there; an impalpable soot clings to everything; one feels that the mighty forge of Vesuvius is panting and smoking only a few paces off.

The three friends left the station at Pompeii, laughing among themselves at the odd commingling of antique and modern ideas suggested by the sign "Pompeii Station"—a Græco-Roman city, and a railway depot!

They crossed the cotton-field, with its fluttering white holls, between the railway and the disintegrated city; and at the inn, which has been built just without the ancient rampart, they took a guide, or, more correctly speaking, the guide took them—a calamity which is not easily avoided in Italy.

It was one of those delightful days so common in Naples, when the brilliancy of the sunlight and the transparency of the air cause objects to take such hues as in the North would be deemed fabulous, and appear indeed to belong to the world of dreams rather than to that of realities. The Northern visitor who has once looked upon that glow of azure and gold is apt to carry back with him into the depths of his native fogs an incurable nostalgia.

Having shaken off a portion of her cinder shroud, the resurrected city again rose, with her thousand details, under a dazzling day. The cone of Vesuvius, furrowed with stræ of blue, rosy and violet-hued lavas ruddily bronzed by the sun, towered sharply defined in the background. A thin haze,

almost imperceptible in the sunlight, hooded the blunt crest of the mountain. At first sight it might have been taken for one of those clouds which shadow the brows of lofty peaks on the fairest days. Upon a nearer view, slender threads of white vapor could be perceived rising from the mountain-side, as from the orifices of a perfuming pan, to reunite above in a light cloud. The volcano, being that day in a good-humor, smoked his pipe very peacefully; and, but for the example of Pompeii, hurried at his feet, no one would ever have suspected him of heing by nature any more ferocious than Montmartre. On the other side fair hills, with outlines voluptuously undulating like the hips of a woman, harred the horizon; and further yet, the sea, that in other days bore biremes and triremes under the ramparts of the city, extended its azure boundary.

Of all spectacles the sight of Pompeii is one of the most surprising. This sudden, backward leap of nineteen centuries astonishes even the least comprehensive and most prosaic natures. Two paces lead you from the antique life to the life of to-day, and from Christianity to paganism. Thus, when the three friends beheld those streets wherein the forms of a vanished past are preserved yet intact, they were strangely and profoundly affected, however well prepared by the study of books and drawings they might have been. Octavian, above all, seemed stricken with stupefaction, and like a man walking in his sleep, mechanically followed the guide, without hearing the monotonous nomenclature that the varlet had learned by heart, and recited like a lesson.

He gazed wildly on those ruts hollowed out in the cyclopean pavements of the streets by the chariot wheels, and which seem to be of yesterday, so fresh do they appear; those inscriptions in red letters skilfully traced on the surface of the walls by rapid strokes of the brush—theatrical advertisements, notices of houses to let, votive formulas, signs, announcements of all descriptions—not less curious than a freshly-discovered fragment of the walls of Paris, with advertising hills and placards attached, would prove a thousand years hence for the unknown people of the future; those houses, whose shattered roofs permit one to penetrate at a glance into all those interior mysteries, all those domestic details which historians invariably neglect, and whereof the secrets die with dying civilizations; those fountains that even now seem scarcely dried up; that forum, whose restoration was interrupted by the great catastrophe, and whose architraves and columns, all ready cut and sculptured, still seem waiting in their purity of angle to be lifted into place; those temples, consecrated in that mythologic age when atheists were yet unknown to gods that have long ceased to be; those shops wherein the merchant only is missing; that public tavern, where may still be seen the circular stain of the drinking cups upon the marble; that barrack, with its ochre and minium-painted columns, on which the soldiers scratched grotesque caricatures of battles; and those juxtaposed double theatres of song and drama, which might even now resume their entertainments were not the companies who performed in them turned long since to clay, and at present occupied perchance in closing the hung-hole of a cask, or stopping a crevice in the wall, after the fashion of Alexander's ashes or Cæsar's dust, according to the melancholy reflections of Hamlet.

Fabio mounted the thymele of the tragic theatre, while Max and Octavian climbed to the upper henchens; and there, with extravagant gestures, he commenced to recite whatever political fragments came to his memory, much to the terror of the lizards, who fled, vibrating their tails, and hid themselves in the joints of the ruined stonework. Although the hrazen or earthen vessels, formerly used to reverberate sounds, no longer existed, Fabio's voice sounded none the less full and vibrant.

The guide then conducted them across the open fields which overlies those portions of Pompeii still buried, to the amphitheatre, situated at the other end of the city. They passed under those trees whose roots plunge down through the roofs of the edifices interred, displacing tiles, cleaving ceilings asunder, and disjoining columns, and they traversed the farms where vulgar vegetables sprout above wonders of art—material images of that oblivion wherewith time covers all things.

The amphitheatre caused them little surprise. They had seen that of Verona, vaster, and equally well-preserved; besides the arrangement of such antique arenas was as familiar to them as that of those in which bull-fights are held in Spain, and which they much resemble, save in solidity of construction and beauty of material. Accordingly they soon retraced their footsteps, and gained the Street of Fortune by a cross-path, listening half-distractedly to the cicerone, who named each house they passed by the name which had been given it immediately upon its discovery, owing to some characteristic peculiarity: The House of the Brazen Bull, the House of the Fawn, the House of the Ship, the Temple of Fortune, the House of Meleager, the Tavern of Fortune, at the angle of the Via Consularia, the Academy of Music, the Public Market, the Pharmacy, the Surgeon's Shop, the Custom-House, the House of the Vestals, the Inn of Alhinus, the Thermopolium, and so on until they came to that gate which leads to the street of the tombs. Within the interior arch of this brick-built gate—once adorned with statues, which have long since disappeared—may be noticed two deep grooves, designed to receive a sliding portcullis, after the style of a

mediaeval donjon, to which era indeed one might have supposed such a defense peculiar.

"Who," exclaimed Max to his friends, "could have dreamed of finding in Pompeii, the Græco-Latin city, a gate so romantically gothic? Fancy some helated Roman knight blowing his horn before this entrance, summoning them to raise the portcullis, like a page of the fifteenth century."

"There is nothing new under the sun," replied Fabio; "and the aphorism itself is not new, inasmuch as it was formulated by Solomon."

"Perhaps there may be something new under the moon," observed Octavian, with a smile of melancholy irony.

"My dear Octavian," cried Max, who during this little conversation had paused before an inscription traced in rubric upon the outer wall, "wilt behold the combats of the gladiators? See the advertisement!—combat and chase on the fifth day of the nones of April; the masts of the velarium will be rigged; twenty pairs of gladiators will fight during the nones. If you fear for the delicacy of your complexion, be assured that the awnings will be spread; and, as you might in any case prefer to visit the amphitheatre early, these men will cut each other's throats in the morning—*matutini erunt*. Nothing could be more considerate."

Thus chattering, the three friends followed that sepulchre-fringed road which, according to our modern ideas, would be a lugubrious avenue for any city, but which had no sad significance for the ancients, whose tombs contained in lieu of hideous corpses only a pinch of dust—abstract idea of death! Art beautified these last resting-places, and as Goethe says, the pagans decorated sarcophagi and funeral urns with the images of life. . . . .

Thus they came to the villa of Arrius Diomedes, one of the finest residences in Pompeii. It is approached by a flight of brick steps; and after entering the doorway, which is flanked by two small lateral columns, one finds himself in a court resembling the *patio* which occupies the centre of Spanish and Moorish dwellings, and which the ancients termed *impluvium* or *cavadium*. Fourteen columns of brick, overlaid with stucco, once supported on four sides a portico or covered peristyle, not unlike a convent cloister, and beneath which one could walk secure from rain. This court-yard is paved in mosaic, with brick and white marble, which presents a subdued and pleasing effect of color. In its centre a quadrilateral marble basin, which still exists, formerly caught the rain-water that dropped from the roof of the portico. It was a strange experience, entering thus into the life of the antique world, and treading, with well-polished boots, upon the marble worn smooth by the sandals and buskins of the contemporaries of Augustus and Thierius.

The cicerone led them through the *exedra*, or summer parlor, which opened to the sea to receive its cooling breezes. It was there that the family received company, and took their siesta during those burning hours when prevailed the mighty zephyr of Africa, laden with languors and storms. He brought them into the *basilica*—a long, open gallery which lighted the various apartments, and in which clients and visitors erst awaited the call of the nomenclator; then he conducted them to the white marble terrace, where extended a broad view of verdant gardens and blue sea; then he showed them the *nymphæum*, or hall of fountains, with its yellow-painted walls, its stucco columns, its mosaic pavement, and its marble bathing-basin, which had contained so many of the lovely bodies that have long since passed away like shadows; the *cubiculum*, where fitted so many dreams from the ivory gate, and whose alcoves, contrived in the wall, were once closed by a *canopeum* or curtain, of which the bronze rings still lie upon the floor; the *trastyle*, or hall of recreation; the chapel of the lares; the cabinet of archives; the library; the museum of paintings; the *gynæceum*, or women's apartment, comprising a suit of small chambers, now half fallen into ruin, but whose walls yet bear traces of paintings and arabesques, like fair cheeks from which the rouge has been but half wiped off.

Having fully inspected all these, they descended to the lower floor—for the ground is much lower on the garden side than it is on the side of the Street of the Tombs. They traversed eight halls, painted in antique red, whereof one has its walls hollowed with architectural niches, after that style of which we have to-day a good example in the vestibule of the Hall of the Embassadors at the Alhambra. And finally they came to a sort of cave or cellar, whose purpose was clearly indicated by eight earthen *amphora*, propped up against the wall, and once perfumed, doubtless, like the odes of Horace, with the wines of Crete, Falernia, or Massica.

One solitary bright ray of sunshine streamed through a narrow aperture above, half-choked by nettles, whose light-traversed leaves it transformed into emeralds and topazes, and this gay natural detail seemed to smile opportunely through the sadness of the place.

"It was here," observed the cicerone, in his customary indifferent tone, "that among seventeen others were found the skeleton of the lady whose mold is exhibited at the Naples Museum. She wore gold rings, and the shreds of her fine tunic still clung to the mass of cinders which have preserved her shape."

The guide's commonplace phrases deeply affected Octavian. He made the man point out to him the exact



where the precious remains had been discovered; and had it not been for the restraining presence of his friends, he would have abandoned himself to some extravagant lyricism; his chest heaved, and his eyes glistened with a furtive moisture. Though blotted out by twenty centuries of oblivion, that catastrophe touched him like a recent misfortune. . . .

"Enough of this archæology," cried Fabio; "we do not propose to write dissertations upon an ancient jug, or a tile of the age of Julius Caesar, in order to obtain membership in some provincial academy. These classic souvenirs give me the stomach-ache. Let us go to dinner, if such a thing be possible in that picturesque hostelry, where I fear we shall be served with fossil beefsteaks, and fresh eggs laid prior to the death of Pliny."

"Your idea is a good one," said Max; "still it would have been pleasant to banquet here on some triclinium, reclining after the antique fashion, and waited upon by slaves, according to the style of Lucullus or Trimalchio. It is true that I see no oysters from Lake Lucrinus; the turbot and mullets from the Adriatic are wanting; the Apuleian boar can not be had in market; and the loaves and honey-cakes on exhibition in the Naples Museum lie hard as stones beside their green-gray moulds; even raw macaroni sprinkled with *cacciavallio*, detestable as it may be, is certainly better than nothing. What does friend Octavian think about it?"

Octavian, who was deeply regretting that he had not happened to be in Pompeii on the day of the eruption, so that he might have saved the lady of the gold rings, and thereby merited her love, had not heard a syllable of this gastronomic conversation. Only the last two words uttered by Max had fallen upon his ears; and feeling no desire to broach a discussion, he gave a random nod of assent, upon which the amicable party retraced the road along the ramparts to the inn.

The table was placed under a sort of open porch which served as a vestibule to the hostelry, whose rough-cast walls were decorated with various daubs that the host entitled "Salvator Rosa," "Espagnolets," "Cavalier Massimo," and other celebrated names of the Neapolitan school, which he deemed himself bound to extol.

"Venerable host!" cried Fabio, "do not waste your eloquence to no purpose; we are not Englishmen, and we prefer young women to old canvases. Better send us your wine list by that handsome brunette with the velvety eyes, whom I just now perceived on the stairway."

Finding that his guests did not belong to the mystifiable class of Philistines and bourgeoisie, the palforio ceased to vaunt his gallery in order to glorify his cellar. To begin with, he had all the best vintages: Château Margaux, Grand-Lafite, which had been twice to the Indies, Sillery de Moët, Hochmeyer, Scarlet wine, port and porter, ale and ginger beer, white and red Lachryma-Christi, Caprian, and Falernian.

"*Salve!* you have Falernian wine, *animal!* and put it at the end of your list! And you dare to subject us to an unendurable ænological litany!" cried Max, leaping at the inn-keeper's throat with hurlesque fury. "Why, you have no sentiment of local color; you are unworthy to live in this antique neighborhood. Is it even good, this Falernian wine of yours? Was it put in amphoræ under the Consul Plancus—*consule Planco?*"

"I know nothing about the Consul Plancus, and my wine is not put up in amphoræ; but it is good, and worth ten carlins a bottle," answered the inn-keeper.

Day had faded away, and the night came—a serene, transparent night, clearer, assuredly, than full midday in London. The earth had tints of azure, and the sky silvery reflections of inconceivable sweetness; the air was so still that the flames of the candles on the table did not even oscillate.

A young hoy playing a flute approached the table, and standing there, with his eyes fixed upon the three guests, performed upon his sweet and melodious instrument one of those popular airs in a minor key which have a penetrating charm. Perhaps that lad was a direct descendant of the flute-player who marched before Duilius.

"Our repast is assuming quite an antique aspect. We only need some Gaditanian dancing women, and ivy garlands," exclaimed Max, as he helped himself to a great bumper of Falernian wine.

"I feel myself in the humor for making Latin quotations; stanzas of odes come back to my memory," added Max.

"Keep them to yourself!" cried Fabio and Octavian, justly alarmed. "Nothing is so indigestible as Latin at dinner."

Among young men with cigars in their mouths and elbows on the table, who find themselves contemplating a certain number of empty flagons, especially when the wine has been capitally good, conversation never fails to turn upon women. Each explained his own system, whereof the following is a fair summary:

First came only for youth and beauty, voluptuous and positive; he found no pleasure in illusions, and had no preferences in love. A peasant girl would have pleased his fancy as well as a princess, provided she were beautiful; the body rather than its apparel attracted him; he laughed much at certain of his friends who were enamored of so many yards of lace and silk. . . . Max played at love as at a game of chess, with long premeditated moves, reserved ambushes, and stratagems worthy of Polybius. In a drawing-room he would always choose the woman who seemed least in sympathy with him for the object of attachment; to make her pass by skillful transition from aversion to love afforded him delicious pleasure; to impose himself upon characters which strove to repel him, and master wills that rebelled against his influence, seemed to him the sweetest of all triumphs. . . . As for Octavian, he confessed that reality itself had little charm for him, not because he indulged in student-dreams, all molded of lilies and roses, like one of Demoustier's madrigals, but because there were too many prosaic and repulsive details surrounding all beauty; too many doting and decorated fathers; coquettish mothers, who wore natural flowers in false hair; ruddy-faced cousins, meditating proposals; ridiculous aunts in love with little dogs. An aquatinta engraving after Horace Vernet or Delaroche, hung up in a woman's room, would have been sufficient to check a growing passion within him. More poetical even than amorous, he wanted a terrace on Isola Bella, in Lake Maggiore, under the light of a full-moon, to frame a rendezvous. He would have wished to elevate his love above the mist of

common life, and transport its scenes to the stars. Thus he had by turns fallen fruitlessly and madly in love with all the grand feminine types preserved by history or art. Like Faust, he had loved Helen, and would have wished that the undulations of the ages might hear to him one of those sublime personifications of human desires and dreams, whose forms, to mortal eyes invisible, live immortally beyond Space and Time. He had created for himself an ideal seraglio, with Semiramis, Aspasie, Cleopatra, Diana of Poitiers, Jane of Arragon. At times also he had fallen in love with statues; and one day, passing before the Venus of Milo in the Museum, he cried out passionately: "Oh, who will restore thy arms that thou mayst crush me upon thy marble bosom!" At Rome the sight of a matted mass of long, thick human hair, exhumed from an antique tomb, had thrown him into a fantastic delirium. He had attempted, through the medium of a few of those hairs, obtained by a golden bribe from the custodian, and placed in the hands of a clairvoyant of great power, to evoke the shade and form of the dead; but the conducting fluid, the subtle odyle, had evaporated during the lapse of so many years, and the apparition could no more come forth out of the eternal night.

As Fabio had divined, before the glass cabinet in the Studi Museum, the imprint discovered in the cellar at the villa of Arius Diomedes had excited in Octavian wild impulses toward a retrospective ideal. He longed to soar beyond life and time, and transport himself in spirit to the age of Titus.

Max and Fabio retired to their rooms, and being somewhat heavy-headed from the classic fumes of the Falernian were soon sound asleep. Octavian, who had more than once suffered the full glass to remain before him untasted, not wishing to disturb by a grosser intoxication the poetic drunkenness which holed in his brain, felt, from the agitation of his nerves, that sleep would not come to him, and left the hostelry on tip-toe, that he might cool his brow and calm his thoughts in the night air.

His feet bore him unawares to the entrance which leads into the dead city. He removed the wooden bar that enclosed it, and wandered into the ruins beyond.

The moon illuminated the pale houses with her white beams, dividing the streets into double-edged lines of silvery white and bluish shadow. This nocturnal day, with its subdued tints, disguised the degradation of the buildings. The mutilated columns, the façades streaked with fugitive lizards, the roofs crumbled in by the eruption, were less noticeable than when beheld under the clear, raw light of the sun; the lost parts were completed by the half-tint of shadow, and here and there one brusque beam of light, like a touch of sentiment in a picture sketch, marked where a whole edifice had crumbled away. The silent geni of the night seemed to have repaired the fossil city for some representation of fantastic life.

At times Octavian fancied that he saw vague human forms in the shadow, but they vanished the moment they approached the edge of the lighted portion of the street. A low whispering, an indefinite hum, floated through the silence. Our promenader at first attributed them to a fluttering in his eyes, to a buzzing in his ears. It might even, he thought, be merely an optical illusion, coupled with the sighing of the sea-breezes, or the flight of some snake or lizard through the nettles, for in nature all things live, even death; all things make themselves heard, even silence. Nevertheless, he felt a kind of involuntary terror, a slight trembling, that might have been caused by the cold night air, but which made his flesh creep. Could it be that his comrades, actuated by the same impulse as himself, were seeking him among the ruins?

Those dimly seen forms, and those indistinct sounds of footsteps, might it not have been Max and Fabio walking and chatting together, who had just disappeared round the corner of a cross-road? But Octavian felt, to his dismay, that this very natural explanation could not be true; and the arguments which he made to himself in favor of it were the reverse of convincing. The solitude and the shadows were peopled with invisible beings whom he was disturbing. He had fallen into the midst of a mystery, and it seemed that they were awaiting his departure in order to commence again. Such were the extravagant ideas that floated through his brain, and obtained no little verisimilitude from the hour, the place, and the thousand alarming details which those can well understand who have ever found themselves alone by night in the midst of some vast ruin.

Passing before a house which he had attentively observed during the day, and which the moon shone fully upon, he beheld in perfect integrity a certain portico whereof he had vainly attempted to restore the design in fancy. Four Ionic columns, fluted for half their height, and their shafts purpled with minium tints, sustained a cymatium adorned with polychromatic ornaments that the artist seemed only to have completed the day before.

Upon one side-wall of the entrance a Laconian molossus, painted in encaustic, and accompanied by the warning inscription, "*Cave canem*," barked at the moon and the visitor with pictured fury. On the mosaic threshold the "HAVE," in Oscan and Latin characters, saluted the guest with its friendly syllables. The outer surface of the walls, tinted with ochre and rubric, were unmarred by a single crack. The house had grown a story higher; and the tiled roof, now surmounted by a bronze acroterium, projected in intact outlines against the light blue of the sky, where a few stars were growing pale.

This strange restoration, effected between afternoon and evening by some unknown architect, greatly puzzled Octavian, who felt certain of having the same day seen that very house in a lamentable state of ruin. The mysterious reconstructor had labored with great dispatch, for all the neighboring dwellings had the same fresh, new look; all were coiffed with their capitals. Not a single stone, a brick, a pellicle of stucco, or a scale of paint was wanting upon the shining surface of the façades; and through the intervals of the peristyles surrounding the marble basin of the cædium one could catch glimpses of white laurels and hay roses, myrtles and pomegranates. Surely all the historians were mistaken; the eruption had never taken place, or else the needle of time had moved backward twenty secular hours upon the dial of eternity.

In the climax of his astonishment, Octavian commenced to wonder whether he might not actually be sleeping upon his feet and walking in a dream. He even seriously asked

himself whether madness might not be parading its hallucinations before his eyes. But he soon felt himself compelled to admit that he was neither asleep nor mad.

A singular change had taken place in the atmosphere. Vague rose-tints were blending through brightening shades of violet with the faintly azure tints of moonlight; the sky commenced to glow brightly along its borders; daylight seemed about to dawn. Octavian took out his watch; it marked the hour of midnight. Fearing that it might have stopped, he pressed the spring of the repeating mechanism. It struck twelve times. It was midnight beyond a doubt, and yet the brightness ever increased; the moon sank through the azure, which became momentarily more and more luminous—the sun rose!

Then Octavian, to whom all idea as of time had become hopelessly confused, was able to convince himself that he was walking, not through a dead Pompeii—the chill corpse of a city half-shrouded—but through a living, youthful, intact Pompeii, over which the torrents of burning mud from Vesuvius had never flowed.

An inconceivable prodigy had transported him, a Frenchman of the nineteenth century, back to the age of Titus, not in spirit only, but in reality, or else had called up before him from the depths of the past a desolate city with its vanished inhabitants—for a man clothed in the antique fashion had just passed out of a neighboring house.

This man wore his hair short, and his face was closely shaven. He was dressed in a brown tunic and a grayish mantle, the ends of which were well tucked up so as not to impede his movements. He walked at a rapid gait, hording upon a run, and passed by Octavian without perceiving him. He carried on his arm a basket made of Spanish broom, and proceeded toward the Forum Nundinarium. He was evidently a slave—probably some Darius going to market.

The noise of wheels became audible, and an antique wagon, drawn by white oxen, and loaded with vegetables, came along the street. Beside the team walked a peasant—with legs bare and sunburnt, and feet sandal-shod—who was clad in a sort of canvas shirt puffed out about the waist; a conical straw hat hanging at his shoulders, and depending from his neck by the chin-band, left his face exposed to view—a type of face unknown in these days; a forehead low and traversed by salient, knotty lines; hair black and curly; eyes tranquil as those of his oxen; and a neck like that of a rustic Hercules. As he gravely pricked his animals with the goad, his statuesque attitude would have thrown Ingres into ecstasy.

The peasant perceived Octavian, and appeared surprised; but he proceeded on his way without being able, doubtless, to find any explanation for the appearance of this strange-looking personage; and, in his rustic simplicity, willingly leaving the solution of the enigma to those wiser than himself.

Campanian peasants also appeared on the scene, driving before them asses ladeo with skins of wine, and ringing their brazen bells. Their physiognomies differed from those of the modern peasants as a medallion differs from a sou.

Gradually the city became peopled, like one of those panoramic pictures, at first desolate, but which, by a sudden change of light, become animated with personages previously invisible.

Octavian's feelings had undergone a change. Only a short time before, amid the deceitful shadows of the night, he had fallen a prey to that uneasiness from which the bravest are not exempt, amid such disquieting and fantastic surroundings as reason can not explain. His vague terror had ultimately yielded to a profound stupefaction. The distinctness of his perceptions forbade him to doubt the testimony of his senses; yet what he beheld seemed altogether contrary to reason. Feeling still but half convinced, he sought by the authentication of minor actual details, to assure himself that he was not the victim of hallucination. Those figures which passed before his eyes could not be phantoms, for the living sun shone upon them with unmistakable reality, and their shadows, elongated in the morning light, fell upon the pavement and the walls.

Without the faintest understanding of what had befallen him, Octavian, ravished with delight to find one of his most cherished dreams realized, no longer attempted to resist the fate of his adventure; he abandoned himself to the mystery of these marvels without any further attempt to explain them. He averred to himself, that since he had been permitted, by virtue of some mysterious power, to live for a few hours in a vanishing age, he would not waste time in efforts to solve an incomprehensible problem; and he proceeded fearlessly, gazing to the right and left upon this scene at once so old and yet so new to him. But to what epoch of Pompeian life had he been transported? An ædile inscription engraved upon a wall showed him, by the names of public personages there recorded, that it was about the commencement of the reign of Titus, or in the year seventy-nine of our own era. A sudden thought flashed across Octavian's mind: the woman whose mold he had seen in the museum at Naples must be living, inasmuch as the eruption of Vesuvius, by which she had perished, took place on the twenty-fourth of August of this very year. He might, therefore, discover her, behold her! The mad longing which had seized him at the sight of that mass of cinders molded upon a divinely perfect form, was perhaps about to be fully satisfied; for surely naught could be impossible to a love which had had the strength to make Time itself recoil, and the same hour to pass twice through the sand-glass of eternity.

While Octavian was abandoning himself to these reflections, beautiful young girls were passing by on their way to the fountains, all balancing urns upon their heads with their white finger-tips, and patricians clad in white togas bordered with purple bands, were proceeding toward the Forum, each followed by an escort of clients. The buyers commenced to throng about the booths, which were all designated by sculptured or pictured signs, and recalled by reason of their shape and small dimensions the Moorish booths of Algiers. Over most of them a glorious phallus of baked and painted clay, together with the inscription, *Hic habitat felicitas*, testified to superstitious precautions against the evil eye. Octavian also noticed an amulet shop, whose shelves were stocked with horns, bifurcated branches of coral, and little figures of Priapus in gold, like those worn in Naples even at this day as a safeguard against the jettatura, and he thought to himself that a superstition often outlives a religion.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]



## TWO QUAIN OLD TOWNS.

Ramblings Through the Alleys and Arches of Toledo and Cordova.

In order to see Spain you must go south of Madrid, and away from the Frenchified, Anglified, and Americanized capital. At least, so we thought when we reached Toledo. Innovations are generally at a discount in the grand old conservative spot. Toledo was built shortly after the flood, is said to be the oldest city in Europe, and has no appearance of having changed, or of ever changing. You find it on a commanding site, with a rocky mountain for its base, and the winding Tagus for its natural moat. You cross the magnificent Roman bridge that springs its single arch athwart the current of the ancient river, and supports at either end a massive gate, fit to defy anything but cannon shot. You wind around and up by the battlemented roads, the rich valley beneath, the towering Alcazar above; here a Moorish portal, there the entrance of a synagogue, and now the spire of the famed cathedral. It is Spain, with traces of all its marvelous past worked into this historical mosaic—something of every age, and realm, and nature, Goth, Moor, Roman, Pagan, Christian, Jew. The whole place is patched like a heggar's suit, and here in Spain the patching of clothes is a fine art, in which, from abundance of leisure, the beggars excel, with shreds of all ages. To understand Toledo you need to have the whole library of guide-books—Murray, Harper, Eschenbauer, Amicis, O'Shea—and even then, unless you have a memory like that of the Admirable Crichton, and a gift of tongues like Mezzofanti, it will profit you hut little. You will have certain vivid pictures and scenes stamped upon your mind—the Cathedral tower, the vista from the Alcazar, the quaint dreamy Zocodover or Market-place, the shop where you saw the men making that curious Toledo-work, with its hues of golden arabesque upon the steel, which you will remember all the better for the pair of hlades you bore away so proudly as souvenirs of the city. You will not forget that picture of the crucifixion of the boy, by the Puerta del Niño Perdido; the *transparente*, on which a small fortune seems to have been wasted; the marvelous steps of the Puerta del Perdon, so much recommended for their marvelous benefits; the veritable wardrobe of the Virgin, with a fragment of the true cross; the imposing statue of Santiago, (who without any assistance slew sixty thousand Moors, etc.); the wonderful crowns in the Iglesias de los Reyes; the quaint glories of the old synagogues, with the pathos of Ichabod and "the glory is departed" floating over it all, be it of Goth or Moor, of Jew or Catholic that you are reminded.

As we entered Cordova it was hot and glaring high-noon, and amid sundry ineffable scents we reached the Fonda Suirjo. The ancient Moorish capital has a situation well nigh enchanting, in the midst of a rich and beautiful valley, amid the olive-yards and orange-groves, by the side of the historic Guadalquivir. One does not think of the beggars, the narrow streets, and the various peculiar odors. You forget them all when you have had time to see the splendid Mesquita Mosque Cathedral, which is the pride of the quaint old slumbering city. It was originally a mosque, and was erected in the palmy days of the Arabian occupation of Spain—five hundred and forty feet long, three hundred and eighty-seven feet wide, with four hundred and fifty pillars, and forty-four aisles. From the main entrance, which you reach by passing through the Patio de la Naranjas, redolent of orange-bloom and adorned with stately palms, you enter the grand aisle, by which you may cross the spacious edifice, and reach, on the opposite side, the *mihrab* or *sanctuario*, which, in the original mosque, was the most revered portion of the edifice. View the ceiling, fifteen feet in diameter, in one piece of lovely marble, carved in the form of a concave shell. Notice the walls, in exquisite polished mosaic. Observe the inscriptions in Arabic, the tracery, as if the work of the jeweler rather than of the sculptor. See how the knees of the faithful have worn the marble of the floor, as they have, during the ages, made the tour of this sanctuary reciting their prayers. As you come out, look in every direction, through the wonderful vistas, in this forest of columns and overhanging arches. Be fortunate enough to hear the organ peal forth upon the scene of enchantment, even though it be in the incongruity of the music of the missal, amid these inscriptions from El Koran, and to arouse the echoes of these infidel stones. This is not all. You go forth to the ancient river, and walk in the old gardens of the Moor; you drink of the fountain that his hands placed as it is even now; perchance gather some seeds for your garden from that scarlet-flowered vine that hangs over the crumbling Arabian wall. You mount the old round tower upon the battlements, look out upon the river where four quaint Moorish mills—now all uselessly—obstruct the turbid current. Then you come down by the fountain of San Rafael, patron of Cordova, and make your way to and across that marvelous bridge of nineteen arches and nineteen centuries, which Roman bands placed, in its immortal beauty and grandeur, athwart the stream. You feel yourself carried still further back into the wondrous past, even to the days of Octavianus, and never, in all your life, have you known a dumb object speak to you so eloquently as does the sturdy bridge, which seems to span the cycles and ages, and to be a bond of sympathy between a thousand generations.

RICHARD WYLIE.

CORDOVA, May 15, 1882.

Since slang, says the New York *World*, has taken such a firm foothold in Parisian literature and conversation, the grammar has been systematically revised, so that now the verb "to go" is conjugated in the indicative present as follows: Singular, first person, I git; singular, second person, thou dustest; singular, third person, he, she, or it vamoses. Plural, first person, we light out; plural, second person, ye or you skip; plural, third person, they sherry their nibs.

There is no more perfect picture of contentment and chastened joy in this weeping, sorrowing world, says Bill Nye, than the fat man who has not seen over the horizon of his anatomy for ten years, and who enters society cheerful and happy in his ignorance of the fact that the monogram tag which is attached to the foot of his shirt-hosom is waving through the aperture between his vest and waist-band.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Singer.

God gives his seer the vision fine;  
He gave the "faculty divine,"  
The vision's teachings to rehearse  
For mortal ears in deathless verse;  
To wake, to kindle, to inspire  
The hero's deed, the patriot's fire;  
While by the witchery of song  
Truth hollower grows, and Right more strong.

God to His singer gives at will  
The yearnings of the soul to fill;  
The song of winds, the song of birds,  
Of waves and leaves in rhythmic words,  
Voices of dawn, and of the night—  
All are interpreted aright.

Or tossed in storms, or lapped in rest,  
How shall the singer sing the best?  
Shall joy or sorrow most impart  
The highest strain to minstrel art?  
Shall the bird trill his sweetest lay,  
And no kind hand his pains to pay  
With herry, or with seed to give  
The heart and strength to sing and live?

To break the clod, to strew the grain,  
To bind the sheaf, to load the wain,  
To rule the market or the mart—  
These are not of the minstrel's art.  
Let sad hearts, cheered by words of thine,  
Provide the needful corn and wine.

Sweet singer! since baptized thou art  
With heaven's own baptism of the heart,  
Sing must thou, though 'mid toil and pain,  
And "He shall feed who gave thy strain."  
—James F. Bowman.

## A Song of the Summer Wind.

Balmily, balmily, summer wind,  
Sigh through the mountain passes;  
Over the sleep of the beautiful deep;  
Over the woods' green masses—  
Ripple the grain of valley and plain,  
And the reeds and the river grasses.

How many songs, O summer wind,  
How many songs you know  
Of fair, sweet things in your wanderings,  
As over the earth you go,  
To the Norland hare and hawk, from where  
The red south roses blow.

Where the red south blossoms blow, O wind,  
(Sing low to me, sing low and stilly!)  
And the golden green of the citrons lean  
To the white of the saintly lily;  
Where the sun-rays drowse in the orange houghs,  
(Sing, sing, for the heart grows chilly!)  
And the heliot bee hangs heavily  
In rose and daffodily.

I know a song, O summer wind,  
A song of a willow-tree;  
Soft as the sweep of its fringes deep  
In languorous swoons of tropic noons,  
But sad as sad can be!  
Yet I would you might sing it, summer wind,  
I would you might sing it me.

(O tremulous, musical murmur of leaves!  
O mystical melancholy  
Of waves that call from the far sea-wall!—  
Shall I render your meaning wholly,  
Ere the day shall wane to the night again,  
And the stars come slowly, slowly?)

I would you might sing me, summer wind,  
A song of a little chamber;  
Sing soft, sing low how the roses grow,  
And the starry jasmies clamber;  
Through the emerald rifts how the moonlight drifts,  
And the sunlight's mellow amber.

Sing of a hand in the fluttering leaves,  
Like a wee white bird in its nest;  
Of a white hand twined in the leaves to find  
A bloom for the fair young breast;  
Sing of my love, my little love,  
My snow-white dove in her nest,  
As she looks through the fragrant jasmine leaves  
Into the wasting west.

Tenderly, tenderly, summer wind,  
With murmurous word-caresses,  
O wind of the south, to her beautiful mouth,  
Did you cling with your halmy kisses?  
Flutter and float o'er the white, white throat,  
And ripple the golden tresses?

"The long year growth from green to gold,"  
Saith the song of the willow-tree;  
"My tresses cover, my roots enfold,"  
O summer wind, sing it me!  
Lorn and dreary, sad and weary,  
As lovers that parted be—  
But sweet as the grace of a fair young face  
I never again may see! —Ina D. Coolbrith.

## The South Wind.

South Wind, South Wind, hearken to the flowers,  
Hearken from the hillside, hearken from the plain;  
Whither stray the cloudlets, burdened with the showers,  
Lingering, O South Wind, with the laggard rain?

Are the summer islands, gemming azure waters,  
Blessed with thee, O South Wind, whispering to the palms?  
Murmuring to the tropics' red and purple daughters,  
Drinking in their breathings, rich in eastern halms?

South Wind, South Wind—mariner and maiden,  
Sailing on the ocean, waiting by the strand,  
Woo thee from thy dwelling, woo thee from thy Aiden;  
Welcome to the South Wind from the aching land.

South Wind, South Wind, never prayer ascended  
From the weary watchers by the glassy main,  
With more earnest pleadings than the longing blended  
Of the thirsty herbage, parching on the plain.

Hearken to his sighing, mourners in the meadows;  
Group the swollen cloudlets o'er the arid sky;  
Falls upon the valley, soothing welcome shadows;  
Quivers every leaflet—for the rain is nigh.  
—Daniel O'Connell.

## A RATIONAL DRESS-REFORM.

Artistic Effects Which Modern Fashion Can Procure from Past Ages.

All dress must needs begin in simplicity, remarks Miss Carr in a recent number of the *Magazine of Art*. It was invented for use, and not for ornament; and it was only out of the exaggeration of its particular features that it ever became what is fancifully called "costume," and thence, escaping from all reasonable control, often descended to absurdity. Thus the Elizabethan ruff—in its original proportions, a becoming frame to the head and face—ended as a stiff and starbed monstrosity, detrimental alike to comfort and beauty. The stay and long hodie, possibly invented as a support to weak persons, and perhaps in their first stages even becoming to corpulent figures, degenerated into hard, whalebone stomachers, unsuitable to the soft outlines of woman, and led to the very harmful and ugly practice of tight-lacing, which has survived to our own age. Trimming for trimming's sake is a fault which can not be too carefully avoided. The embroidering of a border, or even the sewing on of hraits in the form of a border, is quite admissible, because a reasonable form of decoration; but the unconsidered use of these things in inappropriate positions is a flagrant error. Nor in adopting suggestions from the rich costumes of past days are dressmakers wont to be a whit more reasonable. For instance, slashed sleeves and hodies have been in vogue among us lately; and it may sometimes have been noticed that the "slash," instead of being a material, presumably that of an undergarment, pulled through boles cut in the top wear, has been a piece of stuff palpably sewn on outside the dress or sleeve, in the guise of a puff. So, again, with velvet collars and cuffs put on to trim a stuff dress; they would suggest an underdress turning back at the throat and wrists, but they are often separate, and removed from the edges, thus effectually dispelling the illusion. The most successful dresses are generally the simplest, and we may be sure that our safest patterns will be found in the costumes of women whose daily occupations necessitate the ease and freedom of the limbs. First and foremost in this class stands the most uniformly graceful of all shapes in robes: the mediæval dress, fitting tightly but easily over the bust and thighs, and then falling in folds to the feet. This make is very similar to the "Princess" robe of recent times, which one is sorry to find less popular than a few years ago. It is the most graceful of modern dresses, whether made to fasten up the front or at the back. The older variation is rather fuller in the skirt, almost suggesting a separate skirt gathered on to a bodice below the hips, although in reality the dress is all cut in one piece, like its modern imitation. Massive silver or gilt girdles were often worn around the hips with it, and through these the skirt was pulled, so as to disengage it from the feet in walking. It was thus equally convenient in the house and out of it; within doors it draped and gave warmth to the lower limbs, without being long enough to impede movement; and in the street, by means of the girdle, it was kept from out the mire. Generally made to fasten behind, it was often fitted in front by means of three long and continuous seams, one down the centre, and one over each breast, reaching from the shoulder. A satisfactory modern variation has been invented, to fasten on the shoulders and under the arms, thus avoiding the unseemliness of fastenings down the back or front, and doing much to ensure smoothness of fit. The "Princess" or "Marguerite" robes, as well as some of the dresses of the French Republic and First Empire, avoid the immense difficulty of separate skirts and bodices, a fashion most detrimental to appearance and comfort. The dresses of the beginning of the century erred, at the same time, on the side of exaggeration quite as much as and perhaps more than any dresses have done before or after them. Shortness of waist is always apt to flatter a thin or old figure, and to make it appear younger and plumper; but a short-waisted dress is most gracefully made in one length, and full in front. To my mind it can be further improved by being cut princess-wise behind, and with a broad waist-band starting from beneath the arms to confine the fullness of the front. This avoids an unbecoming line traversing the middle of the back. Walking-dresses at the end of the century were usually made with round skirts, sewn on in gathers all around the tight-fitting, short-waisted bodice; sometimes the hodie bad tails all round, or a full box-pleated swallow-tail behind, and broad turn-back collars, one above the other, on the shoulders. Or, again, women wore very ample and pigeon-breasted kerchiefs, crossed over the bosom and tucked in at the waist. In a modified form these fashions of the severer time of the French Directory may suggest most trim and dainty walking-costumes. For pretty and practical short walking-dresses the costumes of country people might be considered with advantage. Peasant women—perhaps most notably the Swiss and Italian *contadine*, who require the greatest ease of dress for their labors in the fields—get rid of belts and galling strings round the waist by wearing their skirts firmly stitched to the *bustino*, a sleeveless hodie with shoulder-straps. Take, for instance, the costume of the women of Sorrento, or the Trastevere, or of the Abruzzi. They wear first a coarse white linen shirt, fulled into a round or square band around the collar-bones, and often ornamented with coarse lace or needlework edging and insertion worked in with the weft of the fabric. These shirts are often heirlooms woven by the hands of grandmothers and great-grandmothers, and are made even now by hand. The sleeves should be set in full to the yoke—or if the shirt be high, to the shoulder-piece—at the shoulder, and gathered into a band again at or below the elbow. No shape will ever be invented better suited to set off the curves of the female figure. Over their shirt these peasant women carry one petticoat of coarse woollen stuff; and on the skirt is sewn the low *bustino*, of different colored stuff, lacing up in front. Bands cross from back to front of this bodice over the shoulders, supporting the weight of the skirt. The costume is completed by a large and long apron—either plain or embroidered—and a white linen scarf folded on the top of the head, and falling over the nape of the neck to protect it from the sun. This dress is beautifully simple and perfectly practical, and its first principles are found in almost all the peasant costumes of Europe.



## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Holladay and their daughter, Miss Holladay, who left here about two months ago on a Southern and Eastern tour, and who have been visiting in Baltimore for some time, are at present in Washington. Miss Dora Miller, previous to her departure for Europe, wrote to a lady friend here that her reported engagement to Lieutenant Richardson Clover was not true; "and," she added, "you may contradict it, and say that it is positively not so." This Lieutenant Clover is a handsome fellow, and is a great favorite with the Miller family, and was at one time said to have been engaged to a well-known heiress of Menlo. Mrs. Henry Crocker has returned from Sacramento. Tom Madden, accompanied by a party of ladies, left for the Yosemite on Monday last. Mrs. Senator Miller and Miss Dora Miller sailed for Europe on Wednesday last. Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Boruck and Miss Boruck have returned from Santa Cruz. Mr. and Mrs. Willard V. Huntington have been spending a few days at Sargent's. Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Stanwood went to San Rafael on Wednesday last, to remain during the summer. Mrs. Fletcher and Mrs. Gage, of Oakland, who have been visiting Monterey, have returned. Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Kimball, of Los Angeles, will celebrate their silver wedding on Tuesday next, the twentieth instant. Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Noble are at the Geysers, and will remain until after the Fourth. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Campbell, of Tucson, came up from Arizona a few days ago, and will remain several weeks. S. B. Wakefield and family are spending the summer at the Geysers. Mrs. Judge Edmonds and daughter are at Santa Cruz. Mrs. W. B. Simonton, of Oakland, is visiting Mrs. J. R. Lane, at Sacramento. Miss Mansfield, of Benicia, is at Napa Soda Springs. The Misses Ada and Ida Lowell, of Oakland, are visiting Mrs. J. W. Watt of Sacramento. Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Sharon have been ruralizing in San Mateo and Santa Clara counties. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Parker, of Oakland, are at San José. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Noyes are at Napa Soda Springs. Mrs. W. H. Hill and daughter have returned from Menlo. Mrs. R. P. Clement has gone to Monterey. Captain Sanger, U. S. A., is at Clear Lake. Mrs. Murray and family are at Congress Springs. Miss Tot Cutter returned from Eureka on Saturday last. After a short visit to Monterey Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Collier returned, and soon after went to Soda Bay for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan gave their second reception at the residence of the bride's parents, Seventeenth and Valencia streets, on Monday last, and were the recipients of a large number of calls. The Misses Blanding are at Soda Bay. Miss Shafter, who has been absent in Boston and elsewhere in the East for more than a year, will return in August next. Mrs. Frank Latbam is spending the summer in Marin County. Sir Thomas Hesketh, accompanied by Jules Tavernier and Fred Sharon, got off on their three-months' fishing expedition on Saturday last. Colonel Gray and daughters have returned from the Yosemite and gone to Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Davis will spend the summer in Napa Valley. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lux are in Santa Barbara. Mr. and Mrs. James Freeborn have returned from Yosemite Valley. Mrs. Alexander Weed and family, after a few weeks' stay at Napa Soda Springs, have gone to Kellogg. Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bancroft are at Highland Springs. Mrs. Paxton is at Kellogg. Mr. and Mrs. George Barstow are spending a few days at San Rafael. Harry Kimmell, U. S. N., is at the Geysers. Mrs. D. W. Hitchcock returned from the East on Sunday last. David McClure returns from his Eastern jaunt to-day. Justice Stephen J. Field and Mrs. Field, accompanied by Miss Swearingen, and Miss Whitney, arrived here from Washington on Tuesday last, and are at the Palace. Mrs. General Kautz is visiting the Calaveras Grove of Big Trees. Mrs. Judge Hager and family are spending a portion of the summer at Clear Lake. Mrs. Charles F. Pond and her sister, Miss McHenry, are at Glenwood. Mrs. George S. Ladd has gone to Monterey to stay a month or more. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Applegate are at Tahoe. Mrs. Lieutenant Haskell has again taken up her residence at the Grand. Mrs. E. B. Crocker and her daughter, Miss Amy Crocker, of Sacramento, are still in New York. Mrs. Follansbee and her daughter are also in New York, at the Grand Hotel. J. P. Hoge and the Misses Hoge are spending a few days at Monterey. Mrs. E. B. Jennings and Miss Jennings are visiting in Sacramento. The Misses Kittie and Daisy Van Voorhies, of Sacramento, are spending a short time at Napa. Delos Lake and the Misses Lake went to Monterey on Saturday last to stay until after the Fourth. Downey Harvey, who came up from Arizona some two or three months ago, returned on Saturday last. Mrs. Leland Stanford is spending a short time at Monterey. J. D. Grant and a party left here for the Yosemite on Thursday last. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbins have been visiting Monterey. E. S. Pillsbury and daughter went to the Yosemite on Sunday last. Mrs. L. Mills and daughter are at Monterey. Mrs. Manchester and daughters left here for the Yosemite on Monday last. General J. F. Houghton leaves for the East on Monday week; he intends taking his daughter on a trip through the White Mountains. Professor and Mrs. Ashburner will leave on Monday, by the way of Panama, for an extended European tour. Mrs. Dr. C. T. Deane returns to the city to-day after an extended trip through the northern part of the State; she will spend the balance of the season with her youngest son at Santa Cruz and Monterey. William Armstrong, Esq., late Premier to his Majesty the King of the Sandwich Islands, is in the city, on his way to Washington. Edward Greey, the well-known author, has been spending the past week in this city. He sails for Japan to-day on the *Coplie*.

If the dismissal of the criminal indictments against H. S. Tibbey, for frauds and forgeries in connection with the opening of Dupont Street, by the District-Attorney, was without consideration, it was a very generous act on his part. If Mr. H. S. Tibbey is an innocent and honest man, then he has been dreadfully persecuted by the law, and is entitled to the deep commiseration and sincere pity of all good citizens that he should have been subjected to the suspicion of irregularities in his conduct as secretary of the Dupont-street Commission.

## DECORATIVE ART NOTES.

## The Present Condition of the Society, and Its Prospective Exhibition.

According to a promise held out in the yearly report, the Society of Decorative Art proposes to open classes in decorative design and water-colors early in July. The Society has engaged the services of a practical designer and artist, M. Jules Godart, a graduate of the "Ecole des Beaux Arts," Paris. M. Godart is well recommended, and his work has been most favorably criticised by competent judges here, and the Society and its pupils are to be congratulated on the pleasant work they are about to undertake. This is the first opportunity that has been offered in San Francisco to those wishing to study seriously the principles of design, and it is one that should be taken advantage of by any student ambitious of entering the hand of industrious art workers. The terms for instruction in designing, drawing, or water-colors, have been placed at twelve dollars a month for two lessons a week, which gives about nine lessons a month, or two dollars a single lesson. The classes will meet on Monday mornings from nine o'clock until twelve, and on Friday afternoons from one o'clock until five.

But the most ambitious scheme of the lady managers, since the art loan of last year, is the competitive exhibition of designs and embroideries which the society intends to hold during the first two weeks in November. The object of this exhibition is two-fold: to draw out whatever local talent there may be on this coast, and to encourage it to persevere and experiment; also to attract here from the East specimens of the best work being done there. Some eight or ten prizes will be offered, varying in amounts from one hundred dollars to ten dollars; some of them open to competition from all sections, and some to be tried for only by local artists. All work and designs exhibited will be duly insured, and those taking prizes will remain the property of contributors, unless sold by their request, at a price set, when the work or design is sent in. The prizes will be awarded by a committee of experts, acting as judges, before the opening of the exhibition. There will be one exception to this rule: the society intends to offer a prize of three hundred and fifty dollars for the best piece of work exhibited, to be awarded by popular vote, and it will be a matter of interest to see whether the artistic judgment of the experts will agree with the popular taste of the visitors, as was the case with Prang's last Christmas-card exhibition in New York, when Miss Dora Wheeler took both the judges' first prize and the popular prize. Next week the society will be ready to announce definitely the prizes, and the rules for admission, competition, etc. Last year the New York society held a similar exhibition, and some very beautiful work was brought out. It is to be hoped that our society will be equally successful in securing numerous and worthy competitors.

A very animated contest is now going on among the friends and enemies of the Honorable Roscoe Conkling, as to whether he did or did not resign his seat in the Senate with the hope and expectation of being reelected. We thought at the time that the act of resignation was unwise, and that it exhibited petulance unworthy of so distinguished and able a man as everybody concedes the senator to be. We thought at the time that he was rightfully punished by not being returned, and we rejoiced somewhat thereat. Now, when we reconsider the whole history of his ambitious and useful career, his unnecessary quarrel with the Hayes administration, his unwise conflict with the Garfield administration, and his hasty and passionate withdrawal from the Senate; when we look down upon the man who took his place as representative from New York, we miss the Honorable Roscoe Conkling from the senatorial seat, and wish he could be returned thereto. We miss his eloquence, his wide experience, and his strict integrity. We miss an able, earnest, intellectual, and powerful senator; and in his place we find a dull inebriate, with feeble brains, and no influence.

It is said that Florence Nightingale's firmness at surgical operations was something marvelous; her appreciation of her mission grand. She stood one day with spirits, instruments, and ink in hand during the performing of a frightful amputation. Half a dozen young ladies, nurses, were behind her, holding basins, towels, and other things the surgeons might want. A barrowing groan from the patient suddenly put them all to flight, except Miss Nightingale, who, turning calmly round, called to them: "Come back! Shame on you as Christians! Shame on you as women!" They returned, holding each other's trembling hands, and some of them almost ready to faint. But they got over their nervous weakness as their novitiate advanced, and did an amount of good that lives in the memory of many a man rescued from death and pain by their gentle ministrations.

We sometimes delight to print names in order that they may be read aloud. The names of individuals are sometimes musical, and oftentimes indicate nationalities. A great deal is just now being perpetrated in the New York legislature against certain property-owners in the city of New York. There are two honest men opposing it. Their names are Roosevelt and Sprague. There are fourteen rascals favoring it, and their names are Bogan, Costello, Cullen, Haggerty, McManus, Maher, Sheehy, Ahearn, Breen, Gideon, McClelland, Murphy, Brodsky, and Nigltusch.

The communication reads as follows: "One Davitt, a good Catholic, died at Salinas, in the odor of sanctity, leaving his money—some two or three thousand dollars—to his sister, a nun under the black veil in convent life, with the request that his body be deposited beside that of his father in the consecrated ground of Lone Mountain. His friends brought him to San Francisco, where burial was denied him by the bishop, and his remains were taken back to Salinas for sepulture in unholy ground."

W. F. Poole, the experienced librarian, says: "We can make no reasonable guess as to which of the books and pamphlets of our day will be rare and priceless two hundred years hence; but of this we may rest assured, they will be publications which we now regard as trifles or trash." Eli Perkins, comments the Chicago *Tribune*, should paste this item in his bat.

## FROM SANTA CRUZ.

JUNE 16, 1882.—The winter of their discontent was made glorious summer to the people of Santa Cruz during the present week by the arrival of the advance of that phalanx of nymphs who look forward, during their long metropolitan exile, to the pleasant weeks annually promised them in June and July at this agreeable seaside resort; and the many landladies who yearly skirmish for a division of the ducats of the wealthy nomad from San Francisco and the interior, already feel that they have not whitewashed the front fence and polished up the handle of the big front door in vain. Indeed elongated countenances have already disappeared, and in their stead may be seen faces whose mobility indicate that the possessors thereof quietly relax a feature as car-load after car-load of recreative ladies and gentlemen arrive, and realize the fact that the day will certainly be cold when they get left. At any rate they are prepared for the big crowd that annually makes Santa Cruz its Mecca at this time of the year.

Saturday is the happiest day in the week at a seaside resort. Why? Because that is the day when papa comes down, or is expected down from the city, where, in a noble spirit of self-sacrifice, he has been toiling all through the week, amid metropolitan dust and turmoil, sustained by the pleasant thought that his family were enjoying themselves. And, on the whole, papa is a good fellow. He seldom misses the train, and he always comes with a package of bonbons for the little ones, you know, and with a mouth full of kisses for the whole of his lovely gang. And when papa swaps those latter sweets with fair-faced, fair-formed daughters of sixteen, eighteen, and even twenty, young gentlemen standing near, and observing the delicious exhibition, feel that he not only filches from them aromatic flavors which not enriches him, but maketh them poor and miserable beyond description. It must be borne in mind, however, that papa is a very convenient person for a young lady to mention when her charming face brightens up on a Saturday morning, or on any morning of a day of expected arrivals. While there is no doubt that papa's arrival caused, as it should cause, a great amount of pleasure to a devoted daughter, still, according to our observation, some others of papa's sex who are likely to come down on the same train, often contribute no small share to that delightful anticipation which causes pretty cheeks to glow more brightly, and speaking eyes to glisten more gladly as the shrieking locomotive comes along around the last curve, with its coaches of precious freight. But beside all this, Saturday is a pleasant day; for papa comes down to complete the family circle, and to revel with those juvenile treasures whose absence makes him mighty miserable, albeit they often make it uncomfortably warm for him when they are all at home; and Tom, and Bob, and George, and Charley all leave their desks, where they have been putting down so many, and carrying so many more all the week, and come down to the sea-shore to dance, and to swim, and to flirt, and to indulge in many other wholesome things which come under the head of proper recreation; and what a bright, gleesome crowd there is at the depot to welcome the above-named, to be sure! There are Katie, and Jennie, and Maggie, and Susie, all in summer attire, and grotesquely frescoed with Santa Cruz County freckles, each striving to outdo the other in demonstrations of salutation. Ah, my friends, the usual daily pastimes become nothing at all compared to the delights of these Saturday evening episodes; and you may take my word for it, that of all the happy days at this so-called Long Branch of the Pacific, the happiest, jolliest, and noisiest, and best is the day on which papa comes down from the city.

I spent nearly two hours on the beach this morning "reviewing" Neptune's brigade. The surf came just as if furnished to order, and hundreds plunged in, with and without "lusty sinews," "accoutred," as they were, in the hateful garb—that is, hateful as regards the weight of the flannel suiting, and the proneness such equipments have to exhibit one's *embonpoint*, or telegraph pole anatomy, as the case may be. It yet remains, however, for some genius to discover a more comfortable and complete prerequisite for this healthful sport. It may not be inopportune to remark, *en passant*, that the striped hose is much used this season, as it was last, by both sexes, to piece out the sparseness of some of the costumes, many of which, in red, white, and blue, betrayed a happy blending of our national escutcheon. There must have been at least half a hundred children in the surf at one time this morning, and it was funny to hear them all claim that the water was so warm, as the little chickens reluctantly came shivering up the beach at the summons of their respective mammas. But I am not unmindful of the fact that all generations of children have prevaricated regarding the temperature of the water on such occasions; and I do not forget that it is such who grow up, and catch all the big trout, and who become clerks in dry-goods stores, and import domestic cigars.

Companies F and G, who have encamped during Independence Day at Monterey during the past two years, will visit Santa Cruz this Fourth, and go into camp in the pretty fields back of Mrs. Pope's. And already the young ladies here have commenced to get their Montagues into training for bewitching effects, and to make preparation for entertainments that shall hegule the hold soldier, and make the memory of his camp life at Santa Cruz remain as imperishable as the stars—so they say.

In conclusion, let me admit, what is generally claimed, that Santa Cruz does not boast largely—she simply entertains her thousands every summer with fair accommodations at reasonable rates, and with a contented air pockets the result.

B. C. T.

The New York *World*, resolving to sift to the bottom the story which has been floating through the press concerning an old Irish uncle of Bonanza Mackay's, who was forsaken years ago by his ungrateful and now millionaire nephew, sent a reporter to Shandaker, Ulster County, N. Y., to interview the individual. The man proved to be a Tom Mackay, and told the reporter that the story is entirely false; that he had four nephews in Nevada, but that neither he nor they are in way related to the great John. So much for floating paragraphs.



## THE GOTHAM COACHING CLUB.

"Flaneur" tells of its Parade, and of Anglomania in General.

The Coaching Club has paraded. The great event wound up the winter season, and its social ally, the Jockey Club, opened the spring campaign at Jerome Park last Tuesday, so that the season of heavy dinners, state receptions, annoying teas, elaborate halls, theatre and opera parties, and extravagant weddings, was transformed into a season of racing, fox-hunting, polo-playing, yacchting, riding, lurching, hopping, and flirting, with great *défilé*. There has never been a more brilliant coaching parade than Saturday's, though only ten coaches drew up in line. The absent ones belonged to members now in Europe or to families in mourning. The principal reason of the success of this year's parade was the care shown in selecting the guests, not one of them being below the highest social line.

The costumes of the ladies were gorgeous, and the hold contrasts in colors made the coach-tops look brilliant in the extreme. Mrs. Wittier, Miss Oelrichs, Miss Townsend, Miss Ledyard, Mrs. Bronson, Mrs. Goellet, and Miss Marié, all wore costumes made by Worth for the occasion. The man milliner has many customers in New York, and his creations are followed here by fashionable ladies as far as full-dress occasions are concerned, but other costumes come from England. In the coaching dresses he seems to have given his imagination full play, for the departures were in many cases startling. The members of the club wore the regulation uniform of light trousers, dark-green driving coats with gold buttons, and tall white hats, and the other gentlemen were dressed in frock coats of light material, untanned leather shoes, and white hats. All along Fifth Avenue the houses were festooned with bunting, and the Brunswick Hotel was decorated with scarlet satin with gilt fringe. At five o'clock the guard of Colonel Jay's coach blew a ringing blast, and the line went howling up toward the park at a spanking pace. The beautiful blooded horses, the glistening drags, and their brightly-colored freight made a very pretty picture, and the air resounded with the musical blasts of the horns. While they were skimming through the park the crowd of people who had congregated in Madison Square to see them off moved slowly about, awaiting their return, staring idly at one another. There were at least three thousand there, nearly all of them with social pretensions or aspirations. It was a curious throng. I was born and have lived in New York all my life, and I have seen a great many New York crowds, but the crowd of Coaching Day this year was extraordinary, and in no way similar to the crowd of a year ago. The most striking thing was the result of the Anglomania—the craze for the English. It was not only striking in itself but was especially noteworthy, considering the fact that it has sprung up within a year and has already secured so firm a hold on New Yorkers. The girls and women all wore English walking-dresses with the close-fitting jerseys that Mrs. Langtry made so popular in London. I am a long way from a moralist, but I must say that I was shocked in several instances at these jerseys. Two girls of rather plump build were followed and stared at openly by the men, but they didn't seem to mind it at all. Their jerseys looked as though they were made of rubber, so close did they fit the form. They hunched up in the back, and the front view left about as little to the imagination as it would be reasonable to expect if a piece of fine satin were drawn so closely about a nude figure that a wrinkle, when the body bent one way or another, showed as though uncovered. The two girls were unquestionably of good social standing, and entirely respectable, but I couldn't help wondering at the effect they would have created if they had walked down Broadway in their eel-skin jerseys two or three years ago. There were hundreds of other jerseys, cut almost as close, and the girls, and in many instances their married sisters, wore the hair in a knot at the back of the neck, with a husby friz in front, the whole surmounted by a little English hat. The skirts were short, and the shoes of the English pattern, with heavy soles. It is worth noting, too, that the fashionable walk has suffered a complete transformation, and the girl who walks now as the girls walked a year ago places herself without the pale of society, and falls beneath the notice of even the lowest circles of fashion. Formerly she carried her arms akimbo—the further out she could thrust her elbows the better—clasped her hands about waist high, bent the shoulders over so as to make the chest narrow, and walked with a sinuous, undulating sort of step, moving her elbows and shoulders in unison with her knees, and holding her chin well forward. It was elegantly known as the "kangaroo slump." Now she is no more the creature that she was than the kangaroo is a British dragoon. The fashionable girl—and indeed nearly all New York girls, so quickly does custom spread—to-day throws her head back and her toes forward. To say that she walks like an English grenadier would be rather severe on that functionary, as he is simply erect, and holds his arms at his side, while the New York girl of to-day throws her head and shoulders so far back that her arms, which she allows to hang straight, fall behind the profile of her back. This naturally throws her—that portion of her—well, I'm nothing if not modest, so I'll say it—throws her hips very far forward, and, if anything, enhances the effect of her jersey. The appearance of a fashionable girl, walking with a fashionable strut, looking as though she had been melted and run into a fashionable jersey, is at least startling. If she looks English, she is satisfied; if she is mistaken for an Englishwoman, she is enchanted.

I have before written of the costume of the stylish young man, how tight his trousers are, how pointed he wears his shoes, and what extremities he reaches in hats. Coaching Day brought him out in the latest importation in head-gear. It is of course English. The hat is white, and the same form as a heaver, except that it is so low as to appear sat upon. It is hell-crowned, and the rim curls half-way to the top. It is grotesque, but English. Canes made like shepherds' crooks are the rage. The crooks bend around fully six inches, and are silver. The majority of men in Madison Square that day did not wear the single glass, but a great many did, and the score who could not hold it in the eye had it dangling on the coat front. They moved about, staring at each other, and bowing to friends. It is the proper thing

to assume a glassy, not to say ghastly, smile when meeting a friend. The girl does not bow at all, (bow could she with her jersey on?) but simply smiles. The man both bows and doffs his hat. His new way of removing the hat is a study. He first bows, with the aforementioned glassy smile, then straightens again, seizes the hat-rim directly over his nose, lifts it clear of his head—the bat not the nose—and with one motion sweeps it downward nearly to the knee, and then brings it up again, and drops it on his head. Meanwhile the maiden smiles. No wonder.

A bat and jersey greeted each other while I was wedged in a corner formed by a tree and a hench. I was talking with Park Commissioner Lain, and we instinctively stopped and listened to the two for a moment.

"Oy soy," said he—which is supposed to be the way Englishmen would pronounce "I say." Then he smiled, and continued with a vacant stare: "It's quite a tidy sort of a day, boy? Chawming air for driving, don't chew know, and quite as balmy as Epsom meeting a year ago. Were you there?" The girl looked up without a remnant of the free and fearless expression we are so fond of ascribing to American women, but with a large-eyed and idiotic stare, and said, with a child-like stupidity that I must say I have often noticed in English girls: "No; I was indeed not there last year. This is a very proper day, though, I'm sure, don't chew think? And I'm so satisfied with everything; it really puts one in mind of the other side. You'll really be up Chewsday, now, for it would be putting it upon mammaw dreadfully if you disappoint her again. Good-doy."

"Good-doy. Oy will—aw—he up Chewsday, without doubt."

Then he went through the laborious process of removing his hat, and they drifted apart.

"That's English, commissioner," I said, sadly.

"Yes," snorted the old man, "stable-boy and scullery-maid English. Do you know who they are?"

"I know that he sold me cigars in Park & Tilford's five years ago, when he impressed me as a very obsequious down-easter, but I haven't seen him for some years. His face always attracted me on account of its inherent stupidity."

"I don't know him; but he's probably running the rihhoun-counter in some dry-goods bouse. Possibly he has been sent to Liverpool for two weeks to deliver some letters. But the girl. She's the daughter of an old South Street cotton dealer, and I've known her for years. I'll wager my seat that she's never been across the pond in her life. Epsom! bah!"

Then we all rushed pell-mell across the park to see the coaches come in. They swept down charmingly, with everything in running order. It was an unfortunate fashion that decreed that coach-horses this year must not be of a color. Last year nearly every coach ran four blooded hays, and a prettier four-in-hand than that of pure bays can not be found. This year, however, the greatest diversity was voted the best form, because Lord Dunmore closed the season in London with a variegated four, and Mr. Roosevelt's composition of chestnut and roan leaders, and gray and bay wheelers, received the greatest applause. The number of married ladies on the coaches would lead a stranger to wonder where all the society belles are. The fact is, there are very few girls in society who are at all popular. The palm is carried off by the young married ladies, who virtually control the social destinies of the metropolis. A coterie of more beautiful women can not be found in any other city in the world.

After their drive the club sat down to a magnificent dinner at the Brunswick. The table was over seventy feet long, the whole middle surface being a miniature Jerome Park, with race-course, water-jumps, grand-stand, club-house, and a model coach, with four little five-inch horses speeding down the roadway, with a six-inch President Jay on the box seat. The little park was made with real grass, and was girted by a ten-inch band of full-blown roses.

The spring festivities were ushered in by ten thousand people—the upper ten thousand—on Tuesday, at Jerome Park. The day determines the toilets of the summer in advance, and fixes the fashions irrevocably. It was a very showy crowd—a gaudy crowd—for the costumes were in many cases too loud, and the actress is never too notorious and the woman never too fast to be denied admission at the gates of Jerome Park. I suppose objectionable women will always visit race-courses, where their more desirable sisters assemble, but it is rather annoying to have them push themselves forward as vigorously as they did at Jerome Park. And their costumes were in many cases astounding. They know apparently what society women will wear, or at least they divine what will be worn, and get up in the most advanced styles themselves in rivalry. I saw a curious thing on the drive to the races. Mr. Blank's coach (he does not belong to the club) was rolling along easily with a party of brightly dressed ladies and gentlemen on top, the owner handling the reins like a veteran whip, but there was evidently something the matter, for the ladies beld their heads high in the air, and their escorts scowled palpably. The horses were a little wet, as though from hard driving, and the look of annoyance on the faces of the party increased every minute as people passed them with knowing smiles or grins of coarse derision. On the other side of the coach, and running within two feet of its fore-wheels, was another vehicle drawn by a couple of thin and rawhoned trotters. In the little road-wagon sat a man and woman, and it was the fact of their proximity to the aristocratic drag that caused the sensation. Not on the man's account, though he is well known as an ex-convict, and the keeper of a faro bank that has been "pulled" half a dozen times, but because the woman, by a mysterious and dismal fate, was dressed precisely like the lady who sat on the box-seat of the coach, even to the parasol. They were about the same build, both pronounced blondes, and wore exactly the same shade of blue, with huge coaching hats, and brightly painted parasols. I never saw two women look more alike, except, of course, the ex-convict's companion showed the signs of a terrible life. He sat in the trim little wagon with a cigar-hut in his mouth, and an impudent leer on his face, while she sat at his side with her head thrown back, and a pair of brazen blue eyes riveted on the face of the lady who sat nervous and ill at ease above her on the coach. The likeness between the women was striking. It set me thinking. I wonder if there was anything in it?

NEW YORK, June 10, 1882.

## SAN FRANCISCO FASHIONS.

Last week I was shown some very elegant material for costumes. It is black embroidery on black grenadine. The grenadine is of the usual width; half of it is embroidered, and sometimes the entire width. The design shows the most beautiful patterns, principally of fruits, flowers, and grasses. This rich work is intended for draperies or flounces, and is sold as high as thirty-five and forty dollars a yard. It can be made up with plain grenadine or black silk. I was told that it is all hand-made. A costume of the above-named material has lately been made for one of our fashionable ladies. The skirt was of plain black silk, with a flounce only about eight inches wide of the embroidery—that is, of that part which was only embroidered on one edge of the thin material. Over this skirt was to be worn a polonaise, made of the solid embroidery, or where the entire width of the grenadine was covered with it. The bodice was fitted like a basque over black silk, and the skirt part of the polonaise was looped with black lace ribbon. The sleeves were made of the completely embroidered stuff, and trimmed with a twisted hand and little knot of ribbon. The front of the waist, which was cut surplice-shape, was finished with a little soft puff of plain grenadine, edged with a rubie, composed of one row of white and one row of black lace. This rubie met at the belt, and was completed by a loop of ribbons. I forgot to say that the narrow flounce at the base of the skirt was very scant, in order to show the design of the embroidery. Several imported dresses were shown me that were made up of thin materials such as Mulls, both French and India, Nainsook, Swiss, and lawns. They all display a quantity of ruffles, embroidery, and lace. Shirring is very pretty on such dresses, but owing to the disadvantage of doing them up it is not popular. The lace generally used for such costumes is Mechlin, Valenciennes, or any light fancy lace. Very narrow white ribbon, only about an inch wide, made into knots or loops, is very effective on these toilets. Surahs, China crape, silk muslin, and nuns' veiling are much sought after just now. Surahs, foulards, and tafetta find great favor for street wear, and principally in such colors as blue, gray-blue, cypress green, garnet, and a new shade known as putty, which is the shade of the cement used by plasterers. It is a soft, lovely gray, and for the street is very beautiful when combined with something a shade or two darker. It is also exceedingly stylish for dinners or receptions, made up with a rich garnet or myrtle green color. Regarding wraps and out-door garments, news comes from Europe that shawls are to become quite the fashion again, and already an importing establishment has placed before its customers a large quantity of these goods. They are splendid for traveling, for morning wear, or for the theatre, and especially for the latter-named place, as they are so easily thrown aside. The principal ones shown me were real India goods of camel's hair. They were double length, and striped, showing every color of the rainbow, and were marked from ten dollars up to seventy-five dollars. There is another make of these shawls called the "Delhi." They are square in shape and come a little more expensive, ranging in price as they do from fifteen dollars up to two hundred and sixty dollars. Handsome light wraps are still being made up. A cashmere fabric trimmed with embroidery is dressy and pretty, as are also the capes of chenille and black Spanish lace. Then there is the Sicilienne jacket, generally made of satin or twilled silk. Chudda-cloth makes comfortable and serviceable mantles, and gives promise of being much in vogue for fall wear. These street garments are made of two-thirds length, and when of black goods are lined with copper-color, old-gold, or dull-brick. When of a light color they are lined—if they are lined at all—with silk or satin the exact shade of the outside. The latest thing in curtains is the "Madras." The body of these goods is a black sort of net work of fine small meshes upon which is brocaded stripes and figures in rich designs, done in chenille and silk, and in such colors as old-gold, bronze, light and dark brown, and olive green. The entire curtain is shot with tinsel that winds around the figures, which are in leaves or fruit, and follows the stripes. These curtains come in pairs, four yards in length, and a yard and three-quarters in width, ranging in price from sixteen up to twenty-five dollars. These are used principally for dining or sitting-rooms, or sometimes for bed-rooms, although I saw another new kind more suitable for the latter purpose. It was of a thin wash material of a delicate cream tint, with a border about seven inches wide formed into squares, and the squares filled in with houquets done in embroidery and chain-stitch work, and of such tints as pink, blue, and light sea-green. The centre is filled up with vines and flowers. The price marked was twenty and twenty-five dollars a pair.

June 15, 1882.

HELENA.

The Washington correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says that "the singular gold ornaments worn by Miss Emily Beale on several occasions during the winter are antique jewels once belonging to the royal princesses of Bulgaria. When persecutions and the privations of war came upon the noble owners, they were forced to part with these treasures, and found a purchaser in the Russian Governor of their province, who sent them to the fair American wife of his cousin, M. Bakmeteff, secretary of the Russian Legation at Paris. Madame Bakmeteff (*née* Beale) sent a large necklace and accompanying bracelets to her sister here, and the barbaric ornaments have attracted much attention each time they have been worn." Miss Emily Beale is the very attractive and accomplished sister of Truxton Beale, a young commission merchant of this city, and daughter of General Beale, who, as we have once before stated, is one of the most elegant entertainers at the national capital, and monarch of all he surveys when upon his ranch in Kern County, where the stranger is not only hospitably taken in, but sumptuously fed on peacock on toast.

Girls dearly like, says the Boston *Courier*, to read about poor young men struggling bravely for recognition from a back garret; but when it comes to selecting a man for a husband, they prefer to take an old, fat man, with a clear million, who takes his ease in a five-story, brown-stone front.

FLANEUR.



## VANITY FAIR.

Mrs. Kate Chase, as she will now be called, says a Washington correspondent, is still extremely handsome, but it is the glamour of a past beauty rather than that which still exists. She looks faded and haggard. The papers that have rushed to the defense of Mrs. Sprague's wardrobe, and assert that she has been a Cinderella since 1879, evidently have not seen that lady for some years. She is now, as she always was, one of the most beautifully costumed women in Washington. She is always elegantly dressed, and elegant clothes can't be bought for a song. Mrs. Sprague never had the reputation of denying herself. About a year ago she appeared one day in the gallery of Congress in a dark-green costume that connoisseurs pronounced exquisite. Exquisite dresses cost money. The pretty romance that Mrs. Sprague has been living on nothing is perfect nonsense. She is not the kind of woman who could or would live on nothing. Does any practical person suppose that a family of a mother and three daughters can keep up an establishment and horses and carriages, and give little dinners, and take trips on the pittance with which the know-nothing papers credit her? Or is it remarkable that a woman reared in luxury should hesitate to use money of her husband's because she feared his creditors would suffer? Ninety-nine worldly women out of a hundred would do just as Mrs. Sprague does.

At the last drawing-room, says the London correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, the pretty young American bride, Lady Waterlow, was presented, and fully maintained, by her selection of a dress, the high standard of taste which is now expected everywhere of Americans. Lady Waterlow's lovely presentation gown was of white brocade gauze, lined with pale, salmon-colored satin, the petticoat being of white satin trimmed with pearl embroidery, Honiton lace, and clusters of tea-roses.

"We have sold about five times as many sunflower seeds this year as we did last year," remarked a New York florist to a *Sun* reporter recently. "The demand for sunflower seeds came on us quite suddenly. The sales have been made mostly over the counter this spring to persons who live in the suburbs of New York, or in good sized cities on principal railroads. Next year the demand will come in from as far west as the Mississippi River, and not until two years from now will the rage get to the Rocky Mountains. When the sales first began to increase the purchasers would laugh, and get a little red in the face, and look guilty when asking for them; but now, bless you, they are quite brazen about talking over the different species of the flower. The California sunflower is most affected. A lady the other day bought a large quantity through her gardener, and intends to plant them between her house and the street, in one of the suburbs of New York, and the plants will form a hedge three hundred feet long. The demand for calla lilies also is large. But a very beautiful new calla, that has just been brought from England, is to be popular. It is long and slender, like a spear-head, is of a soft yellow color, is under-sized, and has a delicate purple throat down in the centre of the bell."

The graduating ball at Annapolis this year is promised to excel all its predecessors. The ball will be held in the new armory, and six thousand invitations are to be sent out. The class of '82 is not a large one, thirty-eight being the number of middies turned out this year; but with the assistance of the other cadets there will be partners enough for the helles who will attend. Mrs. Paramore, (*née* Nellie Hazeltine), the great belle of St. Louis, is coming on to see her brother graduate, and will chaperone a party of young ladies from that city. Baltimore and Washington will contribute their complement of beauty, and other places will do their best.

"In a fashionable furniture store," says Clara Belle, in her New York letter, "I didn't at first know what to make of the actions of a young woman. She was elaborately gotten up as to clothes, and had some advantages in the way of natural good looks, so that she was altogether a thing of considerable beauty. She was sitting in an upholstered easy chair before a big mirror, and striking various poses—now lying back on the soft stuffing, with her arms spread out negligently; now leaning against one of the sides, with elbow supporting her body; now sitting bolt upright in the middle. All the while she regarded her reflection in the glass with a critical air. What do you suppose she was at? Why, getting herself fitted with a chair. She knew how hard it is to be graceful in some of the chairs of novel shape, and was bound to have one that would help instead of hinder her in posing prettily before her visitors. When a girl sets out to be a fascinator, you understand, she must use all the devices available for that purpose. So this creature was neither lunatic nor fool, though the appearances were a little against her. I hung about covertly, and saw that she finally bought the chair, with the proviso that the sides should be lowered two inches."

It is in England, says the Boston *Gazette*, etiquette to drive with four horses to the place where the honeymoon is to be spent; but in the present state of American distances the drive is generally only to the nearest railway station. In almost the single case of Lord Mandeville and Miss Yznaga, whose wedding was managed on English principles, this form of carrying the bride away was copied in this country. Mr. Bennett lending his carriage to the groom, who with his bride was driven out through the Park to a hotel near Fort Washington for the honeymoon. But if this plan is followed, as we hear that it is to be in some June weddings, let it be understood that this is the only carriage which the groom furnishes.

Red silk umbrellas now loom up on every side, says a New York journal. They, too, seem to be in their proper place if used for the races, though, heaven knows, they are confined to no such limitations. Where do they not appear, and with what costume, and on what occasion are they not carried? They are useful enough, that is not to be denied, and being without trimming, and having usually plain, substantial handles, will resist a great deal of wear and tear. The same thing may, of course, be said of the bright blue

silk sun umbrellas that come second in popular favor. People who prefer ties to boots in summer will be glad to know that they are to be worn a great deal this season, high on the instep, and laced up the front. The only hose that it will be correct to wear with them will be black—silk or fine Lisle thread. Indeed, black stockings are worn almost to the exclusion of all colored ones by many people at present. They are worn with boots, with shoes, with slippers; even with white satin slippers in some cases, in the evening. Frankly, this seems to us very ugly; but fashion is arbitrary. Not but that there is a great deal of distinction about a black silk stocking. With some dresses it is perfection. Even the little folks are of this opinion nowadays, and small girls capering around in little pink and white and blue surah and white lace "robes Anglaises" think themselves much aggrieved unless their chubby nether limbs are incased, in English style, in black silk stockings.

A new departure has been made in the attire of ball-room waiters in London. An association has been started, all the members of which adopt an extremely neat livery of black with gilt buttons, and knee-breeches with silk stockings. This precludes the gratification of their receiving hearty greeting as honored guests of the house; but it improves the appearance of a supper-room, and, moreover, the liveried attendants exact a larger fee than is paid to them when they appear in the ordinary evening array of English gentlemen and their butlers.

Mrs. J. W. Mackay, says the New York *Knickerbocker*, the wife of the bluff and brusque, but big-hearted millionaire from Nevada, who resides in Paris, has the largest and finest sapphire in the world. She has also six parures of diamonds, some of diamonds alone, and others in which other precious stones are mingled. One lovely set is a necklace, bracelets, brooch, and earrings of the palest pink corat, set with diamonds. Mrs. Mackay bought many of the jewels which once belonged to Madame Marie Blanc, the proprietor of the Monaco gaming-palace. Before Madame Blanc collected these jewels they belonged to princes and nobles, and her ownership was the result of unfortunate bets. One lady once recognized a peculiar brooch, and showed Mrs. Mackay how a secret spring opened it, and her child's portrait was inside. Mrs. Mackay insisted on making her a present of the brooch, as report had shown that the lady's husband had ruined himself at play, and even stooped so low as to steal his wife's jewels. Mrs. Mackay gave a grand masked ball recently in her hotel, in Paris, at which all the notables of that city assisted. The hostess wore a quaint costume of the period of Louis XVI. made of tea-rose satin, richly trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and a powdered wig. Pearls of great price decorated the pointed corsage, and held a *panache* of plumes in her hair. Tiny slippers with diamond buckles and high red heels were worn on her feet.

It seems that the subject of giving Patti social recognition, should she come here next winter, is already under discussion in New York—that city of surprises and novelties. The moneyed people have agreed to take her up; but that is not full social recognition, even in New York. Nilsson is to be asked to sing at musicales at one thousand dollars per evening, the merest trifle to Mrs. Vanderbilt, who proposes to get into the *haut ton* by some means or other.

"You may remember," says the Paris correspondent of the London *World* for May 17th, "that recently Mrs. Mackay, the wife of the bonanza king, incurred the wrath of the petticoated gazetteer of high life in the *Figaro* by refusing to invite her to her fêtes. The gazetteer in question thereupon demolished Mrs. Mackay in the *Figaro*, turned up her nose at her vulgar manners, her flashy dress, her ridiculously large diamonds, and finally declared that Mrs. Mackay could never aspire to elegance or *chic*. Thereupon Mrs. Mackay proclaimed that she did not wish to make any new acquaintances; that she had enough people around her who were attracted only by her nuggets, and that for the guidance of suitors she wished to have it known that she meant to give no dowry to her daughter. Last Tuesday Mrs. Mackay gave a fancy-dress ball, at which there were hardly three Parisians present. The manifesto had its effect. The consequence was that the swarm of American girls, each more eccentric, more elegant, and more shrill-voiced than the other, did not amuse themselves so much as in the old days when Mrs. Mackay did not put on airs."

The new lawn-tennis hats are of soft felt in peacock blue, crimson, or cream-color, and there are others that have white watered figures upon them.—The German Empress, who was recently on a visit to her daughter at Baden-Baden, sent one of her ladies-in-waiting the other day to Ems, to greet the Empress Eugenie and present her with a handsome bouquet of violets.—Jewelled scarf-pins are used to fasten bonnet strings.—The Marquisate of Hertford, from having been one of the richest, is now almost the poorest of English marquisates, three-fourths of the estate of Thackeray's Lord Steyne having passed by will to Sir Richard Wallace.—The toilets worn by the ladies on coaching day in New York always set the fashions for the summer in society circles.—It is expected that the youthful Earl of Shrewsbury will marry Mrs. Mundy early in June.—Ladies who venture to appear at the Queen's drawing-room in high bodices must go armed with a doctor's certificate. Victoria is a model of propriety, but she will insist, unless a subject is consumptive, on seeing her bare throat and shoulders. Generally the British matron is nothing loath to gratify Her Majesty.—It is again repeated, and on excellent authority, that the dowager Countess of Lonsdale, the beautiful Gladys, whose husband died suddenly a short time ago, has already been privately married to Mr. Luke White. It is certain that she does not wear mourning. Her jointure is about five thousand pounds a year.—At afternoon weddings in June white is almost the only wear for young ladies, but these toilets are satin surah made elaborate with embroidery, or else white China crape with lace, or perhaps silk muslin or nuns' veiling, with finely wrought figures all over the fabric, and many yards of oriental lace for garniture. The sash, the gloves, and bonnet are also white, and the only "touch" of color is given by the large cluster of flowers on the corsage, or of feathers in the bonnet.

## LITERARY NOTES.

The fourth volume of the new edition of Bret Harte's works is "Gabriel Conroy." This story was first published in *Scribner's Magazine*, after which it appeared in book form, although sold only by subscription. This was the author's first essay at writing a long novel, and it did not meet with the success which attended his other works. There are in the book many well written chapters, where the author recovers his brilliancy; but as a whole, the unevenness of the entire work did not give it as great success as a shorter story would have obtained. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$2.

Mr. Maturin M. Ballou has just published a copious and most interesting collection of "Notable Thoughts About Women." It consists of extracts from the writings of all the authors or individuals who have ever said anything good, bad, or indifferent concerning this delicate subject. It is seldom that so thorough a research into literature has been made. In these pages are to be found the translated words of men of all nationalities. Obscure writers have been unearthed whenever they could serve the compiler's purpose, and Mr. Ballou must have had much toil to attain his present success. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.50.

Congressman S. S. Cox issues the second part of the work on his travels abroad under the title of "Orient Sunbeams, or from the Pyramids to the Pyramids." Mr. Cox has sought, in the writing of these volumes, not merely to give the description of localities which have been written up *ad nauseam* by every European traveler, but to furnish statistics and political information as well. He has neglected to dwell long upon objects and places tolerably familiar to the reading public, in order that he may note peculiarities which are especially interesting from their singularity. The chapter on the real condition of modern Turkey displays the author's keen observation, while the manner in which he unravels the perplexing systems of Turkish and Egyptian finance does him much credit. Mr. Cox, however, is not without his faults as a writer. The style which he adopts possesses to an almost offensive degree the colloquial style of the slipshod newspaper correspondent. This is due in a measure to the fact that the volume is a compilation of correspondence. But it would have been far better if the work had received a greater degree of polish. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

Announcements: Edward Jenkins's story, "A Paladin of Finance"—apparently a satire on the late unlamented Union Générale of unsavory financial memory—is to be reprinted immediately in this country by J. R. Osgood & Co.—Mr. Edmund Gosse has discovered fresh facts bearing on the life of the poet Gray—facts which he has embodied in his monograph on Gray. This is to be the next volume of the "English Men of Letters" series.—Miss Rhonda Broughton, the author of "Nancy," is writing a new novel.—"Uncle Remus"—otherwise Joel Chandler Harris—has written a short story, which is mentioned as a work of genius equal to the "Tar-Baby."—Bret Harte's recollections of Longfellow will appear in the next number of *Good Words*. They have already been published in German in a Vienna journal.—The Empress of Brazil intends to publish his traveling experiences. The book, which is written in French, will be called "Mes Impressions de Voyage."—A volume of Mr. Longfellow's later poems, comprising all that were written after the publication of his last book, "Ultima Thule," is in press, and will appear some time in June, probably about the twenty-fifth, says the Boston *Journal*.

"John Quincy Adams," by J. T. Morse Jr., is a condensed account of a statesman who has had statemen for his voluminous biographers, beside a diary which is probably unequalled for its size in the world's history. But the present volume contains everything of importance which the average reader will require, and the plain and fair treatment which the author gives to all parties in the account of the political world in Adams's day will enable any one to easily and impartially comprehend the situation. The Adams family stands out in history as the representative American family. From mid John Adams down to the present generation, its members have been more than noted for their brave independence. John Adams was one of the great spirits who arose with Washington and Franklin to the emergency of the Revolution. His intrepid coolness served his purpose during days of trouble, and in the subsequent and quieter times the same hardihood won the hatred of all party politicians. It was not so with John Quincy Adams. Providence permitted him to hold to his independent course amid the gibes and bitter abuse of party whips and dogs, until his fearless conduct won him the nation's admiration and the politicians' respectful fear. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.25.

Miscellany: Mr. Davis, the millionaire backer of *Our Continent*, has withdrawn from his connection with that periodical, in consequence of ill health. As Mr. Davis steps out, Messrs. Ford, Howard & Hulbert, Judge Tourgee's publishers, step in.—The late James Rice wrote nothing of importance, it is asserted, unaided by Walter Besant, except a "History of the Turf."—Mr. Robert Riviere, the celebrated book-binder, who died in London recently, was a brother of the still more celebrated Madame Anna Bishop. When the Doomsday-book was to be bound, some years ago, Mr. Riviere, it is said, was called upon to undertake the responsible task. He refused to do so, however, insisting that there should be an open competition for the work; so bids and specifications were called for, and Mr. Riviere carried off the prize.—Among the many guesses made concerning the authorship of the striking new novel "A Reverend Idol" is one that points to the author of "Democracy," the American story which is just now being so praised in England.—"Les Récréations Philologiques" for June 14th contains, among other articles, the continuation of "La Dame de Lyon," "Grammaire," and "Le Quart d'Heure de Rabelais." Edited and published by L. Sauveur, 85a Sixth Avenue, New York; price, \$2.00 per year.

About two years ago Mr. J. Henry Shorthouse, a chemical manure manufacturer of Manchester, England, wrote a novel, "John Inghent," which at first fell dead on the market. A year after its publication, however, Mr. Gladstone, the premier, happened upon the book, read it, and told everybody that it kept him up all one night to finish it. Then several literary ladies, who form the critical judge's bench of London society, urged their friends to read the volume, asserting that it was the most original publication in many a year. In January of this year a sort of "boom" began. Several editions were exhausted in as many days. Mudie, the great circulating-library man, went beyond any of his former precedents, and placed nearly two thousand copies in circulation; while Bain, the large Haymarket bookseller, says that he has not sold so many copies of a novel in twenty years. Almost the same interest has been awakened in the Eastern States, and one large paper, in three successive issues, headed its literary column with the question, "Have you read 'John Inghent'?" The novel is a departure from most of the established canons. Its scene is laid in the days of Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell. The hero is designed from his birth for a special mission. His father is a Roman Catholic. John is placed under the tutelage of a wise and upright Jesuit priest, who teaches him unquestioning obedience, and gives him a thorough classical and philosophical training. The Jesuit never permits the youth to become one of his order, and purposely encourages his association with learned and religious Protestants. Thus the young man is educated to be a diplomatic go-between for the two parties. Upon his majority, he enters the king's service, and executes many missions of great delicacy and bravery. On the accession of Cromwell he goes abroad, finally reaching Italy, where he gains great honor by his success as a diplomatist and mediator for the Catholic authorities. This is merely an outline of the novel, but the book is full of masterly studies of the various factions and creeds of that period, beside remarkable descriptions of historic personages. There runs through the volume a weird mysticism, and the hero constantly comes in contact with the supernatural. Many of the incidents are very exciting, and are wrought out with great artistic effect. Published by Macmillan & Co., London and New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.



## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The Cincinnati Sandwich.

Cincinnati and sunset come in view together, and we rush for the Pittsburg sleeper; the jester rechecks the baggage for supper, and gnaws the indestructible sandwich of the railway dining-station by way of dessert. He bought half-a-peck of them. The date burned in the bottom of them has led eminent archaeologists to infer they were originally cast for the *Mayflower* supplies. They are four inches thick, each side, and are lined with apparent traces of ham. The assay also shows up some indications of butter of the Queen Anne period, but not in paying quantities. They can be reduced by strong acids of intense heat, but can not be crushed by friction. As a food they are not nutritious, but are perfectly harmless. Professor Doremus, who has subjected them to a careful analysis, says there is not enough ham in two millions of them to endanger a two-year-old baby from trichinae, and he says indeed the trichinae couldn't find enough nutrition in a railroad sandwich to support microscopic life a minute. Professor Proctor says if a comet ever threatens the world with a collision, that one blow with a railway sandwich will knock the everlasting nucleus out of the biggest comet that ever swung a tail. This sandwich is often thought, but never eaten. The jester found a vulnerable spot in one, and gnawed a bite out of it, and all night long he dreamed that he was a quartz-mill.—*Burdette.*

Myrtle McMurry's Love.

"Myrtle, dear?"  
 "Yes, George, what is it?" replied the girl, glancing shyly upward.

The radiant glory of a summer moon shone down upon the earth this June night, bathing in all its mellow splendor the leafy branches of the sturdy old oaks that had for centuries shaded the entrance to Castle McMurry and laughed defiance to the fierce gales that every winter came howling down in all their cruel force and fury from the moorlands lying to the westward of the castle. On the edge of the broad demesne that stretched away to the south stood a large hindle cow, and as the moonlight flecked with silvery lustre her starboard ribs she seemed to Myrtle a perfect picture of sweet content and almost holy calm.

"Is it not a beautiful night, dearest?" murmured the girl. "See how the moonbeams flutter down through the trees, making strange lights and shadows that flit among the shrubs and flowers in such a weird, ghost-like fashion. The dell is indeed clothed in loveliness to-night, sweetheart."

"Yes," said George W. Simpson, "this is the boss dell." And then, looking down into the pure, innocent face that was lifted to his, he took in his own broad, third-base palm the little hand that erstwhile held up Myrtle's polonaise. As they stood there silently in the hosky glade, George passed his arm silently but firmly around Myrtle's waist.

The noble girl did not shy.

"Do you love me, sweetheart?" he asked in accents that were tremulous with tremulousness.

Myrtle's head was drooping now, and the rosy blushes of Calumet Avenue innocence were chasing each other across her peachy cheeks.

George drew her more closely to him. If a mosquito had tried to pass between them then it would have been had—for the mosquito.

"Can you doubt me, darling?" he whispered. "You surely must know that I love you with a wild, passionate, whoa-Emma love, that can never die. Dou you not love me a little in return?"

For an instant the girl did not speak. George heard the whisking of the hindle cow's tail break in rudely upon the solemn stillness of the night, and ever and anon came the dull thud of the hullfrog as he jumped into a neighboring pond. Presently Myrtle placed her arms about his neck, and with a wistful, baby's got-the-cram look in her sweet face, she said to him: "I love you, George, with a deathless devotion that will eventually keep you broke." And with these fateful words she adjusted her rumpled hang and fearlessly led the way to an ice-cream lair.—*From "How Suchers Bite in Chicago," by Joseph Medill, the Chicago Tribune Novelist.*

The Substitute Editor.

"Who is that sad-looking man whom I saw sitting in the next room as I came through?" said Mr. Jones to the managing editor.

"That?—that is Lawson, our substitute editor."

"What is a——what are the functions of that kind of an editor?"

"Why, you know, we employ Lawson to shoulder disagreeable consequences of all kinds. When we 'go for' anybody until outraged nature can no longer stand it, the injured man calls, and we show him in and let him kick Lawson."

"But I don't exactly understand how——"

"Why, you see, the man comes here, and asks to see the managing editor. The boy at the door knows, from the fire in his eye, what he wants, and he turns him into Lawson's room. There is a brief scrimmage, and about a quarter of an hour later Lawson saunters in here, with his handkerchief to his nose, to say that his salary must be raised. He is a very useful man. By concentrating all the storms on him, the regular staff is allowed to have perfect peace and security. He is cowed once or twice a week, and knocked down even oftener. We have the floor in there padded, on purpose to make it as comfortable as possible. He don't mind an ordinary flogging so much, but the man has a strange disinclination to being shot at, possibly because he has three bullets in his legs and a two-ounce slug encysted somewhere in his interior department.

"But Lawson don't mind his ordinary duties as much as you would think. We turn in all the hores upon him. He commands a large salary because he is deaf as a post, and a hore who would set me crazy, leaves him in a condition of unruffled calmness. All the poets who come here are sent to his room. One of them'll sit there and read to Lawson a poem in forty-two stanzas, and Lawson will sit there smiling blandly, just as if he heard it all, and then he'll compliment the writer, and bow him and his manuscript out with charm-

ing grace and ease. He makes mistakes sometimes, to be sure. The other day a man read him a speech, which the man wanted to pay for inserting in the paper. Lawson thought it was a poem, and he told the man, in the usual formula, that he was sorry our advertising was pressing us so just now that he couldn't oblige him, and the man went up street and published it in the *Herald*. A dead loss to us of about forty dollars.

"Whenever there's an excursion on a dangerous part of a new railroad, or a trial trip of a steamboat that we are doubtful about, we always send Lawson to represent the staff. He has been blown up twice on the river, and has been dropped eight times through a defective trestle-bridge, besides participating in a couple of boiler explosions. He receives all the champion cahgages, gigantic turnips, and remarkable eggs that are sent here by subscribers for notice, and he tests all the giant cucumbers and early watermelons that come in. We could hardly run this office safely if we didn't have Lawson."

"He struck me as looking rather low-spirited."

"So he is. He has naturally a strong constitution, but he is gradually breaking down under the strain, I am afraid, and is going to die early. It weighs on his mind. He had a terrific fight with an indignant politician last summer, just after he had tested a basket of rather unripe cantaloupes, and I have noticed that he has been somewhat gloomy since."

Just then the subdued noise of an altercation was heard in the adjoining room; there was a pistol shot, and a bullet came whizzing through the partition, passing close to Mr. Jones's head.

"What's that?" asked Jones.

"Lawson's having a tussle with McIlvaine, the Democratic candidate for common council. We cut McIlvaine up in to-day's issue. I thought he'd call. Boy!" exclaimed the editor, "run for a policeman!"

Then the sound died away, and ten minutes later, when Mr. Jones went out, he saw the policeman and two other men carrying Lawson to the hospital on a stretcher, whereupon the managing editor said:

"We'll have to let up on McIlvaine for a day or two, or till Lawson has time to recuperate."

The P. O. Clerk.

The postoffice delivery clerk is really a very mild and inoffensive creature—when he is dead or discharged. In his official capacity, however, he is not excessively communicative or oppressively polite. He never comes out of his window to chat with a friend, or to point out to a stranger the way to the court-house. There are several characteristics and eccentricities of the delivery clerk that may be worth mentioning. He will look at the inquiring one in a preoccupied sort of way, and when the latter states that his name is J. F. Wilson, and asks if there are any letters for him, the clerk will go into a reverie over about forty letters which he will fish out of the W box. After he examines them all, and has had ten minutes of joint discussion with the first assistant mailing clerk, with regard to whether the second throw that Smith made last night was two sixes and a three or two threes and a six, he will then look over a few more letters, until he comes to one that looks as if it might fit the man outside, and coming to the window, says: "You are sure your name isn't J. P. Williams, are you?" as if Wilson might have lost or mislaid his name, and unconsciously picked up another man's name by mistake, as one might exchange a hat or an umbrella. When the man assures him that his name, as well as he can remember, is Wilson, the clerk looks disgusted and disappointed because he is again harked in disposing of some of his stale literature. The most exasperating specimen of delivery clerk is the one who has the reputation of having a remarkable memory. He remembers, or pretends to remember, the names of all the letters in all the pigeon-holes from A to Z, and we never saw a man yet who wouldn't doubt the accuracy of his statement when, without looking through his stock of letters, he says: "Naw, nothing for the name."

Apple-Butter.

Peck's *Sun* tells the following story about two Grand Rapids partners in the produce business, named Spafford & Cole, who sent two orders to be filled, one of three thousand dollars to New York, another of sixteen dollars to a Michigan firm. By some unaccountable mistake Cole sent the sixteen-dollar draft to the New York house with instructions to place the amount to the credit of the firm, and the three-thousand dollar draft was sent to the Michigan firm with instructions to send the worth of the enclosed draft in apple-butter. The New York house was disgusted at the small remittance, and the Michigan firm were scared out of their boots. It was the highest order for apple-sauce they had ever heard of, and they started men out all over central Michigan huying up all the apple-butter they could find, and at the end of two days they shipped four car-loads, and wrote that they would ship the balance some time during the week. Cole was away shooting pigeons when the first load of apple-butter arrived. Spafford was probably as near crazy as any man can be who never tried to edit a newspaper. He looked over the eleven wagon-loads of apple-butter, and when told that there were several car-loads more at the depot, he turned pale, leaned against a harrel of beans, and fanned himself with a codfish. He rallied, however, and allowed the wagons to be unloaded, but told the teamsters that was probably all the apple-butter they would need that day, if they economized on it, and they need not haul the rest till the next day. The next day Cole got hack, and was astonished at the number of harrels in front of the store. Spafford watched him a few minutes, and then called him into the office, and told him it was as good a time as any to dissolve partnership; that Cole could take the apple-butter, and he would take the rest of the stuff, and they would separate. Spafford said, at his time of life he didn't want to establish an apple-butter reservoir to supply the whole of Wisconsin and Minnesota. The firm finally got out of the apple-butter trade by shipping it all over the State to be sold on commission, and showing it into the woods for the lumbermen, and the traveling man who told us about it says the firm actually made eight hundred dollars clear on the apple-butter, because they had unconsciously cornered the market.

## A FEMALE MUNCHAUSEN.

How a London Lady Lies About What She Saw in South America.

Mrs. Marion Mulhall, an English lady, who has recently written an extraordinary hook called "Between the Amazon and the Andes," told the following veracious tales of her tropical experience the other day to a correspondent of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*: "South American spiders seem like the evil spirits of the insect world. My hat was not infrequently knocked off by their strong webs, stretched from tree to tree, the great, hairy fellows, big as one's hand, looking on with quiet satisfaction. The largest of them suggest a swollen black crah, and supply their larder by catching birds. One day, dining with some friends on the open veranda of a Brazilian house, I exclaimed at the sight of one of these monster tarantulas making its way toward my feet. Quick as thought the gentleman next to me threw his fork at it with such good aim that the prongs entered its body, when, to our astonishment, the unwelcome visitor coolly walked off with the silver utensil sticking in him. But these monster spiders are not so venomous as the smaller ones that abound in the forests; and they are not all vagabonds and idlers. For instance, one species, which is perfectly harmless, and clusters like bees, makes a beautiful white silk thread, very suitable for weaving, especially into stockings, several pairs of which have been presented to dignitaries as curiosities, and it is an industry which only needs encouragement. Again, the web of another spider furnished patterns for the exquisite non-duty lace made of the caragatay fiber by the natives of Paraguay. This lace is very beautiful, and perfectly distinct from any other kind. It takes months of steady work to finish one piece, and such is the delicacy of the thread that the women have to make it indoors lest a whiff of air should disarrange the design. Handkerchiefs of it are worth from five dollars to thirty-five dollars each. Madame Collada's house, where I visited, and which once belonged to Lopez, had a *salon*, the walls and ceiling of which were hung with non-duty lace on a groundwork of crimson satin. To produce this fairy-like effect took hundreds of women a number of years. Among other insects which attracted my attention were the locusts, which I encountered once in a cloud as thick as a snowstorm. We were traveling by train for Rosario, and were unable to see five yards ahead; in fact, could hardly breathe, the air was so heavy. At last we came to a dead stop, and the engineer declared we could proceed no further unless the passengers got out and helped to clear the wheels, which the oil of the crushed locusts had made so slippery that they went round and round in the same place. Another dull-colored and more dangerous insect is the blind wasp, which, if it knocks against any part of your skin, causes instant death.

"The imagination could hardly depict a land in which human life is held in such light esteem, and bloodshed so little frowned upon as in South America. There are times when crime assumes an epidemic form, which lasts perhaps a month, and is followed by an interval of comparative security. There is no doubt that atmospheric changes have great influence, for whenever the north wind blows, the prison is filled with criminals, who declare they are not answerable for what they do during the *viento del norte*. It certainly has an extraordinary effect, many of the natives dreading it so much that they shut themselves up while it lasts, wearing split heans bound on their temples as a remedy (and a very good one it is) for the headache common at such seasons. I found the effect very enervating myself, and was told that the air derived its principal qualities from passing over the perfumed forests of Brazil. One day we visited a prison in Montevideo, and saw one hundred and forty-two prisoners, who passed their time in playing cards. One noted handit among them had murdered fifteen men, several of them merely for the silver buttons on their belts. Another, with a most repulsive and sinister face, proved to be Gumes, the half-caste, who was walking in the public square one day when he saw a group of people listening to the merry tunes of a Sicilian organ-grinder. Without a word of warning, Gumes coolly sauntered up to the luckless musician, cut off his head with a knife, put it on the organ, and began turning the handle himself, to the horror of the bystanders, who were too terrified to move.

"Among other wonderful things which we saw in South America were the magnificent private estates. First and foremost of them is that of General Urquiza, in Entre Rios. It is called San José, and is of such extent that one can ride a week in a straight line without reaching the boundaries. As we passed along we saw more than half a million sheep and cows, and several troops of ostriches, almost tame, the penalty for killing one of them being a year's military service. There was a sort of barbaric splendor about the palace, which was huilt somewhat in the style of an Italian villa, with great turrets at either end, and surrounded by vast gardens. We found the general setting out some plants, of which he had every variety; indeed, he gave away every year over ten thousand. He showed us superh cherry trees that had cost him six hundred dollars each, and for which he sent to Bordeaux for a special gardener. Immense groves of orange, peach, and pear trees covered an extent of two square miles, and in them Madame Urquiza reared hees in such numbers that she made wax-candles for all the churches in Entre Rios, including the chapel to the palace, the beautiful interior of which was carved in Genoese marble, and supplied with the richest vestments and gold altar service. We found the vegetation of the country both luxuriant and curious. The soil, generally speaking, is so rich that anything will grow in abundance. In Carapacez I saw two oxen drawing a wagonful of watermelons, and yet there were only five in the wagon. The quinces were several feet in circumference. The usual fence is the prickly pear, which grows so high and is so impenetrable that it is planted on the frontier to keep hack the Indians. The pampas in some places are covered with thistles, which grow so high that I was told of a man who spent a week looking for a flock of sheep, and at last found them in the thistles, not a mile from his house. Where there are no thistles the ground is covered with bright scarlet verbenas, heliotropes, and a delicate violet flower. Peaches are so abundant that they are used for fattening pigs and cattle.



# PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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## THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - Editor.

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We would suggest to our Republican friends and delegates to the coming State Convention the name of James McM. Shafter as candidate for Governor of California. In recommending Mr. Shafter for consideration we would not depreciate the character or qualifications of any of the other gentlemen who are aspiring to this position. There is no man whose name has been mentioned in connection with that office whose Republicanism, whose mental qualifications, or whose moral characteristics entitle him to more favorable regard. Mr. Shafter is an old resident of the State, and is an able lawyer, with a breadth of capacity that ranks him in the category of statesmen. He retired from his profession some years ago, since which time he has devoted himself to farming—not fancy grangerism, as a money-spendor on an experimental and ornamental country-seat, but the actual breeder of good horses, the actual raiser of good stock, the actual maker of real butter—a dairyman and farmer. Occupying for now fully thirty years a conspicuous position in the State; an active participant in all public affairs; an earnest working Republican, one who has seldom asked office, and accepted none save as an opportunity of service to the community; whose public and private life is without stain or scandal; a man of brains, courage, and honest purpose—why should he not be given the candidacy of a party that claims to possess high moral purpose, and which professes only the accomplishment of patriotic ends? We suggested the name of this gentleman to one of our State Central Committee, who poob-pooed the idea, and recalled from the well-filled storehouse of his political reminiscences the sinister fact that somewhere, some years ago, Mr. Shafter had in the enthusiasm of some heated debate compared the Irish and the Chinese as laborers, to the prejudice of the former, and we said: Well, what of it? What if he did? Does not the statute of limitations bar this indictment against him? Must every man who has the courage of an honest conviction, and who has dared to utter an opinion, be forever harred from public life, and over him and in his place he advanced to station and honors some sweating, fawning sycophant of the mob; some cowardly demagogue, who crawls in abject fear of public opinion; some empty-headed idiot, whose only claim to popular favor is that he is too insignificant to have ever been called to public notice, and who has thus escaped being kicked, or who, in place, has straddled, skulked, and dodged every issue of importance; whose mind is too feeble to form an opinion, or whose soul is too cowardly to express it? One who in this life has made no enemies, has not fought life's battles; he has not been a leader in the ranks, but a follower of the camp. There is not a gentleman of intelligence in this State who would withhold his vote from Mr. Shafter by reason of any expression of his against the Irish or in favor of the Chinese, for there is not an intelligent gentleman in the State who has not done the same thing, and who does not know that in some

respects the Irish are superior to the Chinese, and that some of the Chinese are superior to some of the Irish. We should be glad to have Mr. Shafter nominated. We would make for him an earnest campaign. We would like such an issue, in order to determine whether the majority of the electors of this State are governed by those higher principles which recognize integrity, capacity, and fitness in a candidate, or the mere one of availability, that comes from placing some popular ass in the order of promotion, and then appealing to popular prejudice in order to secure a party governor for the dispensation of party plunder. This suggestion we throw out for the consideration of our country friends. What San Francisco politicians will do it is impossible to guess. They are as hussy as inebriated bumble-bees in a hot skillet. They are huzzing and flying about in the wards, at the clubs, and in the corner groceries, plotting, intriguing, huying, trading, and lying to their full capacity. There is not a ward loafer nor a whisky hummer in San Francisco who thinks Mr. Shafter available as a candidate for governor. We think he is. We believe that he would be strong before the people, and we should rejoice over a campaign made for him, and such men with him who will not intrigue, scheme, and plot for nominations.

The result of the Oregon election admonishes us that the Chinese question will not largely figure in our election. Outside of San Francisco and some of the more prominent towns of the interior, very little will be heard of the Mongolian. The question is for the present put at rest. There is no profit to come to any party by its agitation. The principle of arresting Chinese immigration is not to be lost sight of. A Chinese invasion must not be permitted, and we will, to the extent of our influence and to the end of our political existence, remember and punish the Republican traitors who so treacherously conducted themselves in the Senate while the Chinese bill was pending. But we are not willing to allow party demagogues and political nincompoops to ride this hobby. We will not silently submit to the crucifixion of an American citizen who wants office because he has employed Chinese, because he has not distinguished himself by their persecution, or because, in his opposition to a Chinese invasion, he does not endorse all the insolence of other foreigners who have made themselves conspicuously obnoxious by endeavoring to drive the Chinese from the country. Let the Democracy ride this hobby to their heart's content, and make the most of it. The railroad question and the monopoly business are matters that affect the country more than the towns. While there are important questions involved in the management and ownership of railways, and the adjustment of fares and freights upon some reasonable basis at once just to the owners of railways and fair to the business community which does business with them, it will not be either wise or politic for any convention to place in nomination any narrow-minded, single-idea, narrow-gauge demagogue, and expect to make him governor simply because he is an enemy to transportation companies. The debris question is one of importance, and one upon which there are diverse opinions; and there always will be upon questions where large pecuniary interests are at stake. We would not desire, nor would it be proper, that any candidate should pledge himself in advance to a line of administrative action upon this or any other question. Hence we say, give the office of governor to a man like James McM. Shafter, whose whole life is a guarantee that the Chinese, the railroad, the debris, the Sunday law, and the other kindred questions now agitating localities, shall have fair and intelligent consideration, and, after consideration, fair and honorable executive action. We should be glad if, as the result of this impending campaign, we could secure an administration composed of such men as we think Mr. Shafter to be. We should be glad if the Democratic State Convention could be composed of better men, and men governed by higher purposes than many of those who have been already chosen to meet at San José for the purpose of placing candidates in nomination. No better time than this can present itself for us to admonish the gentlemen composing the convention that they have no easy task before them. The "walk-over" that some of the more sanguine partisans have promised themselves will be, before the campaign is over, an earnest and hotly contested conflict. This is not the year that a Democratic nomination is equivalent to an election, and it does not follow that because Republican party leaders in Washington failed of doing their duty upon the question of Chinese immigration, the Republicans of California are going to be indifferent to the character of the men they will choose for State officials. What a grand thing it would be if representatives of these two great parties, Republican and Democratic, could meet in State Convention, with delegates chosen only for their intelligence and patriotism, who would designate for the higher offices the best men of their respective organizations; whose only rivalry would be in honorable competition over the choice of citizens competent and honest in the discharge of the duties entrusted to them. There are no distinctive issues dividing the parties; there are no great principles at stake. To the

great mass of the tax-paying community there is no sense in dividing into parties, and if it were not for the ambition of party leaders, and the greed of politicians who are only clamorous for place, spoils, and party plunder, we should be spared the disgusting exhibition of this quadrennial combat of political gladiators. At the next election, the people of this State realizing the fact that it is but a combat over men, it will become the party conventions to look well to the personnel of their respective tickets. Party discipline does not count for much just now in California, and between the two parties there is a great body of very resolute and very intelligent independents who, when the tickets are presented, will exercise the high prerogative of casting their votes for those whom they think the best men. In this class we take pride in enrolling ourselves. In anticipation of the privilege of doing as we please on election day, we take the liberty to suggest to the Irish wing of the Democracy that the time has not yet come when the nomination of an ignorant alien is equivalent to an election even by the grand old party.

The following are the names of those citizens whom the "grand old Democracy," the "party of the Constitution" and "patriotic traditions," has sent to a State Convention from San Francisco to represent the county in the selection of candidates for office. We commend to the business men, the property-owners, the heads of families, the fathers of the boys and girls in our public schools, and the tax-payers of the community, to carefully examine the list, and inquire about these representative men of the Democratic party. Remember that candidates are never better than the delegates; the stream never rises higher than its source. The governor of a party is rarely, if ever, more honest than the men who make him. In the list you are about to read, not one in eight are upon the tax-roll of the county. Nearly three-fourths are of foreign birth; more than half are Irish. We only recognize five men of substantial property interests, and after thirty years' residence and general acquaintance the writer can only locate nineteen of the number as citizens of whom he has ever heard outside of ward politics. It is charged, and so far we have not beard it denied, that the whole business was done in the card-room of an Irish gin-mill. It is charged that there is a barter for the different offices, and that money was freely used in the choice of delegates. And it is also said that the proceedings of the delegation in convention will be regulated by managers. A great many of these delegates are professional politicians of the wards, who pursue politics as an industry, and who take money from all parties. The following are the delegates: John H. Ryan, Frank E. Durham, William Clare, George Webb, Edward Fanning, Theodore Brown, Pietro Pico, Ferdinand Ziegelmeyer, Frank Murphy, George Helm, John Staude, A. Marchebout, John M. Merrill, James Watson, James H. Barry, C. H. Reynolds, M. C. Haley, James Woods, George A. Reich, John P. Toney, George Nichols, James Toland, Fred. W. Ulrichs, T. H. Ferguson, James W. Harding, Matthew Fallon, J. C. Shorh, E. J. Mories, M. Lanman, J. Naphtaly, Thomas Agnew, William Craig, Patrick Creighton, Patrick Hayes, Dennis Gunn, James Wilson, James W. Buchanan, Thomas Arnold, John Weir, Sydney Hall, Thomas Cleary, Timothy Donovan, Edward Drumm, James Stevens, William H. Miller, Frank A. McCarthy, John Clifford, Thomas F. Eagan, R. E. Kelley, Samuel Shear, E. P. Farnsworth, Gustave Reis, Edward Nelson Herrin, Thomas B. Roach, Thomas Carey, Michael Kirnan, William P. Lambert, Henry J. Gallagher, John C. Roberts, D. H. Shaban, J. E. Coflee, Frank Myers, E. J. Tomalty, D. McHenry, Patrick Connolly, John F. Kelly, Thomas R. Flynn, Marion A. Wilson, John Cadogan, John T. Greene, R. Mehrens, D. J. Mahoney, P. T. Flinn, John O'Kane, G. Flournoy, W. W. Black, J. E. Hammill, M. Ward, William B. Taylor, J. B. Metcalf, James Barry, P. O'Donnell, Peter Johnson, P. F. Ward, M. Fay, N. G. O'Brien, Henry Moffat, Patrick Newman, P. A. McGreevy, William Bedell, P. J. Corbett, John Rogers, E. Owens, J. W. McDonald, Lawrence Fitzgerald, John P. Dalton, T. B. Bishop, Peter Fay, John Rogers, H. G. Platt, A. J. Bennett, W. H. Levy, James Neil, W. Dunphy, F. W. Lawlor, Frank Mahan, R. Howe, B. Horn, M. Kane, and T. Blanchfield. The same influences that have been at work in San Francisco have been active in San José, Oakland, Santa Rosa, Sacramento, Stockton, and other places. We give the list of delegates from two townships in Sonoma County, sent to the County Convention, and we take them as a sample of results wherever this wing of the Democracy is at work: Petaluma—M. Walsh, Ireland; A. Ward, England; H. Schierdell, Germany; James Kennally, Ireland; H. Cereghino, Switzerland; A. Gootby, Ireland, and two Americans. Vallejo Township—John Allen, Ireland; James Cooney, Ireland; F. T. Clarke, Ireland, and no American. The Democratic party in this State is simply an Irish party. It is that and nothing else. In San Francisco it is an Irish land-league organization. It is not only Irish in its membership, but it is Irish in its political principles. A meeting to welcome a Fenian exile or a land-league money-hoggar and tramp who visits the country to obtain funds to support agitation, resistance to law, and to the processes of law in



the Irish courts, is composed of nearly the same persons as an ordinary Democratic gathering. The same speakers, the same platform statuary, and very often the same resolutions are made to do duty. The land-league meeting is never quite complete unless there is an Irish Catholic priest sandwiched in among the other figure-heads. In this particular the party meeting is an exception to the land-league meeting. In the one, the priest comes to the fore, and in the other, he is behind the hedge, looking through the chinks. Our last municipal election demonstrated to what degree the Irish dominated the Democratic party, and it shows to what extent they will go unless restrained by policy. In that convention the Irish Romanists took nearly everything, and the result was they were beaten overwhelmingly at the polls. The same thing will occur again, and in State politics, if the same counsels prevail. There is an existing organization of Americans in this State, and although it has been denounced in Democratic conventions because it is American and secret, its influence will be felt in the campaign. And it ought. There is no land on God's earth where the foreign citizen is more welcome than this. There are no people stamped with God's image who are more generous to the intelligent and respectable foreigner who comes among us for residence than the American. But where the immigrants of one nationality combine, intrigue, and plot to maintain a party for the advancement of their countrymen to the prejudice of the native-born; when they bring the passions and prejudice of race, religion, and local politics from Ireland, and plant them in our midst, then Americans have a right to resent, and resent with indignation, such an effort. That these people have gained in this country the political influence they now exercise indicates the cowardice of the native-born Democrats. As we cast our eyes along the published list we see the names of some most honorable Southern men. We qualify the remark. No American is honorable who can, for the sake of political power or place, allow himself to root for office among the ground-hogs of the sand-lot, and nose for crumbs in the ward slums. The native-born Democrat who will allow himself to become vice-president or speaker at an Irish land-league meeting, or who will ride in an open harouche in a St. Patrick's procession, does it to ingratiate himself with the Irish. He is a demagogue and political loafer, who ought to be condemned, not only by every American, but by every respectable Irish citizen.

Let no intelligent and honest person doubt that among all our diverse nationalities, and especially among the Irish, we recognize two kinds of citizens—the good and the bad. From Ireland there are statesmen, orators, and gentlemen, patriots, soldiers, and scholars; and there are meddling politicians, empty-headed hawblers, hahblers, adventurers too lazy to work and too cowardly to steal, whose whole life and energy are devoted to small politics. There are among them office-seeking adventurers, from the highest position to the lowest, ever on the alert for place. If a police officer is wanted at the Park, those having the appointment would think Ireland had been invaded by the Danes, and from fen, hog, and morass, from cottage, cabin, and hedgerow, all Ireland had come over after it. This class to which we allude, and to which we often refer by the designation of "Pope's Irish," is ignorant, insolent, and defiant of the law. It is the same class that refuses to pay rent in Ireland; that gets up monster meetings and howls, but never fights. It riots and strikes in America. It parades in San Francisco with a banner demanding "labor or bread," when it has money in hand, and when labor can be had in every part of a State where land is free to the industrious man who will go away from church and gin-mill, and work it. It hides behind fences in Ireland, and murders to justify the repudiation of rent contracts. It affects a heart-hunger for land, while in America it will not take land as a free gift. If in Ireland this class is not satisfied except it has estate, manor-house, and improved and cultivated domains rent free, at its own valuation, or for nothing, as Henry George would divide it, what will be its demands in this country if it ever acquires political control? If this class in Ireland will not pay rent to the had Earl of Letrim, and will murder him, how long after it shall have acquired political control in San Francisco will it pay rent to the good Mr. Phelan, and those other good rich Irishmen, the Donohues and hoes, the O'Sullivan, C. D. and big John, and the other most excellent citizens who have acquired large landed and real estate properties in this State? When we remember that our laws of land tenure are the same in the United States as in Ireland, we sometimes wonder at seeing the names of these wealthy Irish gentlemen acting as vice-presidents at a land-league meeting, and listening with complacency to the insane ravings of priest and politician against the same laws which have enabled them to escape the toil of shovel and hod and hold their millions above the reach of their land-thieving countrymen. This is the class to whom we refer. It is the class that is to-day managing the Democratic party of California, and that is to-day endeavoring to manipulate the party management of the Republican party; the class we have so often and often defined in the *Argonaut* when

we have felt the inclination to discuss the political low-browed statesmen of the water-front wards, and the flannel-mouthed orators of the land-league. We have made the distinction so often between the respectable and the worthless foreign class that we tire of it, and hereafter shall content ourselves to let them class themselves, and if any person thinks himself alluded to, we will accept the fact as conclusive that he catalogues himself where he thinks he belongs. The same remark applies also to the Jews, among whom we recognize friends and equals, artists, lawyers, merchants, bankers, and gentlemen, and among whom is the idiot from Posen who edits the *Hebrew Observer*. There shall be no "class" in this community—taking active part in public affairs—so long as we live in it, that shall hold itself free from just and courteous criticism, and if the intelligent of that class do not have the sense to see where we draw the line, it is their fault and not ours. This remark expressly applies to religious sects of all denominations and nationalities. Against the religious convictions of sincere and earnest men or women; against the acts of priest, preacher, or rahhi; against the teacher or layman who keeps his religion out of our politics, keeps his hands off our public schools, and his claws out of our public treasury, fears God, and minds his own business, we have no controversy. Intelligent persons understand this. If the ignorant do not, we can not help it.

The St. Helena *Star* of June 6th prints the following: "Somebody states that the *Argonaut* clears seventy-five thousand dollars a year. We don't know if it be true, but we hope so, for it is far the ablest paper in the United States, (we are not acquainted with the European press well enough to compare it there,) and almost the only one that we know that is thoroughly untrammelled. It is the 'two-edged sword of modern journalism, and is just as apt to cut backward into wrongs in its own party as forward 'into the corruption of its enemies.' The *Argonaut* is now in its sixth year of publication, and this is the first time we ever reprinted from any other journal a compliment to ourselves. Somebody says that we clear seventy-five thousand dollars per annum. We wish everybody would say it, for then it would be true, and seventy-five thousand dollars a year is just the amount we have set our hearts upon. We do not deny that we make seventy-five thousand dollars a year, because we know that the reputation of prosperity opens up the sure road to prosperity. Where an individual or newspaper is on the great high road to success, howling along with coach and four, with out-riders, and all full inside, horns blowing like De Lancy Kane's coaching club, all the world rushes to see, and everybody is willing to pay fare to be taken up. Just let it be known that the *Argonaut* makes seventy-five thousand dollars a year, and everybody will subscribe for it. One of the very earliest religions ever established in the world was dedicated to the worship of the rising sun, and that church has been full ever since. No one ever undertook to worship the sun after it had gone down, or the stars after their lights are out. The sun and moon in eclipse have from earliest ages been looked upon by the superstitious with terror. It was supposed that the devil was swallowing them. So with a newspaper or a man. If it or he be prosperous, everybody looks up to it or to him. We all unite to push the successful up hill; we all aid the strong; we all applaud the winner in the race of life, and incontinently we kick the fellow or the paper that we see going down hill. A newspaper in eclipse, *i. e.*, in debt, and not prospering, is being swallowed by the devil, and everybody ranges himself on the devil's side, and gives the thing a bad name. But of the prosperous journal that makes seventy-five thousand a year we all speak well, we all help, and we all ask our neighbors to take it, because it is prosperous. Prosperity is a synonym in journalism for independence, pride, honest writing, and decency; but unfortunately honesty, pride, decency, and independence do not always bring prosperity to a newspaper. This world loves butter on its toast, and even the divinely inspired and sacred Word declares: "For unto every one that hath shall 'he given, and he shall have abundance; but from him 'that hath not shall he taken away even that which he 'hath." We are not sufficiently familiar with the context of this passage to know whether this is a Bible maxim or a Bible fact, but we know that it is true. It was illustrated in California during the stock gambling rage, when everybody in the State were sending in their hard earnings, the accumulations of their lives' industry selling their jewels, mortgaging their homes, and sending their money to the brokers, requesting that they would make a permanent deposit of it in the Nevada Bank, in trust for the bonanza kings. We hope our friends will not relax their efforts to swell the annual income of the *Argonaut* to a good, round, even one hundred thousand dollars; then we will endeavor to deserve some of the compliments that are paid us. We will endeavor to become what we are not—a really independent journal. We never saw a thoroughly independent journal in our life. There is not one existing to-day in the world. There are independent men, and hence we do not despair that there may, in the fullness of time, be evolved such

a rare thing as a thoroughly independent journal. We have in our mind an ideal weekly. We hope the *Argonaut* may grow to it. We think it will. When it does, it will have no masters and no slave. It will not heed flattery, or reprint complimentary notices. It will be the organ of no party and no sect, and it will become the champion of the down-trodden and oppressed Americans.

The Board of Supervisors, in fixing the rate of taxation for the ensuing year, is compelled to consider the estimates necessary for carrying on the city government. The members are confronted with their pledge to keep the tax down to one cent on the dollar, when the necessities of the government seem to demand more. The *Bulletin* and *Call* are keeping the Board to the letter of their pledges, and holding over them *in terrorem* the switch of public indignation. If the writer were a member of the Board of Supervisors, he never would have made the pledge. If he had made it, and now found that the proper administration of municipal affairs demanded a larger amount of money than a levy of one per cent. would bring, he would not keep his pledge. To demand of a good citizen and honest man that he shall bid for popular support by ante-election promises in reference to expenditures of which he is uninformed, is a sham. If the writer were a supervisor, he would conscientiously vote for the lowest amount demanded by rigid economy for carrying on the city government, and if it exceeded one per cent., he would rely upon the good sense of the tax-paying community to accept. These remarks are suggested after an interview with the board in reference to a park appropriation. To stint the park of funds for the next four or five years is not only to arrest further development, but to allow present improvements to go to ruin. When once the drifting sands are subdued, and a stately forest of pine, cedar, and deciduous trees stretches along our ocean front, that part of the park will take care of itself. If the board will take our not disinterested advice, it will give a little less money to purchase novels for a free library; a little less money to teach German, French, music, and calisthenics in our public schools; and not give a cent to the sham, humbug, fraud, and crime of cosmopolitan schools. It will make Alexander Badlam, Mr. O'Brien, and the other municipal officers dismiss those political loafers and idlers in their offices who are only appointed for party purposes. It will reduce the expenditure on the City Hall a hundred thousand dollars a year; take a hundred thousand from the street department; make the railroad companies, beer-gardens, and money-making places of resort on Sunday pay their own policemen; increase the license for selling gin; reduce supernumeraries in every branch of the city government, and give more money to the Park Commissioners.

The *Examiner* says the Democrats of Solano are incensed at an "offensive article" in last week's *Argonaut*, because we stated that the county delegates to the State Convention are Pope's Irish. We do not believe it, for the simple reason that we did not state any such thing. We named the delegates from the township of Vallejo to the "County" Convention—by typographical error "State" Convention—as follows: O'Grady, Patrick Grimes, McGettigan, Tormey, McAniff, Hayes, McManus, McDermott, McDonnell, Reardon, Kingston, Monahan, Noonan, Coleman, Patrick Fagan, Hogan, Moran, Connolly, McDonald, McCudden, Dineen, Brennan, and Michael Cahill. Now if these are not Pope's Irish what in the devil's name are they? We did not mention or allude to James McCudden, John Calender, J. C. Wolfskill, H. E. McCune, Ed. E. Lake, George Roe, E. C. Dozier, Richard Wynne, Andrew Good-year, or J. H. Barrett. That these gentlemen are most of them Americans, and all of them good citizens, we do not doubt; but we do doubt that there is a man among them, except the editor of the Solano *Times*, who is ass enough to take offense because we are aiding them to rid themselves of an ignorant and impudent class of Irish politicians, which is disgracing and dishonoring the Democratic party, and which, more than anything else, is contributing to its defeat, by driving from its ranks every respectable native and foreign-born gentleman, who otherwise would be proud to act with the Democratic party. Out of thirty-one delegates elected twenty-seven of them are men of foreign birth, and all of them but two are Irish. Out of the twenty-seven delegates elected sixteen of them keep gin-mills, and sell whisky by the glass. Their names are: O'Grady, McGettigan, Tormey, Hayes, McDermott, Minehan, Noonan, Houche, Coleman, Moran, Connolly, McDonald, McCudden, Dineen, Lamont, and Weniger. For printing the plain facts, as we did, the editor of the Solano *Daily Times*—himself a delegate—charges the editor of this journal, by name, as guilty of falsehood, stirring up religious and class prejudice, and with Puritanism and intolerance. If Mr. George Roe, "of New York," can gain credit with the nasty element of his party by doing its dirty work, and filling his journal with slobbering compliments of Democratic Irish Catholic gin peddlers, we wish him all the success in journalism and politics that he can attain by lying about the *Argonaut*.



## CHROMOPULOS'S CHRISTENING.

How the Bishop and the Mayor Give a Greek Baby his Name.

The great man of Patras might at first be supposed to be the *Nomarch* (governor of the province). The government of Greece is, however, such a central one, that a *Nomarch* is rather an unimportant official, for all his high-sounding name. His salary is about eighty dollars a month. He is always liable to be dismissed at the caprice of any of the ministers, or what is little better, transferred, at his own expense, to a smaller province, with a proportionate reduction of pay. Of course, with a change of government his dismissal is certain. Our really great man in every respect is the *Demarch* (mayor). It is difficult to imagine how important he is; it is impossible to conceive how important he thinks himself to be to the town and to the state at large. He has been several times a member of the Greek Chambers and once a Minister of State—for a period under a fortnight. His brother is now Minister of Marine, in Trecoupe's cabinet. In a word, our *Demarch* is a man of the greatest influence, and could turn out of office or have appointed any one he likes in Patras.

As I sit with Chromopulos on the Platea, I can see the *Demarch* has just made his morning appearance. He is accompanied by the inspector of police and half a dozen officials or friends. Following him at the distance of a few paces are a couple of policemen in attendance. He is a very fine-looking man, six feet in height, handsome, with a very dark-complexioned face. He wears a black bushy beard, is about forty years old, and is attired in the Frankish dress. His dignity of carriage is quite beyond description; he walks so straight that his back curves inward.

Chromopulos is expecting that the *Demarch* will come up and congratulate him on the recent accession to his family. This I gather from his eyes, which, while talking to me, are constantly working round in the direction from which the *Demarch* is coming, saluting right and left. He receives more attention than King George himself in Athens. The *Demarch* comes up to us, and addresses Chromopulos with the interminable, "Na su zesé," saying afterward, in a tone of voice well expressing how conscious he is of the great honor he is conferring, "Kerios Chromopulos, will you let me be *kombaros*?" (sponsor.) Fancy the delight of Chromopulos. He, however, does not show it too much, but accepts cordially, with well-acted, pleased surprise, just as if he had not (as I happen to know) asked a friend to hint to another to suggest to the *Demarch* that it would be a proper compliment to pay to a man like Chromopulos, who can influence many votes, to offer to be sponsor. In Greece nothing is worth anything if not obtained through a little intrigue.

The *Demarch* having been informed that the ceremony of baptizing the child takes place this afternoon, passes on with his retinue. Chromopulos also invites me, and then leaves to engage the services of the bishop, who has to be procured in honor of the *Demarch*.

Though *kombaros* at a christening can only be translated sponsor, it is not the equivalent for the term. *Kombaros* is also the best man at a wedding. A *kombaros* at a christening becomes almost a relative of the family. He can not afterward marry any of its members. Neither can a marriage take place between two persons having the same *kombaros*.

In future the *Demarch* and Chromopulos will address each other as *kombäre*. Each will be bound to help the other in any way required. The *Demarch* will also be called *kombäre* by all the members of Chromopulos's family.

At the appointed hour in the afternoon I go to Chromopulos's house. I meet Keria Chromopulos standing at the door of the *sala* (drawing-room). I pay my respects. She will soon retire to her room, as it would not be etiquette for her to be present at the ceremony. Neither the bishop with his priests, nor the *Demarch* with the train of friends which he may be expected to bring with him, has yet arrived; but the room seems as full as it will hold of guests and relatives. I wonder how space will be found for the distinguished party. I soon see, for now the bishop is coming with four priests, the reader, and two acolytes, followed by the *Demarch*, who has a small crowd with him. Room is made for this large party by all present backing up against the walls, the men on one side of the room, the women on the other, so that an open space is left in the middle. As the bishop enters, he gives the benediction. Chromopulos and all the family come forward and kiss his hand. The bishop looks exactly like one of the portraits we see of the early fathers of the church. His high, brimless black hat has a fine black cloth attached to the top, and falling over his shoulders. This cloth, and the purple tunic reaching to his feet, mark his rank. This tunic is fastened by a broad sash at the waist, and covered by a long, black gown, open in front. In his hand is his gold-headed episcopal crook. A large gold cross hangs on his breast, a little lower than his long, white beard. The four priests are dressed in the same shaped garments as the bishop, but all in black, and have no cloth on their hats. Greek priests do not shave or cut their hair, which is rolled up and put under their tall hats. Their heads are never uncovered in public. The bishop and priests are followed by the reader, who is dressed in layman's dress, and the acolytes in white blouses, carrying between them the brazen baptismal font, one holding the censer by its long brass chain. The bishop has taken his position in the open space in the middle of the room. The font is placed before him. The *Demarch* stands on the opposite side. Two of the priests put on the shoulders of the bishop the gold-brocaded vestment, which comes up to a point behind his head, almost to the top of his hat, and placing themselves each on one side, hold before him the open gospels. Long wax candles are brought and lit, being held in the hand. The child is now undressed, and given to the *Demarch*, while the reader is reading, in a voice between singing and chanting, a selection from the gospel. The reading ended, the *Demarch* gives the child to the bishop, at the same time telling him by what name the child is to be called. It is the *Demarch's* own name—Athanasis. The *kombaros* selects the name. None but he has known what name it will be till it is now uttered.

Three times is the poor child dipped over its head in the

font by the bishop, who holds it under the arms. During the immersions the name is given, and the appropriate words from the church service repeated. After this the bishop makes the sign of the cross on different parts of the now roaring child's body, with his fingers, after having dipped them in oil. The child is returned to the *kombaros* as duly baptized, and quickly young Athanasios disappears from the scene. Now comes the most agreeable part for all present, beginning with the bishop and the priests, who receive their fees from the *kombaros*, who also remembers the reader, and does not forget the acolytes. Keria Chromopulos having been informed that the ceremony is over, enters, and is presented by the *Demarch* with a set of gold shirt studs for Athanasios to use when he attains the shirt period of life. All of us drink the orgeat and lemonade which is handed round, and fill our pockets from the tray piled up with candies standing on the table, which has replaced the font. A little gilt medal is given to each individual as a souvenir of the baptism. All take leave except the *kombaros*, who remains to join the family supper. To this I also am invited, which is an unusual compliment to one not a relative of the family. I attribute my being asked to supper to the fact that I am a lodger in the house.

I have made a sad blunder in saying to Keria Chromopulos "what a fine child," as Athanasios is brought in for a private view in his swaddling bands, in which he is bound up—his arms tight to his side. His head is the only part of his body he can move. Mrs. C.'s anxious look at once shows me my error. I should not praise the child; I might give it the evil eye. I know, however, how to remedy my ill-omened praise. I slightly spit in the direction of the child, using the appropriate formula: "Na me avaskashes," (may it not injure you.) Mrs. C. looks intensely relieved, and all is right. But supper waits, and after each drinking a little glass of *mastika* as an appetizer, we follow Chromopulos, and trace up to the dining-room the delicious odors we have been perceiving for some time past. It contains only the dining-table and chairs, with another table to act as sideboard. We seat ourselves, hungry, happy, and hilarious. While the white soup, which is stiffened with rice, eggs, and lemon-juice, giving it a delicious flavor, is being handed round, we give our already-willing appetites additional spur by helping ourselves to olives, caviar, peppers, and anchovies, which are scattered round the table in little plates. After soup, chicken *pilaf* takes the rough edge off our appetites. Stewed meat with prunes next soon disappears. A lamb roasted whole, with cucumber salad, is enjoyed more leisurely. The last of the solids is a *petar*, (meat-pie, with the crust in little flakes.) We are drinking meanwhile black roseina wine. The large glass decanters circulate freely. Try a glass; you can get down the first mouthful. You will think at first you are poisoned. You will be slightly relieved in a few moments to find you have only been swallowing turpentine. If you are brave enough to drink again you will now get at the winey flavor. Don't give in—drink again. Now the winey taste is uppermost, and by-and-by you will forget the resin entirely.

We finish our supper with melons and grapes. The supreme moment of the meal has come. We make our cigarettes, and smoke with our black coffee; then a little more wine; and then a little more. All the party, including the women, remain at the table. We want some songs. The *Demarch* unbends, and volunteers the first song, which must be accompanied by the *lyra*. This three-stringed sort of banjo is produced by one of the party. The *Demarch* sings—a good deal through his nose—a well-known Greek serenade. The air is rather plaintive, though monotonous:

"Ksipna glika ma agapi,  
E nikta enai vathia,  
E varka mas prosmerce  
Ees teen akropelia."

Which can be translated:

"Sweet love, sweet love, awake,  
All is still and dark,  
Let me my heart's love take  
To the shore-awaiking bark."

More songs follow—many with choruses, in which we all join lustily. Then come the toasts. Every one drinks the health of every one else. These toasts are all in verse, the name of the toastee being the last of the rhyme. We stay at the table till about midnight, and then break up. The younger spirits continue the songs in the streets on their way home.

As I lean over my balcony, in the still midnight, I can just catch the sounds of the tinkling *lyra* dying away in the distance, and the faint chorus of "Sweet love, sweet love, awake."

ALEITHEIA.

PATRAS, May 7, 1882.

Speaking of the return to St. Louis of the Broom Brigade of young society ladies, the handsomest in the city, the *Spectator* gives notice that several articles belonging to the girls were found in the special car, which they can recover by calling for them, and among other articles a pair of dainty slippers, "number thirteen." Goaded on by the wicked Chicago papers, says *Peck's Sun*, we have often fallen into the habit of making uncharitable remarks about the size of the feet of St. Louis women, never believing, however, that their feet were so large as the papers said; but in our wildest imaginings we have never accused them of wearing shoes as large as that. This reminds us of the old story of the La Crosse shoe-dealer, who, after vainly searching through a box of shoes for a pair big enough for a customer, suggested that he put on a thinner pair of stockings and try on the shoe-box.

M. Littré, the famous French dictionary-maker, was the son of parents who were both types of the Republicans of ancient Rome, and he himself shared their views. He was fond of telling how, when his mother, a little woman, old and feeble, was walking with him in Paris, she was brutally pushed down by a working man. When Littré, deeply indignant, helped her up, she said, with a smile: "My son, one must love the people very much to remain on their side."

Bonnat, the artist, has secured, for twelve thousand francs, a beautiful drawing by Dürer—a portrait of Erasmus, taken in 1520.

## RAMBLES AMONG BOOKS.

A Russian Foundling Asylum: We visit a half-dozen rooms in each division, where, in various stages of care, the nurses are at their posts of duty. There is not much crying among the children, but there is considerable astonishment here and there among the nurses at our unexpected presence. The attendants who are supervising each room wear blue checks, with plain blue bands on the sleeves, and seem very intelligent. As my male companion is a physician, he is permitted to see what otherwise might not have been shown to us. So we are gallanted to a room where are several bright, shining copper boilers, filled with warm water. Over them are neat cradles, in each of which reposes, in chlorotic content, several little ones. These are babes prematurely born. They are being fully born—some seven, some eight, and some not quite nine months old! It is a matter to awaken the quaint speculation of Montaigne, or the fun of a Rabelais, or some other humorous lover of his kind, to see these little inchoate birdlings, who have chipped the shell too soon, being steamed and warmed into the full glory of human existence over a kettle of vaporous water, while their little hands and eyelids are folded amidst genial cradle-clothes. Here are those who are to assist in bearing up this vast empire—these little Russians, who are to take, with their big-sounding names, their whisky straight, or add a 'koff' to their other complaints—who are to wage future wars, or study the sciences of the coming time—who, from the Crimea to the Neva, and from the Chinese wall to the Lapland of the Arctics, are to upheave the Greek Church, with its ages of veneration, and the enormous realm with three hundred differing tribes and tongues. Here they lie, sleeping unconsciously, yet maturing for the duties of life. Near by them is a scale, with a few weights—very light weights—to test the strength and health of these incarnate immaturities. Their normal weight is said to be nine pounds, and if they attain that in a certain time, under these incubating processes, they are well insured. We are told that of these only twenty per cent. are saved, which is a consideration not to be forgotten by a veteran "life-saver," as I often boast myself to be. One of these little Muscovy ducklings lifted its trembling pink eyelid and looked at me, a little doubtful of my object. Its tiny finger faintly twined about mine, and with a sigh and timid chirp—hardly a sound—it sank again to its nebulous contemplation of life and its mysterious surroundings.—S. S. Cox's "From Pole to Pyramid."

England and America in 1812: The republic of the United States owed a great deal to the excellent make and armament of its ships, but it owed still more to the men who were in them. The massive timbers and heavy guns of *Old Ironsides* would have availed but little had it not been for her able commanders and crews. Of all the excellent single-ship captains, British or American, produced by the war, the palm should be awarded to Hull. The deed of no other man (excepting Macdonough) equaled his escape from Broke's five ships, or surpassed his half-hour's conflict with the *Guerrière*. After him, almost all the American captains deserve high praise—Decatur, Jones, Blakely, Biddle, Bainbridge, Lawrence, Burrows, Allen, Warrington, Stewart, Porter. It is no small glory to a country to have such men upholding the honor of its flag. On a par with the best of them are Broke, Manners, and also Byron and Blythe. It must be but a poor-spirited American whose veins do not tingle with pride when he reads of the cruises and fights of the sea-captains, and their grim prowess, which kept the old Yankee flag floating over the waters of the Atlantic for three years, in the teeth of the mightiest naval power the world has ever seen; but it is equally impossible not to admire Broke's chivalric challenge and successful fight, or the heroic death of the captain of the *Reindeer*. Nor can the war ever be fairly understood by any one who does not bear in mind that the combatants were men of the same stock, who far more nearly resembled each other than either resembled any other nation. I honestly believe that the American sailor offered rather better material for a man-of-war'sman than the British, because the freer institutions of his country (as compared with the Britain of the drunken Prince Regent and his dotard father, a very different land from the present free England,) and the peculiar exigencies of his life tended to make him more intelligent and self-reliant; but the difference, when there was any, was very small, and disappeared entirely when his opponents had been drilled by such men as Broke or Manners. The advantage consisted in the fact that our *average* commander was equal to the best, and higher than the average of the opposing captains; and this held good throughout the various grades of the officers. The American officers knew they had redoubtable foes to contend with, and made every preparation accordingly. Owing their rank to their own exertions, trained by practical experience and with large liberty of action, they made every effort to have their crews in the most perfect state of skill and discipline. In Commodore Tatnall's biography it is mentioned that the blockaded *Constellation* had her men well trained at the guns and at target-practice though still in the river, so as to be at once able to meet a foe when he put out to sea. The British captain, often owing his command to his social standing or to favoritism, hampered by red-tape, and accustomed by twenty years' almost uninterrupted success to regard the British arms as invincible, was apt to laugh at all manœuvring, and scorned to prepare too carefully for a fight, trusting to the old British "luck and pluck" to carry him through. So, gradually he forgot how to manœuvre or to prepare. The *Java* had been at sea six weeks before she was captured, yet during that time the entire exercise of her crew at the guns had been confined to the discharge of six broadsides of blank cartridges. The *Constellation*, like the *Java*, had shipped an entirely new and raw crew previous to her first cruise, and was at sea but five weeks before she met the *Guerrière*, and yet her men had been trained to perfection. This is a sufficient comment on the comparative merits of Captain Hull and Captain Lambert. The American prepared himself in every possible way; the Briton tried to cope with courage alone against courage united to skill. His bad gunnery had not been felt in contending with European foes as unskillful as himself.—*Theodore Roosevelt's Naval War of 1812.*



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"My dear," said an Oil City wife to her husband, "did you see this, that a crape fringe with rows of swinging acorns in graduated sizes is an elegant novelty in mourning? Wouldn't I look nice in them?" "Well, by thunder," yelled the husband, as he went out slamming the door. And his fashionable wife doesn't know what made him so mad.—*Oil City Derrick.*

"Then you don't want to rent me your house?" said a New Haven man in search of a house. "Yes, yes. But you see the family in it now owe me a little rent, and I don't exactly see how I can get 'em out." "Hang it all, warn 'em out. That's the way they do me." And then he wondered why a curious expression came over the face of the landlord.—*New Haven Register.*

Once upon a time a woman died, and as the mourners were carrying her to the grave they tripped against a stump, and let the coffin fall. She revived, having been only in a deep trance. Two years after she really died, and as they were carrying her down the same road, and near the same stump, the disconsolate widower sobbed: "Steady hoys! Steady there! Be very, very careful."

The Bishop of Limerick being in failing health, his physician recently told him it would be necessary for him to seek rest and change of air at Nice. The bishop positively declined to do so. Then said the doctor, plainly: "My lord, I tell you candidly that your case is a most serious one, and if you do not go to Nice you must very soon go to heaven." "Oh, well, in that case," replied the bishop, dismally, "I will go to Nice."

A man was once asked how he and his wife got along with so little friction in the family machinery. "Well," said he, "when we were first married we both wanted our own way. I wanted to sleep on linen sheets, my wife preferred cotton, and we couldn't agree. Finally we talked the matter over, and we came to the conclusion that it was un-Christian to live in constant bickering; so we compromised on linen, and have got along all right ever since."

At a hall in Paris a gentleman undertakes to introduce a companion to a young lady who seems to be pining for a dance. "No, thanks, my dear fellow; I don't care to waltz with a cart." A cart, he it understood, is Parisian for a partner that doesn't do her share of the dancing, but has to be drawn round. A few evenings later the young lady, who had overheard the conversation, beholds the young gentleman seeking an introduction, and asking if he may have the honor, etc. "No, thank you," she replies, sweetly; "I may be a cart, but I am not a donkey cart!"

A lawyer of our acquaintance, says the *Lock Haven Journal*, has a telephone in his office. One morning, while seated at his desk, writing briefs, the bell of his telephone rang violently. He put his mouth to the mouthpiece, and asked what was the matter. A small, lady-like voice replied: "Julia has got worms, doctor." He was somewhat taken aback, but supposing Julia was going fishing, replied: "Tell her not to forget to spit on her bait." To which a hoarse male voice replied: "Oh, go to grass, will you?" The lawyer concluded the telephone was druck, and resumed his work.

A picturesque story of the Franco-Prussian war is told in Paris. M. Amroise Thomas, the composer, was forced before the siege to abandon his beautiful villa at Argenteuil, which was full of artistic treasures. When the Prussians entered the place one of their officers inquired for Thomas's house, and writing a few lines on a card slipped it under the door. On the garden gate he wrote a few words in German. Many German regiments passed through Argenteuil, and were quartered in its houses, but the composer's remained untouched. When the war was over Thomas returned to his villa to find everything as he left it; and on the card which had been slipped under the door he read a German name, and written beneath it, "The nephew of Meyerbeer."

An old French officer was relating the story of the battle of Coulmeiers in the regimental mess one evening, when he was constantly interrupted by a forward, presuming young lieutenant, who had got his epaulettes no one knew how. "The Prussian batteries were here, such a brigade there, with the cavalry in the woods in the rear," said the old soldier, and the impertinent young one chimed in: "Yes, yes; that's right!" at every word. This exasperated the narrator. He had just reached the critical moment when there was a general action along the whole line. His regiment was ordered to the front; it charged. "Monsieur," politely continued the superior, to his troublesome hearer, "it was there that I was killed; please finish the story."

"A tall, lank, religious-looking man had been beating us out of his fare for several days," said a car-driver to a Philadelphia *Press* reporter the other day. "He would offer a hundred-dollar bill for his fare. We couldn't change it, and he would go free. One night I got an idea in my head. 'Jack,' I says to the conductor, 'if that fellow rides with us again, and offers the hundred-dollar bill, you bring it to me.' I had a little money saved, and I got a friend to change one hundred dollars for me into five and ten-cent pieces. The next day the old man turned up again with his hundred-dollar bill. My mate took twenty-four cents out of the bag for four fares which were owing, and then handed the rest, bag and all, to the lank individual in change for the bill. He vowed and protested he wouldn't take such change, but my mate said he knew him, and that he wasn't going to play the hundred-dollar-bill game on him any longer, and so the lank individual got out, shaking his fist at my mate, with the bag of silver tucked under his arm. The next day I took off, and went to return the hundred dollars to the bank. I handed over the bill. The cashier takes it up, looks at it, and says: 'Here, young man, this won't do; it's counterfeit.' You should have seen my actions for the next ten minutes."

## THE LATEST VERSE.

## The Banner of the Jew.

Wake! Israel, wake! Recall to-day  
The glorious Maccabean rage,  
The sire heroic, hoary-gray,  
His five-fold lion-lineage;  
The Wise, the Elect, the Help-of-God,  
The Burst-of-Spring, the Avenging Rod.

From Mizpatb's mountain-ridge they saw  
Jerusalem's empty streets, her shrine  
Laid waste where Greeks profaned the Law,  
With idol and with pagan sign,  
Mourners in tattered black were there,  
With ashes sprinkled on their hair.

Then from the stony peak there rang  
A blast to ope the graves; down poured  
The Maccabean clan, who sang  
Their battle-anthem to the Lord.  
Five heroes lead, and following, see,  
Ten thousand rush to victory!

Oh for Jerusalem's trumpet now,  
To blow a blast of shattering power,  
To wake the sleepers high and low,  
And rouse them to the urgent hour!  
No hand for vengeance—but, to save,  
A million naked swords should wave.

Ob deem not dead that martial fire,  
Say not the mystic flame is spent!  
With Moses' law and David's lyre,  
Your ancient strength remains unspent.  
Let but an Ezra rise anew,  
To lift the Banner of the Jew!

A rig, a mock at first—erelong,  
When men have bled and women wept,  
To guard its precious folds from wrong,  
Even they who shrunk, even they who slept,  
Shall leap to bless it, and to save.  
Strike! for the brave reverse the brave!  
—*Emma Lazarus in the Critic.*

On the Hurry of this Time.  
(Rondeau.)

With slower pen men used to write,  
Of old, when "letters" were "polite";  
In Anna's, or in George's days,  
They could afford to turn a phrase  
Or trim a straggling theme aright.

They knew not steam; electric light  
Not yet had hazed their calmer sight;  
They meted out both blame and praise  
With slower pen.

Too swiftly now the hours take flight!  
What's read at morn is dead at night;  
Scant space have we for Art's delays,  
Whose breathless thought so briefly stays.  
We may not work—ah! would we might!  
With slower pen.  
—*Austin Dobson in the Critic.*

## Aei.

"Look not long on the face of the dead;  
Leave the Past in the Past," they said.  
"Dig some grave for the old despair;  
Bury it far out of sight and sound;  
The years bring nothing but sorrow and care—  
Bury the last ere the next comes round,  
Or the burden will grow too great to bear."

I said not yea, and I said not nay,  
But I wept when they carried the corpse away.  
I flung to the wind the flowers that were dead;  
I covered their places with new-turned mold;  
I watched and watered the empty bed  
Through the dark, and the dearth, and the biting  
cold.

But, lo! no others came up instead.

I locked the door on the unused stair;  
I broke in pieces the vacant chair;  
I looked not back as the days went by;  
I let the grass grow over the Past.  
I could not smile, and I would not sigh—  
I thought that I should forget at last;  
I would not believe that I wished to die.

Till, behold! one day I awoke to find  
That the whole of my life was left behind,  
That I walked alone in a world of air,  
A world of all sound and speech bereft.  
The Past may hold but a song of despair,  
But take it away, and there's nothing left,  
Only the silence everywhere.

I wandered back to the desolate place;  
I looked again on the dear dead face.  
I counted the sorrows the years had sown;  
I kissed them, and gathered them into my heart;  
And I felt they were mine, my all, my own,  
That I and my Past could never part,  
Flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone.  
—*May Probyn.*

## The Three Scars.

This I got on the day that Goring  
Fought through York, like a wild beast roaring—  
The roofs were black and the streets were full,  
The doors built up with packs of wool;  
But our pikes made way through a storm of shot,  
Barrel to barrel till locks grew hot;  
Frere fell dead, and Lucas was gone,  
But the drum still beat and the flag went on.

This I caught from a swinging sabre,  
All I had from a long night's labor;  
When Chester flamed, and the streets were red,  
In splashing shower fell the molten lead;  
The fire sprang up, and the old roof split,  
The fire-hall burst in the middle of it;  
With a clash and clang the troopers they ran,  
For the siege was over ere well began.

This I got from a pistol butt,  
(Lucky my head's not a hazel-nut);  
The horse they raced, and scudded, and swore;  
There were Leicestershire gentlemen, seventy score;  
Up came the "Lobsters," covered with steel—  
Down we went with a stagger and reel;  
Smash at the flag, I tore it to rag,  
And carried it off in my foraging bag.  
—*Walter Thornbury.*

## THE INNER MAN.

An ingenious swindle, which may soon be expected among the summer importations to America, has lately been exposed in London. It consists in artistically coloring fish, meat, and game, so that they appear to be of the finest quality, and hawking them about the streets at tempting prices. A fish thus prepared, which had passed the inspection of a wary bousekeeper and an expert cook, was dropped into the pot as a salmon of particularly aristocratic hue, and came out a codfish of the most plebeian type.

At a party of six persons, says a writer in *Food and Feeding*, if the dinner consisted of soup, fish, a joint, and three woodcocks, I maintain it would be much better to serve the woodcocks before the joint, both on the score of enjoyment and health—of enjoyment, because a delicacy when the appetite is nearly satisfied loses a great part of its relish, and is reduced to the level of plainer food while the appetite is keen—of health, because it is much more easy to regulate the appetite when the least tempting dishes are brought last. By serving delicacies first, people would dine both more satisfactorily and more moderately, and entertainments would be less costly and less troublesome.

In the *Almanach des Gourmands* mention is made of a famous doctor, M. Gastaldi, who flourished about 1789. The doctor was a great advocate for what he called the nuptial wine. It was made after this fashion: A pint of good Bordeaux was heated to nearly boiling point over an open fire. It was then transferred to a teapot or other vessel hermetically closed. Two or three ounces of loaf sugar were added, and two teaspoonfuls of a liqueur which, in the doctor's day, was sold at the Café du Midi, 74 Rue Montmartre. What was this liqueur, or is it? For, according to Grimod de la Reynière, this precious drink fosters and preserves domestic peace, and is the healer of all home differences.

Doctor Bock, of Leipsic, is responsible for the following note on the relation between morals and what people eat and drink: "The nervousness and peevishness of our times are chiefly attributed to tea and coffee. The digestive organs of confirmed coffee-drinkers are in a state of chronic derangement, which reacts upon the brain, producing fretful and lachrymose moods. Fine ladies addicted to strong coffee have a characteristic temper, which I might describe as a mania for acting the persecuted saint. Chocolate is neutral in its psychical effects, and is really the most neutral of our fashionable drinks. The snappish, petulant humor of the Chinese is certainly to be ascribed to their immoderate fondness for tea. Beer brutalizes, wine impassions, whiskey infuriates, but eventually unmans. Alcoholic drinks combined with a flesh and fat diet subjugate the moral man, unless their influence be counteracted by violent exercise."

Not only in the fashion of dress does the coming season announce itself as about to introduce great changes, says the *London Court Journal*, but also in our domestic arrangements are we to be subjected to novelty. Thus in the one single item of the dinner-table an immense "improvement" is to be effected. The snowy table-cloth, which has so often been sung in verse and alluded to in story, is to be replaced by coffee-colored damask and Saxon wove twill. This introduction of color calls for more color in the decorations, and we have now plush-covered flower-pots all down the centre of the table as being more effective than the finest Sevres porcelain. These *cache-pots* are sometimes gaily embroidered in colors assorted to those of the China dinner service. We have seen several of them in crimson plush embroidered in soft tints, imitating the splendid Morlake service with which they were intended to go on the table of an aristocratic leader of fashion, and the effect was most striking.

A recent number of the Paris *Figaro* observes: How do the people who ought to know eat asparagus? You must be careful never to take this plant between your fingers, and after running it through the sauce, carry it to your mouth, as do a great many people. You cut off the heads, and eat them with a fork. The rest is ranged on your plate as you choose, but must never be touched by the fingers. They are savages who do otherwise. To which the *Evenement* says: We dare to remark to the purest *Jean de Paris* that there are many people of the highest society, of both sexes, who never eat asparagus with the fork, and who are not at all savages. The fashion which our *confrere* endorses is the British fashion. We are not for it, and for two reasons. The first is that, to appreciate worthily this divine vegetable, it is necessary to eat it in the manner which breaks our *confrere's* heart. The second is that, from an artistic point of view, nothing is more graceful and coquettish than a pretty woman caressing with her lips that exquisite vegetable they call asparagus.

A cooks' college, and the elevation of the science and profession of cookery to a level with the pulpit, the bar, literature, art, or the public service of the country, will soon become a necessity, says the *New York Sun*, and parents who would see their sons wealthy and successful must put a saucepan into their hands instead of a sword, and give the larding needle the preference over the pen. Cooks, and cooks only, can now command salaries which no educated gentleman would dream of aspiring to, and the ease and luxury of their lives in families which can afford to entertain (no one would think of saying employ) them is second only to those of princes and potentates. Eighty dollars a month, or about a thousand dollars a year, is now not unusual wages for cooks in the households of gentlemen of by no means large wealth, and they rise from that up to a hundred and a hundred and fifty dollars a month, according to the extent of their accomplishments. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, it is currently reported, has engaged the former *chef* of the Baroness de Rothschild at the incredible salary of seven thousand dollars per annum. It is probable, however, that the figures represent francs, and not dollars, seven thousand five hundred francs being the amount which the cook of M. Gambetta is said to have told his master he must get during the year in wages and perquisites combined, no matter what were his nominal wages. The distinguished artist is expected to arrive with his suite of assistants and satellites early in the autumn, when Mrs. Vanderbilt takes possession of her new house in Fifth Avenue.

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They do say that a woman can marry any man in the world that she wants to, if she go about it in the right way. And they tell us, too, that the right way to a man's heart lies through his stomach. True, some men have no stomachs, gastronomically speaking, and yet the principle remains the same; for, it is the creature comforts of the animal that are to be considered, when a woman deliberately meditates a descent upon his affections. Hence the popularity of that young person in poetry who is so well known as

"A creature not too bright nor good  
For human nature's daily food."

In his heart of hearts man is as romantic as woman. In the literature of the day he is more responsible for the amount of "lush and weird," as Walt Whitman graphically calls it, which has crept into writing, than any woman of them all, and he will go through all the stormy phases of a grand passion fiercely reckless of consequence. But when it comes to the serious business of living, he is not fool enough to think, like the woman, that his grand passion is made of indestructible material, and he rarely marries on it. My lord is practical, and seeks his comfort, and who shall say my lord is wrong? It might take something from the zest of pursuing, if these comfortable women knew what willing game they are bagging; but it takes nothing from the comfort itself to know that it is the one altar upon which men offer perpetual holocaust.

For my own poor part, I have an instinctive reverence for man. I look up to him as naturally as I look up to the moon, or the sky, or the top of the house, and his opinions come down to me with a certain stamp and seal which make them officially correct. For no one of them have I a greater respect than for the idea that comfort is thoroughly comfortable. I quite approve of the luxurious ease of his club, where everything is at his hand for the mere tinkling of a bell, the latest *mot* in the crispiest journal of the day, the last concoction in American drinks, a snug corner for a snooze, if he feel inclined for solitude, a chat-chit with a friend, if he seek company, or a game, if he seek fun. I like to think of him with his teeth watering over a well-ordered lunch down town, while his wife economizes on hash and stew at the mid-day meal at home. Women always do economize on stew, and fancy they are doing a meritorious thing; but many of women's economies are vastly amusing, if men only knew them. We have a small genius at controlling spigot-leaks, poor things that we are.

But what am I talking about? A moment ago I was in a well-grooved, luxurious club, and here I am in a lunch stew. How have I managed to drift into economy from comfort, and that, too, when I have such a masculine reverence for the latter? Ah, yes, I was quoting the comforts of a man; and perhaps his minor comforts are his greatest blessings. Think, oh womankind, of the infinite comfort of clapping your hat on your head without fastening it with a button or skewering it with a pin. It is but a small item in the day's programme. But think, oh pitying mankind, of a long lifetime of wrestling with fractious hat-buttons and slippery elastics. A man's imagination can hardly compass it; but, of a truth, it overtops all his other privileges, his swearing when he is angry, his slamming the door and going down town when the domestic atmosphere is murky, and his going out between the acts to stretch his legs and take a drink. I observe that he does not forego his time-honored custom even at the Baldwin, where the Madison Square policy is trying to make us all comfortable. But when those funny little casters, with cold water cruetts in them are passed around between the acts, there is quite the usual exodus from the seats. Who blames them? Which of us would not like to get up and follow? We may at the Grand Opera House, where they have vainly endeavored to make the *feyer* popular, but the round-eyed stare of amazement which follows the comfort-seeker is a little distressing, and one finds one's self involuntarily sinking back to conventionalism and discomfort. At the Baldwin there is no *feyer*, and the new *portiere* has cut off what little there was; but as it has also cut off the terrible draught which gave every one the epizooty who spent an evening at the Baldwin, who is going to complain? Then, too, they have thrown wide the doors. When it was the custom to open the front door just the least bit ajar, as the nuns suspiciously open the convent portal to the stranger, the theatre had a most inhospitable air. Every one behind the real door seemed to resent the entrance of an outsider, and one pushed one's way in with a certain defiance which was altogether absurd, but which seemed to be necessary. Then, too, the wind blew us in. Every one is affected by trifles, and the slang saying gave a point to the circumstance; and when the specimens blown in by the wind on the minstrel stage were remembered, it was a little apt to dash one's confidence in one's own appearance. All these things are remedied now; yet after all it is the ice-water that draws. Who would think that the cool clink of a baby-bug in a water urn would have such attractive power? for within a twelvemonth nothing has drawn in San Francisco like "Hazel Kirke" and ice-water. It must have been the ice-water, for the "Octoroon" is mossy with age, comparatively speaking, and it has perhaps rarely been better mounted or worse played. It has been doctored considerably, and with good effect, for the occasion, but much more from the skeleton of the old play remains. The old drama has a new interest, inasmuch as it is a picture of a life that is no more, and perhaps there was not an actor of the new school. But who could fancy the "Octoroon" and the new school hand in hand? Which of us would have had other than the heavy-jawed, beetle-browed McCloskey, an actor of no school, but one, doubtless, by inspiration and the grace of God? And what matter if he draw heavily upon both? And, as for the Indian, he is,

next always to the ice-water, the star *par excellence*. Truth to tell, Mr. Osborne's Wahnotee is a very clever performance, with subtle signs of study in its detail, and an even excellence in its rendering to make it impressive. What curious hits these actors make. In all the range of the drama proper there is no more impossible, improbable, utterly grotesque character than Pittacus Green, and yet Mr. Charles Bowser managed to make a hit in it, and the public would have none other. They must send to New York, forsooth, for the young gentleman with the curious speech to fill a yawning hiatus, and they greet him almost as warmly as they do pretty little Hazel herself, or that cheery little dot of a woman, Ada Gilman. Mr. Osborne has been playing Romans, Britons, Irishmen, and what not, with but indifferent success, and one fine-night he becomes a redman and an artist.

It is well to revive these old plays now and then. We shall be having a Boucault festival one of these days, when the poor old man lays his much-maligned head under the sod; and we shall be talking and writing fine paragraphs of the man whose cosmopolitan fancy gave us a picture of English life in "London Assurance" and "Formosa," of French life in "L'ed Astray" and "Kerry," of Irish life in the "Colleen Bawn" and "Arrah na Pogue," of human nature in "Old Heads and Young Hearts," and a peep at Southern life in the United States in "The Octoroon"—a play with half a dozen types.

There is upon my shelves a hook I never read, called "Flush Times in Alabama," but I fancy it must be something like a scene on the Baldwin stage the other night, when the company, broken out in a perfect rash of linen dusters and straw hats, disposed itself about the stage, and began to bid hideous sums for the Octoroon. I fear the Octoroon was the one phase in the old Southern life which the politicians, the novelists, and dramatists were wont to grasp at. But then what would the politicians, the novelists, and dramatists do if there were no laws, human and divine, to offend? How like is Zoe's position in the Peyton household to that of Anna in the castle of the Danicheffs; but the stories of the two heroines are as widely different as the civilizations of the two nations. The prejudices of civilization, and the ineffaceable brand of race can give Zoe nothing but a tragic end. There is no other possible way of ending the drama. The Callender minstrels alone would do away with any possible idea of that kind, for of all the stupid minstrels that ever made the time pass heavily, they are the dolefullest. Spectacularly they do very well, but an 'you love us, Madison Square management, let them not croon us into misery any more. Uncle Pete was an absolute treat after their long-winded humor. Mrs. Bates, in an orthodox way, is a pretty, plaintive Zoe; but one of the most touching spectacles of the evening is the cordial handshake before the curtain of McCloskey and Wahnotee, after the deadly encounter with bowie-knives in the cane-brake. It is doubtless done to reassure the audience after the deadly realism of the fight. It quite disgusted Persiflage, however, who maintained it as his opinion that the animus should have been kept up till the apotheosis.

But the *entente cordiale* hetwixt, before, and behind the curtain, when we are all in our gallery mood for a play like this, is not to be trifled with. Persiflage, with that innate confidence which every man has that he can keep a hotel, conduct a newspaper, or run a theatre, announced as his intention to some day play the "Octoroon" to a roaring gallery, and when they were wrought up to the highest point, to let McCloskey kill the Indian. But when we all assured him that the gallery would mope the manager if he dared to change the time-honored plot, he concluded not to indulge in novelties. "Yet where's the difference?" cried he, "they are done with both of them in the play, and we might as well make a real fight of it, and let the best man come out best." But it would never do. We are all wont to say a good deal about the wickedness of human nature, but the right must always be might in a play. An author may indulge in realism, now and then, because no one can reach him to punish his temerity, but "The Octoroon" would not draw a night unless the Indian killed McCloskey; no, not though they passed the ice-water around in tin dippers, instead of silver casters.

BETSY B.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club returns to California after a year's wandering through the South Seas. It has visited New South Wales, Queensland, Victoria, South Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, and the Sandwich Islands, everywhere meeting with enthusiastic welcome. It will give two grand concerts on Wednesday and Friday evenings next, at the first of which the following varied and interesting programme will be carried out: Part 1.—1. Overture to "Raymond," Thomas; 2. Polacca from "Mignon," Thomas; 3. Miss Cora R. Miller; 4. Fantaisie for flute on a melody of Chopin's, Demeressman, William Schade; 4. Quintette in A Major, Op. 18, Mendelssohn; 5. Allegro con molto; 6. Andante con molto sentimento; 7. Intermezzo Scherzando; 8. Pastorale Amoroso, from concerto for clarionette, Crusel, Thomas Ryan. Part 2.—6. Fantaisie for violin on themes from "Faust," Wieniawski, Isidor Schnitzler; 7. Quartette, "The Miller's Pretty Daughter," Raff; 8. The Declaration; 9. The Mill; played by request; 8. Fantaisie for violoncello, on themes from "La Fille du Regiment," Servais, Frederick Giese; 9. English song, "It was a Dream, Cowen, Miss Cora R. Miller; 10. Kaleidoscope of popular airs, Schultze, arranged for Quintette.

On Sunday there will be given a grand testimonial benefit to David Belasco, the popular playwright, at Haverly's California Theatre. The occasion has called forth almost the entire dramatic profession in this city. The performance will begin with the "Colleen Bawn," in which Miss Olga Braddon, a young society lady, will make her debut as Anne Chute, supported by prominent actors in the cast. Add Ryman will then deliver an appropriate lecture on "Fish." Miss Charlotte Behrens, another young society lady, also makes her debut. She will appear in the potion scene from "Romeo and Juliet." M. B. Curtis's company follows in the fourth act of "Camille," with Miss Carrie Wyatt in the title rôle, and Harry Dalton as Armand. Harry Etyngue will recite "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and Clay Greene, the popular piece, "Meg and I." As an especially pleasing feature of the entertainment Joseph R. Grismer and his newly married wife, Miss Phoebe Davies, will appear in the sparkling comedieta, "A Happy Pair." Mr. Belasco's friends are doing everything in their power to render this benefit a tribute worthy of his genius, and the number of seats already engaged betokens a very crowded house.

## A CAMILLE REVIVAL.

Bernhardt Plays the Part at a Paris Benefit.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, writing from Paris May 24th, says concerning Bernhardt's appearance in "Camille": "The last rehearsal took place to-day. Sardou was hidden in a ground-floor box. He wanted to see whether Damala had really profited by his wife's lessons. The gifted actress had been tormenting him to assign a rôle to M. Damala in the drama that he is writing for her. After the curtain had fallen for the last time, she ran behind the scenes, and caught Sardou as he was leaving by the artists' door. 'I hope,' she cried, 'you are pleased with Jacques in the part of Armand, and that he has overcome your prejudice.' 'Don't say prejudice,' replied the author; 'my judgment.' Unfortunately, it is one of those judgments against which it is useless to appeal. 'How wicked you are!' exclaimed the vexed wife. 'I'm only just. I can't afford to give him an important part to play. He is a handsome man, and a charming fellow, and he renders your home-life blissful. Be satisfied with that.' 'But if,' asked Sarah, 'it is impossible for me to act with anybody else?' 'Simply it will be impossible for you to continue your brilliant career.' 'And supposing the public should be delighted with him?' 'In that case perhaps the judgment may be reconsidered which you think so harsh. The public is the absolute master of every one connected with a theatre. Players and playwrights are bound to submit to its decrees, which, however, are often speedily canceled.' The manager of the Vaudeville, where Sarah is to act, will pay her one thousand francs for every representation, and five hundred francs for every full-dress rehearsal. But he sets his face against Damala, who made his debut in that theatre, and played in it in secondary rôles for more than two years. 'J'ai eu assez de Jacques,' he said, in the hearing of a theatrical friend of mine, to Monsieur Sardou. 'And I trust you will stand out against him.' The day after to-morrow the actress starts for London. She has been staying for three or four days at her bijou mansion, in the Rue Fortuny. The day before she arrived there was a squad of soldiers in slop uniform engaged in scouring the house both within and without. They took the Oriental carpets up to the fortifications, to heat them, and did not appear to mind being seen at this servile work. According to French military regulations, the soldier who discharges menial service, except for an officer, is liable to a severe punishment. It is certain that the squad would never have undertaken fatigue duty in Sarah's house had they not been told off for it by one having authority over them. When Sarah and her husband returned, the bijou mansion was well swept and garnished. I called there yesterday to try and procure for money a ticket for the representation at the Gaite. One passes to the entrance door through a little garden, the walls and railing of which will soon be covered with a mantle of ivy. The foot-way is paved in the Italian style. The letter S is prominent in the mosaic of the steps. At the threshold there is the word 'Salve.' I dislike to see too much furniture in a room. But admitting the crowded brie-a-brac fashion which now reigns, the abode of Sarah Bernhardt is fitted up in the most approved style. An attempt to escape from servile modishness is here and there visible. The divinity enshrined in the bijou mansion wants to affirm that she is an artist no less than a *petite maitresse*. Personal taste is often shown in eccentricity. In the hall there is an old sedan chair. It contains a wax figure of a dowager attired in the old court style, with a stuffed ape upon her knees. Apes, toward the middle of the eighteenth century, were to powdered marchionesses what lap-dogs now are to fashionable beauties. Madame Duhamy had both an ape and a negro hound to gambol round her, and serve as a foil for her clear, beautiful complexion. The walls are almost covered with drawings, the proper place for which would be an album. Some of them are by Gavarni, others by Chalm; and then there are sketches by Detaille, the military painter, and others by the original Bastien Lepage. Mademoiselle Ahem's portrait of the mistress of the house, which was exhibited in the Salon, occupies a prominent place. The light comes in upon all this brie-a-brac, which is mixed up with porcelain images, jars, and plates, through colored-glass windows. The waiting-room is a sort of greenhouse, with a colored-glass front. Damala uses it as a smoking-room. He was in it when I entered, and rose, asked me to sit down, and on hearing what I wanted, said he would go and ask his wife whether any tickets remained. He appeared quite at ease in his new abode, and, indeed, master of the house. I must say that his appearance is prepossessing. He is reported to be furiously jealous, and to have frightened the King of Spain from the wings of the Madeline Theatre, where his wife acted. Whatever his antecedents may have been, he takes his and her marriage vows *au sérieux*. Handsome he certainly is. He has those sombre black eyes which one often sees in Levantine beads. The hair is brown, turned up with auburn, and the beard, which is of the same hue, is trimmed in a point. I thought his manner obliging. When he left the room he did not close the door behind him. As the house is small, it was impossible for me not to hear the conversation which took place between him and his better half in the studio. He pleaded my cause. She said, with many words of endearment, that he was absurd and ridiculous, and that he knew as well as she did that a single ticket did not remain. M. Damala insisted that it was yet possible to obtain one, or perhaps two. This she denied. 'Well,' he said, 'you must not throw upon me the disagreeable task of making this communication to the visitor.' 'Well, then, my little Jacques, I shall be obliged to go myself—but not to refuse; I remember that I have still a ticket in reserve.' Sarah's footsteps were then heard. In walking through the corridor she rang for a servant, to whom she gave a number of orders. She then entered the colored-glass chamber. Her dress was white, with a quantity of cream-colored lace trimming. She seemed flushed and feverish, but happy. The gifted actress became quite communicative, although she said she was tired to death, and fearfully hurried. She spoke of England, where she had many sincere friends, and appeared glad to return there. Her next visit would be a long one. She only returned to Paris for Madame Chevet's benefit, and to enable Dumas fils to see her husband in the part of Armand Duval. All those who loved her, she added, would applaud him until their hands were blistered.

—NOT MORE THAN A YEAR AND A HALF AGO two young men, artists in their line, men of good taste and skill as tailors, and men of intelligence and integrity as merchants established themselves in business in San Francisco. The new firm recognized the fact that with all the wealth and enterprise of our city; with all the liberality, and even extravagance, of its people, there had come to the front and taken a leading position no first-class, reliable, and fashionable tailoring establishment. There was no concern that stood confederally at the top in this business. Messrs. Sanders & Johnson determined to take this position. Securing for themselves, at No. 3 New Montgomery Street, (under the Grand Hotel,) a desirable and central location, they opened up a first-class store. Recognizing the fact that San Francisco is not the headquarters of fashion, but that in Paris, London, and New York they could study styles, and purchase the most fashionable goods, the firm determined to send one of its members at least once a year to the East and Europe, for the purpose of securing the latest styles and the best goods furnished in the market. Mr. Sanders made the trip last year, returning with a very choice assortment of the best and finest fabrics that could be purchased in the markets of London, Paris, and Brussels. The venture proved a marked success, and the enterprise was rewarded by a large patronage from the class which, demanding the best goods, is willing to pay for them, and the firm at once took position at the very head of the fashionable tailors of San Francisco. On Thursday last, June 15, Mr. A. T. Sanders again departed on the same trip, to secure again the advantage of foreign markets, and to observe the latest fashions in men's wearing apparel. When he returns he will bring home with him the newest and latest ideas in his line of business, and also the best and finest goods that money can purchase and taste select in the European markets. Messrs. Sanders & Johnson are desirous of impressing upon their customers the well-recognized fact in their line of business, that the kind of fabric, and the kind of work upon the same, which comes from their place of business, is cheaper than cheap goods and cheap work turned out from inferior establishments; that it costs no more to have one's clothes cut in the fashion and made in style than to have awkward and ill-fitting work, and that the best goods and best colors are cheaper by far in the long run than fabrics of less original cost. The firm of Sanders & Johnson invite the gentlemen of San Francisco to give them the opportunity of demonstrating the truth of these assertions by calling at their place of business, No. 3 New Montgomery Street, under the Grand Hotel.

—THE IMPROVEMENTS AT THE ALAMEDA TERRACE Baths which Messrs. Haley and Edson have been recently making are now finished, and these gentlemen are prepared to accommodate a far greater number of bathers than they have been in previous seasons. Many new dressing-rooms have been added, together with an observatory and other extensive adjuncts. Mr. Haley devotes his entire attention to the visitors and patrons of the baths, and all may expect assiduous and careful attention. A competent instructor in every branch of the natatorial art is present to instruct beginners. He learned his profession at the most complete German institutions, and is prepared to teach swimming in its most intricate branches. The proprietors, realizing the superiority of the English style and make of bathing suits, some time ago ordered an immense assortment of suits from London. These will arrive some time in the course of a week. One of the most desirable features of the establishment is the entire absence of wines and liquors from the place. This fact enables ladies and children to visit the Terrace without any fear of insult or annoyance from intoxicated individuals. The situation of the baths is peculiarly adapted for pleasant bathing, and the disagreeable features which characterize California ocean bathing are entirely avoided in the halmy air and warm water of this portion of the Alameda shore. Gentlemen who reside in San Francisco will find that they may very conveniently visit the Terrace in the afternoon. By leaving business at three o'clock, they will have ample time for having a good swim at the Terrace, and may be easily be back to a six-o'clock dinner.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* says that drinking water is detrimental to the complexion. Cincinnati editors, it is hardly necessary to state, have lovely complexions.

The Philadelphia *Press* thinks it is easy to tell the perfect gentleman. He makes sure no one is looking before wiping his mouth on the table-cloth.

—MORSE HAS THE FINEST GALLERY IN THE world, 826 Market Street, (Phelan Block).

"The train is now about to enter the State of Missouri. Gentlemen who have not provided themselves with carlines will pass forward to the locomotive, and crawl into the tender."

DR. C. T. DEANE HAS REMOVED HIS OFFICE TO 131 Post Street, between Kearny and Dupont, over Samuel's. Hours, 9.30 to 10 A. M.; & to 3.30 P. M.

"Don't give it away, please, but Helen has cold feet."—Prince Leopold.

—BLOATING, HEADACHES, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, and spinal weakness cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

At North Wingfield, England, there is a tug of war concerning a pew, and the last corners lately placed themselves on the knees of those already there, and refused to budge at the rector's request. Pew wars are the bitterest in England.

A Yonkers helle, soon to be married, started out recently to furnish her new home. Her first purchases were a small sofa and a corn-popper.

—SECURE EASE AND COMFORT BY USING GERMAN CORN REMOVER. Sure cure for corns. 25 cents. Druggists.

A man who detected a piece of hark, in his sausage visited the butcher's shop to know what had become of the rest of the dog. The butcher was so affected that he could give him only a part of the tale.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

—REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE MEETS WITH wonderful success in all cases of Skin disease. Try it.



CCXXXIII.—Sunday, June 18.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Asparagus Soup.  
Fried Clams.  
Chicken Croquettes. Fried Potatoes.  
Baked Tomatoes. Summer Squash.  
Roast Veal.  
Cucumber Salad.  
Currant Ice, Sponge Cake, Apricots, Peaches, Pears, and Cherries.

**CROQUETTES.**—Take cold fowl, veal, or brains, chop fine, mincing in a few slices of bacon or cold ham, fat and lean. Add one-third of the quantity of stale bread-crumbs, salt, red pepper, French mustard, and a tablespoonful of cloves, some sweet marjoram or thyme, chopped parsley, two tablespoonfuls of walnut or tomato catsup, a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and a little pickle; knead this like sausage-meat, and stir in a little flour, and form into shape. Have ready cracker-crumbs or trashed bread, and dip each cone into eggs, well beaten, then roll them in the crumbs, and fry to a light brown in a frying-basket.

—SCARCE ANY DISEASE TO WHICH HUMAN BEINGS are subjected is so thoroughly discouraging as Fever and Ague. The periodical return of alternate chills, fever, and sweating is terribly depressing. Ayer's Ague Cure is the only remedy known which is certain to cure permanently, by expelling the malarial poison which produces the disease. It does this surely, and leaves no ill effect upon the system.

When Mr. Fish, says the New York Graphic, had his children's portraits painted, they were spoken of as sardines—little Fishes done up in oil.

—LOVELY, TONEY, GLOVE-FITTING BOOTS CAN be worn by all who use German Corn Remover. 25c.

—LADY READERS OF THE ARGONAUT will remember that the place to buy colognes, perfumery, toilet soaps, brushes, sponges, cosmetics, etc., is at the elegant and well-stocked store of James G. Steele & Co., Chemists and Apothecaries, 635 Market Street, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

—Dr. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.

—Go to Bradley & Rulofson's, 429 Montgomery.

## FOR SALE CHEAP

### IN BERKELEY—THE LOVELIEST

town on the coast, forty-five minutes' ride from San Francisco, a new two-story house of nine rooms; bath, stationary wash-tubs, hot and cold water, gas-pipes, front and back stairs; fine grounds, with small stable and other out-buildings. Three minutes' walk from railroad stations; one block from State University grounds. Price, \$3,500; terms easy. Apply in person or by letter to

F. W. BEARDSLEE, East Berkeley.

Office, opposite Railroad Depot.

JOHN MIDDLETON,

# COAL.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

10 Post and 718 Sansome Streets.

Orders by Telephone No. 545.

## COMPOUND OXYGEN

NEW TREATMENT BY INHALATION, for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders. Prepared by DR. STARKEY & PALEN, Philadelphia, Pa. Package contains all directions, and is easily sent by express, ready for USE AT HOME. H. E. JEWETT'S, Forwarding Agent, 606 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal. Send for Free Pamphlets.

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411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S.F.

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**WEST'S NEW ELECTRIC BELT.**—C. N. West's Electro-Medical Belts always have excelled all other electrical appliances. They have taken the premiums at all State Fairs. This new Belt excels every other that he has invented. Cures all diseases without medicine. Price, from \$5.00 to \$20.00. Warranted ten years. Patronized by the representative men and leading ladies of this and other States. Address or call on C. N. WEST, 652 Market Street, San Francisco.

**CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.**  
Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Nevada. Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 10th day of June, 1882, an assessment (No. 4) of Ten Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, 309 Montgomery Street, Room 23, Nevada Block, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the (18th) eighteenth day of July, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 16th day of August, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.  
C. P. GORDON, Secretary.  
Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

# JNO. LEVY & CO.

MANUFACTURING JEWELERS,

Importers of DIAMONDS and other PRECIOUS STONES, WATCHES, CLOCKS, and SILVERWARE,

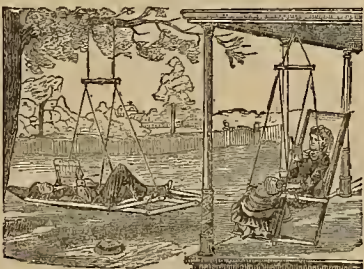
118 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

(Of the late Firm of BRAVERMAN & LEVY.)

# HOUSEKEEPERS!

DO NOT SACRIFICE YOUR GOODS AT AUCTION, but STORE THEM with H. WINDEL & CO., NO. 310 STOCKTON STREET. Furniture, Pianos, Household Goods, Paintings, Trunks, etc., well taken care of. We have three large, airy, brick buildings, and no rent to pay, and can store goods very moderate. Money advanced on goods at one per cent. per month. We guarantee against damage and moths, and can give references dating back 20 years.

The Most Perfect Thing for Ease and Comfort Ever Devised.



The Self-Adjusting Hammock Chair.

THE HAMMOCK CHAIR adjusts itself to any desired position, from sitting to reclining, or vice versa, without effort, requiring no fastenings to hold it in place. The seat is of strong canvas or tapestry, which conforms to and supports the whole body, thus affording entire relaxation and ease, and absolute freedom from cramped position. To the lovers of comfort or the tired professional and business man, mechanic, or invalid, the enjoyment and perfect rest afforded makes this CHAIR worth more than it costs every week. They are adapted to the House, Office, Garden, Picnic, and Camping Parties, or wherever solid comfort is desired. They are durable and light, weighing eleven pounds, and occupying only four inches in thickness when folded. Price, \$4.50, \$5.00, and \$8.00. Shipped free of expense to your nearest railroad or steamboat station on the Pacific Coast, on receipt of price. Liberal discount to agents.

O. J. LINCOLN,

Sole Manufacturer, Santa Cruz, Cal.

## MENDELSSOHN QUINTET CLUB

Return from Australia!

PLATT'S HALL.

TWO CONCERTS ONLY.

WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY EVENINGS,

June 21st and 23d.

First appearance of the charming young Prima Donna,

MISS CORA M. MILLER,

Who has received the most eulogistic encomiums from the entire Australian press.

Admission.....One Dollar

No extra charge for reserved seats. Boxes, \$5 and \$6.

Box sheet open on Saturday, June 17th, at Gray's Music Store, 117 Post Street.

## RUBBER HOSE

FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS.

Manufactured and for Sale by the

GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard. (Maltese Cross.) Rubber Hose, Extra "A." Rubber Hose, Rubber Hose, (Compression.) Suction Hose, Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine Hose, Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand. VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER.

FACTORY ON THE PREMISES.

JOHN W. TAYLOR,

MANAGER,

Corner First and Market Streets, SAN FRANCISCO.

## ALASKA

## COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF** the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37.—San Francisco, June 15, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, a Dividend (No. 74) of Fifty Cents per share was declared on the capital stock of the company, payable on Tuesday, the 27th day of June, 1882. Transfer books closed until the 28th instant.  
P. JACOBUS, Sec'y pro tem.

## AMERICAN



## BUNTING FLAGS!

A FULL ASSORTMENT of United States Regulation Sizes on hand, made of the celebrated

"STANDARD"

BUNTING. Private House Flags and Signals made to order. Bunting for sale. Send to us for prices.

G. M. JOSSELYN & CO.,

38 and 40 Market Street, S. F.

## ZEITSKA INSTITUTE

922 Post Street.

FRENCH, GERMAN AND ENGLISH Day and Boarding School for young ladies and children. KINDERGARTEN.

The twentieth year of this Institute will commence July 24, 1882. MADAME B. ZEITSKA, Principal.

## CALIFORNIA

MILITARY ACADEMY, AT OAKLAND, CAL.

The Nineteenth Year will begin Monday, July 17, 1882.

REV. DAVID McCURE, Ph. D., Principal.

## HOPKINS ACADEMY,

OAKLAND, CAL.

Rev. H. E. Jewett.....Principal This institution, heretofore known as Golden Gate Academy, will open TUESDAY A. M., JULY 18, 1882. The Building and Grounds are undergoing extensive improvements. Classical, Literary, and English courses. Telegraphy taught. Boys and young men received. Send for prospectus to H. E. Jewett, Principal.

## BUTTERICK'S

Patterns—Summer Styles.

SEND STAMP FOR CATALOGUE. AGENCY, 124 Post Street, San Francisco.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.

118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street.

ASSAYERS MATERIALS, MINE and Mill Supplies; also Druggists' Glassware

# NEW ENGLAND BAKING POWDER

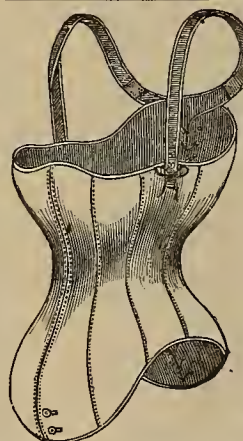
NO Alum Flour Starch Ammonia Phosphates Tartaric Acid

Cream Tartar and Bi-Carb. Soda

NOTHING ELSE

Newton Bros. & Co.

SAN FRANCISCO



## "DRESS REFORM" CORSET.

Specialty for Stout Figures, by mail, \$3.00. Send waist, hip, and bust measure. Also, Shoulder Braces, Union Under Flannels, Ladies' and Children's Comfort Waists, Bustles, Hose Supporters, etc.

Send for Circular.

The only Depot for these Goods.

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Sutter St.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

An Elegant Corset to Order for \$4.

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MULLER'S OPTICAL DEPOT

135 Montgomery St., nr. Bush,

Opposite Occidental Hotel.

Specialty Thirty-two Years.

COMPOUND ASTIGMATIC LENSES

Mounted to Order. Two Hours Notice. The most complicated cases of defective vision thoroughly diagnosed, free of charge.

DO NOT SACRIFICE YOUR FURNITURE, PIANOS, and HOUSEHOLD GOODS, at auction sales, while you are boarding or out of the city, but

STORE THEM,

As well as your Trunks and Paintings, with

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Nucleus Block. Large, airy brick building, with elevator. MONEY LOANED on valuable goods. Terms moderate.

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FURNISHED HOUSES FROM \$25 per month, in the best locations.

EXCHANGE AND MART, Santa Cruz, Cal.

No. 2 of the new Land Journal of Santa Cruz County containing full details of real estate for sale, soil, climate, productions, etc., free by mail.

# HEMME & LONG PIANOS.

WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.

SOLE AGENTS,

105 STOCKTON STREET, SAN FRANCISCO



## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Unkissed Kisses.  
They tell of unkissed kisses,  
But this we apprehend,  
That kisses kissed are better,  
More easy to comprehend.

We don't regret kissed kisses,  
'Tis unkissed ones we mourn;  
Such golden chances wasted  
Are losses hardly borne.

Though not, perhaps, æsthetic,  
The old-style kisses kissed,  
Compared with unkissed kisses,  
Are surely to be missed.

We know not unkissed kisses,  
But kisses kissed we know;  
Defying fate and Oscar,  
Let's keep on kissing so.—*Quiz.*

## Jumbo.

He is a mastodon,  
For all the world has said it;  
And it's greatly to his credit  
That he is a mastodon!  
For he might have been a monkey,  
A jackass or a flunky,  
Or mayhap a unicorn!  
But in spite of all temptations,  
He preferred his grog and rations,  
And remains a mastodon.  
—*Elevated Railway Journal.*

## Footprints.

Boots of Dutchmen oft remind us  
They do make their soles sublime,  
And departing leave behind them  
Footprints that are twelve by nine.—*Chaff.*

## A Little Peach.

A little peach in an orchard grew;  
A little peach of emerald hue;  
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,  
It grew.

One day, passing the orchard through,  
That little peach dawned on the view  
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue—  
Them two.

Up at the peach a cluh they threw;  
Down from the stem on which it grew  
Fell the little peach of emerald hue.  
Mon Dieu!

She took a bite, and John a chew,  
And then the trouble began to brew—  
Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue.  
Too true!

Under the turf where the daisies grew  
They planted John and his sister Sue,  
And their little souls to the angels flew.  
Boo-hoo!

But what of the peach of emerald hue,  
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?  
Ah well; its mission on earth is through.  
Adieu!

Reprinted. —*Eugene Field.*

## A Spell.

Stand up, ye smarties, now and spell.  
Spell phenakistoscope and knell;  
Or take some simple word, as chills,  
Or gauger, or the garden lily,  
To spell such a syllogism,  
And lachrymous and sychronism,  
And pentateuch and saccharine,  
Apocrypha and celandine,  
Lactiferous and cecity,  
Jejune and homeopathy,  
Paralysis and chloroform,  
Rhinoceros and pachyderm,  
Metempsychosis, gherkins, basque,  
Is certainly no easy task.  
Kaleidoscope and Tennessee,  
Kanischatka and dispensary,  
Diphthong and erysipelas,  
And etiquette and sassafras,  
Infalible and pytalism,  
Allopathy and rheumatism,  
And catalsm and beleaguer,  
Twelfth, eighteenth, rendezvous, intriguer,  
And hosts of other friends are found,  
On English and on classic ground.  
Thus Behring's Strait and Michaelmas,  
Thermopylae, Cordilleras,  
Suite, hemorrhage, jalap, and Havana,  
Cincoquillo and ipecacuanha,  
And Rappahannock, Shenandoah,  
And Schuykill, and a thousand more,  
Are words that some good spellers miss  
In dictionary lands like this.  
Nor need one think himself a scroyle,  
If some of these his efforts foil,  
Nor deem himself undone forever,  
To miss the name of either river—  
The Dnieper, Seine, or Gaudalquivir.  
—*An Orthographical Liar.*

## Impression du Countree.

The brown cow clambereth up the hill,  
The bluebird flyeth here and there;  
Spring breatheth through the balmy air,  
And murmuring floweth the rapid rill.

The maiden sitteth 'neath the tree,  
She hath ta'en of her little shoon,  
She heedeth not the shy ahoon,  
Nor for the bluebird cheereth she.

Her gentle brow is drawn and white,  
Her cheeks have lost their hue of rose—  
It all hath fled into her toes,  
For oh, for ah, her shoon are tight.

The brown cow cometh calm and slow  
Adown the hill, all silently;  
She hath seen all, and now would see  
What doth the maiden down below.

And, horne upon the gentle wind,  
A shrill resoundeth—fast doth go  
That maiden from the scene—but oh!  
A hutton-hook is left behind! —*Puck.*

## MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,



Woman's can Sympathize with Woman.

Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

*Lydia E. Pinkham*

## LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Changes of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. This tendency to cancerous humors is checked very speedily by its use. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, caning pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this Paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box. *£37 Sold by all Druggists.*

## AYER'S AGUE CURE,

FOR THE SPEEDY RELIEF OF

Fever and Ague, Intermittent Fever, Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical or Bilious Fever, etc., and indeed all the affections which arise from malarious, marsh, or miasmatic poisons.



Has been widely used during the last twenty-five years, in the treatment of these distressing diseases, and with such unvarying success that it has gained the reputation of being infallible. The shakes, or chills, once broken by it, do not return, until the disease is contracted again. This has made it an accepted remedy, and for the Fever and Ague of the West, and the Chills and Fever of the South.

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Company. Location of principal place of business San Francisco, California—Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees held on the 17th day of May, 1882, an assessment (No. 73) of One Dollar (\$1) per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 57, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the 27th day of June, 1882, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the 30th day of June, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

Office—Room 57, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

## CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of Works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the ninth day of May, 1882, an assessment (No. 8) of Twenty-five Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 79, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twelfth (12th) day of June, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the 30th day of June, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

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## MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER

Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 6th day of June, 1882, an assessment (No. 19) of Fifty Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 11th day of July, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 1st day of August, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

Office—Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

## DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Silver King Mining Company, San Francisco, June 7, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above-named Company held this day, a Dividend (No. 30) of Twenty-five Cents (25c) per share was declared, payable on Thursday, June 15, 1882, at the office of the Company, Room 19, 328 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Transfer books will close June 9, 1882, at 3 P. M.

JOSEPH NASH, Sec.

## DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, June 2, 1882.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, dividend No. 42, of Seventy-five cents per share was declared, payable on Monday, June 12, 1882, at the office in this city, or at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company in New York.

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Loans on personal security..... 1,106,004 27  
Due from banks and bankers..... 392,457 61  
Money on hand..... 398,669 34  
LIABILITIES. \$3,523,844 23  
Capital paid up..... \$1,000,000 00  
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SHERIFF'S SALE.

D. HARNEY, Plaintiff,  
vs. THOMAS G. McLERAN, George K. Porter, and  
et als., Defendants.  
Superior Court.  
No. 899.  
Late 23d District Court.  
Order of Sale and Decree  
of Lien.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN  
Order of Sale and Decree of Lien issued out of the  
Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco,  
State of California, on the nineteenth day of May, A. D.  
1882, in the above entitled action, wherein D. Harney, the  
above-named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of  
lien against Thomas G. McLeran, George K. Porter, and  
William Hollis, defendants, on the second day of April, A.  
D. 1879, which said judgment and decree was, on the tenth  
day of June, A. D. 1879, recorded in Judgment Book D.,  
of said Twenty-third District Court, at page ninety-two;  
and whereas, on December 22, 1879, a stipulation was filed  
herein to abide the final result in case No. 6374, of said  
court, entitled Harney vs. Corcoran, et al., and whereas  
the remittitur from the Supreme Court, in said last-named  
case, was on May 15, 1882, filed in said Superior Court,  
affirming the judgment and order therein appealed from, as  
appears to us of record, I am commanded to sell all that  
certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and be-  
ing in the city and county of San Francisco, State of Cali-  
fornia, and bounded and described as follows: Commenc-  
ing at a point on the north line of Fourteenth Street, dis-  
tant west three hundred and ninety-one and one-half feet from  
the northwest corner of Fourteenth and Valencia streets,  
and running thence east on the north of Fourteenth  
Street one hundred and fifty-five and one-half feet; thence  
at right angles north seventy feet; thence at right angles  
west one hundred and forty-eight feet; thence south in a  
straight line, seventy feet three inches to the point of be-  
ginning.  
Public notice is hereby given that on MONDAY, THE  
TENTH DAY OF JULY, A. D. 1882, at twelve o'clock,  
noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the  
city and county of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to  
said order of sale and decree of foreclosure, sell the above-  
described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary  
to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and  
costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder for gold coin of  
the United States.  
San Francisco, June 17, 1882.  
JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.  
J. M. Wood, Attorney for Plaintiff.  
June 17 and 24, July 1 and 8.

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TRY IT.  
For Sale by all  
GROCERS.



# The Argonaut.

VOL. X. NO. 25.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 24, 1882.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## A STORY OF POMPEII.

By Théophile Gautier.

[From "One of Cleopatra's Nights, and Other Fantastic Romances"—Faithfully Translated from the French by Lafcadio Hearn.]

### II.

Following the sidewalk which borders each street in Pompeii, (and deprives the English of all claim to this invention,) Octavian suddenly found himself face to face with a handsome young man of about his own age, clad in a saffron-colored tunic and a mantle of snowy linen, as supple as cashmere. The sight of Octavian, in his frightful modern hat, girthed about with a scanty black frock-coat, his legs confined in trousers, and his feet cramped in well-polished boots, seemed to surprise the young Pompeian in much the same way as one of us would feel astonished to meet on the Boulevard de Gand some Apache Indian or native of Butocudo, hedged with his feathers, necklace of bear's claws, or whimsical tattooing. Nevertheless, being a well-bred young man, he did not burst out laughing in Octavian's face; and pitying the poor barbarian who had lost his way, no doubt, in that Græco-Roman city, he said to him, in a soft, clear voice: "*Advena, salve!*"

Nothing could be more natural than that an inhabitant of Pompeii in the reign of the divine, most powerful, and most august Emperor Titus, should speak Latin. Yet Octavian started at hearing this dead tongue in a living mouth. It was then indeed that he congratulated himself on having been proficient in his college studies, and taken the honors at the annual examinations. The Latin taught him by the university served him in good stead on this unique occasion; and calling back to mind some souvenir of his college course, he returned the salutation of the Pompeian after the style of *De Viris Illustribus* and *Selectæ E Profanis*, in a tolerably intelligible manner, but with a Parisian accent which forced the young man to smile in spite of himself.

"Perhaps it will be easier for you to converse in Greek," said the Pompeian; "I am also acquainted with that language, for I studied at Athens."

"I am even less familiar with Greek than with Latin," replied Octavian. "I am from the land of Gaul—from Paris—from Lutetia."

"I know that country. My grandfather served under the great Julius Cæsar in the Gallic wars. But what a strange dress you wear! The Gauls whom I saw at Rome were not thus attired."

Octavian attempted to explain to the young Pompeian that twenty centuries had rolled by since the conquest of Gaul by Julius Cæsar, and that the fashions had changed; but he forgot his Latin, and indeed, to tell the truth, he had but little to forget.

"My name is Rufus Holconius, and my house is at your service," said the young man, "unless indeed you prefer the freedom of the tavern. It is hard by the public house of Albinus, near the gate of the suburb of Augustus Felix, and the inn of Sarinus, son of Publius, just at the second turn. But if you wish, I will be your guide through this city, in which you do not seem to be acquainted. Young barbarian, I like you, although you endeavored to impose upon my credulity by pretending that the Emperor Titus, who now reigns, died two thousand years ago, and that the Nazarene (whose infamous followers were plastered with pitch, and burned to illuminate Nero's gardens) rules sole master of the deserted heavens whence the great gods have fallen. By *Pellux!*" he continued, as his eyes fell upon a rubric inscription at a street corner, "you have just come in good time. 'Casina' of Plautus, which has quite recently been put upon the stage, will be played to-day. It is a curious and laughable comedy, which will amuse you, even if you only comprehend the pantomime of it. Come with me; it is nearly time for the play already. I will find you a seat in the place set apart for guests and strangers." And Rufus Holconius led the way toward the little comic theatre which the three friends had visited during the day.

The Frenchman and the citizen of Pompeii proceeded along the street of the Fountains of Abundance, and the Street of the Theatres, passing by the college, the Temple of Isis, and the Studio of the Sculptor, and entered the Odeon, or Comic theatre, by a lateral vomitory. Through the recommendation of Holconius, Octavian obtained a seat near the proscenium, in a part of the theatre corresponding to our private boxes which front upon the stage. All eyes were immediately turned upon him with good-natured curiosity, and a low whispering arose all through the amphitheatre.

The play had not yet commenced, and Octavian profited by the interval to examine the building. The semicircular seats, terminated at either end by a magnificent lion's paw sculptured in Vesuvian lava, receded, broadening as they rose from an empty space corresponding to our *parterre*, but much narrower, and paved in mosaic with Greek marble. The rows of seats widened above one another in regular gradation, according to distance; and four stairways, corresponding with the vomitories, and sloping from the base to the summit of the amphitheatre, divided it into five *cunei* or wedge-shaped compartments, with the broad end uppermost. The spectators—all furnished with tickets, consisting of little slips of ivory, upon which were indicated in numerical order the row, division, and seat, together with the name of the play and its author—took their places without confusion. The magistrates, nobility, married men, young folks, and the soldiers—who attracted attention by the gleaming of their bronze helmets—all occupied different rows of seats.

It was an admirable spectacle, those beautiful togas and great white mantles displayed in the first row of seats contrasting with the varicolored garments of the women seated in the circle above, and the gray capes of the populace, who were assigned to the upper benches, near the columns which supported the roof, and between which were visible glimpses of a sky intensely blue as the azure background of the Panathæna.

A fine spray, aromatized with saffron, fell from the friezes above in an imperceptible mist, at once cooling and purifying the air. Octavian thought of the fetid emanations which vitiate the atmosphere of our modern theatres—theatres so uncomfortable that they may justly be considered places of torture rather than places of amusement—and he found that modern civilization had not, after all, made much progress.

The curtain, sustained by a transverse beam, sank into the depths of the orchestra. The musicians took their seats, and the Prologue appeared in grotesque attire, his face concealed by a frightful mask which fitted the head like a helmet.

Having saluted the audience, and demanded applause, the Prologue commenced a merry argumentation. Old plays, he said, were like old wine, which improves with age; and "Casina," so dear to the old, should not be less so to the young. All could take pleasure in it. Some because they were familiar with it; others because they were not. Moreover the play had been carefully remounted, and should be heard with a cheerful mind—without thinking about one's debts or one's creditors, for people were not liable to be arrested at the theatre. It was a happy day, the weather was fair, and the halcyons hovered over the forum.

Then he gave an analysis of the comedy about to be performed by the actors, with that minuteness of detail which shows how little the element of surprise entered into the theatrical pleasures of the ancients. . . . .

As in a reverie, the young Frenchman watched the actors with their bronze-mouthed masks, exerting themselves upon the stage; the slaves ran hither and thither, feigning great haste; the old man wagged his head, and extended his trembling hands; the matron, with high words and scornful mien, strutted in her importance, and quarreled with her husband, to the great delight of the audience. All these personages made their entrances and exits through three doors contrived in the foundation-wall, and communicating with the green-room of the actors. . . . . These decorations, although very well painted, represented the idea of a place rather than the place itself, like most of the vague scenery of the classic theatres.

When the nuptial procession, pompously escorting the false Casina, entered upon the stage, a mighty burst of laughter, such as Homer attributes to the gods, rang through all the amphitheatre, and thunders of applause evoked the vibrating echoes of the inclosure; but Octavian heard no more and saw no more of the play.

In the circle of seats occupied by the women, he had just beheld a creature of marvelous beauty. From that moment all the other charming faces which had attracted his attention became eclipsed as the stars before the face of Phœbus; all vanished, all disappeared as in a dream; a mist clouded the circles of seats with their swarming multitudes, and the high-pitched voices of the actors seemed lost in infinite distance.

His heart received a sudden shock, as of electricity, and it seemed to him that sparks flew from his breast when the eyes of that woman turned upon him.

She was dark and pale. Her locks, crisp, flowing, and black as the tresses of Night, streamed backward over her temples after the fashion of the Greeks, and in her pallid face beamed soft, melancholy eyes, heavy with an indefinable expression of voluptuous sadness and passionate ennui; her mouth, with its disdainful curves, protested by the living warmth of its burning crimson against the tranquil pallor of her cheeks, and the curves of her neck presented those pure and beautiful outlines now to be found only in statues. Her arms were naked to the shoulders, and from the peaks of her splendid bosom, which betrayed its superb curves beneath a mauve-rose tunic, fell two graceful folds of drapery that seemed to have been sculptured in marble by Phidias or Cleomenes.

The sight of that bosom, so faultless in contour, so pure in its outlines, magnetically affected Octavian. It seemed to him that those rich curves corresponded perfectly to that hollow mold in the museum at Naples which had thrown him into so ardent a reverie; and from the depths of his heart a voice cried out to him that this woman was indeed the same who had been suffocated in the villa of Arrius Diomedes by the cinders of Vesuvius. What prodigy, then, enabled him to behold her living, and witnessing the performance of the "Casina" of Plautus? But he forbore to seek an explanation of the problem—for that matter, how did he himself happen to be there? He accepted the fact of his presence, as in dreams we never question the intervention of persons actually long dead, but who seem to act, nevertheless, like living people. Besides, his emotions forbade him to reason. For him the wheel of time had left its track;

and his all-conquering love had chosen its place among the ages passed away. He found himself face to face with his chimera; one of the most unattainable of all, a retrospective chimera. The cup of his whole life had, in a single instant, been filled to overflowing. While gazing upon that face, at once so calm and passionate, so cold and yet so replete with warmth, so dead, yet so radiant with life, he felt that he beheld before him his first and last love—his cup of supreme intoxication. He felt all the memories of all the women whom he ever believed that he had loved vanish like impalpable shadows, and his heart became once more virginally pure of all anterior passion. The past was dead within him.

Meanwhile the fair Pompeian, resting her chin upon the palm of her hand, turned upon Octavian—though feigning the while to be absorbed in the performance—the velvet gaze of her nocturnal eyes; and that look fell upon him heavy and burning as a jet of molten lead. Then she turned to whisper some words in the ear of a maid seated at her side.

The performance closed; the crowd poured out of the theatre through the vomitories; and Octavian, disdaining the kindly offices of his friend Holconius, rushed to the nearest doorway. He had scarcely reached the entrance when a hand was lightly laid upon his arm, and a feminine voice exclaimed, in terms at once low yet so distinct that not a syllable escaped him:

"I am Tyche Novaleia, entrusted with the service of Arria Marcella, daughter of Arrius Diomedes. My mistress loves you. Follow me."

Arria Marcella had just entered her litter, borne by four strong Syrian slaves, naked to the waist, whose bronze torsos shone under the sunlight, when the curtain of the litter was torn aside, and a pale hand starred with brilliant rings, waved a friendly signal to Octavian, as though in confirmation of the attendant's words. Then the purple folds of the curtain fell again, and the litter was borne away to the rhythmic sound of the footsteps of the slaves.

Tyche conducted Octavian along winding byways, tripping lightly across the streets, over the stepping-stones which connected the foot-paths, and between which the wheels of the chariots rolled, wending her way through the labyrinth with that certainty which bears witness to thorough familiarity with a city.

Octavian noticed that he was traversing portions of Pompeii which had never been excavated, and which were in consequence totally unknown to him. Among so many other equally strange circumstances, this caused him no astonishment. He had made up his mind to be astonished at nothing. Amid all this archaic phantasmagory, which would have driven an antiquarian mad with joy, he no longer saw anything save the dark, deep eyes of Arria Marcella, and that superb bosom which had vanquished even Time, and which Destruction itself had sought to preserve.

They arrived at last before a private gate, which opened to admit them, and closed again as soon as they had entered, and Octavian found himself in a court surrounded by Ionic columns of Greek marble, painted bright yellow for half their height, and crowned with capitals relieved with blue and red ornaments. A wreath of aristolochia suspended its great green heart-shaped leaves from the projections of the architecture like a natural arabesque, and near a marble basin, framed in plants, one flaming rose tottered on a single stalk—a plume-flower in the midst of natural flowers. The walls were adorned with paneled fresco-work, representing fanciful architecture, or imaginary landscape views. Octavian obtained only a hurried glance at all these details, for Tyche immediately placed him in the hands of the slaves who had charge of the bath, and who subjected him, notwithstanding his impatience, to all the refinements of the antique *thermæ*. After having submitted to the several necessary degrees of vapor heat, endured the scraper of the *strigillarius*, and felt cosmetics and perfumed oils poured over him in streams, he was reclothed with a white tunic, and again met Tyche at the opposite door, who took him by the hand, and conducted him into another apartment, gorgeously decorated. Upon the ceiling were painted, with a purity of design, brilliancy of color, and freedom of touch, which bespoke the hand of a great master rather than of the mere ordinary decorator, Mars, Venus, and Love. A frieze composed of deer, hares, and birds disporting themselves amid rich foliage, ran about the apartment above a wainscoting of Cipollino marble; the mosaic pavement—a marvelous work from the hand, perhaps, of Sosimus of Pergamos—represented banquet scenes in relief with a perfection of art which deluded the eye. At the further end of the hall, upon a bichlinium, or couch, reclined Arria Marcella in an attitude which recalled the reclining woman of Phidias upon the pediment of the Parthenon. Her pearl-embroidered shoes lay at the foot of the couch, and her beautiful bare foot, purer and whiter than marble, extended from beneath the light covering of byssus which had been thrown over her.

Two earrings, fashioned in the form of balance-scales, and bearing pearls in either scale, trembled in the light against her pale cheeks. A necklace of golden balls, with pear-shaped pendants attached, hung down upon her bosom, which the negligent folds of a straw-colored pepulum, with a Greek border in black lines, had left half uncovered. A gold-and-black fillet passed and glittered here and there through her ebony tresses—for she had changed her dress upon returning from the theatre—and around her arm, like the asp



about the arm of Cleopatra, a golden serpent with jeweled eyes entwined itself in many folds, and sought to bite its own tail.

Close by the couch had been placed a little table, supported upon griffins' paws, inlaid with mother of pearl, and freighted with different viands served upon dishes of silver and gold, or of earthenware enameled with costly paintings. A Phasian bird, cooked in its plumage, was visible; and also various fruits which are seldom seen together in any one season. Everything seemed to indicate that a guest was expected—the floor had been strewn with fresh flowers, and the amphoræ of wine were plunged into urns filled with snow.

Arria Marcella made a sign to Octavian to share her repast. Half-maddened with astonishment and love, the young man took a few mouthfuls from the plates extended to him by little, curly-haired Asiatic slaves, who wore short tunics. Arria did not eat, but she frequently raised to her lips an opal-tinted myrrhine vase, filled with a wine darkly purple, like thickened blood. As she drank, an imperceptible rosy vapor mounted to her cheeks from her heart—the heart that had not throbbed for so many centuries. Nevertheless, her bare arm, which Octavian lightly touched in the act of raising his cup, was cold as the skin of a serpent or the marble of a tomb.

"Ah! when you paused in the Studii Museum to contemplate the mass of hardened clay which still preserves my form," exclaimed Arria Marcella, turning her large, liquid eyes upon Octavian, "and your thoughts were ardently directed to me, my spirit felt it in that world where I float invisible to vulgar eyes. Faith makes God, and loves makes woman. One is truly dead only when one is no longer loved. Your desire has restored life to me. The mighty invocation of your heart overcame the dim distances that separated us."

The idea of amorous invocation which the young woman spoke of entered into the philosophic beliefs of Octavian—beliefs which we ourselves are not far from sharing.

In effect, nothing dies; all things are eternal. No power can annihilate that which once had being. Every action, every word, every thought which has fallen into the universal ocean of being, therein creates circles which travel, and increase in traveling, even to the confines of eternity. To vulgar eyes only do natural forms disappear, and the spectres which have thence detached themselves people infinity. Paris, in some unknown region of space, continues to carry off Helen; the galley of Cleopatra still floats down, with swelling sails of silk, upon the azure current of an ideal Cydnus. A few passionate and powerful minds have been able to recall before them ages apparently long passed away, and to restore to life personages dead to all the world beside.

"From my disgust with other women," replied Octavian, "from the unconquerable reverie which attracted me toward its radiant shapes as to stars that lure on, I knew that I could never love save beyond the confines of time and space. It was you that I awaited; and that frail vestige of your being, preserved by the curiosity of men, bas, by its secret magnetism, placed me in communication with your spirit. I know not if you be a dream or a reality, a phantom or a woman; if, like Ixion, I press but a cloud to my cheated breast; if I am only the victim of some vile spell of sorcery. But what I do truly know, is that you will be my first and my last love."

"May Eros, son of Aphrodite, hear your promise," returned Arria Marcella, dropping her head upon the shoulder of her lover, who lifted her in a passionate embrace. "Oh, press me to your young breast! Envelop me with your warm breath." And against his heart Octavian felt that beautiful bosom rise and fall, whose mould he had that very morning admired through the glass of a cabinet in the museum.

Suddenly the brazen rings of the curtain which closed the entrance to the apartment slid back upon the curtain-rod, and an aged man of stern demeanor, and wrapped in a great brown mantle, appeared upon the threshold. His gray beard was divided into two points after the manner of the Nazarenes. His face seemed furrowed by the suffering of ascetic mortifications; and a little cross of black wood was suspended from his neck, leaving no doubt as to his faith. He belonged to the sect, then new, of the Disciples of Christ.

On perceiving him, Arria Marcella, overwhelmed with confusion, hid her face in the folds of her mantle, like a bird which puts its head under its wing at the approach of an enemy from whom it can not escape, to save itself at least from the horror of seeing him, while Octavian, rising on his elbow, stared fixedly at the intruder.

"Arria, Arria!" exclaimed the austere personage, in a voice of reproach, "did not your life-time suffice for your misconduct? . . . Can you not leave the living in their spaces? Have not your ashes cooled since the day when you perished, unrepentant, beneath the rain of volcanic fire?"

"Arrius, father! Mercy! Do not crush me, in the name of that morose religion which was never mine! I believed in our ancient gods, who loved life, and youth, and beauty, and pleasure. Do not burl me back into pale nothingness! Let me enjoy this life that love has given back to me!"

"Silence! impious woman. Speak not to me of your gods, which are demons. Let this man, whom you have fettered with your impure seductions, depart hence. Draw him no more beyond the circle of that life which God measured out to him. Return to the limbo of paganism with your Asiatic, Roman, or Greek lovers. Young Christian, forsake that larva, who would seem to you more bideous than Empousa or Phorkyas could you but see her as she is."

Pale, and frozen with horror, Octavian tried to speak; but his voice clung to his throat.

"Will you obey me, Arria?" imperiously cried the tall old man.

"No! never!" responded Arria, with flashing eyes, dilated nostrils, and passion-trembling lips, as she suddenly encircled the body of Octavian with her beautiful, statuesque arms, cold, hard, and rigid as marble.

Her furious beauty, enhanced by the struggle, shone forth at that supreme moment with supernatural brightness, as though to leave its imperishable souvenir with her young lover.

"An unhappy woman," exclaimed the old man, "I must employ extreme measures, and render your nothing-

ness palpable and visible to this fascinated child." And in a voice of command he pronounced a formula of exorcism that banished from Arria's cheeks the purple tints with which the black wine from the myrrhine vase had suffused them.

At the same moment the distant bell of one of those hamlets which border the sea-coast, or lie hidden in the mountain hollows, rang out the first peal of the Angelus.

A sob of agony hurst from the broken heart of the young woman at that sound. Octavian felt her encircling arms entwine him; the draperies which covered her saok, fold on fold, as though the contours which sustained them had suddenly given way, and the wretched man beheld on the banquet-couch beside him only a handful of cinders mingled with a few fragments of calcined bones, among which gold bracelets and jewelry glittered, together with such further shapeless remains as were found in excavating the villa of Arrius Diomedes.

He uttered one fearful cry, and became insensible. The old man had disappeared. The sun rose, and the hall, so brilliantly decorated but a short time before, became only a dismantled ruin.

\* \* \* \* \*

After a heavy slumber, inspired by the libations of the previous evening, Max and Fabio started from their sleep, and at once called their comrade, whose room adjoined their own, with one of those burlesque rallying cries which are so commonly made use of by travelers. Octavian, for the best of reasons, returned no answer. Fabio and Max, hearing no response, entered their friend's chamber, and perceived that the bed had not been disturbed.

"He must have fallen asleep in some chair," said Fabio, "without being able to get to bed, for our good Octavian can not bear much liquor; and most likely he is taking an early walk to dissipate the fumes of the wine in the fresh morning air."

"But he did not drink much," returned Max, in a thoughtful manner. "All this seems very strange to me. Let us go." And accompanied by the cicerone, the two friends searched all the streets, squares, cross-roads, and alleys of Pompeii, entering every curious building where they thought Octavian might be occupied in copying a painting or taking down an inscription, and finally discovered him lying insensible upon the disjointed mosaic pavement of a small ruined chamber. They had much difficulty in restoring him to consciousness; and, in reviving, his only explanation of the circumstance was that he had taken a fancy to see Pompeii by moonlight, and had been seized with a sudden faintness, which would doubtless result in nothing serious.

The little party returned by rail to Naples, as they had come; and the same evening, from their private box at the San Carlo, Max and Fabio watched through their opera-glasses a troop of nymphs dancing in a ballet, under the leadership of Amalia Ferraris, the *danseuse* then in vogue, all wearing under their gauzy skirts frightful green drawers, which made them look like so many frogs stung by a tarantula. Pale, with woeful eyes, and the general air of one crushed by suffering, Octavian seemed to doubt the reality of what transpired upon the stage, so difficult did he find it to resume the sentiments of real life after the marvelous adventures of the night.

From the time of that visit to Pompeii Octavian fell into a dismal melancholy, which the good-humored pleasantry of his companions rather aggravated than soothed. The image of Arria Marcella haunted him incessantly, and the sad termination of his fantastic good-fortune had never destroyed its charm.

Unable to contain his misery, he returned secretly to Pompeii, and once again wandered among the ruins by moonlight as before, his heart palpitating with maddened hope, but the hallucination never returned. He saw only the lizards fleeing over the stones; he heard only the screams of the startled night-birds; he met his friend Rufus Holconius no more; Tycbe came not to lay her supple hand upon his arm; Arria Marcella obstinately slumbered in her dust.

In Toledo there is an edifice which was known to the Arabs as the "Mansion of the Hours," having received the name from a wonderful clepsydra, or water-clock, constructed in its garden by the astrologer Az-Zarkâl. This consisted of two tanks placed at right angles to each other, and so contrived by a complicated system of subterranean pipes and cisterns that they accurately measured time according to the phases of the moon. At the first appearance of the crescent the water began to flow, increasing for fourteen days and nights until the basins were full, then gradually diminishing in the same proportion until the twenty-ninth night of the lunar month, when they remained entirely empty. The perfection and delicacy of the mechanism were such that it made no difference whether water was poured in or taken out in the meantime, for the pipes, acting automatically, instantly supplied the want or discharged the surplus, always preserving the proper level. As Toledo is situated so far from the equator, the difficulties attending the construction of this instrument must have been vastly increased by reason of the constant variation and consequent inequality in the length of the days and nights. After Alfonso VI. had appropriated the palace, an inquisitive Jew, wishing to discover the secret of the clepsydra, obtained permission to examine its interior arrangement, but having taken the machinery apart, found he was unable to readjust it, thus ruining in a few hours one of the greatest curiosities that human ingenuity had ever devised. The basins were made of brick, covered with smooth plaster; they were forty feet long, twelve feet in diameter, and ten feet deep. At one end was a small vaulted chamber, honeycombed with arches and intersecting drains connected by means of leaden pipes with a subterranean passage leading to the river. The *noria*, or Persian wheel, that raised the water and was propelled by a sluice, stood in front of the entrance, its piers having been used for purposes of irrigation as late as 1843.

The most unfortunate of women is the minister's wife, says the Philadelphia *Herald*. When he reads his sermons to her, after he has just completed writing them, there is no congregation present with new bonnets to draw her mind away from his words.

## A FLUTTER OF FANS.

Plane-Leaves and Peacocks' Feathers in Europe and Cathay.

"The fan of a fair woman is the sceptre of the world," is the epigraph of Monsieur Octave Uzanne's dainty hook, "L'Eventail." Any reader of English or French poetry or light literature, says the *New York World*, can not but be familiar with the conspicuous place occupied by the fan. The fan, of course, proceeded from the east, and that at a very early date, though flabellographers are not decided as to the time and method of its invention. Whether Lamsi, the fair mandarin's daughter, being heated at a public festival, used her mask as the first fan, or an observant native of Tamha, about the year 670, fashioed the fan upon the model of the bat's wings, or the Emperor Won-wang invented it B. C. 1134, is not important. The fan certainly originated as an article of utility; the leaf of the palm, or lotus, or banana was employed to create a refreshing current of air; then it was imitated in a more precious and substantial material, and when it became a thing of personal use the folded form was devised for the sake of convenience. The Sanscrit poet tells bow the kingly litter was adorned with a fan, a fly-flapper, and an umbrella, and bow the sacred fire fell in love with the beautiful and pious daughter of King Nila, and would not burn as brightly when she fanned it as when she breathed on it. In one of the five Hindoo paradises the highest honor and pleasure reserved for the faithful is the privilege of fanning the presiding deity, Ixora. In early times the fan in China served as the general's flag or baton. They were at first made of bamboo-leaves or of feathers; then of silk—first white and afterward embroidered. Their original form was rectangular; afterward they took the shape of the nenuphar or great white water-lily. Monsieur de Bourboulon, in his "Voyage en Chine," gives a formidable list of the uses to which the fan is put. The dandy is known by the nice conduct of a silken fan, as his brother of western lands by his crutch-cane. Young Celestial misses flirt with their fan-telegraphs as expertly as do the Spanish señoritas. Mothers fan their children to sleep, school-masters correct negligent pupils with the handles of their learned fans. The employment of the fan as an autograph album is an old Chinese idea, but the Occident has not adopted the stiff fans of thin golden leaves, ivory or jade of the East, nor yet the bronze or iron fan of commandment of the Japanese middle ages, which was baton and battle-axe in one. The fans of ancient Egypt decidedly were not trifling things. In its cosmogony the fan was the emblem of happiness and celestial repose, and thus the fortunate triumphant was surrounded with fans and flowering branches. Mariette Bey unearthed a stele on which was represented Osiris with his fan-bearer behind him; the mural paintings of Beni-Haassan show women waving square fans, and the frescoes of the palace of Medinet-Abou at Thebes depict Rameses III. in all his glory, with a suite of fan-bearers agitating elegant fans of semicircular shape, brilliantly painted, though, after all, not so splendid as those seen in the earlier triumph of Horus, when, it may be added, the fan was an accessory of exalted rank or an emblem of high military command. Its use was as extensive among the Medes, Persians, and Assyrians, but it came into still greater prominence among the classical peoples. The two favored attendants of the haughty Roman matron, whenever she took her rides abroad, borne high upon the necks of slaves, were those who bore her parasol and her fan. Though the Roman beauties did not fan themselves, but left that to their slaves or their gallants, they were not unacquainted with the code of the fan, as witness the passage in Ovid's "Art of Love," where the use of the fan is prescribed as a potent weapon in the arsenal of fascination. Like the princess mentioned by the Sanscrit poet, the vestal virgins employed fans to keep the sacred fire glowing. All the Greek writers, and especially the poets or raconteurs of the erotic sort, speak of the fan. The tail of the peacock came into great vogue with the dames of Greece, especially in Phrygia, as a fan or a model for a fan, and the plumes of the ostrich and the peacock were used alike for the earliest and most elaborate of Oriental fans. In the "Arabian Nights" the awakened sleeper, Abou-Hassan, who fancies himself Commander of the Faithful, is waited upon and fanned by seven fair maidens, with such fans. Heligobalus, whose tastes were decidedly Oriental, employed in lieu of a sceptre a fan splendid with golden leaves, jewels and painted feathers. The sacred fire of the Persian kings, which was borne to war on a chariot drawn by four white borses, and escorted by three hundred and sixty-five youths clad all in yellow, was too sacred to be kindled into activity by the breath, and so use was made of a fan. The fan of peacock's feathers, such as Propertius describes, was one of the attributes of the month of August personified, as witness a painting unearthed at Herculaneum, and a similar fan hangs beside the tutelary deity of that month in some of the old cathedrals. The fan appears frequently on Etruscan antiquities, and in many and curious forms, though the general idea is always the same—a handle and a flat surface attached, as in modern fans. One well-known vase shows a courtesan placing a wreath of flowers on the head of her soldier-lover, while a flabellifera stands behind her chair, and a girl playing on the double flute, dances softly before them; and another represents a Roman beauty couched negligently on her *lectulus*, while a naked slave girl anoints her with perfume, and another girl behind fans her gently with a *tabella*, one of the small tablet-fans, such as Ovid speaks of in the third book of his "Art of Love." The Christians, *per contra*, pressed the fan into their worship. According to St. Jerome it was an emblem of continence, and an old French book on religious customs and ceremonies records that the Apostle James recommended the use of the sacred fan in his liturgy. The great feather fans brought from Asia to the Roman court by the Eastern emperors, survive in the fans borne beside the Pope, as not the least characteristic of the insignia of his office. The flabellum was employed till the close of the thirteenth century to protect the priest officiating at mass from heat and insects. Moreri says that in the Abbey of Tournay and the Dominican monastery of Prouisse fans were used by the deacons to prevent flies from falling into the chalice.



## CHINESE VIRTUES.

Popular Fallacies Concerning Private and Public Morals in China.

In the course of a general conversation on China and its people, a gentleman who had passed many years in that country facetiously remarked that during the whole course of his experience there he had never encountered a perfume of which did not, on being tracked to its source, turn out to be a stink. "And I defy any one," challenged another of the conversationalists, "to cite one of the many so-called virtues of the Chinese which will stand a like test, and prove to be anything but a fraud and a delusion." The Chinese are credited by their admirers with the possession of innumerable good qualities. They are frugal, thrifty, and abstemious, we are told; their commercial integrity is beyond question; they are hospitable and open-handed in their social relations, especially with foreigners; they are kind to animals; lastly and chiefly, they are models of filial piety, and show great reverence for the aged. Good. For the sake of argument, and to save time, let us concede them the possession of these many virtues, and proceeding on the plan of the man of the perfume, trace these qualities to their origin, and examine into their true inwardness. Frugal the Chinese are as a people, and thrifty, but it is a matter of dire necessity that they should be so. J. R. Black, a very old resident of the Far East, in an interesting article on licensed beggars, says: "China is supposed to have on its teeming soil everything that can be required to satisfy the wants of its people; and those wants are supposed to be so small that one would think there would be little abject poverty, and few mendicants throughout the land. The reverse is the case. The begging fraternity is very numerous, and poverty is more apparent than wealth, in almost every direction. Many poor fellows who are able-bodied do not know what to do, for every employment, even the most menial and filthy, is so filled that it is hard to see what they can do. There are no public works, such as road-making, stone-breaking, or the like, to which they can look; and, as a fact, there are myriads who live upon friends, relations, or whomsoever will give them shelter, working in whatever way they can be of use, but receiving no pay beyond their food and lodging, and these of the most meagre kind. What is the smallest number of 'cash' per day on which a man can keep body and soul together, we are not aware; but we are told that it can be done for about fourteen or fifteen—say a cent and a-half—though that would be very poor fare."

Drunkenness is certainly not a national vice of the Chinese, chiefly for the reason that the average native stomach lacks the capacity to contain a sufficient quantity of *samsu* to cause intoxication, even were the expense of filling it up not an important consideration. In place of alcoholic stimulants, however, we find opium, about which nothing need be said but this: Opium-smoking is an indigenous vice; one which flourished long prior to the advent of foreigners in the country. The Chinese government, we are told, is vehemently opposed to the importation of the drug, and is doing all in its power to have it stopped. Fudge! Statistics prove that in the province of Sze-Chuen and the surrounding country, the value of the annual crop of native opium exceeds that of the imported article, much more expensive though the latter is. If the Chinese government is sincerely desirous of extirpating the vice let it begin by prohibiting the production of the drug within its own borders, and the "outer barbarian" may then be induced to believe in the sincerity of its desire for the abolition of the use of the drug. Opium-smoking is as much the national vice of the Chinese as whisky-drinking is of the Irish. The practice is indulged in by all classes, from the emperor down to the lowest coolie, and it is safe to say that it will continue to exist as long as the empire holds together.

And now as to the integrity of the Chinese as business men. No such thing as bankruptcy is known in China, it is true, and although the credit system is as common there as with us, few losses are suffered by traders through failure on the part of clients to meet their obligations. An excellent state of things truly. What is the explanation of it? The fact is there is no such thing as speculation or enterprise in Chinese commercial circles. Business goes on in a steady jog-trot, as it has gone on for hundreds and even thousands of years, and mercantile transactions are thus accompanied by a minimum of risk. A great deterrent to risky operations, too, is the custom of annual settlements. All accounts must be settled before the close of the year, the penalty for failure being an ostracism which is fatal to the unfortunate debtor, who "loses face," as it is termed in commercial circles, and is so effectually boycotted by the members of the trade guild, of which he must of necessity be a member, that it is impossible for him to carry on business. The creditor has, moreover, the terrors of the law at his back, and woe betide the unfortunate wretch who falls into the hands of the tormentors of the magistrate's *yamen*; it were better for him that he had never been born. Commercial integrity with the Chinese thus assumes the garb of expediency rather than of right and justice. It is no exaggeration to say that a Chinese who is unable to satisfy his creditor becomes a slave to him; and a slave he remains until he has paid the uttermost farthing.

As to their hospitality, it is much to be feared that it is not altogether disinterested. They are a vain and conceited people, fond of vulgar display and emulous of public applause. Of course, exceptions are found here and there, but they are hardly more than sufficient to prove the rule.

They have a great reputation for kindness to animals, but here again it is to be feared policy is the moving cause. To ill-treat a beast of burden means to a Chinaman simply to lessen its value as a wealth-producer; hence his consideration for the horse and other animals used on the farm and the road. But there is another and even more powerful argument for the humane treatment of dumb animals. "The doctrine of the transmigration of souls," says a writer on Buddhism in China, "leads them to treat inferior animals humanely. Were it not for this, it is certain that they would receive little consideration. It is believed that if guilty of uncleanness, or inhuman conduct, such as adultery, rape, incest, or eating forbidden food, the soul after death is punished by the great judge of Hades by transformation into a beast, and condemned to live on earth. Among the Japan-

ese this is known as *chikusho*, or the transmigration of the soul into inferior animals, birds, reptiles, etc."

Lastly, as to their filial piety and veneration for the aged. Let us hear what an American missionary has to say: "Ancestral worship, or the worship of the dead, has not hitherto been classed among the Chinese systems of religion, but has been regarded merely as a commendable reverence for parents, or filial piety. Filial piety, as inculcated by the Confucian philosophy, we are told, consisted in reverence for and devotion to parents, and superiors in age and position; but it can not be denied that, as practiced in our own day, it consists mainly in devotion to the dead, expressed by offerings and prostrations before the ancestral tablets, the grave, and the *Sung Wong*, or magisterial deity, within whose jurisdiction the spirits of the departed are supposed to be incarcerated. The term filial is misleading, and we should guard against being deceived by it. Of all the people of whom we have any knowledge, the sons of the Chinese are most unfilial, disobedient to parents, and pertinacious in having their own way, from the time they are able to make known their wants. The filial duties of a Chinese son are performed after the death of his parents. A son is said to be filial if he is faithful in doing all that custom requires for his deceased ancestors. The sacerdotal functions of the Taoist and Buddhist priests consists mainly in the profitable business of propitiating the spirits of the departed, in order to preserve harmony and good will between the living and the dead. They devote most of their time and attention to convincing their adherents that sickness and all other calamities are punishments inflicted for their inattention to the comfort of the dead, and in performing the necessary services to ameliorate the condition of the dead, and to restore tranquillity to the living. Judging from the quantity of paper *sycee* (money) paraded with noise of gong, and burned in our streets during the festivals for the appeasing of spirits who have passed away leaving no relatives to worship them, one is forced to the conclusion that the Chinese appear to be much more liberal to the dead than they are to the living poor. They stand in great dread of such spirits, and worship them as they worship devils or demons, to keep them away. It is evident to all who know the Chinese, that the large amount expended for the dead is not prompted by a spirit of true charity, or mainly by filial piety, but by servile fear. The living are the slaves of the dead." Such are the opinions of Doctor M. T. Yates, a gentleman who has passed the best years of his life in China, and probably knows more about the people and the language of that country than any other foreigner living. Among many social and political evils with which that priest-ridden land is afflicted, and which he says are dictated with reference to the interests of ancestral worship—or in other words, filial piety—he mentions the aversion of the Chinese to colonize when they emigrate, through a fear of the consequences of neglecting the tombs of their ancestors. "Consequently," says he, "the country is kept over-crowded. The result is squalidness, vice, thefts, piracy, and insurrection." H. LIDDELL.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 20, 1882.

The London *World* says of Americans abroad: To a well-to-do American a visit to "Yarrup" is pretty much what the grand tour was in the days of our grandfathers. It is a part of his education, a social topping-off essential to every person who at home affects to drive a trotting-horse, live in a "brown-stone house with a high-stoop," and sleep in Beecher's tabernacle of a Sunday. Yet to most Americans London is only an incident of their travels. Paris is their real headquarters. There life is more cosmopolitan than here, and money commands the *entree* to a kind of world which in London would be unapproachable to the Nevada silver-miner or the Cincinnati pork-butcher. It must also be remembered that, glibly as we prate about the Anglo-Saxon race, only a certain section of Americans are of English origin. Millions of them are Germans, Scandinavians, and French, to whom England is, accordingly, only one of the "effete European despotisms." The best of the New World stock is, however, British, and among these worthy people it is a perfect craze to unravel their ancestry. Half their holiday is spent searching, like Japhet, for their fathers, in visiting the home of their ancestors, or in perusing the apocrypha which ingenious genealogists compile for their gratification. To the inn-keepers these American swallows are a horde of wealth. They travel in style, and eat of the best. They buy freely, and are easy victims of the picture-dealer and the manufacturer of modern antiques. Yet apart from the commercial aspect of the American immigration it is of inestimable political advantage. The visitors return wiser and more tolerant than they came. They see the kernel of the Irish question a great deal better than some of those who chatter over it; and in their language, in the arrangement of their houses, in their modes of thought, pastimes, feasts, and fashions, the traveled Yankee returns so impressed with the stamp of Europe as to form a favorite butt for the anathemas of the monkeys who have not been among men. It is indeed questionable whether, socially at least, Europe is not affecting America in a more remarkable manner than, despite all the talk to the contrary, America is influencing the old continent.

An old-fashioned social club, formed in Baltimore fifty years ago under the name of the "Millers and Trampers," is about to be rejuvenated by the thirty members of whom it now consists. The principal treasure of this ancient organization is a gold headed cane, which descends in succession to the oldest member, provided he is not less than seventy years old. Where this condition is not fulfilled the heirs of the last possessor hold the cane until his successor has attained the prescribed age.

A new and artistic fan has lately been painted by a Neapolitan artist, and unhappily preserved in a collection at Rome, where it can not do anybody any good. The idea is the imaginative and poetical one of a beautiful woman reclining on a bed of roses, being drawn through mid-air by two butterflies, and beneath, the azure blue Mediterranean. Fan decoration has again come into fashion, and high art is once more bestowing time and thought on this implement of grace and coquetry.

## BERNHARDT IN PARIS.

How the Great Actress and Her Husband Played in "Camille."

The theatrical event of the month finally took place Tuesday evening. The Gaiteé was crowded to its fullest capacity to witness the great Bernhardt play "Camille" for the benefit of the artist Cheret's widow. And yet it was not solely for that reason that they all came. The majority of Parisians either never saw Jacques Damalas, or do not remember him in the subordinate rôles which he filled in his first apprenticeship at the Vaudeville. So, much of the interest displayed must be attributed to Sarah's husband. I did not procure a seat in the first row of the orchestra, for they all cost a hundred francs; but I thought that for once I could afford fifty francs, so I sat somewhat back, but with as good a view. Alexandre Dumas  *fils*, together with his daughter, her husband, and the rest of his family, occupied a prominent position. It was with difficulty that Dumas was won over to allow "Camille" to be played, and even when he did grant permission he still insisted on claiming his royalty on the net profits; rather a shabby thing to do, considering the fact that it was for the benefit of a poor widow. Sardou and his daughter, Meissonier, the famous artist, Henri Rochefort, Delpit, Dreyfus, and many others of like celebrity were also out in full force. Madame Mackay—or "Mac-Kay," as I believe she now calls herself—accompanied by her daughter, was gorgeous in satin and a superb *parure*. But the countesses and duchesses were somewhere else, for the only representatives of their order whom I saw were either ex-opera singers or notoriety. But the half-world was all there, that is all its members who are at present in any way famous.

When the curtain rose the vast assemblage became instantly silent. At Bernhardt's entrance, instead of the old applause and cheers which used to greet her at every beginning, there was a dull, stupid, staring silence. She uttered a few words. Her tones possessed the same, old-time, winning softness of expression. But at the fourth word it all ceased. A young blackguard in the remotest tier of the gallery yelled out of the solemn hush a jeering couplet which introduced Sarah's name and that of her husband in ludicrous rhyme. The actress turned pale, and the stillness of the house was rent with laughter. Bernhardt's eyes flashed, her voice was harsh, and the lines in her face which used to be mere shadings for rippling smiles became deeply drawn and heavy wrinkles. In short the cares and annoyances which have for the last few years pursued her seemed to suddenly display their concentrated effect upon her countenance. She was very nervous, but in a moment or two recovered her wonted self-possession, and soon won the interested approval of the audience. Her wig was auburn, and came down in waving crimps. Her dress was a splendid satin, of a very delicate pink, with moss-roses to match. Over it was a filmy train of white brocade trimmed heavily with *point de Venise*. About her neck, and reaching far down her back, was a marvelous Henri Quatre collar. Her loose white gloves reached to her armpits.

On the entrance of her husband, Damalas, Bernhardt became again very nervous. She is evidently very fond of him, and her heart and eyes seem to yearn for his success. She eagerly watched every move that he made, and continually turned half-appealingly to the audience, as if begging their encouragement. This tenderness won the sympathies of the audience, for though a few heartless and whispered jeers greeted his first appearance, in a few moments the house assumed a most friendly and respectful attitude.

He is really a very handsome man. His physique is splendid, and his face decidedly fascinating. He used to wear only a moustache, but he has let his beard grow into a point, which, with his flashing black eyes and chestnut hair, no give him a distinguished appearance. He was at first by no means at home on the stage, and missed many of Armand's traditional points, occasionally, however, substituting newer ones, of his own invention. As his embarrassment wore away, he grew much more at his ease, and every one began to compare him favorably with his predecessors in the same part. He has one great advantage, and that is that he is a perfect gentleman. I heard several critics approvingly comment upon the graceful manner in which he made love, for it was so different from the rather uncouth style of Fechter.

In the fourth act the hall-room scene was well put on. In order that Cheret's scenery might be well represented, the various theatres had lent sets painted by the late artist. The Gaiteé furnished the first two acts; the Porte St. Martin, the third; the Odéon, the fourth, and the Porte St. Martin again the fifth. The fourth act, or hall-room scene, was arranged from the set used in the celebrated "Daniels" drawing-room scene, and was upholstered by the Gymnase theatre upholsterer. In this act Bernhardt was attired in white satin, with a brocaded train, embroidered with pearls, and looped with tea-roses. About her neck was a soft lace frill caught with a chain of diamond stars. There was a heart-shaped opening in her corsage displaying a star of gleaming diamonds reposing on a snowy breast. Narrow diamond bracelets adorned her arms, and diamond stars glistened in her hair. From her belt, and from a diamond clasp, hung the celebrated fan, held by a long diamond chain.

In this act Damalas forgot his personality and the audience, and threw himself into the part with startling abandon. The audience was astonished for a moment, and then broke out into universal applause. Damalas grew better and better, until, in the scene where Armand reaches the height of his passion, and hurls the money at Marguerite, he displayed such brilliancy of artistic perception as is rarely seen on the Paris stage. At any rate, he brought the audience to their feet, and a perfect ovation ensued. Bernhardt, despite all the melancholy attributes of her part, looked as pleased and proud as a triumphant *débütante* at the whirlwind of cheering that followed. From this on all was enthusiasm; and Bernhardt, clouded in white tulle, and coughing with the consumptive hack, won tribute after tribute in the last act. She started with her husband and company for London very soon after, where they are going to play a short season. After that they come back to Paris, to appear in Sardou's new play at the Vaudeville, in which, however, it is hinted Damalas will not take part.

BAILLARD.  
PARIS, June 1, 1882.



## SOCIETY.

### Notes and Gossip.

Hon. and Mrs. Horace Davis are at the Calaveras Big-Tree Grove. Mrs. Taber and her sister, Mrs. Smith, are occupying the Rock Cottage at the Yosemite. Miss Dollie Andrews has returned from Menlo Park. Count and Countess de Tocqueville and Miss Ralston spent a great portion of their time, while at the Yosemite, at Glacier Point and Nevada Falls. Miss Wise is visiting her brother, who owns a ranch a few miles out of Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Rideout and family, of Marysville, who have been visiting the Yosemite and both groves of big trees, returned home a few days ago. Mrs. H. McClellan, of Los Angeles, is in the city, the guest of Mrs. Captain Goodall. Mrs. Otis and daughter are at Santa Cruz. Mr. and Mrs. Perrine and family, of Oakland, have returned from the Yosemite. Mrs. A. W. Collins, of Oakland, is at Duncan's Mills. Mrs. Mansfield, of Los Angeles, is in the city, a guest of her sister, Mrs. Pratt. Judge Fernald, of Santa Barbara, and Mr. Thomas K. Bard, of Ventura, have been spending quite a while at the Calaveras Grove, with a party of friends from St. Louis and Detroit. Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, of Oakland, are at Tahoe. Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Kennedy, who were married in this city on the sixth instant, and who subsequently departed for Santa Cruz and Monterey on a bridal tour, have returned. Mrs. Robert C. Johnston has taken up her summer residence at her place at Menlo Park. Miss Lizzie Hull is at Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. John Hastings, of Oakland, are at Santa Cruz. Mrs. J. H. Ford and Mrs. McDonough, of the Occidental, left the Yosemite a few days ago for Clark's, where they will stay two or three weeks, and then go to the Calaveras Grove. Thomas Hill, the artist, and Miss Hill, are at the Yosemite, where they will remain until August. Walter Mallard, of the Navy, and a party of twenty-six young ladies and gentlemen of Vallejo, are at the Yosemite, visiting all the points of interest; they will return next week, after an absence of twenty days. Mr. Sisson and family have returned from the Yosemite. Mrs. A. T. Fletcher, of Oakland, has returned from Monterey. Judge Hoffman has returned from Pescadero. Mrs. Pond and family and Mrs. Steele are at the Calaveras Grove. Judge and Mrs. J. B. Southard, of Tucson, who have been visiting here, returned to Arizona on Tuesday last. A. L. Bancroft was in London on the first inst. Mrs. Willie and family have gone to Santa Cruz to spend the summer. Mrs. General Kautz is ruralizing in the neighborhood of Sunol, surrounded by a party of jolly young people. Mrs. and Miss Otis are at Santa Cruz. Mrs. F. V. Bell goes to Santa Cruz next week. Mrs. Crittenden Thornton and family and Mrs. Daniel Cook and family have gone to Mr. Cook's place in Contra Costa County to spend a portion of the summer. Mrs. Lucille Thornton went to Napa Soda Springs on Monday last. Mrs. John McMullin, and Miss Lilo McMullin, who has been ill so long, have gone to Paraiso Springs. Miss Garber, who spent so much agreeable time at the Napa Soda Springs, returned to that resort on Monday last, accompanied by Mrs. Judge Garber. Mrs. J. D. Staples and Miss Kittie Staples are at St. Helena. Miss Daisy Taber is at Santa Cruz. Miss May McDonald is at Tahoe. Mrs. A. G. Kinsey is at Monterey. The Misses Rebecca and Bettie McMullin, accompanied by their married sister, are at their pretty place in San Joaquin County. Mrs. Ashe and her daughter will soon go to their country place in San Joaquin County. T. H. Bradley, U. S. A., has been at the Occidental most of the week. H. M. Andrews, T. C. Patterson, C. T. Walling, and J. L. Chamberlain, U. S. A., and S. T. Emmons, U. S. N., were at the Palace on Sunday last. Miss Arner, niece of Seth and Daniel Cook, returned from the East on Wednesday last. Captain Charles P. Eagan, U. S. A., and Mrs. Eagan, who have been East quite a while, returned here a few days ago. F. H. Stahle, U. S. N., arrived here from the East on Sunday last. Mrs. George Hearst, who has been spending the past seven or eight months in Europe and the East, returned home on Thursday last. Justice Stephen J. Field left for Oregon on Monday last. Vauvert de Méan, French Consul, and Mrs. de Méan, returned from their Yosemite and Big Trees trip on the fourteenth inst., and soon after went to Napa Soda Springs, where they now are. Joseph D. Redding and Eugene Dewey are at the Gilsey House, New York. Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Branton are at the Napa Soda Springs. O. M. Lissak, U. S. A., arrived here from the East on Thursday last. E. S. Pillsbury is at the Calaveras Big-Tree Grove. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel L. Wilson, who have been some time in Canada, are now in New York. Miss Mamie Williams, of Oakland, is at the Napa Soda Springs. Mr. W. H. Lent and family are at the Yosemite. Professor Le Conte and family are at the Mariposa Big-Tree Grove. Miss Mamie Grayson, of Oakland, is visiting in Sacramento. Mrs. Colonel J. H. Withington, is at Oak Grove, near San Mateo. Mrs. Painter is at St. Helena. Mrs. O. F. Willey is at Santa Cruz. Colonel George D. Roberts has returned, and again taken up his permanent residence in San Francisco. F. W. Simes, U. S. N., and T. C. Sullivan, U. S. A., and family, are at the Occidental. Mrs. Judge Daingerfield and daughter are at Etna Springs. The Misses Alice and Fannie Chipman are at Belmont as guests of their aunt, Mrs. T. G. Phelps. Dr. Charles Blake and family are at the Magnetic Springs. Miss Lilian M. Evans is at Los Gatos. Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Hastings have been spending a few days at Napa Soda Springs. Mrs. Samuel Hensley, of San José, is visiting in this city. Mrs. Lieutenant Russell has taken up a short residence at San Rafael. Miss Jennie Lindley, of Sacramento, is visiting in this city. Mrs. D. J. Tallant and Miss A. Tallant have gone to Monterey to stay until after the Fourth. Mrs. Jane Griffin and Miss Griffin, of Sacramento, have gone down to the seashore somewhere in Southern California to stay a few weeks. Captain W. H. Taylor and family have gone to Monterey to spend a month. Mrs. E. D. Hinds and daughter, of Oakland, have gone to Santa Cruz. H. W. Carpenter, of Oakland, arrived in New York Thursday. Miss Bessie Hammond, daughter of Major R. P. Hammond, who lately came out from New York, is at Monterey. Mrs. H. B. Williams and Mrs. A. Poett and her two children, have gone to Monterey. Hon. John Wasson has returned to Tucson. Mrs. Thomas Breeze and her daughters have gone to Monterey to stay a month or more.

Charles Miller and family have also gone to Monterey to stay until the middle of next month. Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Mills, of Oakland, have been sojourning a short time in Los Angeles, but have returned. Mrs. W. W. Stow and family have returned from the Yosemite. Mrs. A. A. West and Miss Fannie West, of Oakland, have gone to Bartlett Springs. Miss Ella Myrick is at Etna Springs. Mrs. E. M. Gibson and daughter, of Oakland, are at San José for the summer. E. P. Denison and family, of Oakland, are at the Napa Soda Springs. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames went to Monterey a few days ago to stay about a month. Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Keyes are also at Monterey. Miss Annie E. Taylor and Miss Mattie Scott, of Oakland, are visiting friends in Santa Clara County. Mrs. Charles Robin and her daughter, of Sacramento, have gone to Europe. Mrs. E. J. Bowen and the Misses Bowen are at Monterey. Mrs. C. D. Farquharson and daughter have gone to Monterey to stay a few days. Miss Julia Shelby is visiting old friends in Sacramento. Joe Grant, with some friends, is doing the Yosemite. Chief Justice R. F. Morrison and wife have been spending a short time at Monterey. Miss Ivy Wandesforde has gone to Portland, Oregon. Mrs. James Freeborn, after her return from the Yosemite, went, with her family and Miss M. Smith, to Monterey. Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and family have gone to Monterey to stay five or six weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw, of the Palace, who have been visiting in New York for the past two months, will return home to-day. General P. Banning and family, of Los Angeles, are in the city. Mrs. Captain Bliss, of Oakland, is at Santa Cruz. President Reid, of the State University, is fishing at McCloud River, and on the Fourth he will be joined by Hon. B. B. Redding, the Rev. Mr. Barrows, and Dr. Stebbins. Mrs. Henry Palacios, wife of the Consul-General of Chile, has sufficiently recovered her health to enable her to undertake a journey to Barcelona. Mr. Palacios has recently completed a large stone mansion in that city, and it will in future be their residence. Mrs. Asa R. Wells, the two Misses Wells, Miss Graham, and Miss Andrews have gone to Santa Cruz for the summer. Mrs. D. J. Staples and her daughter, Mrs. Emlen Painter, are at the Windsor at St. Helena. The many friends of Mrs. Painter will be glad to know that her health is improving. Miss Lillian Linekin left the city this week for the East, to be gone several months. Frank V. McDonald, son of R. H. McDonald, arrived from New York last Friday; he will hereafter reside in this city. Lieutenant and Mrs. T. Dix Bolles left San Francisco on the twentieth for Olympia, Washington Territory, where the Lieutenant has been ordered to command the coast survey vessel *Earnest*. Mr. J. S. Carter and family, of San José, are spending the summer at Santa Cruz. Mark McDonald has gone to Arizona on mining business. J. Marvin and R. A. Urquhart, U. S. N., are at the Baldwin. Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Goodman entertained a number of their friends at the Tamalpais, San Rafael, a few days ago, and made it an occasion for the celebration of the seventeenth anniversary of their wedding. There will be hops at the Napa Soda Springs and Hotel del Monte to-night.

When we sent our illustrious dead from Elberon, in September last, to be buried, under an escort of mourning Congressmen, the cost of wines, liquors, cigars, lunches, et cetera, was so great, and so utterly scandalous was the junketing extravagance, that we believe the public has never been presented with an itemized account of the solemn debauch. When a pretext was found for a congressional and patriotic drunk in commemoration of the battle and surrender at Yorktown, some two hundred members of Congress, with some fifty foreign guests, guzzled and consumed the following in five days: Madeira wine, nine gallons and two dozen cases, \$78; twenty-four gallons of sherry, \$72; thirty gallons of brandy, \$330; five gallons of port wine, \$30; two cases and seventy-two gallons of whisky, \$396; one hundred and thirty cases of champagne, \$3,900; forty cases of claret, \$400; three cases of Burgundy, \$45; five cases of Rhine wine, \$65; seven cases of Sauterne, \$70; five barrels of bottled beer, \$62; five cases of Apollinaris, \$62; two barrels of Bass's ale, \$40; three bottles of American bitters, \$3; two jugs of Curaçoa, \$3; three cases of Congress-water, \$18; two cases of gin, \$25; five gallons of rum, \$45; three barrels of ginger ale, \$52, and some fifteen thousand cigars of the highest cost. Add the other expenses of a national vessel, etc., and some estimate may be formed of the congressional jamboree held in honor of the Yorktown centennial. Both political parties indulged in the little drunken riot at Yorktown.

The latest novelties in evening dress slippers are those of satin, embroidered on the toes in an artistic design in colored beads of two shades, from dark to light, with daintily made bows entwined with beads. In two shades of pink, blue, and gold, the effect is particularly good. The slippers are in white and black satin, and all delicate shades of color; also in bronze leather, which is being worn with evening dress. Black leather slippers have as many as four colors in beads worked on in taste. For plainer wear, there is the Queen Anne shoe in patent-leather, with small black bows. The light walking-shoes are cut very high, and plain up the instep, and have two straps across, fastened in the centre with a black or steel buckle. This is a specialty, and is called the Old England shoe. In tennis shoes, the latest are made of soft Levant leather, laced up with ribbon on the instep, and are very neat and becoming to the foot. The thick walking boots and high shoes are made like brogues, of calf leather and Levant leather, with thick soles projecting beyond the shoe. The boots are high up the leg and are laced up the front; the heel is square and of tolerable height.

A Missouri woman was astounded when a man took her suddenly in his arms and jumped into a pond with her, and grateful when she learned that her dress had been in a blaze, which the leap extinguished.

Advice to young poets: The obvious advice to a young poet, says V. Hugo Dusenbury, is never grow older. Die now.

## OLD-CHINA CHEATS.

### How the Makers and Repairers of Bric-à-Brac Deceive the Elect.

Beware of bric-à-brac; it is a snare and a delusion, exclaims a writer in the New York *Times* upon the manifold deceits which are now practiced on the Eastlake idolaters. France manufactures, most especially for her home market, for England, and America, her old Rouen wares and Sèvres. She can turn you out Saxe in quantity, at a month's notice, adapted to the particular wants of the ceramic maniac. Limoges enamels are especially dangerous. A manufacturer works on them by the wholesale, imitating the old subjects. He is honest enough to sell them on their own merits, but when the Limoges gets into the hands of the unscrupulous dealer, he buries them in moist earth for a month, and then they date back from the fifteenth century. There is that famous Henry II. ware. Their number is limited. The original pieces you can count on your fingers. Still, new ones are always turning up. These are manufactured. The brand-new objects are treated to fluorhydric acid, and in ten minutes they acquire an old look. From a vase being worth, say five dollars, the price augments at a jump to one thousand dollars. Be on your guard, ye American travelers who go to Paris, as to the purchase of a real old Regency clock. Such clocks in bronze are cast by the ton every day in Paris, and then touched up by tools so as to resemble the work of Boule. Antique furniture, with worm-holes in it, is the veriest of catchers. All that is necessary is to get an old piece of wood, load a gun with mustard seed, that finest grade of shot used for obtaining ornithological specimens, and then with a good charge of powder fire at a slight angle into your *vieux chêne*. The illusion is complete. These boles in the wood were made by worms, which enjoyed themselves in the time of Catherine of Medicis. Wood which has been eaten into by worms has its value, and when an old house is torn down in Europe, the timber brings a higher price for the antique furniture business than fresh wood. Paris is not alone in the bric-à-brac business. A French authority tells us that the specialty of Vienna is the making of jewelry of past centuries. Florence is distinguished as a manufacturer of antique arms; London turns out old Sèvres. In Berlin, Roman pottery, older than the time of Augustus, is furnished by the crate; Amsterdam produces iron-work which antedates Quentin Matsys, and Rotterdam, the most deceptive delf. As to New York, the art of bumbug, with that increasing love of bric-à-brac, has created artists of singular skill, whose inventive genius is quite equal to that of their European contemporaries. We turn out any number of quite creditable false antique coins, and quantities of sham old furniture. We do a fair trade in home-made old arms. We are dabsters at Queen Anne furniture. Yankee ingenuity only wants to be called on to respond at once to any demand.

A New York *Sun* reporter has also been investigating the bric-à-brac subject, and in his rounds interviewed a "repairer of art treasures," who, among other bits of information, said: "Articles, mostly ceramic, have frequently been repaired, where the bill exceeded their real value, though by no means the actual cost of the goods when perfect. People are very often deceived in buying such things. This salver is a fine piece of work in its way, yet it is only an imitation of Sèvres, worth perhaps forty dollars. If genuine, it would bring two hundred or two hundred and fifty dollars at auction. Our repairs will cost about fifty dollars. It was knocked down a flight of stairs by an intoxicated footman. Some ceramic articles are sent here for repair whose intrinsic value rests upon the fact that they are unique, or at least antique. They have perhaps been manufactured or decorated from special designs, or, being true antiquities, are rare. Here is a remarkable piece of old faience. It is ugly, but rare, and includes an idea. The grayish patch on this side, you will notice, represents a spider's web, and this resplendent beetle is tangling up his beautiful legs in it. That gorgeous long-limbed owl below is shaking his wise old head as he watches the game. The colors, you observe, are very intense, and beautifully worked as to the figures, yet the rest of the vase is quite dull in appearance. It would take a large sum to buy it, however. Here are some fine alabaster sea-horses whose necks were broken in trying to support a mosaic table upon which a young man seated himself after a wine-dinner. The repairs will cost thirty dollars. Here is something from an importing house; the vase was broken while they were loading it. It will be repaired, and nothing said about breakage. This often happens. The vase, after all, will be as good as ever for decorative purposes. The cause of breakage among dealers is often bad packing. It is an error to pack fragile goods tightly, for every jolt from without is felt within. There should be some 'give' to the packing. Many people who think they have a perfect piece of faience would be surprised to learn how many times it had been smashed, in, say from one two hundred years of miscellaneous handling. This royal piece of Sèvres is covered with the most fanciful designs of birds, fish, reptiles, and animals known. It is unique, and worth a large sum. I would gladly give one hundred dollars for it as it stands, though broken in fifty pieces. A man took it down from a shelf where it had stood for fifteen years, and let it drop on the hearth. The repairs will cost seventy-five dollars. Can we make Dresden ware in New York? Well, I assure you that we shall use material in this work which can not be distinguished from the best made in Dresden. One of the finest pieces of work we have here now is this beautiful piece of *cloisonné* and enamel. The body of the vase is of copper, but every dividing strand you see in that exquisite tracery is of gold inlaid, and the colors are scarcely equaled by any European work old or new. It is of Chinese workmanship; not even the Japanese artists can compete in this particular style of decorative art. The sides of the vase were jammed together nearly flat through bad packing, and the golden threads were forced out so you could take them up in a bunch. Each strand has been carefully replaced and the enamel restored in parts. The vase stands but about fourteen inches high, but no European artist could match it short of five years of constant labor. It would pass almost unnoticed by any one not a connoisseur."



## ITEMS ABOUT PEOPLE.

Two sons of Garibaldi's daughter Theresita, wife of General Canzio, are named Abraham Lincoln and John Brown.

Count de Lesseps, who is now in his seventy-seventh year, was presented a few days ago by his young wife with another child—the tenth.

Commodore Garrison, of New York, is reported to have his will fixed in such a way that it will be impossible for his heirs to wrangle over it after his death, or for the lawyers to devour his patrimony.

The King of Bavaria has signified that he will not read books that are printed in quarto. A special edition (of one copy) in octavo, will be printed for the use of his majesty when he states his wish to read the work.

Emile Zola inherits from his father, an engineer, a mathematical turn of mind, which in his youth inclined him toward the natural sciences rather than the classics, for which he always expressed a profound contempt.

Thomas A. Edison must be the despair of hatters. He wears a "stovepipe" of colossal proportions, usually balanced on the back of his head, while the generous brim descends before and behind with the effect of a sunshade.

Delaunay, the French actor, is only fifty-six years of age; but he has been a member of the society of the Théâtre Français for thirty-five years. He will finally retire from the stage next spring, his eyesight being so impaired that he can no longer endure the glare of the footlights.

Vernon Collis, the lost meteorologist of the *Jeannette*, was *Herold's* weather editor, a happy-natured, blue-eyed, blonde-moustached young man, large of soul and body, an inveterate punster. He was engaged to a young woman shortly before the departure of the expedition.

Boston papers are poking fun at Miss Blanche Roosevelt saying that she finds no mention in her book on Lowell, of the poet's opinion of the "Masque of Pan" which was produced by her in Boston. He said it was the best he had ever seen in a somewhat varied experience.

A correspondent of the New York *Times* says that in the safe of the late Moses Taylor was twenty-five thousand dollars, in the form of bonds of one thousand dollars each, (twenty-five stacks of one hundred bills) piled up open, sheet upon sheet, in great stacks, these formed but one item of Mr. Taylor's wealth.

Mr. Howells's handwriting is nervous, small, irregular, and so is that of Mr. Aldrich; Mr. T. W. Higginson is what might be called picturesque, scribbled, resembling Robert Browning's; Mrs. Burnett's is large, rather careless, and unpunctuated; Mr. George W. Cable's indicates the closest nicety.

General James Raymond Lee, of Boston, carries in his pocket-book a little slip of paper bearing the single word "Death." He pulled it out when a prisoner of war in a rebel jail at Richmond, when he and two others were chosen by lot to be executed, in retaliation for the sentencing to death of certain Confederate officers convicted of piracy. The sentence of the court was, happily, commuted, and General Lee and his comrades were subsequently exchanged.

The imperial apartments at Gatchina are warmed only by open fires of wood, and a continental correspondent of the London *Globe* tells the strange story that the Czar is so fearful lest some explosive material be introduced into the flames that he puts all the fuel with his own hands. A daily scene in the immediate vicinity of the palace-prison, he declares, is that Alexander III. in his shirt-sleeves, sawing and splitting pine logs into fire-wood, while his son, the Grand Duke Nicholas, conveys the same to the imperial wood-closet.

The Princess Dolgorouki will never again enter Russia, because she fears the Russians would lay hold upon her son and proclaim him Czar in opposition to Alexander III. Such a movement might be thought, meet with some success, as the family of Dolgorouki is far more ancient and noble than that of Romanoff; and it is, moreover, purely Russian, while the latter partly Teutonic. The Princess is now at Nice, and her home, at Lens, has recently been tenanted by the ex-Emperor Eugene.

The new member of the French Academy, Monsieur Cherbuliez, enters comparatively young, being barely fifty, and is a Protestant. By men he is often compared to George Sand, in her early style, before she became an exponent of socialism. Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" might more properly pass his prototype; for his favorite plot is the artful scheming Becky Sharp, now of one sex, now of the other, who is wit and an ace of succeeding, but is foiled by a superior hand, and retires wholly discomfited, or with the honors of war.

Art circles in London are much interested in the sale of Meissonier's picture of Napoleon for six thousand pounds by Mr. Ruskin, who gave one thousand pounds for it a few years ago. The professor used to speak oft in his Oxford lectures as a consummate example of consummately bad art, magnificent only as technique. The *World* remarks on his good fortune, saying: "So it happens that the man whose whole life has been a protest against gains and business in art has by a freak of fortune made almost the largest profit known on any picture of modern times."

The London *Telegraph* is erecting a pitiful office in Fleet Street. The Levys, the owners, are ty among the half-dozen richest Jews in London. Judaism is lightly on them, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Levy-Lawson show members of the family, affect Christian society. The death of Mr. Lawson has given Mr. Levy-Lawson an income altogether of over five hundred thousand dollars a year. Just Lord Beaconsfield's executors refused to let him endow Madame Elise, a fashionable milliner, who has been charged with working her girls into their graves, so the Duke of Westminster declined to sell his seat, and dearest to him by tender memories, to Mr. Levy-Lawson, who has lately bought all Barn, near Beaconsfield, once the property of Waller the poet, and a place of historic interest.

## ARGONAUT VERSE.

## To One Away.

A dream came in the night;  
I thought you near;  
The autumn winds outside  
Stood still to hear.  
I thought I heard your voice;  
Our hands they met;  
Why should I wake to find  
The pillow wet?  
A thought came in the spring:  
Would that your hands  
Might part the gloom that lies  
Between the lands.  
But no, with April tears  
Come fond regrets,  
A sad heart and a grave,  
With violets,  
Dear one, so near to me  
In thought and dream,  
It can not be so far  
Across the stream.  
I pluck a violet from thy grave,  
And on its breath  
I send these simple lines to thee,  
Past life, past death.

June, 1882.

CLARENCE T. URMY.

## Alea Fati.

"For I am weary of this silly world."—*Chesterfield*,  
A long game—yet thank God we've played  
The hand just next that latest  
When Death trumps with a little spade  
Hearts' best and diamonds' greatest.

The night is spent, the fire is low,  
The candles flare and gutter;  
There rests, I think, a hint of snow  
With morn there on the shutter.

The chill creeps inward from the pane  
That comes with winter's dawning,  
And cools the lusts of flesh and gain,  
And shivers sets for yawning.

The music died long hours ago,  
And shortly fled thereafter,  
With Grace and Gerie, Fan and Flo,  
The kisses and the laughter.

All gone—heads nodding—eyes of stone—  
We watch the counters passing,  
And little reck if not our own  
The side is where they're massing.

These were the earlier evening's care,  
But mine, at his command, he  
Shall have who bids for them his share  
Of that last flask of brandy.

So draw the curtain, stir the fire,  
Have done the luck berating;  
Quick, quick! I drowsily desire  
The long sleep that lies waiting.

A dull game—yet we've never played  
The hand that is its latest,  
When Death trumps with a little spade  
Hearts' best and diamonds' greatest.

June, 1882.

A. E. WATROUS.

## Climb Upward.

"Very height there lies repose."—*Goethe*.  
I say to thee, climb upward to the heights;  
Keep up, climb upward to the heights;  
For only eyes lifted to the far off peaks;  
Given to the riches of the gods  
The gods rest one who toils and seeks.  
Fixed on the mountains with their eyes  
Them and the stars. The mists float down between  
Pours the sun's. Only far up above  
What is a sunbeamy in a perfect sheen.  
To a whole world aggluing on the floor  
Beside you hedge to glory? And the rose  
That blossoms in the æstherious dawn  
If the winds pierce you, anath night's dim close?  
And rains beat pitilessly against storm rolls wild,  
Press forward cut of all the strife your breast,  
Upon the heights there lies eteal di—  
In valleys shadows sleep, and all the rest.  
Doth jangle rudely in its petty spittle  
At life; and at the foot of hills  
Are always some worn remnants of the  
The day is broad upon the mountain-tops;  
The truths of care and sin can never steal  
So far from earth. The mortals' furious breath  
Can not the abiding place of gods make real.  
And so, I say to you, climb to the peaks;  
Brim your soul purely with the mountain air;  
And half-way up the snow-cold, shining heights,  
The gods will reach to you, and lift you there.

June, 1882.

FANNY DRISCOLL.

## Friendship.

With scorn she bade me go. In troubled mood  
I sought the place where sweet spring blossoms grew,  
If baply their soft fragrance might undo  
My hurt, and soothe my heart's deep solitude.  
Their perfume sweet was like an interlude  
To the fierce passion of that interview;  
And, sick at heart, I thought, like friendship true  
This quiet fragrance is, and e'er pursued  
Shall be, instead of love's devouring heat.  
But looking further, like a nestling dove,  
May's lovely flowers peeped out from their retreat,  
And showed how far their beauty stood above  
Their fragrant breath. So friendship, how'er sweet  
And true, the perfume only is of love.

June, 1882.

JAMES T. WHITE.

## II.

## AT SEA.

The golden arrows of morning are fretting the dimpled sea;  
The greedy gray gulls are screaming close on the good ship's lee;  
There's never a cloud in the scope of sky, and only one flaxen curl  
Is tost from the ocean's braided mane, where the good ship's wake  
is a swirl.  
Ah love! to bridge the measureless miles that separate you and me,  
And fold you close, for a pulse's beat, in a new found ecstasy.

## IN THE TROPICS.

If you and I, my sweetheart, were not barred,  
By unkind chance, from one another's arms,  
If, under this great vault of jet, full-starred,  
I now might hold you safe from all alarms,  
Perchance the warm heart of this tropic night  
Would wiser wax, one lesson in delight.

June, 1882.

PAUL DARD.

## SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

Bulwer: Cynicism is old at twenty.

Gaelic saying: The sea will settle when it marries.

Emerson: Cant is useful to provoke common sense.

Ouida: Women have no worse enemies than women.

Nubian proverb: Heaven sends almonds to the toothless.

Emerson: The history of your fortunes is written first in your life.

Ike Marvel: The stroke that blasts life's hope blasts also its smile.

De Ségur: Memory records services with a pencil, injuries with a graver.

La Fontaine: Men are as cold as ice to the truth, hot as fire to falsehood.

Ben Azai: The reward of doing one duty is the power to perform another.

F. R. Marvin: None are so old as they who have cultivated enthusiasm.

Balzac: Jealousy is the height of egotism, self-love, and the imitation of false vanity.

Talleyrand: The love of glory can only make a hero; the contempt of it creates a wise man.

Madame Swetchine: What is resignation? It is putting God between one's self and one's grief.

Ouida: It is murder to take life; but perhaps to take away the joy of life is a more cruel thing to do.

Bulwer: It is not till the bloom of fancy begins to fade that the heart ripens to the passion that the bloom precedes and foretells.

Emerson: The flower of civilization is the finished man of sense, of accomplishment, of social power—the gentleman.

Madame de Staël: Men have made of Fortune an all-powerful address, in order to be made responsible for all their blunders.

Themistocles: I can not play upon any stringed instrument, but I can tell you how of a little village to make a great and glorious city.

Prince de Ligne: In love, it is only the commencement that charms. I am not surprised that one finds pleasure in frequently recommending.

Fénelon: If the crowns of all the kingdoms of Europe were laid down at my feet in exchange for my books and for my love of reading, I would spurn them all.

Ingersoll: Virtue is a subordination of the passions to the intellect. It is to act in accord with your highest convictions. It does not consist in believing, but in doing.

Charles Dickens: Shall we speak of the inspiration of a poet or a priest, and not of the heart impelled by love and self-devotion to the lowliest work in the lowliest way of life?

Milton: I call a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war.

J. S. Mill: Our whole working power depends on knowing the laws of the world—in other words, the properties of the things which we have to work with and to work among, and to work upon.

Thomas Carlyle: Quack and dupe are upper side and under side of the self-same substance. Turn up your dupe into the proper fostering element and he himself can become a quack.

Bulwer Lytton: The friendship between great men is rarely intimate or permanent. It is a Boswell that most appreciates a Johnson. Genius has no brother, no co-mate; the love it inspires is that of a pupil or a son.

Voltaire: If as much care were taken to perpetuate a race of fine men as is done to prevent the mixture of ignoble blood in horses and dogs, the genealogy of every one would be written on his face and displayed in his manners.

Giles: When one thoughtfully considers the part which we have in the destiny and character of woman, the issues that come out of it for her weal or misery, her ruin or perfection, nothing is more pathetic, and death itself is not more so.

Robert Vest: Nothing is easier than fault-finding. No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character, are required to set up in the grumbling business. But those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmur or complaint.

Quarles: Read not books alone, but men, and among them chiefly thyself. If thou find anything questionable there, use the commentary of a severe friend rather than the gloss of a sweet-tipped flatterer. There is more profit in a distasteful truth than in deceitful sweetness.

Chateaubriand: What I like in the cat is that independent and almost ungrateful character which makes it attach itself to nobody. The cat lives alone; he has no need of society; he obeys only when he pleases, pretends to sleep in order the better to see, and scratches everything that he can scratch.

Fénelon: The law of the soul, which we call reason, reigns with an absolute sway. Its reproaches are ever uttered and repeated at what is wrong; it sets bounds to the folly of the most audacious. It is this power that gives a uniformity to the opinions of men the most opposed to each other in their natures. It is by this that men of all ages and countries are bound to an immovable centre, to which they are held by certain invariable laws which we call first principles. They can not esteem or despise anything according to their own arbitrary wills; they can not force the eternal barriers of truth and justice.



## VANITY FAIR.

The New York *World's* correspondent, at the recent West Point graduating festivities, thus remarks on the favor shown by the pretty New York "rosebuds" to the cadets: The poor "plehes" are left out in the cold this evening; but even if they did attend, it would be useless, for no "bud" would leave a "cady" for a plehe. Some of the plehes, though, are good-looking fellows. After the parade to-day the following conversation was overheard: "Who is that tall, handsome fellow over there?" asked the lady. "Jove! he is handsome, isn't he?" said the cady. "What is his name?" "I don't know. I'll find out." The cadet approached General Spurgin, and when he returned to the young lady's side, said: "He's only a plebe." "Oh!" and they wandered down to "Flirtation Walk." The cadets are not allowed to smoke, and the sutler of the post will not sell them cigarettes. But at West Point the young lady cares more about a cadet's button for a bangle than she would for a splash of diamonds elsewhere, so young ladies barter packages of cigarettes for buttons. One young lady had no less than seven buttons at the ball, and she was envied by nearly all the other "huds."

The New York *Tribune's* "occasional" London correspondent, speaking of the *argot* at present fashionable in English society, says: "Everything that is agreeable has been for some time past called 'cheery' by those who are 'in it.' 'Cheerful' is now only used by persons in society in an ironical sense, and 'jolly,' after being fashionable, I am told, a quarter of a century ago, has lapsed again into vulgarity. 'Cheery,' pronounced with a guttural 'r,' is now the only word. One may lose money at the races, and yet pronounce the celebration 'cheery' if the lobsters were good and the Pommery properly iced."

The failing power of the French, even in the matter of taste in dress, is most keenly felt abroad, and the exaggeration which they have been led by the necessity of pleasing a certain class of customers, whose very existence is ignored in London, but who lead the fashion in Paris, is beginning to disgust the English ladies. For instance, the autocratic Worth, who has spent his whole life devising the most perplexing fashions for the outer robes of his fair customers, is now turning attention to their underclothing, and has pronounced that black is to be the only color for stays, stockings, corsets, and petticoats. All are to be of silk, of the thin India fabric called "surab." Accordingly, many of the fashionable warerooms supplied themselves with it. But the London ladies, and those of New York, generally have refused point blank to forego the snowy whiteness of the under garb, and therefore the fantastic black costume is abandoned, at a great sacrifice to the class who set the fashions nowadays in Paris.

A new idea for the cotillion puzzles the brains of many a young gentleman with hair parted amidships. Here is the result of much thought to such an individual, which gained a signal success at a recent New York German. A side door was suddenly flung open, and two immense dogs entered, gaily decorated, drawing a car of great elegance. They were conducted into the middle of the room, and the top of the vehicle was taken off, when the car was found to be full of hon-hons, flowers, fans, and several little articles of prettiness which were distributed among the delighted guests.

For some unknown reason, says the *Hour*, the popularity of veils has sensibly diminished. Invisible nets confine the exuberance of the front hair, and preserve the integrity of the most faultless water-wave, and if the delicacy of the skin calls for protection against the rude assaults of air and sunlight, what is more effectual for that purpose than a thin coating of powder relieved by rouge? Ladies inhabiting tropical lands have established this fashion as one necessary to their comfort, and why should their sisters of so-called temperate regions be deprived of the same privileges? There is really no reason for the distinction, except in the minds of such as are endowed by nature with magnificent complexions. To paint the lily or rose is in their estimation a misdemeanor not to be lightly overlooked, for with ill-concealed exultation they reflect that they and a limited number of the elect rival in their fair faces the beauty of the lily and the rose, and that any attempt to foist a spurious article on the public should meet with just rebuke. But to the great majority of gentle beings who make no pretensions to divine beauty of coloring, the enticing "Bloom of Youth" and similar cosmetics seem to remedy one defect and place them in some respects on a more equal footing with their more gifted rivals. In the matter of beautifying the complexion, care and self-abnegation can achieve much. One historical beauty is known to have slept in a wax mask, and another found embellishment in a delicate poultice of bread and milk applied to the face during the night.

"The awfully jolly girl" has been mentioned as the latest and perhaps most appalling English type of her sex. "The other day in Richmond Park," writes a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "I came upon three or four of these epicene creatures, who were perhaps awful enough, but were by no means jolly. One wore a man's scarlet cricket-cap. All had their hair cropped close, and all four carried heavy walking-sticks. On inquiry, I was told that at Brighton and elsewhere it quite common for young ladies to go about with walking-sticks and a convict's crop. Who are the men that these poor girls imagine they can attract by this ugly masquerade?"

Among the novelties in equipages that have appeared this season at the races, says the New York *Sun*, is an open carriage, which made its debut on Decoration Day, and caused quite a stir from the fact of its being driven by postillions, who are seldom seen nowadays, even in England, except on state occasions, when royalty, a minister of state, or possibly the lord mayor are abroad for some formal ceremonial. The carriage in question is known abroad as a "Daumont"

or "Duc," and the Empress Eugénie always drove in one to the Paris races on the occasions of the Grand Prix. The Princess of Wales, too, generally makes her royal progress to Ascot in a turnout of this description on the great cup day; but until now republican princes and princesses have not selected this rather conspicuous mode of conveyance for the display of their wealth and importance. However, there is no reason why they should not, for if free and independent citizens choose to be carried about in a palanquin, like the Emperor of Siam, or to ride on gaily caparisoned elephants, camels, or even donkeys, there is no earthly objection to their gratifying their ambition and their taste in this way. "Daumonts," it is said, will be introduced this summer at Newport, as two well-known leaders of fashion have already purchased them, and would have made their appearance in them at Jerome Park, but for a little modest reluctance to be the pioneers of a style which is certainly somewhat startling in novelty. Elephant-riding will probably be the next craze of fashionable idlers, and a very jolly party might be accommodated on Jumho's broad back, and make a right royal progress through Newport or Saratoga Streets.

But few changes have been made in the style of gentlemen's garments since the openings in early spring, says the New York *Herald*. The newest design for a sack suit for summer wear is the "rolled" suit. The coat is made with collar rolled back and thrown open. The corners are slightly cut away, and the garment is of medium length and outlines the figure loosely. The vest is lower than usual, having but four buttons, and is cut straight around, being a trifle shorter than old designs. Trousers are cut shapely, club men wearing them from sixteen to seventeen inches around knee and foot. In the sack suits the entire suit is usually of the same material throughout, fancy suitings in light tints being the preference of most young men. A vest or trousers in a different color may be worn with the suit to give variety, but it is not considered in good taste with this style. Cutaway and frock suits are made of fancy cassimere; in solid colors the preference is for olive, brown, and hottle-green. The most select color at present is iron-gray. The cork-screw or Baratheia goods is the first choice for these suits, when coat, pants, and trousers may be of a light fancy check or stripe. The silk vestings of a quiet-colored ground with figures in bright tints are also worn to give variety to these suits. The mixed Baratheia gray will be much worn again for full cutaway and frock suits this season. The fancy vests are made short, straight across the bottom, with rolled or shawl collar, and are cut high, with six buttons. They are of silk, silk and wool, and of linen. The designs are dots, spots, stars, checks, and in mixed designs that are not conspicuous at first glance, but which, when examined closely, are seen to be stars, crescents, comets, and birds' heads in one pattern, and in another a full-rigged schooner placed at intervals between Japanese wave lines.

After the Derby, London swelled returned to the city and took "tea." The balconies in Grosvenor Place were decked with red cloth and flowers, and the fashions displayed themselves at the tea-tables as though it were a great London, but some far-away, secluded country drawing-room, of the houses the tea-tables were laid in decorations of lilies of the valley, narcissus, and garlanded satin sheet-tables, and the cloths were white Gen silks.

The edict has gone forth throughout the East to lower the net in lawn tennis, and that fall be three feet six inches at the correct height of the net center.—Miss Chamberlain, who is making such a sensation in London, is from Cleveland, Ohio. She was smiling between the folding doors, school.—A curthins of white lace, was a pretty novelty drawn back by work wedding reception.—At Madame at a recent Née in London the other night, over two thousand dollars were spent on the presents or favors of the sand dolla.—Miss Chamberlain, the young American, was again cotillion for her beauty.—Ladies are so discouraged at remar colored hosiery which will not wash that it is likely buy stockings will be the beight of fashion by another season. Children abroad are already wearing white.—English bridesmaids wear short frocks of white English silk, with drapery of silk muslin festooned on the skirt. Hedge roses in straight wreaths trim the Gainsborough bonnets of English straw, and are worn on the corsage.—At a recent Boston "tea," the tiny pats of butter were served in two miniature straw hampers surrounded with rose leaves and sprays of fern.—Ex-Queen Isabella electrified Paris recently by appearing in a sky-blue satin, with bonnet to match, trimmed with pearls.—The ladies who graced the drags of the recent Coaching Club parade in New York, expressed by their exquisite toilets a belief in the possibility of summer which was by no means realized. Furs would have been a comfort. It is said that language is capable of great warmth, but it had no effect on the air around the Brunswick.—Upon the two pillars which stand before each of the three entrances of Mr. James Gordon Bennett's residence have been placed bronze owls. They are really gas-lamps, the light streaming from their eyes with a weird effect.—The first American lady to receive the "Golden Rose" from the Pope was Miss Emily Harper, of Baltimore, and not Mrs. William T. Sherman.—Brides' veils at June weddings are fastened by the traditional chaplet of flowers instead of by jewels. Diamond ornaments, formerly used for this purpose, are now thrust irregularly in the lace that trims the neck of the dress.—Upon Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris rests the responsibility of having made brick-red kid gloves popular in Washington.—It is worthy of note in London that large dinner parties are more unfashionable this season than they have been hitherto. The maximum number at table, including host and hostess, seems now to be a dozen, or, in rare instances, fourteen.—Lady riders in the London parks have discarded the neat little linen collar, so becoming to the fresh faces, and wear in its stead a slightly open bodice, with a gentleman's scarf and pin.

## WORSHIPFUL A. B. C. D. OF X. Y. Z.

A Chapter on Secret Societies.

"Solomon invented the Freemasons, didn't he?" asked the Jester, who isn't very well posted on these things. "He did," replied the Fat Passenger, proudly, who is one of the way-ups, and wears three kinds of pins, and a watch seal that nobody can read, with Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and all the rest of the ten commandments initiated on it. "He did," said the Fat Passenger, as he bent a thirty-third-degree-in-the-shade look upon the Man on the Wood Box, who is only a Mystic Nail-Eater of Jericho, and only dates the origin of his order back to the days of Beelzebub. "Solomon," the Jester remarked, musingly, "was a very wise man, an extremely numerous father, and an extravagantly diffusive husband. He had more wives, of full rank and brevet, than there are women in Olean. And have no doubt he was a good exemplary Mason. Only, I wonder, if he had been content with one wife if he ever would have invented lodge night? Now, out in Burlington, where live," the Jester went on, hastily breaking in on the Fat Passenger's attempt to say something, "there was a woman neighbor of mine, whose husband belonged to more lodges and societies, and fraternities, and leagues, and orders, unions, and clubs, and rites, and things than the r them could count in a week. Why, he went to bed in r Plain, but regalia. And from force of habit he used his wife 'Worshipful Mistress,' and he addressed her as 'Junior Wardens,' and 'Chief Tough Tology.' 'Most Worthy Bashi Bazouks,' and other wiced ane titles. That man's children had a vague idea that they in some close degree blood relations of Solomon, for told their Sunday-school teacher that their gr of worked on the Tower of Babel, and they always used Hiram Abiff as 'Uncle Hiram,' and this inner to go down and pound the hoiler and hold pitch of the blanket, and grease the pot, and help her, and nights when there was a candid to be assassinated, he watered himself into drov at Good Tejonics, ings, and fermented himself to a beer-vat at Fellows' and ate himself into chryc indigestion at 'rades, suppers, and sat up night with sick Grand Knights of and visited Masonic 'dows, and comforters—and Pythias orphans, for sixteen years and, as blacked he danced himself to a paralysis, and got it, and was at all sorts of b's, and had a good husy tin tite 'S. O. considered a pital fellow because he had W. 2. T. P. C. F. W. 3. B. B. G. E.; and E. O. D. tr registered 'J' after. Well, one day there were se convocation on at once in our town. There was a ion of Hope of Knights Templar, and a public ins of Druid picnic, lodge, No. 8277, I. O. O. F., and a Hibernian benevolent society, and a fraternity symposium, and Grand Army, and two or three hazaars, and a masked para a choral-union and a fireman's tournament and fight e-hall match, and rehearsal, and a choice meeting, and e-hall match, and a regatta, and a croquet quarrel, and he effort to attend all of them in full regalia the man did himself, came bome all tired out, told his wife he d believe he felt very well himself, and went straight to His family never saw the man again for six weeks. The days were made busy and the nights were made noy all manner of com mitees, wearing all manner of e's, coming to inquire after the sick man, and to sit up wim, and bringing him all manner of comforting things—l and jellies, and water ices, and terrapin soup, and per tracts, and flat flasks, and cake, and pie, and watermelons, and egg-nogg, and cigars, and new stories, and sandwiche boys, and all sorts of doctors—homeopathists, allo, water-cures, Swedish movement cures, eclectic, ne school, old school, regulars, guerrillas, Injun doctors, fait doctors, kneaders, slappers, and healers. And the man well! He had to, the Jester added, noticing the exsion of incredulity that settled upon the countenances of passengers; "there were too many of him to die at or While they were wrestling with one of him the rest of would get the bulge on them, and he pulled through. Awhen he was quite well and all there, they had a grandion picnic for his benefit, to which all the societies to ch he belonged were invited. The family naturally rejoit at this, and supposed they would get front seats all way, as they were closely connected with the circus, stead of this, however, they were treated to a surp. The procession organized with the mar himselfnd three eminent brethren of vastly superior dees, in the first carriage. Then came a brass nd. Then came more carriages, containing emine brethren from visiting lodges, every man with enoughtails after his name to stock a railroad; the O. I. C. R. F. L. Y., and the R. S. T. U. V. X., and the C. U. & A. L. U., and the T. O. M. and the G. A. L. and the J. G., under the seat. Then came a whole proccesor of plains—lodge chaplains—on foot, swearing at ne d'st. nd away off, two and a half miles away from the bid, one the family, in the middle of the street, hoom it. When they finally got out to the picnic grounds, he mebers if the man's domestic household were again plasantlysurpsed, being stopped at the gate by an outside entinel,bo cubbed them off to the right. There they found an side guard, who promptly chased them off to the left. Th they ran into a hoy-seven years old, with white hair and necktie, carrying a clothes prop, and hearing in is own official person the enormous and overhearing title of Royahd Thrice Puissant Knight of the Mighty Arm d Pote Keeper of the Way. And when they got away from allat alive, they were finally 'shooed' away andaved offlow the road, and told to get out of there and pep awayr they'd get into trouble, by a little old man withow lega hare lip, a wart on his nose, a bald head, andreen goges, who the affrighted and awe-stricken intru's afterwards learned was his Most Goodness Gracious Nj, the Foror Five Times Renowned and Most Awfully Mificent ad Resplendent Fly-up-the-Creek-to-the-Muldo. A sect society is a sweet hoon, but a man has to be kd of careft that it doesn't grow on him."—R. J. Burdette.



## LACEDÆMONIAN RAMBLINGS.

Our Greek Correspondent Describes his Saunterings over Classic Soil.

To pass from New York to San Francisco requires seven days' traveling in a luxurious car. To come to Kotronis, in Laconia, from Patras, has taken me three days in the steamer, which touches at all the little ports on the coast, one day on mule back, and one day on foot over a mountain where no mule could go with a rider. I leave civilization behind me with the steamer, at the port of Maratbonisi, and as I am rowed ashore, sorrowfully think where shall I sleep, and where shall I eat? For I am told that in this town there is no inn. As the boat nears the stone-built mole a little crowd collects to see me. They are all in Greek dress, wearing either the *fustanella*, or in its place the Hyariote *platorakia*, which is an immense bag, divided to accommodate the legs, and gathered between the knees, while the loose part hangs behind, almost touching the ground. Every step of the wearer makes it flap from side to side in the most ludicrous manner. The boat has not yet touched the stone steps when I hear several voices calling out to the boatman, not supposing that I know Greek, "Who is he?" "Where does he come from?" "What does he want?" The boatman's reply is native—i.e., *Laconic*: "Ask him; he speaks Greek."

On landing, about five and twenty men wish to be employed to carry my portmanteau. I can not engage any one for this service at present, as I have not the slightest idea where to direct it to be taken. To prevent any of the gentlemen being carried away by an excess of zeal, and my portmanteau with them, I sit down on it. The natives gather around me. I amiably undergo examination.

"Yes, I am a foreigner; I live in Greece. I am going to Kotronis to see the red marble (*rosso antico*) there." "Am I going to buy a quarry?" "No, I am not, because I know that the Kotroniotes will be glad to bring to the shore as much as I want on being paid for carrying it." "Do I know that wages are six drachmas a day?" "No, I don't; but I know that before there are wages there must be work; and at Kotronis there is no work, and the people there will gladly take two drachmas a day" (thirty cents).

The Greeks laugh, and begin to understand that I have been some time in Greece. At this point a burly-looking Greek pushes through the throng, and shakes hands with me. I shake his with expansion, as I would do on finding my long-lost brother, for I see bed and board in his eye. Kerios Kakoyanni—which is his name, he tells me—calmly takes possession of me and my belongings. Directing my portmanteau to be carried to his house, he takes me to his store, which faces the mole. He keeps a *panopolion*—store for everything. I hold a second levee in his store, being presented to all the principal people of the place, who, having heard of the arrival of a *xenos* (stranger), drop in to hear my account of myself, and the latest political news. I am treated to *masitika*, and every one says to me "*Kalos oreseste*" (welcome). Kerios Kakoyanni bands me over to the care of his brother to show me the town, while he goes, I suspect, to order something extra for supper in my honor.

Four or five of us go together. As we pass along the narrow, rough, round, stone-paved, no-sidewalk streets, my companions are constantly stopped by those we meet to tell them who I am, my business, etc. Every one turns round to look at me. This is grand. I forget that I am only receiving the attentions that would be shown to any foreigner on a visit to the town. I begin to fancy I am some distinguished personage. I catch myself assuming, at the many presentations now made to me, a Greek ministerial deportment—a sort of semi-haughty, stand-off cordiality.

The town is not worth seeing. It consists principally of one long, dirty street curving round the bay. The houses are mean-looking—two-storied—some only one. Under one of the largest is the café. I am taken there, and again treated. The chimney of a flour-mill is ostentatiously pointed out to me in the distance, betokening that machinery has been already introduced here. It is a pity, they say, my stay is so short; I might have visited it. There is some talk of carrying the mole about fifty feet further, the better to protect the small craft which lie anchored behind it. I gather that the majority consider this too daring a scheme, and, besides, the estimated cost would put too much money at the Demarch's disposal, as he has built one house for himself already.

Being no longer a free agent, I am delivered back at Kakoyanni's store at the hour he had instructed his brother. Here I find the guard, whom I had asked Kakoyanni to procure me for to-morrow's journey, waiting to be bargained with for his services, and for the hire of a mule. This is soon settled by Kakoyanni, who very peremptorily tells the man that if he does not take exactly the half of what he asked, to get out of the store. The guard agrees at once; says he will take the balance out in friendship with Kakoyanni; and that he sees from my noble looks that I will give him a present over and above his hire. Leaving this a moot question, I follow Kakoyanni, who invites me to his dwelling, which is over the store. I am introduced to Keria Kakoyanni and her mother-in-law. We have supper—a profusion of dishes of meat, and fish, fruit, raisin wine—coffee after, of course.

Supper finished, we chat for an hour or so. I admire the old-fashioned lamp, which is a long brass rod running through a circular vessel holding the oil, and in which there are four spouts. The wicks come from these. The rod is fitted to a stand. Extinguisher, snuffers, and picker hang by little brass chains. Kakoyanni, rises, and says he will show me my room. It is wonderfully clean, with, as usual, no carpet. Kakoyanni, wishing me "happy dawning," leaves me. I lie on the hard bed in the little iron bedstead, enjoying the perfume of the lavender-scented sheets, one of which is my only covering. I listen but a few moments to the waves washing against the piles outside of my window before I am asleep.

Daylight is spreading over the purple mountains of the Island of Cerigo. I can see them through the open window as I lie in bed. Kakoyanni has knocked at the door to tell me that the guide and mule are ready. As I must ride as many miles as possible before the great heat of the day, I rise and quickly dress. Coffee and adieu to the Kakoyanni family are soon over. I thank Kakoyanni warmly for his

hospitality, as he deserves. I mount the wooden saddle of the mule, at the back of which the guide has already tied my portmanteau. The rope bridle is only tied to one side of a cross loop over the mule's head, the country Greeks thinking—like Hudibras when he used only one spur—that if you turn one side of the mule's head the other side must necessarily follow. The guide will run behind the mule, hitting him occasionally over the flanks with a stick, as constitutional laziness overcomes momentary energy. He makes the first cut now before my feet are well placed in the rope stirrups, and spoils the elegance of my parting bow to Kakoyanni's wife on the balcony. The mule gives a jerk, and I knock my back against my portmanteau, to rebound on to the little wooden railing in front of the saddle. So we start, and Maratbonisi is soon far behind us. The bare, rocky mountain which I will climb to-morrow, and at the foot of which I will stay to-night, rises in front. At noon we rest in the shade of some olive trees, and lunch from the provisions I had laid in at Maratbonisi; for, till I return there, I can depend on getting nothing but bread. We drink rosin wine from a large, wooden, wheel-shaped bottle, which the guide carries on his back, dispensing with cup or glass. The sun is going down as I reach the hamlet of Skutari. The entire population, consisting of about fifty individuals, turn out to see me. The guide bangs behind to tell the people—who all know him, and call him Georgi—about me. His story is that I am one of the directors of an immense company with a fabulous capital, going to buy all the red marble at fancy prices, as I am a Philhellene, and wish to benefit the Greeks, especially the noble Laconians (or Mainates as they are called). Georgi is a made man as regards treats to-night. I notice all the men and some of the boys have swung over their backs long-barreled flint-lock guns with metal stocks. I try to think with satisfaction that brigandage no longer exists in Greece; but I don't like the guns. There are revivals in religion, why not in brigandage? These people are very poorly clad; the men in white—well, at last washing—coarse cotton jacket and *fustanellas*, with trousers beneath; no stockings; shoes of half-tanned leather, turned up in a point at the toes, where a little tassel is placed; the women, anything they can get under a thick woolen cloak, reaching to their feet, open in front, and having no sleeves. There are old faded fezes on their heads, over which their hair is plaited, and to cover all a dusty kerchief is wound. Their feet are bare.

Georgi selects for me the best house to sleep in. A very poor one the best is. The poor folks would give me supper if they could, but they have nothing but bread and olives. The poorest house is never without sweetmeats, which they offer me with water, and tell me I am welcome. I am given the best of the two rooms of which the house consists, to sleep in. The only furniture in this room is a straw-stuffed divan, on a long wooden box. This I will make my bed to-night. I see in the corner, swinging before a picture of the *Panaghia* (Virgin) the little oil-lamp which is never extinguished. Over the picture is a box with a glass cover, containing the marriage wreaths of the couple in whose house I am. These wreaths are always carefully preserved in this manner. Whichever of the couple dies first will have his or her wreath placed in the coffin. Georgi now comes in to arrange my supper on a table he has borrowed somewhere, along with some chairs. I can see from the preternatural gravity of his manner that the unlimited *masitika* I anticipated has been imbibed. After supper, though I feel tired, yet I think it policy to go out on the little square, where I am eagerly expected by the priest and the officials of the village. I give my news, but get little reliable information in return as to my destination—Kotronis. Greeks have the peculiarity, when asked for information, of just trying to discover what replies would be pleasing. They will go a good way in defiance of the facts to give such answers as they conceive would be most acceptable. Pleading fatigue as an excuse for retiring early, I gave a last look for to-night at the mountain which I will cross to-morrow, as it rises two thousand feet straight up from the little bay at my feet. ALEITHEIA.

KOTRONIS, Laconia, May 17, 1882.

Concerning a recent fête at Paris, the *London World* says: March fifteenth being Mi-Carême, the event was celebrated by a grand ball, given in the Casino by the popular American, Mr. Gordon Bennett. No trouble and no expense were spared in the preparations, and the only items not so liberally supplied as was everything else, were perhaps the gentlemen, who are in a minority here. Every lady seemed to have ordered a new toilet to do honor to the occasion, the most remarkable costume being that of a Russian princess, who also had beautiful diamonds. The cotillon commenced at half-past one o'clock, and was exceedingly well led by Mr. Winthrop, aided by Mr. Ridley. The bouquets and gifts provided by the generous host were unusually good; and among the latter were three gold bracelets, one of which was given to an American lady, one to an English, and one to a Brazilian. Perhaps the most amusing figure was when a large screen of tissue paper was brought in, and ladies were ranged on one side, and gentlemen on the other; the latter then each put a finger through the paper, and the ladies chose their partners by taking each one of the fingers, the gentlemen then stepping through the screen.

George William Curtis, in a recent number of *Harper's Weekly*, laments the extravagance and corruption in office, and points as an illustration to "legislators who employ their relatives as clerks of committees at a compensation of twenty-five dollars per day for light work or none." The committee clerks of the Senate get six dollars a day during the session, and the clerks of the House get four dollars a day, comments the *Inter-Ocean*. Some of them have to serve two or more committees, and all of them do more honest labor for their compensation than George William Curtis did when, upon his own motion, he drew fifty dollars a day while acting as a member of the civil service reform commission.

"And what then was the date exactly of your poor husband's death?" "Let me recollect myself, ma'am. Well, if he'd a lived to Wednesday next, he'd been dead three weeks."

## ARTISTIC TABLES.

How Modern Fashion Fixes their Covering and Adornment.

Throughout the ages, observes a writer in the *New York Times*, we note an instructive connection between tables and prosperity, and coming down to modern times, find ourselves involved in a perfect labyrinth of tables and their furnishings. We admit that the "utility" table has claims to merit. It folds and unfolds, contains drawers for various purposes, can be raised to the invalid's couch, or to the relief of a constant reader, has a sloping desk to accommodate the stooping writer, and does much in its way to make life easier. The occasional table, too, has some sense in being, even if it is liable to tip over with a touch. Still, it serves its purpose as a handy stand for the cup of tea, or to hold the work-box, or book, or writing-case. Then, too, it serves as a stand for a bouquet or a pot of flowers, and can be made yet more desirable by the bandsome embroidery which is not misplaced on its cover. How many beautiful inlaid and painted tables there are! What works of art have found their motive in a table. In Lucerne there is still to be seen the table upon which Holbein, then a poor, struggling painter, not yet out of his apprenticeship, earned a few gulden by his comic representation of Saint Nobody, that ubiquitous person who in Swiss and German households is as answerable for mischief as the cat in England and America. Upon the natural wood he has left the impress of his genius, and the painted table, decorated no doubt for some festival, remains a priceless relic of his earliest work. The history of table-linen and table-cloths would fill a volume. It is not so very many years since the mahogany table, rubbed to the highest degree of polish, reflected the smiling countenances of guests at the removal of the cloths at every great dinner, when the decanters in silver stands and the dessert were imposing upon its polished surface. To-day the whole style of dinner-giving is different. The damask table-cloth holds its own to the very end of the meal, and in very luxurious houses is now not only noticeable for the beauty of its design, the silken shine of its lustrous damask, but is often trimmed with lace insertion and edging. So are the napkins, suggesting the fear that some fair guest, afflicted with love of lace and kleptomaniac proclivities, may mistake it for a handkerchief. Such a fashion is fortunately little likely to become common; we may rather dwell upon the introduction of colored borderings and fancy designs for the table-linen, which in our opinion is never the handsomer for them, but loses something of merit with every tone of color. Nothing will ever exceed in beauty the pure white of well-bleached damask. Surely we may be content to have it so in consideration of the limitless variety possible in the decoration of other tables. The table specially made for the kettledrum, or afternoon tea, is quite a modern contrivance, and is likely to become increasingly popular. It is in some sort a double table, having a leaf for the reception of cups, saucers, plates, etc. There are very dainty cloths for such tables, either in fine white damask, unrelieved by color, or with deep colored stripes as bordering; in the centre, a monogram handsomely embroidered in white silk or in colors looks remarkably well. Recently such marking has often been done in silver thread, and in the case of a gift, has even found expression by embroidery in bair. A simple cloth for such a table could be suitably worked with a border design of quaint plates and cups in outline stitch in blue silk. For colored cloths the style now requires a plush bordering, and the fashion would be for very delicate colored silk in the centre, the bordering being of deeper tone of color. But in the name of common sense what is the use of having such a cloth for a tea-table that a drop of tea or a stain of butter will mar it forever? Suitability should be studied first and decoration next, so we give our vote decidedly in favor of cloths for the kettledrum which can be washed or renovated constantly. For other tables than those devoted to meals, individual taste alone can set the limit to decoration. Small drawing-tables have cloth tops. Mahogany or ebonized square tables are covered with rich plushes, having ball-fringe below the borders; others are in the quaint style of Queen Anne's reign, with light pillars or balustrade ornaments completed with gilt feet or carved decoration. Polished mahogany, too, is in great favor for such rooms, with the brass ornaments which are supposed to mark the Napoleonic era. On the other hand, there is a studied simplicity about furniture intended for cottage residences, and wicker-chairs and lounges are supplemented by tables of the same material, with open-work edges, through which gay ribbons can be inserted. Narrow plush-covered tables are set against the parlor wall to hold a stand of books or figure among the chairs and couches for the reception of fancy-work or a few flowers. Some such are beautifully painted by hand, others are covered by plush of different shades, so cut against the wood, that on pressure the colors take on deeper tones. Plush is holding court in fashion to-day, yet plush has not vanquished tapestry from the field, and a tapestry table-cover is as handsome a decoration for a dining-room as we could wish to have; handsomer, especially if interwoven with silver threads, than even deep-toned cloth with heavy borderings of silk braid or plush. In libraries the tables are coverless, a piece of deep colored cloth, or of leather, morocco, or cheaper material being simply fitted on to the top, as more suitable to the character of the room, while in bed-rooms the variety of a lady may select from and yet be in "the style" are too numerous for mention. Perhaps the "Duchesse" is the favorite, with its drapery of white muslin tied up with ribbons, or the more expensive mirrored table, upon which three looking-glasses, placed at favorable angles, give the desirable glimpses of the figure. Space fails us for consideration of the possibilities of tables from a decorative standpoint. They are legion. From the little three-legged, deal-topped specimen to be bought for two dollars, and transformed by clever fingers into a thing of beauty by the cloth covering for the top and the border of Macramé lace or decorative embroidery, to the inlaid ebony table with mountings of silver, or marvels of mosaic workmanship, who can enumerate the countless shapes and fashions of modern tables? The task would leave us exhausted enough to sigh for the simplicity of that Grecian home in which tables and table coverings were not.



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The recent State Convention at San José was a fairly representative body of the Democratic party of California. Its deliberations were conducted with intelligence and dignity. So much of its personnel as came from the rural districts was eminently respectable, and it is only fair to the Irish representatives from San Francisco and the larger cities and villages of the State, to admit that they behaved themselves better abroad than they do at home. It was quite an agreeable relief to walk up and down Montgomery Street, from California to Pine, and not see a single loafing Irish political bummer on the whole block. It needs just such an *anabrosis* as this occasionally, that we may, by noting the Irish who remain in town, know where to draw the line of respectability. The platform, drawn by the Honorable David S. Terry, of Stockton, is not a fair specimen of that gentleman's work, because the Honorable David S. Terry is an honest-minded, brave man, and if he could have expressed his unbiased opinions, they would have had a manlier ring than is found in the timid, non-committal, redundant expressions of the Democratic platform. It is not an easy matter to arrange a railroad resolution that shall at once accommodate itself to a railroad candidate and to a body of fare and freight-paying farmers who are expected to vote for him. It is not easy to so frame a resolution concerning slickens that it shall suit the hydraulic miner who sluices his debris down on meadow and valley, and at the same time satisfy the man of hay-seed and fruit. It is not at all an easy matter to provide a resolution upon the proper observance of the Sabbath day that shall be entirely satisfactory to the Methodist Church, North and South, to the various Christian congregations, Protestant and Catholic, who believe that intemperance is not only a sin against God but causes more crime, poverty, sorrow, death, and taxation than all other causes combined, and the gin dealer who steals a life of idleness out of the sweat and tears of the wife and children of the man who can not control his appetite for alcoholic drink. It was very amusing to observe the adroit manner with which some of these Democratic demagogues, with a gin-selling constituency, confused freedom of conscience and liberty to worship God with freedom to keep a gin-mill and liberty to sell poison. There should be no Sunday-law for any special occupation, and there should be no cowardly concessions to any class of law-breakers. In obedience to a tradition as old as our civilization, and in respect to the opinions of the Christian world, the Sabbath should be a legal holiday; a day of rest; a *dies non*; a day in which labor contracts should not be enforced; a day on which the great revolving wheels of the world's business Juggernaut should stand still, and all its toiling slaves have repose. It should be a day of pleasure and recreation, within the observance of the law; a day for groves, gardens, and sea-side; for churches, prayers, and religious ceremonies,

and all subject to one common code. The right to sell lager or fruit, to bathe or be shaved, should be as free, unrestrained, and complete on Sunday as on Monday. The music of a brass band should swell out upon the breeze of a Sabbath morn as free as the music of the church bells. The Sunday law, and the law restraining the sale of intoxicating drinks, are two distinct propositions. The Democratic party would make a political cocktail by mixing them. The anti-Chinese resolution is more than splendid. It has the ring of the shillalah's whack in every line; it has the resonant sound of the knotted hick-thorn in every sentence, and in every one of its well-rounded and emphatic periods is heard the whooping echo of the sand-lot, "The Chinese must go," or, as formulated by Judge Terry, "The certain and speedy removal of every Mongolian from this country." And yet every rural wheat-grower and cherry-grower in the Democratic party employs Chinese labor. Every gentleman and man of sense in the convention knows that the meanest Chinaman has the same right in the State, and is protected by the same laws that enable Balfour, Guthrie & Co., the Anglo-California Bank, Lazard Frères, or Donohue, Kelly & Co. to do business and maintain a residence in the country. This is demagogism run crazy at the shriek of the Irish banshee. It won't win. The Democratic party is too cowardly to express the convictions of its thinkers—and so is the Republican party, for that matter. The speeches placing candidates in nomination were eloquent, laudatory, and soporific. To read Doctor Shorb, one would think that all the virtues, genius, eloquence, statesmanship, and military greatness of Clay, Taylor, and Webster had been revived in the person of C. W. Taylor; and to bear Griffith, of Fresno, one would think Berry a great man. Lamar, of San Francisco, made a good speech. He made James A. Johnson the embodiment of all the virtues that are human, and all the attributes that are God-like. Then Judge Flournoy placed George Hearst away up on the golden pedestal—no sarcasm in the metallic reference—and Judge Niles Searls fell down and worshiped him as the Israelites in the wilderness worshiped the golden calf, "because he is honest." The evening's performance on Wednesday was concluded by a eulogy, pronounced by Mr. White, of Los Angeles, upon Mr. Stoneman, of Los Angeles. It is wonderful what good men candidates are before nomination, and how absolutely destitute of virtues they are after nomination.

After this there was an adjournment to Thursday morning. Then came the nomination of Mr. Archer, of San José, his claim for the gubernatorial office being based upon his introduction in the Assembly of a bill for the reduction of fares and freights; and then followed the grand parade of gubernatorial candidates with blue and pink ribbons, and flaming rosettes, with which their eulogistic orators had adorned their party horns and braided their party tails. In the order of their nomination they made speeches. Johnson made the best speech, because it was earnest and manly. Johnson was angry, and, we think, justly angry at the whispered slanders with which secret opponents were endeavoring to stab him to death; a cowardly thrust in the dark, and in the back. We always admire a mad politician, for anger is always honest. Hearst's speech was modest. Stoneman's was both sensible and short. Berry suffered dreadfully by proxy. Clay Webster Taylor would have done better if he had had some sensible and modest proxy, and Archer made a much longer speech than his chances of nomination justified. Then came the ballot. Before the evening adjournment of Thursday there had been seven ballots. The last one stood: Hearst, 151; Stoneman, 136; Taylor, 92; Johnson, 52; Berry, 17; and Archer, 4. All night the storm raged with increasing violence. The corporation magnates put forth their most herculean efforts. Railroad and gas company agents labored like Hercules. Haggin and Tevis, a new force in the active political world, came forth into the arena, stripped, and, like Spartacus, fighting on bended knee for Hearst. Harry Hammond bore the shield of the blind Buckley. Chivalry and Shovelry mingled in the fray. Never was seen so brave a sight. There were more white-plumed kings of Navarre, more Richard Thirds calling for their saddled Surreys, more Marmions, Stanleys, Napoleons, Wellingtons, and Bismarcks, more statesmen, warriors, ward-orators, ward-politicians, court-bouse magnates, party oracles, and party prophets than were ever before gathered together in California. There were anger, eloquence, fire, and whisky; some looking for drinks, and all for office; nearly every Democratic officeholder and office-seeker; all the party prostitutes, and all the "opes to be" were congregated in the city whose patron saint was the modest and virtuous Joseph. The only class that was badly represented; that had to speak and act for it only a few shame-faced, modest, honest men, was the California farmer, the working mechanic, middle-class, tax-paying, decent member of the Democratic party, who wants no office for himself, and would aid no one else to office by the dirty tricks and artful, lying practices that kept him awake all of Thursday night. The people and their interests were lost sight of in this struggle between ambitious politicians, needy party adventurers, and contending rich men.

As we go to press at Friday noon, the position is not so far changed as to justify us in endeavoring to forecast the result. It is as well, for it gives us time for more deliberate consideration of the position of parties.

The Sandwich Islands are destined to present to our statesmen for consideration some new and intricate political problems. Our country can not become indifferent to this island neighbor in our western sea. It is the postern door of our continent. It is the natural outpost, in a military sense, of this western side of our country, necessary for our protection and defense, and necessary as an adjunct to our commercial intercourse with all the people beyond us. The United States has had no colonial policy, further than the general resolve that the country needed no dependencies off her main land. Hence all attempts looking toward the acquisition of Cuha or Santo Domingo have met with but little favor. Cuha belongs to Spain, and, so far as we are concerned, is substantially well governed. The Hawaiian archipelago presents different conditions in all respects. It is *sui generis* among nations. Its original people are rapidly passing away, destroyed by disease. Worn out by attrition with other people, the native population is wasting, and now numbers, all told, about forty-four thousand people—a native population about equaling that of Alameda County, and yet persisting in the parody of a royal government. It supports a Kanaka king, with a crown costing ten thousand dollars, with thirty thousand dollars to be added for the expense of a coronation frolic; a palace costing as much as a wealthy gentleman's country seat; an army not as large as a city's police force; a navy not equal to a yacht club; a house of nobles and a legislative assembly of half-civilized pagans, who own no appreciable part of the country's property, and pay no percentage of the nation's taxes; orders of nobility with decorations of honor; all the pomp, ceremony, and small nonsense of a court; all the trappings, pageantry, and bright colors of a national baby-show. The king has just returned from a trip around the world, where he has been received as a monarch. Only think of Victoria Regina, Empress of India and Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, giving a reception to this black monarch of a country not half so large as her crown lands, but who draws from his taxed people a royal salary nearly twice as large as the Republic of the United States, with its fifty millions of people, pays to its chief magistrate. In this age, when the people are asserting the majesty of their power; in this generation, which has accomplished the unification of Germany into a great empire, and Italy into a consolidated kingdom; that has taken civil authority from the Pope; that in France has destroyed the dynasty of Napoleon, and on its bloody ruins laid broad and deep the foundations of a republic, this little Kanaka sugar-patch seems the very travesty of government. It may live, and for a time endure. Its very feebleness and insignificance may preserve it. But it seems strange, when nihilism shakes the foundations of the rule of the Romanoffs, when agrarian Ireland sets at defiance the power of the British law, and socialism colors the legislation of the German Empire, that this burlesque of black-cork exhibition, with a king in the centre, a native hones at one end of the cabinet, and a Mormon adventurer at the other, can endure. It can not endure, for it is even now, with all its seeming prosperity, but a bubble dancing in the wind. Its population is composed of twelve thousand adult half-leperized Kanakas, fifteen thousand adult Chinese, who have invaded its valleys, purchased its lands, and debauched and stolen its native women, and less than five thousand adult foreigners of all nationalities, who monopolize the larger part of the property, the larger part of the business, and all the enterprise of the country. Yet the legislation of the nation is under the control of the native population. In the legislative assembly are only two white men. In the house of nobles less than half are of pure white blood. Offices are held, taxes levied, and money expended by this native government. The revenues of this kingdom are ample, its business men are prosperous, and real estate demands good prices. The reciprocity treaty gives to the sugar-planters an annual bonus of some millions, and there is great temporary prosperity to the majority of persons doing business at the Sandwich Islands. As it is more than doubtful whether the government of the United States will continue this treaty unless it obtains from the islands some guarantee of their political control, it is well that the men who own the property and do the business of the islands should look forward to a changed condition of affairs in the event of certain contingencies. To permit the natives of the Hawaiian Islands to have the sole political control of them, under the rule of a vain, unintellectual, and capricious king, who delights in palaces, crowns, armies, navies, and other royal toys, is sure to ultimate in financial bankruptcy. To permit an unrestricted immigration of Chinese is sure to result in making these islands a Chinese colony. Whether the population is increased by intermarriage with native women, or by the importation of Chinese wives, or, as at present, by the invasion of Chinese males, only one result can



follow, and that is the complete Asiaticizing of the entire group of islands. If there be any business men, planters, or good housewives who think the Chinese are to be treated as a temporary convenience, to be removed at will, let them consider the history of Chinese invasions of other lands, whose governments are far stronger than that of Hawaii, and whose people could present against them a much stouter resistance. The Chinese adults to-day nearly equal in number the adults of the native-born and Europeans combined. In a conflict, the Chinese combined would drive Europeans and Kanakas into the sea, for it would be China against Europe, with the native standing by to cry "Pull friar, pull devil," "Go it, husband, go it, bear," indifferent as to which race should obtain mastery of their hills and valleys. In the meantime, as we learn from many sources, the Americans, the English, the Germans, and the Portuguese are divided into cliques, rings, and small, jarring factions, each nationality desirous that its government should, when the final wreck of this island empire comes about, obtain some advantage over the other nations. To us at this distance, who look upon the whole thing as a sort of child's play at national housekeeping, this seems very absurd. The future of these islands belongs to the intelligent Americans and Europeans. Between the Americans and Europeans, those who have gone there, identified their interests with the islands, made their homes, and taken their future with them, there should be a community of feeling. Between the Englishman and the American there should be a sentiment of common brotherhood. Whatever the English-Hawaiian may think of the American-Hawaiian citizen, the fact is that they are both of the same family, the same religion, the same language, the same traditions, and the same everything that will in time make their children, as native Hawaiians, one in sympathy and one in interest. Out of these Europeans there should in time come to the Hawaiian Islands a Hawaiian nationality as distinctive as the Americans to America. From all parts of Europe, and all its people, we in America have produced a new race. It is not Saxon, Celt, or Teuton; it is American. Because the Americans originally occupied the Sandwich Islands, and through their missionaries took possession of them; and because of their physical geography, their nearness to our coast, and the indispensable necessity that our government should have political control over them, all European residents of the islands should favor the friendly political protectorate of the United States. Our government asks no favors of the islands; it only asks that it may do them favors; that it may encourage there the establishment of a civilized government of Christian, white, and progressive people. If these islands stood in the same relation, commercially, politically, and locally to England, France, Germany, or indeed to any of the strong governments of Europe, we would be in favor of either of those governments extending to them a political protectorate. That is all our government desires. But it will not submit to English, French, or German control. It will not submit if all the Hawaiian kings and all the Hawaiian dead should come from their graves, and all the Hawaiians living—king, nobles, and taro-patch proprietors—should favor it. The United States government will not permit any other government on earth to put its paws upon this island realm. Our own government is its heir-at-law and its residuary legatee, and will contest any will or testament made by one of the Kamehameha dynasty to divert it from its rightful heir-at-law. Our government will plead undue influence in the making of any devise that will ever put queen, kaiser, or French president in the attitude of guardian *ad litem* to the Hawaiian people; and before we will submit to any humbug in this direction we will settle it in the probate of war. Let the Hawaiian Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and Portuguese put this in their pipes and smoke it. Whenever the government of the Hawaiian Islands passes out from under the control of those who live upon them they will come under the control of the Congress of the United States of America. Whether it be by annexation, military protectorate, with our guns in the Punch-bowl and our ships of war in the harbor of Honolulu, by becoming a colony, or in friendly relation by treaty, they will be American when they cease to be Hawaiian. They ought to become a republic, and every native-born white man on the islands, and every intelligent white foreigner, ought to unite in making them a republic, with a property and intelligent voting qualification. And during the preliminary steps to this national reorganization an American man-of-war should be invited to fling its banner to the breeze in the harbor of Honolulu. It is a land of great promise, fertile of soil, and genial in climate. It produces sugar and fruits. It is one of the world's sanitariums and pleasure resorts. This is the age of steam travel. It is on one of the world's great highways of travel. It would make a beautiful little pocket republic, and if the Americans and Europeans have not the sense to see that their interest lies in unity and coöperation, they deserve to be supplanted and driven away by the Chinese and East Indian coolies.

Our government is now paying some three million dollars

annually to this Kanaka people—a bounty of fifty dollars per ton on the sugar they raise. Every Englishman or other foreigner who pockets our American money and then plots against America and its ultimate political control of the country, is not only ungrateful, but he had better inquire of himself how long he thinks our Congress will endure this one-sided business. What is our country getting for its generous treatment? Commercially, we make no money out of the Sandwich Islands, and so far as the matter is to be regarded from a financial and business standpoint, it makes but little difference if this shell of a kingdom should collapse to-day, next month, or next year. But our government will soon tire of keeping it alive if, during the feeble remnant of its existence, it is to be controlled by an unfriendly king, a cabinet that is plotting against the United States and the interests of her citizens, and a native population who hate Americans. The future of the Sandwich Islands is marked out for them. The rule of native islanders and native dynasty is necessarily short-lived, and the shorter-lived the better. The sooner this fact is recognized and acted upon, the better it will be for both native and adopted citizens, and the better it will be for the king, and such of the natives as may be worth preserving. Their political control lies with the government of the United States, and none other. Hence, when we advise the men of the white race, and those who own the property of the Hawaiian group, that they should act in friendly coöperation with our government, we simply advise them for their own interests. Let them come together and agree upon a form of government for themselves, and whether it shall be republican or monarchical, let them invite the government of the United States to become its political sponsor, guardian, and next friend. The time is coming when the men who own the Sandwich Islands, whether they be French, German, Portuguese, English, or American by birth or descent, will be called upon to act, and when that time comes it will require some brains, some nerve, some integrity, some memory of favors and gratitude for them, and a great deal of good sense. The reciprocity treaty will not be renewed if its continuance is to encourage the anti-American feeling now so strong at the islands. But whether renewed or not, no other government will obtain political control of the islands, and they will not be permitted to fall under the civilization of China or East India.

Every few weeks during the entire summer months there come accounts of fearful and destructive tornadoes sweeping through some of the Western States. Whether this is a new physical phenomenon, or whether the recent settlement and populating of these regions has brought these calamitous storms into greater prominence, is doubtful. They are very frequent and very fearful, carrying with them greater destruction to life and property than all other casualties of a kindred nature. No precaution can be taken against them, no remedy provided against their recurrence; and so far no adequate plan of safety has been suggested for the protection of human life. They come without premonition; their course is eccentric, and in their track they leave utter desolation. The power of the cyclone is so terrible that it hears houses of stone and brick upon its wings, tears up trees by the roots, and carries with it everything movable. Villages, towns, cities, railway trains, and forests are but toys for the sport of the whirlwind. No structure that human ingenuity can contrive will in any degree resist it. The last tornado is said to have cut a swath of ruin through the central and thickly settled portion of Iowa of the average width of half a mile, and one hundred and fifty miles in length. Sixty-nine dead, five hundred wounded—one-fifth fatally—three hundred houses wrecked, fifteen hundred people made homeless and reduced to want, and property to the extent of millions destroyed; the village of Grinnell, with its college buildings demolished, many citizens dead, and many found wounded in the midst of the debris of once prosperous and happy homes. This phenomenon is the more to be dreaded because it is an ever-present terror to the population of a wide-spread country. It is within the chance of occurrence in any part of some half-dozen of our richest and eventually most populous States—States crowded in time with hamlets, towns, villages and populous cities. St. Louis on one side, Chicago on the other, with Kansas City, Leavenworth, Milwaukee, Davenport, St. Paul, and a hundred other places destined to become large cities in process of time, are liable to these terrible visitations. The imagination can scarcely picture the horror of a cyclone passing through any of the cities named. The history of civilization would present few incidents more appalling in their character than one of these terrible visitations to a thronged and crowded city, with its narrow streets and many-storied buildings. Of course it is to be hoped that these are exceptional; and as they were not heard of five years ago, so they may not be of frequent occurrence in the future, and that they are owing to some phenomenal atmospheric conditions which are not permanent, and will pass away. At present they seem to be increasing

in frequency and power; each seems more terrible than the last. It will deter many people from taking up their residences, or attempting to make permanent homes within the area of a territory where, in the lottery of life, there are so many chances of death by violence. We almost hesitate to speak in this connection of our own State, and its immunity from this and all kindred calamities, lest it should seem that within the suggestion there lurked the idea of invitation to immigrants. Our coast is singularly exempt from all terrors. We have no deaths from an inclement season; no cases of sunstroke; no casualties of lightning; no dog goes mad, and we have no epidemic diseases, nor hail storms that rain death in ice-bolts. Contagious and epidemic diseases make no headway on our coast. We are visited by no tornadoes. We have had rainy seasons which flooded towns and carried away fences; but our most prosperous seasons are our seasons of heavy rains, and our most profitable years are those following the winter of inundations. We have had earthquakes, if the electrical phenomenon that makes the surface of the ground tremble deserves so formidable a name; but, excepting the loss of a score of lives by the falling of the imperfect church-tower at San Juan Capistrano, before the American occupation, the loss of human life from earthquakes can be counted on the fingers of one hand, and all the property loss so far in the present century has not equaled the value of a single grain ship. If this calamity had come to Ireland, we should have had public meetings to send relief to the sufferers; but as it occurred in Iowa, and as the Democratic Convention is in session, nothing will be done except to express our sympathy for these unfortunate Americans, and to-morrow all will be forgotten.

The Oregon election, say the Democratic papers, was carried for the Republicans by bribing Democrats and purchasing their votes. It is a very common complaint that "the Republicans use money." Now, if our Democratic friends would philosophize just a little, they would perceive that this charge involves two offenses and two crimes—one, that of bribing; the other, that of being bribed. Now, which is the worst, the criminal who huys or the criminal who sells? We do not excuse the crime of bribery, but we suggest to our friends across the party line that if a man has so little principle, so little patriotism, and so little intelligence that he does not estimate the value of his elective privilege, then the best thing he can do with his vote is to sell it. He had better never have been naturalized, or he had better stay at home on election day; but if he will vote, and has not sense enough or moral principle enough to vote right, it is his next worst prerogative to sell his citizenship to some one who has more interest in the country than he has. If a Democrat will sell his ballot, he must, of course, sell it to a Republican, as there are no other buyers in the market.

Harry George, a San Francisco writer, some months ago issued a book entitled "Progress and Poverty." It was a marvelous one, advocating an utter and radical change in all the laws of real property, placing all the burdens of government upon land rents, after the land had been taken from its proprietors, nationalized, and turned over to the State for its absolute control. The book created somewhat of a sensation in San Francisco among a limited class of students in the direction of political economy. Mr. George is now in Ireland, and has so impressed his peculiar views upon the Irish Fenian leader, Michael Davitt, that he has pronounced himself in favor of Harry George's ideas, and at a great popular meeting at Liverpool pledged his life to agitate in the direction of the nationalization of the land of Ireland, abolishing all taxes on land valuation, and making the State the steward of all the real property of Ireland. As this heats even low rents, there is no doubt that it will become the favorite subject of agitation in Ireland until somebody shall outbid George and Davitt by giving the land without rent or taxes. Vive le humbug! Vivent les politics of Ireland!

We look forward with pleasurable anticipation to the day when the assassin of Garfield shall crawl down the hemp to his eternal place. We are sorry for the preachers who are praying over him, for the photographers who are taking his picture, the showmen who are purchasing his bones and clothes, the news gatherers who are intent on sensational items, the illustrated papers who distribute his pictures, the publishers who have printed his books, and the relic-bunters who have collected the parings of his toe-nails—for all their occupations will be gone. Great apprehension is experienced just now lest he should shoot, poison, or otherwise kill himself. He is watched night and day, and fed on nourishing steaks to strengthen him for his final exit. Personally, we would have no objection if he could, by cheating the gallows, cheat all the morbid idiots who have secured seats for the hanging. We can not for the life of us see why this wretched assassin should not be permitted to spend the remnant of his days in an arsenal or apothecary shop, with every convenience at hand to tempt him to take his utterly worthless life a little in anticipation of the law.



## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

According to the London *Journal of Mental Science*, people who take small overdoses of alcohol daily, insufficient to produce intoxication, are more liable to serious diseased conditions than those who from time to time indulge in great excesses.

In the south of Abyssinia, upon the testimony of the late Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, monkeys are still taught several useful accomplishments. One of these is that of officiating as torch-bearers at a supper party. Seated in a row, on a raised bench, they hold the lights until the guests have departed, patiently awaiting their own supper as a reward for their services. Occasionally an obstreperous animal will interrupt the festivities by throwing his lighted torch among the guests, but he is promptly caned into submission.

It is found that gas lamps glazed with the Siemens glass are not only proof against breakage in the most violent storms, but that pebbles thrown with force against panes will rebound harmlessly. It is also stated that the lamps along a promenade in Hamburg were regularly broken every winter by storms of sleet, until the tough glass was employed, whereupon this destruction was no longer experienced. A special quality is also used for water-main pipes, and is claimed to be stronger than cast-iron, imperishable, and incorrodible.

A London paper tells how, when a certain Dean of Chester was all ready to perform a marriage between persons of high standing, the bride was very late. When she reached the altar, to the question, "Wilt thou take this man?" she replied in most distinct tones, "I will not." On retiring with the dean to the vestry she explained that her late arrival was not her fault, and that the bridegroom had accosted her on her arrival at the church with: "G—d—n you, if this is the way you begin you'll find it's to your cost when you're my wife." So she decided to remain single.

They enjoy racing out West between railroad trains just as they did formerly steamboat racing on the Mississippi. The Kansas Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé railroads both run between Denver and Kansas City. The Atchison road is seven hundred and forty miles long, the Kansas Pacific six hundred and forty. Locomotives of the two roads, bearing the effective names of "Lightning" and "Thunderbolt," started out of the station at Kansas City within five minutes of each other in the morning, and arrived within three minutes of each other at Denver the following afternoon. "Thunderbolt" had gained one hundred miles on "Lightning" within thirty hours.

Professor Brucke has constructed an artificial blue sky by dropping a spirituous solution of resin into water until the liquid becomes turbid and milky. When a black board is placed behind the glass containing this turbid solution, and the light is allowed to fall upon the liquid obliquely from above, it assumes the aspect of a clear blue sky. Professor Helmholtz very unpoetically, and almost irreverently, speaks of a blue eye as simply an eye with turbid humors. Professor Tyndall has followed up this interesting branch of investigation by showing that an artificial blue sky can also be produced by throwing a strong beam of electric light upon certain kinds of gas contained in long glass tubes.

On the twentieth of the present month Queen Victoria will have reigned just forty-five years. The reigns of only three other English sovereigns have exceeded hers in length. They are that of Henry III., which lasted fifty-six years; that of Edward III., which numbered fifty, and that of George III., which was the longest of all—sixty years. Victoria in age has been surpassed by eleven sovereigns since the Norman conquest. They are Henry I., who lived to be sixty-seven years; Henry III., who died at sixty-five; Edward I., sixty-seven; Edward III., sixty-five; Elizabeth, sixty-nine; James II., sixty-eight; George I., sixty-seven; George II., seventy-seven; George III., eighty-two; George IV., sixty-eight, and William IV., seventy-two.

Sponge under-clothing is the very latest, some German genius having recently invented and patented a line of underwear manufactured from this porous substance. It is now claimed that it can be more easily cleansed than woolen goods, and, being more flexible, does not chafe the skin so much. It is a bad conductor, and tends to keep the temperature uniform. One who wears this underclothing is not liable to take cold, for it absorbs the perspiration without checking it. After the mineral and vegetable impurities in the sponges have been sufficiently beaten by a heavy hammer to admit of being readily washed out, the sponges are dried and pared with a sharp knife. These parings are then sewed together. The fabric is prepared without the use of the poisonous dyes, which, as incorporated in cloth underclothing, sometimes prove very deleterious to the system.

When the Illinois Central Railway was surveyed through the grassy prairie, how to find names for the stations to be put some twelve or fifteen miles apart was a matter of considerable difficulty. The late John Calhoun was with the engineers when locating the road. He hit upon a happy and original expedient. "You give me," said he, "two, not more than three consonants in any case, and allow me to arrange them with any vowels I may select, and we will invent names from them. We will of course reject all that are not euphonious and pleasant to the ear." The plan was at once adopted. "N T L," said his friend. Transposing them several times with various vowels, Tolono was the result—a beautiful name. "G R N," came next, and after a few trials, Onarga was selected. "N P T," and Peotone was soon formed. How much better are these names than the string of repetitions one meets in New York, as Utica, Rome, Ithaca, Syracuse, and, for elegance and beauty, Horseheads, and even Skaneateles.

The language of Berne, says a Swiss correspondent, is most difficult. I learned German some twenty years ago, in Hanover, and have since made myself understood in almost every part of Germany. I mastered the peculiar dialect spoken by the working classes of Vienna with no great difficulty, and I can discuss my fare with a cabby of the Kaiserstadt to my own, if not to his, satisfaction. But, just heavens! who was the philological reprobate that invented the dialect spoken at Berne? Mark Twain is of opinion that any gifted person ought to learn English in thirty hours, French in thirty days, and German in thirty years. A life-time would not be too much for a linguist of average ability to acquire proficiency in Bernese. Imagine all the inharmonious, guttural words of Dutch, intensified two-fold, combined with the coarsest *plat-deutsch* or low German, and here and there a sprinkling of Antwerp Flemish, and you will have a faint idea of the sweet sounds that greeted my ears in the streets of the Swiss capital. The dialect of Berne is evidently predestined for the libretto of Wagner's operas.

Much antique statuary, rare and admirable, remains to us, but where does that Græcian Venus lie hidden, the matchless handiwork of Praxiteles, with which a certain youth was so love-stricken that he lost his very senses? The Colossus of Rhodes was seventy cubits high, the masterpiece of Chares of Lindum. It stood upright for sixty-six years, and then fell in mighty ruin, caused by the shock of an earthquake. Having been consecrated to the sun, the brass of which it was founded was held sacred, and so it remained until the Mohammedan conquest of Rhodes, when nine hundred camels were loaded with the hazy spoils of the famous image, and quietly carried thence all away. In the Golden House of Nero, at Rome, hard by the Colosseum, was his own Colossus, one hundred and twenty feet high, and modeled to resemble him. Some say that a huge hand is still extant at Rome, the sole remnant of this mighty statue. When the library of Constantine was burned by Leo the Isaurian, at Constantinople, there is said to have perished the intestine of a dragon one hundred and twenty feet long, on which was written the whole of the Iliad and the Odyssey in letters of gold.

## AN OLD FAVORITE.

## Cleopatra.

"Her beauty might outface the jealous hours,  
Turn shame to love, and pain to tender sleep,  
And the strong nerve of hate to sloth and tears;  
Make spring rebellious in the sides of frost,  
Thrust out lank winter with her August growths,  
Compel sweet blood into the husks of death,  
And from strange beasts enforce harsh courtesy."  
—T. Hayman, "Fall of Antony," 1565.

Her mouth is fragrant as a vine,  
A vine with birds in all its boughs;  
Serpent and scarab for a sign  
Between the beauty of her brows  
And the amorous deep lids divine.

Her great curled hair makes luminous  
Her cheeks, her lifted throat and chin;  
Shall she not have the hearts of us  
To shatter, and the loves therein  
To shed between her fingers thus?

Small, ruined, broken strays of light,  
Pearl after pearl, she sheds them through  
Her long, sweet, sleepy fingers white  
As any pearl's heart veined with blue,  
And soft as dew on a soft night.

As if the very eyes of love  
Shone through her shutting lids, and stole  
The slow looks of a snake or dove;  
As if her lids absorbed the whole  
Of love, her soul the soul thereof.

Lost, all the lordly pearls that were  
Wrung from the sea's heart, from the green  
Coasts of the Indian gulf-river;  
Lost, all the loves of the world so keen  
Toward this queen for love of her.

You see against her throat the small,  
Sharp, glittering shadows of them shake;  
And through her hair the imperial  
Curled likeness of the river soaks.  
Whose bite shall make an end of all.

Through the scales sheathing him like wings,  
Through hieroglyphs of gold and gem,  
The strong seose of her beauty stings,  
Like a keen pulse of love in them,  
A running flame through all his rings.

Under those low, large lids of hers  
She hath the histories of all time;  
The fruit of foliage-stricken years.  
The old seasons with their heavy chime  
That leaves its rhymes in the world's ears.

She sees the heart of death made bare,  
The ravelled riddle of the skies,  
The faces faded that were fair,  
The mouths made speechless that were wise,  
The hollow eyes and dusty hair;

The shape and shadow of mystic things,  
Things that fate fashions or forbids;  
The staff of time-forgotten kings  
Whose name falls off the pyramids,  
Their coffin-lids and grave-clothings;

Dark dregs, the scum of pool-clad,  
Gog spawn of lizard-footed clans,  
And those dog-headed hulks that trod  
Swart oocks of the old Egyptians,  
Raw draughts of man's beginning God;

The poised hawk, quivering ere he smote,  
With plum-like gems on breast and back;  
The asps and water-worms afloat  
Between the rush-flowers moist and slack;  
The cat's warm black bright rising troth.

The purple days of drouth expand  
Like a scroll opeod out again;  
The molten heaven drier than sand,  
The hot red heaven without rain,  
Sheds iron pain on the empty land.

All Egypt aches in the sun's sight;  
The lips of men are harsh from drouth;  
The fierce air leaves their cheeks burnt white,  
Charred by the bitter blowing south,  
Whose dusty mouth is sharp to bite.

All this she dreams of, and her eyes  
Are wrought after the sense hereof;  
There is no heart in her for sighs;  
The face of her is more than love—  
A name above the Ptolemies.

Her great grave beauty covers her,  
As that sleek spoil beneath her feet  
Clothed once the anointed soothsayer;  
The hallowing has gone forth from it,  
Now made unmeet for priests to wear.

She treads on gods and god-like things,  
On fate, and fear, and life, and death;  
On hate that cleaves, and love that clogs;  
All that is brought forth of man's breath,  
And perishes with what it brings.

She holds the future close; her lips  
Hold fast the face of things to be;  
Actium and sound of war that dips  
Down the blown valleys of the sea,  
For sails that flee, and storms of ships;

The laughing red sweet mouth of wine  
At ending of life's festival;  
That spice of cerecloth, and the fine  
White, bitter dust funeral,  
Sprinkled on all things for a sign.

His face, who was and was not he,  
In whom, alive, her life abode;  
The end, when she gained heart to see  
Those ways of death, wherein she trod,  
Goddess by god, with Antony.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"Aschenbroedel" is the twelfth and last number of the "No Name" series. A new set will shortly be commenced, which will preserve the same distinctive features of the previous numbers. The present novel is a pleasantly written society story, with but little plot and much sentiment. It is suitable for a two hours' pastime during a hot high noon at a dull watering-place. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.

The fourteenth annual "Manual of the Railroads in the United States" contains reports of all the improvements that have been made upon the various railway systems in this country, together with a brief sketch and complete statement of the affairs of each. In the compilation of this volume "the statements of the different corporations have been carefully followed, so that the work may be relied upon for accuracy in case of reference." Published by H. V. Poor, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$5.

The latest number of the "Knickerbocker Series" is "Gypsy," by Minnie E. Kenney. It is written in a rather graceful style for an American novel of its class, and the reason is that the author has successfully caught the manner and ease of the usual English society story. It is told in a fresh, breezy manner, with here and there inartistic slips in taste. The plot is developed in the last few chapters; but for the sake of the whole, it would have been much better if the author had ended the novel before the development, for she has produced a most nonsensical anti-climax, which ruins the rest of the work. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.; price, sixty cents.

Many are the conjectures in Eastern literary circles as to the identity of the author of the new novel "Guernedale." The majority, however, agree that "J. S. of Dale" is a new writer, and that this is his first novel. The style smacks of several popular writers; but the entire work is more nearly like the famous "Guy Livingston" than anything else. It possesses the same handsome, dashing, dare-devil heroes, whose drinking, gaming, and irreverence are fully as fascinating. The boldness and freedom of the author in his utter disregard for the conventional novel proprieties are as refreshing as in their time-honored predecessor. But there is one very marked difference. The brilliant author of "Guy Livingston" brought his hero to an end too splendid for the debauchee's career, whereas the voluptuaries of "Guernedale" receive their deserved rewards. The author bids fair to win a name in the annals of American literature. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.25.

It is difficult, in this day of multitudinous books of travel, to write a volume of foreign experience which will prove interesting to the satiated public. This season Margery Deane's "European Breezes" has been hitherto almost the only series in this line. But now, Harvey Bacon, following in the same kind of description, has issued a little book entitled "A Parisian Year," which in the same manner is not confined to mere place-painting, but describes men and things that are at the present moment of greater interest to the reading public. The first chapter is devoted to an interesting experience with the great Bernhardt, in which her studio, and the Comédie-Française are touched upon. Again, the writer visits and describes some renowned painter and his studio, or else describes a musical or literary evening in the *salon* of some noted dilettante. The book is here and there illustrated with spirited sketches, which add greatly to its interest. One of the best of these is "Christmas Morning." Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by Bancroft.

Monsieur Theodore Ribot, in his work which has just been translated into English by W. H. Smith, for the International Scientific Series, under the heading of "Diseases of Memory," considers his subject from a pathological point of view. He defines perfect memory as having a triple meaning, viz., the conservation of certain conditions, their reproduction, and their localization in the past. The first two are indispensable; the last, or what is often called "recollection," completes the memory but does not constitute it. Without the first two, memory is annihilated; without the third, memory will still exist "in an objective but not in a subjective sense." The third element, then, is unstable, and may appear or disappear. In the words of the author, "it represents the extent of consciousness in the act of memory, and nothing more." The author illustrates almost every point of his argument by actual experiences, and thus renders his essay very satisfactory to the student or investigator. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by James T. White & Co., 23 Dupont Street.

Announcements: The author of "Ecce Homo" has just published, through Messrs. Macmillan & Co., London, a new book of similar cast, entitled "Natural Religion."—Bret Harte has written a new story, which is to appear serially in the *Glasgow Herald*, and which has already been translated into French and German. It is entitled "Flip," and is said to be full of humor, pathos, sketches of character, and descriptions of California scenery.—President D. C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins, is engaged in writing a life of Albert Gallatin for the "American Statesmen" series.—Mr. Renan is about to undertake a history of Israel before the time of Christ.—Miss Rhoda Broughton will shortly contribute a new story to *Temple Bar*.—The correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle, which Mr. Froude failed to find, has been discovered in a mass of unedited letters which passed between these two distinguished men, and will shortly appear in the *Magazin für die Literatur des In- und Auslandes*.—Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, author of "John Inglesant," has written an introductory essay on "George Herbert and his Verse" to a *fac-simile* reprint of "The Temple," which is about to be brought out in England.

Miscellany: Miss Sallie P. McLean, the author of "Cape Cod Folks," has been considerably annoyed by the insinuation that she is the writer of "A Reverend Idol."—M. Neubauer has acquired in Paris a few Persian manuscripts written in Hebrew characters.—A correspondent writes to *Notes and Queries* that Gainsborough's portrait of the poet Chatterton has been recently found. The canvas is twenty-five by thirty inches, and it was found in an old carved-wood frame of the period. The picture is much darkened by age.—The letters and papers of Peter the Great are not to be published after all, the government at St. Petersburg having reconsidered its determination to bring them out.—Advices from Athens report that Dr. Freiberg, a German Philhellene, who attended Lord Byron in his last illness at Missolonghi, and who never since quitted Athens, is dead. He was the last foreign resident there who was connected with the war of Greek independence.—Mr. Gammon's book, "The Canal-Boy Who Became President," has reached a fourth edition in England, and has also been printed in raised letters for the blind.—The MS. of Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques" was sold in Paris lately for two hundred and eighty-eight dollars.—A rare MS., supposed to have been irrevocably lost, has just been found hidden away in a chest's odds and ends in a French chateau. This MS. is a *resume* of the biographies of several kings of France down to the time of Louis XV. It is supposed to have been compiled by one of the tutors of the unfortunate Dauphin of France. It was secreted about the person of the Prince when he was imprisoned in the temple, and served to pass away the tedious hours during which the Dauphin lingered in his damp dungeon, and was embellished with copious marginal notes in his handwriting. The Duchess d'Angoulême became possessed of the manuscript, and gave it as a souvenir to a member of the Chauteraine family.—The English novelists, says the *Critic*, seem to have fallen from grace; or, at least, the plagiaristic methods of some among them are beginning to be exposed. First, it was Mr. Charles Reade. More lately it was Mr. Thomas Hardy. Now it is Miss Braddon. A recent number of *Punch* points out that her "Barbara" is based on M. Denner's old play, "La Dame de St. Tropez." Miss Braddon is exceedingly fond of using French phrases in the making of English novels. Her "Lady's Mile" owes much to M. Emile Augier's "Gabriele," and her "Rupert Godwin Banker," owed more to the "Pauvre de Paris." It has even been asserted that her "Doctor's Wife" had been reading Flaubert's "Madame Bovary."



## CHICAGO NOVELETTES.

## Severed by Fate.

"Good-hye, Mulcahey,"  
"Bon soir, Ethel," replied a tall, stately youth, whose pants flapped dismally in the soft June zephyrs about three inches above his sumptuous feet.  
"Will you come again Saturday night, pet?" asked Ethel Redingote, coyly placing her hand on Reginald Mulcahey's shoulder.  
"I can not," was the reply, in low, suppressed tones.

"Why not?" asked the girl, a look of pain flitting at a single flier over her spirituelle features.  
"Because," said Reginald, deftly kissing her while she kept watch for the old man, "I have an engagement to meet three aces for a man that evening."  
The girl looked at him again as he stood there to all his beauty and strength. "And would you leave me for three aces?" she asked in low, tear-stained tones.

"Yes," replied Reginald, "I certainly would."  
For an instant neither spoke. Presently the dog came up the garden walk, and hit Reginald on the first hase. He turned, went slowly away, and never showed up again.

## Rupert's Rehnoff.

"Yes, my darling," said Rupert Riordan, bending tenderly over the girlish form that stood beside him in the bay-window, "kisses, and embraces, and fair words are very pleasant things. Sweet lips, and warm arms, and loving eyes—but truth, and sincerity, and loyalty are much fairer. When a man is discouraged, and tired, and sad, it is a delicious thought that somewhere there is a warm, white bosom he can lay his weary head upon, but he wants a true, loving heart beneath it. The clinging kisses of sweet lips can make him forget the black wraiths of the day, but he wants the lips sacred to him, and the pleading eyes that appeal to him must have in them no depths of deceit and doubt."

"And do you really believe this, my own?" asked the girl, softly, as she plucked a blush-rose from its parent stem, and began idly pulling the flower apart.  
"Why, of course I do, little one, else I would not say it."

"Then," said Myrtle Mahoney, the cold, cruel smile of a coquette playing over her finely chiseled features, "you had better hustle around in some other locality. You are young, and pure, and noble, but no man who learns a dime novel by heart can play it in on me"—and with a heartless laugh she started out to buy some spruce gum.

## Lovers Twain and Maiden One.

"Is it not beautiful, sweetheart?"  
As Lillian McGuire spoke these words she looked into Rupert Hetherington's face with her sunny eyes, and as the light of the holy love shot forth from within their dusky depths, he felt instinctively that she was going to stand him up for some ice-cream. But conquering the sombre reflections that this ghastly thought called up, the young man placed his arm around Lillian's waist to prevent her red sash from being sunstruck, and waited in the tense agony of a horrible suspicion for her to speak again.

"Do you not think it is lovely, darling?"  
"What?" asked Rupert, with an ingenuous, Owl-Club expression on the perfect features of his West side face.

"Why, the morning, to be sure," replied the girl, a sunny, six-hutton smile playing lightly around her lips, as if afraid it might fall in. "The twittering of the birds, those silver-throated barbingers of summer, is to be heard on every branch and bough. The air is laden with the delicate perfume of lilac and apple blossoms, while the dew-kissed leaves of yon sturdy maple reflect a little of the crimson and gold of the rising sun. Spring has been a sad laggard, but now that she has come in all her glory of bud and blossom, what can he more beautiful?"

"I can not tell you," replied Rupert. "You are far too fly for me, dearest, when such matters are to be discussed. But in the dreamy, sensuous days of autumn, when the tasseled corn hangs ripe in the sheaves, and the leaves have felt the lightening touch of the Frost King's icy breath I am more liable to get there. Mice, as you know, is a sensitive, Sedgwick-street nature that shrinks from contact with a cold and cruel world. To me the spring has naught of joy. The low, mellow note of the new milch-cow chasing a butcher's wagon in which her offspring uneasily reclines, seems to me like the wail of a lost soul, and weird fancies crowd my brain as I hear at midnight the mournful hoot of the owl, flitting like some evil spirit amid the desolate precincts of the village churchyard."

"It is your liver, darling," murmured Lillian.  
"I sometimes think, so," was the reply. "Ever and anon the thought comes over me like a black demon of the night that I am off my feed. But it can not, must not be. Yet in the autumn all is changed. The soft mezzo-tints of the pumpkin-pie fall gracefully on my eye, and all nature, laughing in the fruitage of an abundant harvest, seems joyous and free from care. It is to tell you this that I have come around so early this morning—to tell you that in the months that are to come, the scorching days of mid-summer, when the sun, hanging like a hall of molten brass in the sky, will send down its rays in pitiless fury, you had better get another fellow—one who will love you dearly, as I have done, and whose memory you can ever cherish with gentle tenderness."

"But whom shall I get?" asked the girl, in agonized tones.

"I have thought of this, sweetheart," Rupert replied. "You can do no better than take George W. Simpson. He loves you dearly. I know it, because he has often told me that he doesn't, and George can not tell the truth."

"I will do as you say," said the girl, choking back a sob that was well up from her breakfast. "And now good-bye."

"So long," said Rupert, kissing her as he spoke.

The girl threw her arms around his neck, kissed him with a passionate, suction-pump kiss, and went into the house.

Rupert walked around the corner, where he met George W. Simpson.

"Did you fix it?" asked George.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Which do I get, winter or summer?"

"Summer."

"You are in luck, as usual, old boy. They tell me she can beat the record eating ice-cream."

"Yes," said Rupert, "but think of the oysters!"

"True," replied George. "I had forgotten the oysters."—By Joseph Medill, the Chicago Tribune Novelist.

## THE LATEST VERSE.

## Strong as Death.

O Death, when thou shalt come to me  
Out of thy dark, where she is now,  
Let no faint perfume cling to thee  
Of withered roses on thy brow.

Come not, O Death, with hollow tone,  
And soundless step, and clammy hand—  
Lo, I am now no less alone  
Than in thy desolate doubtful land;

But with that sweet and subtle scent  
That ever clung about her (such  
As with all things she brushed was blent);  
And with her quick and tender touch.

With the dim gold that lit her hair,  
Crown thyself, Death; let fall thy tread  
So light that I may dream her there,  
And turn upon my dying bed.

And through my chilling veins shall flame  
My love, as though beneath her breath;  
And in her voice but call my name,  
And I will follow thee, O Death.

—H. C. Bunner in *July Atlantic*.

## Garibaldi.

They say that round this island now

A requiem sings the tideless sea,  
For white and still there liest thou,  
Dead, while the nations mourn for thee;

Thou seem'st not dead to me.  
When first, a child, I read thy name,  
And thrilled to hear thy glories told,  
Thou wert as one of epic fame.

In legend times of knighthood hold—  
The chivalry of old—  
Heroes, yet mythic ones, were then  
King Arthur and Bayard to me.

Oh, how my heart exulted, when  
I turned with reverent eyes to thee,  
And knew such men could be.

If now, indeed, thou'rt lain at rest,  
How happy must thy slumber be  
Oo thy Italia's peaceful breast—  
Sweet mother, whom thy sword made free

From Alps to southern sea.  
When I in other days shall go  
A pilgrim to that land divine,  
Upon thy resting-place I'll throw

The laurel of the Apennine,  
Thus saying, at thy shrine:  
"Here sleeps a brave and gentle knight,  
Sans peur et sans reproche was he;

His sword was strong, his cause was right;  
His triumph—look around and see  
Redeemed Italy."

—Henry Tyrrell in *Boston Transcript*.

## The Punishment.

Two haggard shades, in robes of mist,  
For longer years than each could tell,  
Joined by a stern gyve, wrist with wrist,  
Have roamed the courts of hell.  
Their blank eyes know each other not;  
Their cold hearts hate this union drear. . . .  
Yet one poor ghost was Lancelot  
And one was Guinevere!

—Edgar Fawcett in *July Century*.

## Four Feet on a Fender.

It is anthracite coal, and the fender is low;  
Steel-harred is the grate—and the tiles  
Hand-painted in figures—the one at the top  
Is a Japanese lady who smiles.  
There's an ormolu clock on the mantel; above  
Is a masterpiece; *fecit Gerome*;  
On the fender four feet—my young wife's feet and  
mine,  
Trimly shod, in a row, and—at home.

My slippers are hoiered of velvet and silk—  
The work of her fingers before  
We stood at the altar. To have them made up  
Cost me just a round five dollars more  
Than a new pair had cost at my hoot-maker's shop;  
But each stitch was a token of love,  
And she never shall know. Ah, how easy they are  
On their perch the steel fender above.

Words fail me to tell of her own. There's a chest  
In her father's old garret—and there,  
'Mid a thousand strange things of a century past,  
She discovered this ravishing pair.  
They are small, trim, and natty; their color is red,  
And they each have the funniest heel.  
White Balbriggan stockings, high-clocked, under-  
neath,  
These décolleté slippers reveal.

Ah, many a time in my grandfather's day  
They led the old fellow a dance.  
They were hought with Virginia tobacco, and  
came—

Who would guess it?—imported from France.  
How odd that yon stern-faced ancestor of mine,  
In the earlier days of his life,  
Should have loved her who tripped in these red  
slippers then—

The young grandmamma of my wife!

The course of some true loves, at least, runs not  
smooth;  
And I'm glad that 'tis so when I see  
The trim, dainty feet in the red slippers there,  
Which belong to my lady—and me!  
Two short months ago to this snug little room  
I sat in this soft-cushioned seat;  
No companion was near save my pipe. Now, behold  
On the polished steel fender four feet!

Let them prate of the happiness Paradise yields  
To the Moslem—the raptures that thrill  
The soul of the Hindu whom Juggernaut takes—  
The bliss of Gan-Eden; and still  
I'll believe that no gladness man has conceived  
Can compare with the tranquillized state  
That springs from two small feet alongside one's  
own.

On the fender in front of his grate.

## L'ENVOI.

In vain the illusion. The trim feet are gone;  
They pass by my door every day,  
Yet they stop not nor tarry, but swiftly pass on—  
Nor can I persuade them to stay.  
And a hachelor's dreams are but dreams at the best,  
Be they never so fond or so sweet.  
The anthracite blaze has burned low; and behold  
On the fender two lone some . . .

—A. C. Gordon in *July Century*.

## THE INNER MAN.

Breakfasts and luncheons, says Louise Chandler Moulton in a recent number of *Our Continent*, are somewhat more informal than dinner parties, though there is, after all, little difference between a luncheon for which the invitations are sent out some ten days or a week in advance, and a dinner, except in the hour at which it is served. Breakfast at home in a refined family circle is one of the pleasantest meals in the day. To be really agreeable, however, it should not be too early. For very early breaking the fast I like the French custom of rolls and coffee in one's own room. But for those who choose to assemble around the family table for the morning meal it can be made a pleasant little feast with no great outlay. As a matter of health, fruit should form a part of this meal, and it is now usual to serve it as the first course. A basket of strawberries or cherries or a melon in the summer, or a nicely arranged variety of fruit in the winter, pleases the eye as well as the palate. The dessert plates, with doilies and finger-glasses, should be accompanied at every cover by the silver fruit-knife and fork. After the fruit comes some kind of meat, with an omelette perhaps, or hollid eggs, and, if you choose, fried potatoes, hot bread, and toast. After the fruit, too, the coffee makes its appearance, and it must be strong and clear if the simplest breakfast is to be a success. At this meal it is quite *en regle* to open one's letters or to read the morning paper. In short, where only the family or guests who are staying in the house are present, it is charmingly informal. A breakfast to which guests are ceremoniously invited is another thing. It differs very little from luncheon, except in the absence of soup and wine, and the presence of tea and coffee. It is far less common in our society, however, to ask guests to breakfast than to ask them to luncheon. Literary breakfasts are, in London, one of the most delightful forms of entertainment. Rogers was not more celebrated for them in his time than Lord Houghton has been in a later generation. At these high festivals one meets all that is brightest and best in London society. Perhaps the most notable breakfast ever given in America was the one with which the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly* celebrated the seventieth birthday of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, to whom the breakfast table belongs by right of conquest. But this breakfast was, in all but its name, a stately dinner, and lasted until the winter day had darkened into the night. The flow of woe was matched by the flow of wit. Ooe turns with a shade of regret from feasts like these to the ordinary festivities of fashionable society; yet these, too, have their place, and the luncheon party is one of the most popular of them. It has its advantages over a dinner. The guests may be seated less formally; they may even, if it is a numerous party, be scattered through two or three rooms. The larger the company, as a rule, the more simple the arrangements. For instance, at a luncheon party of eighteen or twenty all seated at one table, there will be almost as much ceremony as at a dinner. If it is in the height of the fashionable season, invitations should be given to an affair of this kind two weeks in advance, in order to secure desirable guests, and to give the hostess time suitably to replace any who regret. If it is a luncheon for both ladies and gentlemen, they should be in equal numbers, that each lady may have her own escort. The men will come in morning costume—that is to say, cut-away coats, colored ties, etc.; the ladies will keep on their bonnets. In going out to luncheon there is usually no special order. The host takes the lady to whom he wishes to show special attention, but the other men take the ladies with whom they happen to be talking at the time, and this gives an opportunity for a little quiet engineering to get one's choice. Some hostesses, however, make their own arrangement, and indicate to each man whom he is to take down, as at dinner. The menu differs very little from a dinner menu, except that somewhat fewer courses will answer. Wines are served in the same order. Ladies and gentlemen rise together at the end of the luncheon, and it is not proper to linger long in the drawing-room. Some guests do not even return to it.

Doctor Johnson styled himself "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who has for many years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant, whose kettle has scarcely time to cool, who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning." Boswell said that he supposed no one ever enjoyed with more relish the fragrant leaf than Johnson. The quantities he drank of it at all hours were so great that his nerves must have been uncommonly strong not to have been extremely relaxed by such an intemperate use of it. It is related of him, but not by Boswell, that when on his Scotch tour, the Dowager Lady MacLeod, who repeatedly helped him until she had poured out sixteen cups, then asked him if a small basin would not be more agreeable, and save him trouble. "I wonder, madam," he answered, roughly, "why all the ladies should ask me such questions? It is to save themselves trouble, madam, and not me." On another occasion he said: "What a delightful beverage must that be that pleases all palates at a time when they can take nothing else at breakfast?" Crocker mentions that the doctor's teapot held two quarts.

CCXXXIV.—Sunday, June 23.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Soup à la Hollandaise.  
Devilled Crabs.  
Fricassee Rabbits. Potato  
Asparagus. Corn.  
Roast Beef.  
Cucumber and Tomato Salad.  
Currant Ice. Sponge Cake.  
Peaches, Pears, Apricots, and Cherries.

FRICASSEED RABBIT.—Clean two young rabbits, cut into joints, and soak in salt and water an hour. Put into a saucepan with a pint of cold water, a bunch of sweet herbs, an onion, finely minced, a pinch of mace, one of nutmeg, pepper, and half a pound of fat salt pork; cut into slips, cover, and stew until tender. Take out the rabbits and set them in a dish where they will keep warm. Add to the gravy a cup of cream, two well-beaten eggs, stirred in little at a time, and a tablespoonful of butter. Boil up once—when you have thickened with flour wet in cold milk—and take the saucepan from the fire. Squeeze in the juice of a lemon, stirring all the while, and pour over the rabbits. Do not cook the bead or neck.

In reply to "Sopronia's" question, "What is philosophy?" the Louisville *Journal* answers: "It is something that enables a rich man to say there is no disgrace in being poor."

A fashion paper says corn-meal rubbed in the hair will clean it. But nobody wants to take so much trouble to clean corn-meal, observes the New York Post.

## TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

If you wish to use goods of full weight and absolute purity, see your grocer supplies you with

KINGSFORD'S  
OSWEGO  
STARCH.

ROYAL  
BAKING  
POWDER.

WALTER BAKER & CO.'S  
CHOCOLATE.

ARBUCKLE'S  
ARIOSA  
COFFEE

WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.  
AGENTS

121 and 123 Market Street,  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.





Have small boys ceased to "speak pieces," or have those favorite lines of young Demosthenes and Cicero gone out of fashion:

"Don't view me with a critic's eye,  
But pass my imperfections by?"

One never hears the lines nowadays, but the spirit of them is abroad in the theatres. "My play is a jumble of nothing about nothing in particular," announces the manager of a new season, and the critic may as well box up his professional eye until there is an opening for it. I took a peep at the critics dotted about the theatres the other night, the other two nights in fact, for "Fritz in Ireland" is quite as meaningless as "Our Goblins," and divested of their threatening panoply of quill, and their sentinel watch for points, they were quite like the rest of us, and enjoyed two delightfully silly entertainments with right good will.

I know a certain lady, one burning with ambition, too, who proudly displays two leather medals, trophies carried off by her lord at shooting matches. "I prize them first as bric-a-brac," she says, "for they are most artistically gotten up; but beside that, it is halm to know that my liege was absolutely the worst shot on the ground. Had he been simply one of the many bad ones, I could never have forgiven him."

This is the spirit in which one should approach "Fritz in Ireland." It is delightfully bad. It is deliciously and phenomenally bad. The man who concocted "Our Goblins" attempted a worse one, but he failed ignominiously. Perhaps the fact that "Our Goblins" is not a play, a drama, a comedy, a burlesque, a farce, not even an extravaganza, may have something to do with the failure. At all events, "Fritz in Ireland" appropriates the confectionery, as I would say if I were a bad, slangy hoy. There is really no elegant way of expressing the exact idea. It takes a Macaulay to give words an elegant strength, and he is dead. Besides, why is not "Fritz in Ireland" the phrase of accepted usage, quite as slangy as "takes the cake"? I heard a worse one than either in the dim long ago, when a rural Corydon, boasting the charms and virtues of his Phyllis, declared in peroration that "she was the girl who took the rag off the hush." It did not become popular, and has not been enshrined in the literature, even by the Laraine Boomerang or the Detroit Free Press.

Oscar Wilde says that Shakespeare is horribly slangy, and that nearly all the round, terse sayings which we quote so freely were simply the slang of the day embodied in the literature of the day. Perhaps it is the natural depravity of taste which makes us take most kindly to those quotations which might suffer under the charge. What a comfortable thing a quotation or a proverb is to back one's self up with now and then. And yet, in all the range of literature with which I am acquainted I find not one which fits exactly to "Fritz in Ireland."

But where's the difference between "Fritz in Ireland" or "Fritz in Deutschland"? He is the same lazy, sauntering fellow, wherever he be, with an indefinable attractiveness. An original never loses its value, however numerous or improved the copies, and Fritz may really be said to have founded a school, and its disciples are legion. Some of them are better Dutchmen than he, and some are better singers, but they are not yet Fritz. I have never known any of them to come so nearly to his long, swinging gait, and his own peculiar jodel, as Robert Graham, down street, who, indeed, does nothing else half so well as this Fritz song at the Rhine picnic. He even points the copy by playing a bit of sentiment with a little child. Fritz always foils himself with a child, and the arrant rogue acts as if it were not stage artifices, but real affection for the babies. I have never seen an audience rise more irresistibly to a touch of nature, than to Fritz disrobing little Lena for her night's sleep. When he shook out the folds of the "nightie," as fond mothers call the robe of sleep, every woman in the house fairly beamed, and the most hardened bachelors smiled grim approval. An ardent realist might have stopped to consider that an open, doorless bell-tower on the Rhine was rather an exposed situation in which to put a baby to sleep, but it was necessary to the dramatic sequences. And then no one ever catches cold in the regions of romance. There is no influenza in sentiment. It was gratifying, however, to see the baby turn up all right in Ireland, many years after. Fritz himself was quite unchanged by the flight of time, and took all his accomplishments to green Erin with him. Unfortunately success went to Fritz Emmet's head, and he had some love scenes written in for him. Fritz as a child's play-fellow, as a guileless, good-natured German, as a drummer, a bell-ringer, or a singer is irresistibly attractive. Fritz as a lover is resistibly ridiculous. And the dramatist has given him such a helping hand towards making a fool of himself. Time out of mind, towards making a fool of himself. Time out of mind, towards making a fool of himself. Time out of mind, towards making a fool of himself.

Playwrights must revel in the impossible, why not do it boldly, as they do in "Our Goblins," and invade a party of peaceful American tourists with the ghosts of a Rhine castle? I should very much like to be present at the first interview between an American tourist and a German ghost. I fancy the author of "Our Goblins" was not so wide astray as he intended to be, and that a Mr. Benjamin Franklin Cobb would have treated hearty in distress quite as Mr. Benjamin Franklin Cobb did. In point of fact, it would not be absolutely necessary that beauty in distress should be a ghost. She may be solid as she likes, she can always appeal to the traveling American. The goblin act, I fancy, is merely thrown in to give a name to this filmy superstructure, for decidedly the best act of the entertainment was in the first part. "Society in a Peanut Shell" is not a bad burlesque on the emotional drama. The prattling child is a useful tool in the hands of the dramatist, and Graham's Daphne, a sweet little thing six or seven years old, and six or seven feet high, is really the bit of the evening. Mr. Robert Graham's voice is a good falsetto, but it is a very queer voice down stairs. The others all sing fairly well, excepting Miss Bradley, who carries the burden of whatever acting there is among the ladies. Miss Emma Carson, the returned Californian, has an exceptionally sweet voice, and a painfully refining articulation. She is a pretty girl, with a refining manner, and talent enough to answer such histrionic demands as are made upon her. Mr. Myron Calice bears marks of stage experience, and has a very fair tenor voice. Oddly enough though, he becomes a minnesinger in the goblin act. He does nothing more than Burd Helen in the old ballad. He cut his gown

"An inch above his knee,  
And he cut his yellow locks  
An inch above his e'e."

But he sang never a stave alone. He confined his solo efforts entirely to leading the ballad of the renowned "Olivette" whale, which lived in the North Sea. Many of the musical selections are a little stale, but there is a touch and go to the general performance which make it enjoyable. Mr. Robert Graham is presumably the star; but Mr. Francis Wilson is really the funny man. No one would suspect him of his antics when he first appears. He gives the impression of being a sort of utility man, and his first little bit of comedy is received with some surprise. In fact it is so long before another comes that it seems an accident. But it comes. It is by flashes that he is amusing. He has his comedy in spasms, and one begins to watch for them. Indeed, considering that it is all about nothing; that there are not two connected ideas in the whole absurdity; that the people are comparatively unknown to fame, and that there is no imported scenery to flourish trumpets over, it is astonishing what a very pleasant evening one can pass with "Our Goblins."

And with "Fritz," too, for all that his vaulting ambition has placed him absurdly. He can not keep up a monologue. It is necessary that some one else should be floating around, saying and doing something, and the lunatic revel in Ireland answers as well as anything else. What the people go to hear are Fritz's songs, and Fritz's hells, and Fritz's drum. The old lullaby had not become stale; and what other actor would not look like a qualified fool singing and dancing to his own shadow? But the multitude likes an artless, simple thing, and this is simplicity. The new apostles tell us that it is the correct thing everywhere—in dress, in speech, in art, in poetry. I fancy Gilbert thought he had hit off the simple style very happily when he wrote, "Teasing Tom was a very bad boy"; but I think Theodore Tilton stands at the head of the class in simplicity, after having acquitted himself of this abstruse little verse, which is only one of half a dozen much like it:

"All wet flies  
Twist their thighs;  
Thus they wipe their heads and eyes;  
Cats, you know,  
Wash just so,  
Then their whiskers grow.  
Flies have hairs too short to comb,  
So they fly bareheaded home;  
But the gnat  
Wears a hat,  
Do you believe that?"

If one of the great Brooklyn intellects has come to this, small wonder that we all took a childish pleasure in the shadow-dance, with its peculiar accompanying cuckoo song, and wanted it over and over again. How will we take to the drama proper after this week of froth fun? The very name of "Ada Ward" has a sort of heavy, emotional, "East Lynne" ring, while "Caryswold" forebodes a serious play. "Wolds" always seem to be peculiarly appropriate places for the dark and mystic. But the Baldwin is all that is left with any approach to the legitimate, and there is a sort of respectability of keeping up to a standard in maintaining a legitimate theatre, just as many sinners keep on going to church because it is a respectable habit. And so it is, whatever of good lie beyond it. BETSY B.

We have received from M. Gray, 117 Post Street, "Hazel Kirke Polka," composed by Carl Hinrichs, price, thirty-five cents; and "Her I Love, and Her Alone," a song from the opera of "Jeanne, Jeannette, and Jeanneton," English version, by H. B. Farnie, music arranged by Louis Homeier, price, thirty-five cents. We have received also from G. W. Hagans, 532 Clay Street, a song, "Tis Vain with Hearts," music by P. Lacombe, English words by H. B. Farnie, price, thirty cents. This is another version of the previous song. There have been three versions published. The first by Sherman & Clay, entitled "There May Be Eyes," words by J. D. Redding, music by H. M. Bosworth, and the other two the ones we have just mentioned.

During the coming week "Our Goblins" will be continued at the Bush Street Theatre; J. K. Emmet will play in "Fritz in Ireland" at Haverly's California Theatre; at the Baldwin the "Octoroon" closes with this evening, and Miss Ada Ward, the English actress, supported by Mr. and Mrs. Grismer, Miss Constance Murielle, and Messrs. Jennings and Bradley will open in "Caryswold"; to-night is the last night of Joseph Murphy in "Kerry Gow," at the Standard Theatre; it will be temporarily closed next week. Charles Reed is securing new attractions for Emerson in the East.

—FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE LADY READERS OF THE ARGONAUT we are pleased to mention the popular dry goods house of Doane & Henselwood, 132 Kearny Street, corner of Sutter. This well-known firm is fortunate in having the best location in the city for the dry-goods business, and all who have visited their store acknowledge that it is the most pleasant and best lighted store on Kearny Street. The proprietors are both enterprising men, and possess a thorough knowledge of their business in all its details. These qualifications, with their sterling integrity and close attention to business has secured for them a class of customers, both in the city and throughout the interior, who appreciate good goods, honest dealing, and polite attention.

—MR. A. J. KELLEHER DESIRES TO INFORM HIS pupils that he will resume tuition on July 10th. Apply at Gray's music store, 117 Post, or at his residence, 2324 Clay Street.

—MORSE HAS THE FINEST GALLERY IN THE world, 826 Market Street, (Pheasant Block).

## ON THE ROAD.

The Companies Which Star Through the States.

During the war the modern combination system in theatrical starrng first gained real headway, says a writer in the New York Sun. Perhaps the first organization to be properly classed under this head went out in 1863, under the management of J. W. Wallack and E. L. Davenport, with Emily Mestayer and Frank Mordant in the cast. In 1865 the Warren combination was abroad, with the venerable William Warren, Boston's favorite comedian, and Josie Orton as its principal features. Then in a short time theatrical combinations and troupes sprang into visible existence all over the country. So completely did this new system gain control that last year, while there were only three theatres in New York and two in Boston which kept regular companies in all the land, there were traveling "on the road" no less than three hundred and forty-six companies, of which two hundred and eighty started out at one time, at the beginning of the season. J. H. Haverly at one time controlled eighteen theatres, and at present Messrs. Brooks & Dickinson own or manage no less than twenty-three, in the principal cities, West and South. Brooks & Dickinson have more irons in the fire the coming season than any other except the Madison Square Theatre management, which has a greater number, though at far less aggregate cost. Four "Hazel Kirke" companies, four "Professor" companies, and four "Esmeralda" companies are to be on the road, under the Madison Square Theatre control, but they are specially organized with a view to the respective routes assigned them, so that only one or two of each set will be seriously expensive, and those will go to the large cities, while the others will visit towns, even those having as small a population as eighteen hundred. Brooks & Dickinson have made arrangements for running seven companies through the season, an eighth for a considerable part of it, and are contemplating the addition of one more to the list. Their attractions, as far as determined, are: The Windham comedy company, which is coming from England in time to open in the Union Square Theatre on October 30th. It will employ seven persons and its weekly expense will be about two thousand dollars. The Boucicault company, fourteen persons, expense about fifteen hundred dollars per week, which will present a new play by Boucicault, entitled "Boyne Water," and an old round of Irish dramas. The Almee French comedy, of eighteen persons. The running expenses of this company will be a little more than two thousand dollars per week. "The World," six persons, expense two thousand dollars per week. "Taken from Life," nineteen persons, two thousand one hundred dollars per week, to commence in McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, July 31st, for four weeks, and open the season in Wallack's for a run. J. T. Raymond, with a company of thirteen, cost eighteen hundred dollars per week, to do "Fresh," a new play entitled "Touch and Go," and perhaps another, "The Roman Rye," a spectacular and sensational play, which is to be produced in London on June 10, and in Booth's Theatre on October 2. The size of its cast and its expense are as yet unknown. J. K. Emmet and his company will belong to this management for seventeen weeks of the season, at a cost of twelve hundred dollars per week for the company, and a guaranty of three thousand dollars weekly to Emmet himself. These attractions foot up about eighteen thousand dollars per week for running expenses, to be piled on a starting investment of say seventy thousand dollars, in printing, preliminary advertising, purchase of plays, construction of scenery, costumes, etc. Owing to the peculiarly American system of writing plays to fit actors, instead of expecting the actors to be able to adapt themselves to the requirements of the plays, a considerable part of the stock in the hands of a firm of wholesale theatrical managers is of a rather perishable character. Brooks & Dickinson have more than twenty thousand dollars invested in plays, of which "Romany Rye" represents seven thousand five hundred dollars, and among others are three new ones for John T. Raymond—"Touch and Go," "Congress," and "Parvenu," which, if anything should happen to take him from the stage, would be almost valueless. Mr. J. M. Hill will have three, and possibly four, companies out this coming season. The principal one is to be the combination supporting Miss Margaret Mathers, the new star about whom Mr. Hill has been making such great promises for a year past. She will have a company of eighteen persons to support her, and the running expenses, outside of advertising and her share, will probably be about fifteen hundred per week. What advertising may cost can not be foretold, but will probably be enormous. The second of Mr. Hill's attractions will be "A Square Man," in place of "Deacon Crankett," and Den. Thompson in "Joshua Whitcomb." "All the Rage," which is also Mr. Hill's property, has been taken off. Mr. William C. Mitchell, in addition to running the People's Theatre of St. Louis, will have two companies on the road—the Lingards, sixteen persons, expenses fifteen hundred dollars per week; and "Our Goblins," ten persons, expenses twelve hundred dollars per week. The former will open in Boston with "Divorçons," for which Mr. Mitchell pays a royalty of fifty dollars per night and twenty-five dollars per matinee performance; but the mainstays of the season will be the less expensive pieces of "Camille" and "East Lynne." The "Goblins" company opened in California. Messrs. Simmons & Brown will have two companies on the road—Hague's Minstrels, and the Hanlon "Voyage en Suisse" company. Bartley Campbell will have two "White Slave" combinations. Maurice Grau will have two musical troupes—one for the opera house, led by Mademoiselle Thelma, and the other for comic opera, and has gone to Paris to engage his company. John A. Stevens has given up his "Twelve Jolly Bachelors," and will have only one company out this season to play his "Unknown" and "Passion's Slave." J. H. Haverly's boundaries have been greatly contracted. He will have this year only his theatres in New York, Brooklyn, and Chicago, and his minstrels. John Stetson, in addition to his two New York theatres and one in Boston, will have at least one company, and probably three before the season is over on the road. The expenses of traveling theatrical management are greater this year than ever before. The railroad companies have "pooled their issues" on theatrical rates, so that there is no more possibility of getting very cheap transportation. The rage among actors and actresses for becoming "stars," the natural outgrowth of the combination system, is really making a great scarcity of good, available actors and actresses. It is probable that a number of juvenile men will be brought over from England this fall.

## AMMONIA AS A FOOD PRODUCT.

It appears that we were correct in our supposition that the very readable article advocating the use of ammonia in baking powder, which recently appeared in a scientific paper published in New York, was printed for a purpose—for reproduction in other papers.

Who is interested in having this done? Can it be the manufacturers of a certain brand of baking powder, who have for many years claimed, and still claim, that their powder "never varies"? Have they all these years kept the consuming public in ignorance of the fact that they were using this disgusting ingredient, while laboring to convey the impression that they manufacture only a perfectly pure cream of tartar powder, and pretended to do such "vigorous work in the interest of the public"?

Recently, however, a chemical analysis has been published, which shows that ammonia, as well as starch, is used in the manufacture of the powder in question, and the cat being out of the bag, subterfuge and misrepresentation are no longer possible. Do these manufacturers now seek to impress upon the public mind that ammonia is the nicest thing imaginable to use in making bread?

The scientific paper to which we allude, however, speaks of the use of ammonia in the manufacture of baking powder as being a "recent" discovery. Then if suspicions are correct, the term "recent" must have been used in a Pickwickian sense. Perhaps if the types had been made to tell the truth, they would have said that the public had recently discovered that certain manufacturers had been surreptitiously using ammonia in their baking powder, because it can be bought for so much less than cream of tartar.

But is ammonia a proper ingredient to use in the preparation of food for the human stomach? We answer most emphatically no, and in support of the assertion refer to the U. S. Dispensatory, and other standard works. What is the object of securing the aid of scientific papers, or of manufacturing theories, on matters already settled?

This committing a wrong and afterwards finding reasons for it will not do. If the manufacturers of the baking powder referred to want to show that they are benefactors of the human race, why do they not state exactly what their powder is composed of, and then defend it on that basis?

The article in the scientific publication says: "Place a small portion of it (ammonia) upon a knife and hold over a flame, and it will immediately be entirely developed in gas and pass off into the air."

We have tried the experiment, and find that a portion only of the ammonia slowly evaporates, leaving an odor in the air strong enough to break up a political convention. But so far as this little trick of parlor magic is concerned we can suggest an equally sensible one.

Put a little mercury in an iron spoon, and hold it over a flame in a close room, and in a little while the mercury will all disappear. Still we would hardly recommend the use of mercury as a leavening agent.

The fact of the matter is, good, pure baking powder can only be made from two ingredients—cream of tartar and bi-carbonate of soda, in proper proportions. No manufacturer denies this. On the contrary, they all strive to create the impression that their powders are made of these ingredients. But they do not say so. Some claim not to use alum; others thrashing machines. They may use other things quite as out of place which they dare not name.

The only reason why baking powder manufacturers use ammonia is, it is exceedingly cheap. But the consumer does not get the benefit of this cheapness, because the baking powder which is manufactured with ammonia is sold at about the same price as charged when only cream of tartar and soda are used. Most of this great profit goes into the pockets of the manufacturers; a little of it is probably used in securing the publication of such articles as the scientific one to which we have alluded.

The New England Baking Powder is made from cream of tartar and soda only, and chemical, and practical tests show that it is the best.

It must be gratifying to the proprietors of the New England Baking Powder that no manufacturer disputes their claims.

—A JAPANESE ARTIST AND TWO JAPANESE ART embroiderers, who came over on the *Oceanic*, are at work, dressed in their native costumes, at Ichi Ban, and the public is cordially invited to see something which will interest them very much. They are leaders in their branches of art. The elder embroiderer was commissioned some years ago to make a piece of work for the Japanese Government as a present for the French Emperor, and also for the Paris Exhibition. The story of the artist, who is still a young man, is very interesting. His parents were poor. They sent him to gather wood and sell it, but he loitered on the way, and bungled round about the house of an artist, whom it was his delight to see paint, and showed such interest that the artist jokingly asked him one day if he would like to apprentice himself to painting. No sooner suggested than he threw down his hundle, threw off his sandals, and was ready to begin. His parents considering him a useless hoy for the work assigned him, consented to his apprenticeship. He made wonderful progress, and in a few years led in his profession. His work is to him a pleasure, as is that also of the embroiderers to them, and in this they are true artists.

## FOR SALE.

Some English water-color pictures (framed) by well-known artists. H. Lacy, 321 California Street.

—LADY READERS OF THE ARGONAUT WILL REMEMBER that the place to buy colognes, perfumery, toilet soaps, brushes, sponges, cosmetics, etc., is at the elegant and well-stocked store of James G. Steele & Co., Chemists and Apothecaries, 635 Market Street, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

A freshman who expected to be hazed hired a prize fighter to sleep in his room, and two professors who called to talk religion to him got such a wallop that they were obliged to stay in bed for a week.—Boston Post.

—MR. LOUIS LISSER ARRIVES FROM NEW YORK on or about July 8th, and will resume the duties of his profession on July 10th.

Two newshoys in Canada, conversing on the difference between English and American time said: "If you had a brother in England, and he died at twelve, you would get the news in Montreal four hours before he died."



THE WILD AND NATURAL BEAUTIES ALONG the line of the North Pacific Coast Railroad are in full demand for pleasure-seekers. It may be termed the camper's paradise; its crystal shades by towering pines and redwoods are unequalled in the State. The Railroad Company concluded to sell excursion tickets to Dunsmuir and immediate points during the Fourth of July, good from Saturday the first to Wednesday the fifth, inclusive, thus giving all a chance to enjoy some of the most beautiful and wondrous in the world.

sayest, of Missouri, once passed a night, he wehe James boys and the Younger brothers. erseheard that the Jameses and the Young-  
—H. very particular about their associations.

cor. St. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, (over drug store.) Office hours, 9 to 5.

The show "p first called a dog show a "bench of a gray. He was buried in a "hole "instead

—Go lley & Rulofson's, 429 Montgomery.

The stre you give m in now says: "Please, sir, won't my sick mo ar to buy half a pound of meat for

—THE TI HYDRA" MAY BE USED TO REPRESENT any evil. If you would battle successfully with any-headed monster of disease you will find ident to keep Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Cod always at hand.—Dr. Ban-

—What make cold? said Brown: "I can't see." "Iu," r Fogg.

—REDDIN'S HA SALVE, BEST FAMILY SALVE in the world, d luent for stable use. 25 cts.

Arabi Bey's te, no such display truly awful. Egypt has seen Potiphar tore off 's coat-tail.

—BARNUM'S CH ALWAYS TAKES ALONG A gross of German Co always. Sold by druggists.

An Ohio man unpi wiped his nose upon a tidy from a chair, and solve mysteries. Now It takes an Ohio man to a tidy is for.—New Have gister.

—GERMAN CORN RE ERADICATES CORNS. Beware of base imitation, et the genuine. 25c. All druggists.

The man who makes h while the sun shines often gets sunstroke.

—IF PEOPLE WHO ARE TLED WITH COLDS would make use of Ayer's Che ectoral before attending church or public lect they would avoid coughing, and the comfort of ers and speaker would be greatly promoted. Pectoral enables public speakers to speak clearly, without fatigue, having an immediate and wond effect in increasing the power and flexibility of tice.

An Idaho man followed a be to a cave, and forgot to come out.

DR. C. T. DEANE HAS REMOVE IS OFFICE TO 131 Post Street, between Kearny a Dupont, over Samuel's. Hours, 9.30 to 10 A. M. to 3.30 P. M.

**FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES**  
235 KEARNEY ST.  
SOUTHWEST CORNER O BUSH.  
PROF. DE FILIPPE continues to re personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his c, practical method, saving months of study. Classes annivate lessons. Apply from 3 to 5 or 7 to 8 P. M.

**ROEDERER CHAMPAGNE**

**NOTICE—THE TRADE AND THE**  
Public are informed that we receive the Genuine LOUIS ROEDERER CARTE BLANCHE CHAMPAGNE direct from Mr. Louis Roederer, Reims, over his signature and Consular invoice. Each case is marked upon the side, "Macondray & Co, San Francisco," and each bottle bears the label, "Macondray & Co., Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast."

MACONDRAY & CO.,  
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

C. P. SHEFFIELD, N. W. SPAULDING, J. PATTERSON



17 and 19 FREMONT ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

## JNO. LEVY & CO.

MANUFACTURING JEWELERS,

Importers of DIAMONDS and other PRECIOUS STONES, WATCHES, CLOCKS, and SILVERWARE,

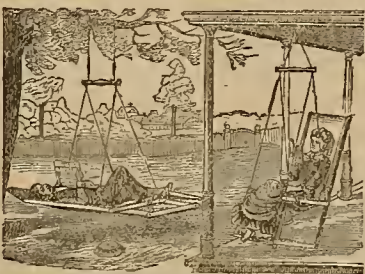
118 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

(Of the late Firm of BRAVERMAN & LEVY.)

## HOUSEKEEPERS!

DO NOT SACRIFICE YOUR GOODS AT AUCTION, but STORE THEM with H. WINDEL & CO., NO. 310 STOCKTON STREET. Furniture, Pianos, Household Goods, Paintings, Trunks, etc., well taken care of. We have three large, airy, brick buildings, and no rent to pay, and can store goods very moderate. Money advanced on goods at one per cent. per month. We guarantee against damage and moths, and can give references dating back 20 years.

The Most Perfect Thing for Ease and Comfort Ever Devised.



The Self-Adjusting Hammock Chair.

THE HAMMOCK CHAIR adjusts itself to any desired position, from sitting to reclining, or vice versa, without effort, requiring no fastenings to hold it in place. The seat is of strong canvas or tapestry, which conforms to and supports the whole body, thus affording entire relaxation and ease, and absolute freedom from cramped position. To the lovers of comfort or the tired professional and business man, mechanic, or invalid, the enjoyment and perfect rest afforded makes this CHAIR worth more than it costs every week. They are adapted to the House, Office, Garden, Picnic, and Camping Parties, or wherever solid comfort is desired. They are durable and light, weighing eleven pounds, and occupying only four inches in thickness when folded. Price, \$4.50, \$5.00, and \$8.00. Shipped free of expense to your nearest railroad or steamboat station on the Pacific Coast, on receipt of price. Liberal discount to agents.

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Sole Manufacturer, Santa Cruz, Cal.

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THE BEST AND CHEAPEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

"SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER LAXATIVES."

"SPEEDY, SURE, AND GENTLE."—Prof. Roberts, F.R.C.P. London.

The most certain and comfortable cathartic in cases of sluggish liver or piles.

ORDINARY DOSE, a WINEGLASSFUL BEFORE BREAKFAST. OF ALL DRUGGISTS AND MINERAL WATER DEALERS.

NONE GENUINE BUT WITH A BLUE LABEL.

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MULLER'S OPTICAL DEPOT

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COMPOUND ASTIGMATIC LENSES

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Patterns—Summer Styles.

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LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

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staple and Fancy Goods in the whole world.

Special Agents of the INSATS KIOKU of the JAPANESE GOVERNMENT, and OZAWA, (Japan's greatest living Artist,) and his equally talented wife.

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The Arconaut is printed with Shattuck & Fletcher's ink.

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Liquor Dealers, 322-324 FRONT STREET

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## NEW ENGLAND BAKING POWDER

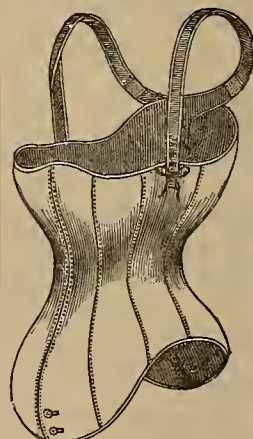
Alum Flour Starch Ammonia Phosphates Tartaric Acid

Cream Tartar and Bi-Carb. Soda

NOTHING ELSE

Newton Bros. & Co.

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THE "DRESS REFORM" CORSET.

Specialty for Stout Figures, by mail, \$5.00. Send waist, hip, and bust measure. Also, Shoulder Braces, Union Under Flannels, Ladies' and Children's Comfort Waists, Bustles, Hose Supporters, etc. Send for Circular. The only Depot for these Goods.

Mrs. M. H. OBER & CO. Boston Dress Reform, 326 Sutter St., SAN FRANCISCO.

An Elegant Corset to Order for \$4.

DO NOT SACRIFICE YOUR FURNITURE, PIANOS, and HOUSEHOLD GOODS, at auction sales, while you are hoarding or out of the city, but

STORE THEM,

As well as your Trunks and Paintings, with

J. H. MOTT & CO.,

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Nucleus Block, Second Floor. Large, airy brick building, with elevator. MONEY LOANED on valuable goods. Terms moderate.

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NEW TREATMENT BY INHALATION, for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders. Prepared by DR. STARKER & PALEN, Philadelphia, Pa. Package contains all directions, and is easily sent by express, ready for USE AT HOME. H. E. MATTHEWS, Forwarding Agent, 608 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal. Send for Free Pamphlets.

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Best in the World. It Cures where all other remedies fail.

RUPTURE CURED

In 20 to 30 days by Dr. Pierce's Method. Astonishing results. Hundreds of well-known citizens cured. Dr. Pierce's Journal, with full information free. MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS & BELT CO., 704 Sacramento St., cor. of Kearny, S. F. Cal.

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WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.

SOLE AGENTS,

105 STOCKTON STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.



THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Fan's Fancy Fan.  
Let Fanny wave her fan—  
And Fanny always can  
(How well I know and rue it!)  
Subdue the stoutest man  
Whose eyes may see her do it.  
No fan hut Fanny's fan  
Can do what Fanny's can  
With heart of mortal man,  
To capture and subdue it.

Let Fanny wave her fan  
As Fanny only can,  
(How well she loves to do it!)  
And soon the coldest man  
Succumbs in rapture to it.  
No fan hut Fanny's fan  
Can do what Fanny's can  
To charm the heart of man,  
Enrapture and subdue it.

—C. A. Buskirk.

A Woman's Noy.  
No, Impudence, you shan't have one!  
How many times must I refuse?  
Away!  
I say!  
Or else you'll sure my friendship lose.  
I can not bear such forward fun,  
So, quick, hegone! If not, I'll run!  
Why, now I'll have to be severe—  
No, not a kiss to you I'll give—  
Take care!  
I swear  
I'll tell papa, as sure's I live!  
I never saw a man so queer!  
But—are you sure there's no one near

—Yale Courier.

A Night in June.  
Now to the church fair's revelry  
He takes the old man's daughter,  
Where sirens sweet in saucers sell  
Three strawberries for a quagler.

—Baltimore American.

What He's Doing.  
While you are climbing up the mountain,  
Dearest Rhoda,  
I shall be standing near the fountain  
Drinking soda.  
While you are gazing raptly seaward,  
Little dear,  
You will find me sailing leeward  
For a beer.

—Unknown Liar.

Guiteau's Poem.  
To-day before my God  
I stand,  
A patriot and a Christian man,  
Condemned to die  
For obeying  
God's command.

"Ye murdered Garfield,  
And ye must die;  
'Twas God's will,  
Not mine,  
That he should die.

There are thirty-eight cases  
In the Bible  
Where the Almighty  
Has directed  
The removal  
Of rulers  
Who were doing wrong.

I executed  
The divine command,  
And Garfield did remove,  
To save my party and my country  
From the bitter fate of war,  
A war with Chile and Peru,  
If nothing more,  
Concocted by the scheming brain of Blaine.

"For this,"  
Say fools and devils,  
"On the gallows  
Ye must die."

[There are eight other verses, all as horribly bad as the preceding.]

Wanted.

Wanted—A wife who can handle a broom,  
To brush down the cobwebs and sweep up the room;  
To make decent bread that a fellow can eat—  
Not the horrible compound you everywhere meet;  
Who knows how to broil, to fry, and to roast—  
Make a cup of good tea and a platter of toast;  
And makes her own garments—an item which is  
So horrid expensive as every one knows;  
A common-sense creature, and still with a mind  
To teach and to guide—exalted, refined,  
A sort of an angel and housemaid combined.

Something in the Matrimonial Way.  
Face intellectual—Pie-crust especially  
Color and tone—Warranted light.  
All the accompaniments—Common accomplishments  
Really home-grown—But, in a word,  
Eyes—here I hesitate—Those of the useful kind  
Rather like blue; Greatly preferred.  
Black not an obstacle; Little bit musical,  
Hazel would do. Able to sing  
Nose of the Grecian type; Clarinet, Gabriel—  
Not to seem proud, That sort of thing.  
Some little latitude Chatty and sociable,  
Herein allowed. Likes a cigar;  
Figure that's squeezeable—Pleasant old people, pa-  
Plump, but not fat—Pa and mamma.  
Steer clear of scragginess, Pious, devotional,  
Could not stand that. Gentle, and kind;  
Quiet and ladylike, Teach in the Sunday-school  
Dresses with taste; If she's a mind.  
Ankle displayable, Lady of such a stamp  
Neat little waist, Wanting a stamp  
Round of home duties, her Strictly in confidence,  
Element quite. Knows where to go.

—Harper's Bazar.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman.



Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Lydia E. Pinkham's  
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure  
for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses  
so common to our best female population.  
It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Com-  
plaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Utera-  
tion, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent  
Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the  
Change of Life.  
It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in  
an early stage of development. The tendency to can-  
cerous humors thus checked very speedily by its use.  
It removes faintness, debility, destroys all craving  
for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.  
It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration,  
General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indi-  
gestion.  
That feeling of hearing down, causing pain, weight  
and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.  
It will at all times and under all circumstances act in  
harmony with the laws that govern the female system.  
For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this  
Compound is unsurpassed.  
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COM-  
POUND is prepared at 223 and 225 Western Avenue,  
Lynn, Mass. Price \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail  
in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on  
receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham  
freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamph-  
let. Address as above. Mention this Paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S  
LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness,  
and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.  
Sold by all Druggists.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as  
Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bron-  
chitis, Asthma, and Consumption.



The few compositions which  
have won the confidence of  
mankind and become house-  
hold words, among not only  
one but many nations, must  
have extraordinary virtues.  
Perhaps no one ever secured  
so wide a reputation, or main-  
tained it so long, as AYER'S  
CHERRY PECTORAL. It has  
been known to the public about  
forty years, by a long continued  
series of marvelous cures, that  
have won for it a confidence in  
its virtues, never equalled by  
any other medicine. It still makes the most effective cures  
of Coughs, Colds, and Consumption that can be made by  
medical skill. Indeed, the CHERRY PECTORAL has really  
robbed these dangerous diseases of their terrors to a great  
extent, and given a feeling of immunity from their painful  
effects, that is well founded, if the remedy be taken in sea-  
son. Every family should have it in their closet for the  
ready and prompt relief of its members. Sickened, suffer-  
ing, and even life is saved by this timely defense. The pru-  
dent should not neglect it, and the wise will not. Keep it  
by you for the protection it affords by its early use in sud-  
den attacks.

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.

PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

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"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."  
British Medical Journal.

"A necessity at every Table and at  
every Bar." New York Tribune.

ANNUAL SALE, 10 MILLIONS.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

THOMAS PRICE,  
CHEMICAL LABORATORY, ASSAY  
OFFICE, BULLION ROOMS, AND ORE FLOORS.  
524 Sacramento Street, San Francisco.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

ZEITSKA INSTITUTE

922 Post Street.  
FRENCH, GERMAN AND ENGLISH  
Day and Boarding School for young ladies and chil-  
dren. KINDERGARTEN.  
The twentieth year of this Institute will commence July  
24, 1882. MADAME B. ZEITSKA, Principal.

CALIFORNIA  
MILITARY ACADEMY,  
AT OAKLAND, CAL.

The Nineteenth Year will begin Monday, July  
17, 1882.  
REV. DAVID McCLURE, Ph. D., Principal.

HOPKIN ACADEMY,  
OAKLAND, CAL.

Rev. H. E. Jewett, Principal.  
This institution, heretofore known as Golden Gate Acad-  
emy, will open TUESDAY A. M., JULY 18, 1882. The  
Building and Grounds are undergoing extensive improve-  
ments. Classical, Literary, and English courses. Tele-  
graphy taught. Boys and young men received. Send for  
prospectus to H. E. Jewett, Principal.

ASSESSMENTS AND DIVIDENDS.

CALIFORNIA MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Fran-  
cisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Nevada.  
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of  
Directors, held on the 10th day of June, 1882, an assess-  
ment (No. 4) of Ten Cents per share was levied upon  
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately  
in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of  
the Company, 309 Montgomery Street, Room 23, Nevada  
Block, San Francisco, California.  
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid  
on the (15th) eighteenth day of July, 1882, will be delin-  
quent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, un-  
less payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday,  
the 16th day of August, 1882, to pay the delinquent assess-  
ment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of  
sale. By order of the Board of Directors.  
C. P. GORDON, Secretary.  
Office—Room 23, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery  
Street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada  
Block, Room 37—San Francisco, June 15, 1882.—At a  
meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Com-  
pany, held this day, a Dividend (No. 74) of Fifty Cents per  
share was declared on the capital stock of the company,  
payable on Tuesday, the 27th day of June, 1882. Transfer  
books closed until the 28th instant.  
P. JACOBUS, Sec'y pro tem.

RUBBER HOSE

FOR GARDENS, MILLS, MINES, AND FIRE  
DEPARTMENTS.

Manufactured and for Sale by the

GUTTA PERCHA AND RUBBER  
MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

Carbolized Rubber Hose, Standard, (Maltese  
Cross), Rubber Hose, Extra "A" Rubber Hose,  
Rubber Hose, (Competition), Suction Hose,  
Steam Hose, Brewers' Hose, Steam Fire-Engine  
Hose, Carbolized "Maltese Cross" Brand.  
VALVES, GASKETS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER.

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JOHN W. TAYLOR,

MANAGER,

Corner First and Market Streets,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

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COMMERCIAL CO.

NO. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

BONESTELL  
PAPER WAREHOUSE  
411 413 & 415 SANSOME ST. S. F.

Importers of All Kinds of Paper.

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ELECTRO-MEDICAL BELT  
all diseases without medicine. Price, from \$5.00  
to \$20.00. Warranted ten years. Patronized by the  
representative men and leading ladies of this and other States.  
Address or call on C. N. WEST, 652 Market Street, San  
Francisco.

\$5 TO \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free.  
Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free.  
Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

BUSINESS CARDS.

GEORGE MORROW,  
GEORGE MORROW & CO.

(Established 1854.)

Commission Merchant

DEALERS IN HAY AND GRA  
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY. CON-  
SIGNEES SOLICITED.

39 Clay Street,

SAN FRANCISCO, C.

PACIFIC ROLLING MILLS.

San Francisco, Cal., Manufacturers of  
RAILROAD AND MERCHANT  
Car and Locomotive Axles and Frames, ananel,  
iron of every description. Rolled Beams, Air Nuts,  
and T Iron, Bridge, and Machine Bolts, Lag connect-  
ing Rods, etc. Highest price paid for  
OFFICE, 202 MARKET ST.

PACIFIC IRON WORKS

RANKIN, BRAYTON & CO.,  
127 to 132 First Street,  
Mining Machinery of all kinds, Sugar  
Engines—  
both Marine and Stationary, Boilers, etc.

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AMERICAN SUGAR FINERY

SAN FRANCISCO OF ALL  
MANUFACTURE  
Classes of Refined Sugar, including Loaf Sugar  
for export.  
C. ADOLPHI, President.

Office—208 California Street.

CHARLES ALLEN

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
COAL  
Order for House  
or Office by  
Telephone 308.  
Agent Pittsburg Mining Company.  
118 and 120 Pine Street, S. F.

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STATIONER BOOKSELLERS,  
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Street  
Liberal advances made on consignments.

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Manufacturers  
Mirrors, prints, Hardwood Mantles, Picture  
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COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
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Francisco.

AGENTS FOR PACIFIC MAIL S. S.  
Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard  
Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The Hawaiian Line; The China  
Traders' Insurance Co., Limited; The Marine Insurance  
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Glasgow Iron Co.; Nich. Ashion & Son's Salt

CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY.

OFFICE, 325 Market St.  
WORKS, Eighth and Brannan Sts.  
C. SPRECKELS, President,  
J. D. SPRECKELS, Vice-President,  
A. B. SPRECKELS, Secretary.

NATHANIEL GRAY. C. S. WRIGHT. J. A. CAMPBELL.  
N. GRAY & CO.,



UNDERTAKERS

631 Sacramento Street.

S. P. COLLINS & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
dealers Old London Dock Brandies, Port Wines,  
Sherries, and all the choicest brands Champagne, Apple Jack,  
Pisco, Arrack, Cordials, Liqueurs, etc. 329 MONTGOM-  
ERY, and 511 CALIFORNIA STREETS, S. F.









San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 1st, 1884  
We take pleasure in presenting this our Semi-Annual Statement.

#### RESOURCES.

Bank Premises.....	\$150,000 00
Other Real Estate.....	5,225 35
United States Bonds.....	626,977 35
Loans on Real Estate.....	134,868 00
Loans on bonds, gas, water and bank stock.....	132,198 55
Loans on other securities.....	57,432 90
Loans on personal security.....	1,106,004 27
Due from banks and bankers.....	392,457 61
Money on hand.....	398,669 34
<b>LIABILITIES.</b>	<b>\$3,523,544 22</b>
Capital paid up.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus.....	460,759 13
Due Depositors.....	1,888,635 02
Due Banks and Bankers.....	174,370 65
Dividends unpaid.....	59 54
	<b>\$3,523,544 22</b>

R. H. McDonald, President

#### SHERIFF'S SALE.

D. HARNEY, Plaintiff, vs. J. CALLAGHAN, et al., Defendants.  
Superior Court, Department No. 3, No. 6320.  
Late 23d District Court, Order of Sale and Decree of Lien and Sale.

#### UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Lien and Sale, issued out of the Superior Court, Department No. 3, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 27th day of May, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action, wherein D. Harney, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a Judgment and Decree of Lien and Sale against George K. Porter, T. G. McLeran, Jeremiah Callaghan, Daniel Callaghan, B. F. Hilliard, Solon Pattee, W. W. Crane Jr., W. B. Holcomb, R. McKee, P. McKee, E. R. Thomason, and D. Jordan, defendants, on the 4th day of February, A. D. 1879, which said Judgment and Decree was, on the 25th day of February A. D. 1879, recorded in Judgment Book B, of said 23d District Court, at page 764, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Mission Street, distant 39 feet 5 inches north from the intersection of the east line of West Mission Street with the northwesterly line of Mission Street, and running thence northerly on the northwesterly line of Mission Street 27 feet and 10 inches; thence at right angles west to the east line of West Mission Street; thence south on the last-mentioned line 27½ feet; thence east in a straight line to the point of beginning.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 17th day of July, A. D. 1882, at 12 o'clock noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of lien and sale, sell the above-described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder for gold coin of the United States.

San Francisco, June 24, 1882.  
JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.  
J. M. Wood, Attorney for Plaintiff.  
June 24, July 1, 8, 15.

#### SHERIFF'S SALE.

D. HARNEY, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM CORCORAN, et al., Defendants.  
Superior Court, Department No. 3, No. 6375.  
Late 23d District Court, Order of Sale and Decree of Lien and Sale.

#### UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Lien and Sale, issued out of the Superior Court, Department No. 3, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 10th day of May, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action, wherein D. Harney, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a Judgment and Decree of Lien and Sale against Thomas Kelly, George B. Knowles, A. Himmelman, John B. Lewis, A. W. Hanna, J. P. Dameron, Aug. Hemme, John Tucker, William Klumpp, M. Kedon, John Brickell, B. O. Devoe, M. Kelly, D. Swett, S. F. Sinclair, T. G. McLeran, J. Agnew, J. Dunne, E. Hogan, John Henry, M. Hayes, J. Otwell, George Clark, L. B. Williams, Charles Main, B. Kelsey, W. Bosworth, and G. K. Porter, defendants, on the 17th day of April, A. D. 1879, which said Judgment and Decree was, on the 7th day of June, A. D. 1879, recorded in Judgment Book C of said 23d District Court, at page 74, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the east line of Valencia Street, distant 130 feet north from the northeast corner of Valencia and Ridley Streets, and running thence north on the east line of Valencia Street 25 feet; thence at right angles east 80 feet; thence at right angles south 25 feet; thence at right angles west 80 feet, to the point of beginning.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 17th day of July, A. D. 1882, at 12 o'clock noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of lien and sale, sell the above-described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for gold coin of the United States.

San Francisco, June 24, 1882.  
JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.  
J. M. Wood, Attorney for Plaintiff.  
June 24, July 1, 8, 15.

Department No. 9—Probate.  
**IN THE SUPERIOR COURT**  
in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of WILLIAM W. JOHNSTON, Deceased,

**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT**  
Monday, the seventeenth day of July, A. D. 1882, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day, and the Court Room of said Court, at the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said William W. Johnston, deceased, and for hearing the application of Charles G. Johnston for the issuance to him of Letters Testamentary. Dated June 22, A. D. 1882.  
DAVID WILDER, Clerk.  
By D. H. SCHINDLER, Deputy Clerk.  
H. F. CRANE, Attorney for Petitioner.

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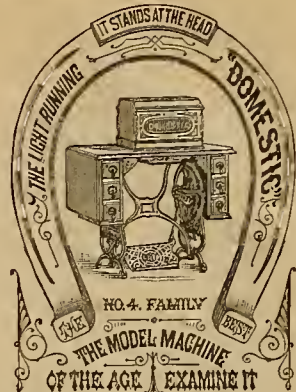
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#### SHERIFF'S SALE.

D. HARNEY, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS G. MCCLERAN, et al., Defendants.  
Superior Court, No. 6399.  
Late 23d District Court, Order of Sale and Decree of Lien.

#### UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN

Order of Sale and Decree of Lien issued out of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the nineteenth day of May, A. D. 1882, in the above-entitled action, wherein D. Harney, the above-named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of lien against Thomas G. McLeran, George K. Porter, and William Hollis, defendants, on the second day of April, A. D. 1879, which said judgment and decree was, on the tenth day of June, A. D. 1879, recorded in Judgment Book D, of said Twenty-third District Court, at page ninety-two; and whereas, on December 22, 1879, a stipulation was filed herein to abide the final result in case No. 6374, of said court, entitled Harney vs. Corcoran, et al., and whereas the remittitur from the Supreme Court, in said last-named case, was on May 15, 1882, filed in said Superior Court, affirming the judgment and order therein appealed from, as appears to us of record, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the north line of Fourteenth Street, distant west three hundred and ninety-one and one-half feet from the northwest corner of Fourteenth and Valencia streets, and running thence east on the north of Fourteenth Street one hundred and fifty-five and one-half feet; thence at right angles north seventy feet; thence at right angles west one hundred and forty-eight feet; thence south in a straight line, seventy feet three inches to the point of beginning.

Public notice is hereby given that on MONDAY, THE TENTH DAY OF JULY, A. D. 1882, at twelve o'clock noon, of that day, in front of the Old City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure, sell the above-described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder for gold coin of the United States.

San Francisco, June 17, 1882.  
JOHN SEDGWICK, Sheriff.  
J. M. Wood, Attorney for Plaintiff.  
June 17 and 24, July 1 and 8.

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